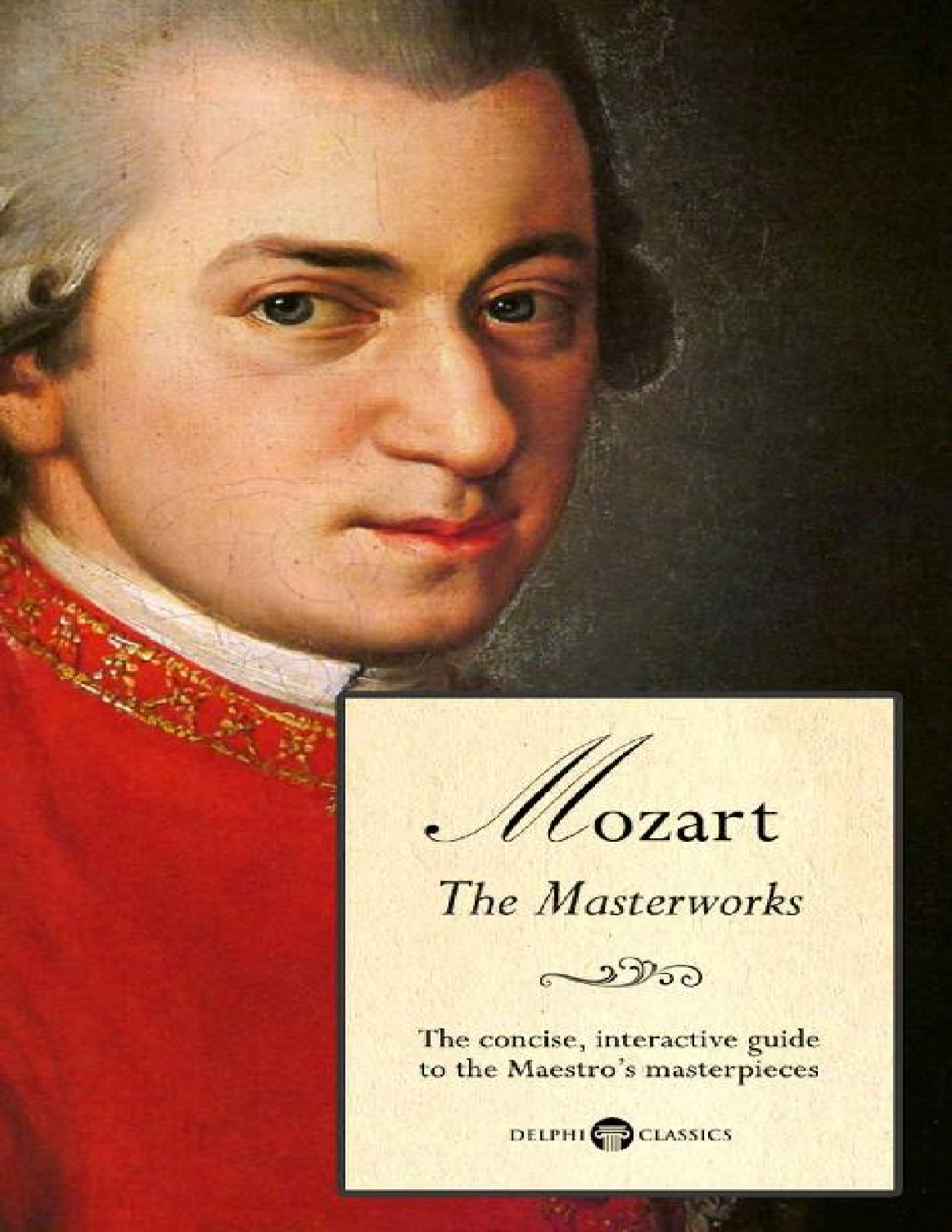

Mozart

The Masterworks

The concise, interactive guide
to the Maestro's masterpieces

DELPHI CLASSICS

DELPHI GREAT COMPOSERS

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

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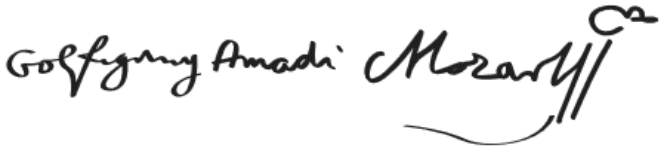

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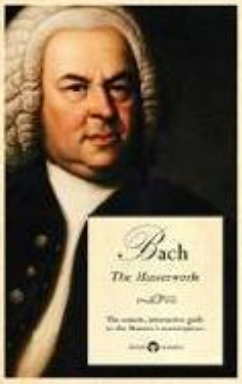

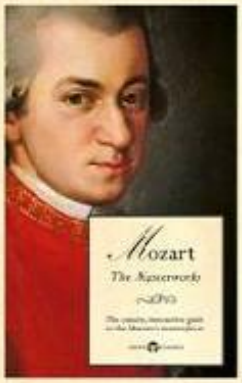

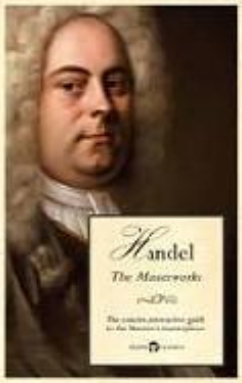

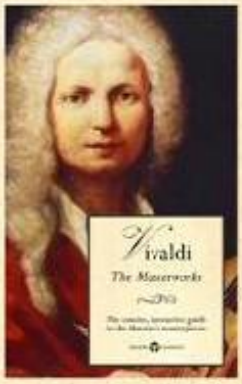

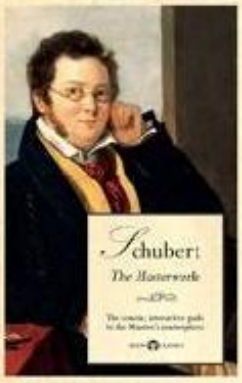

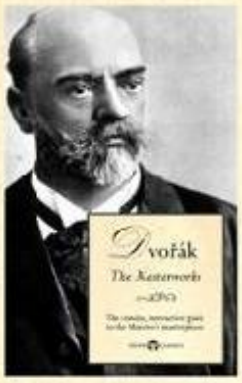

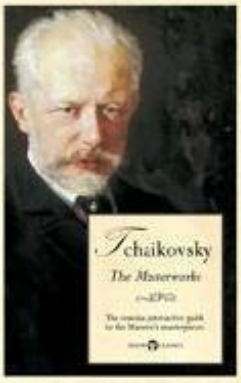

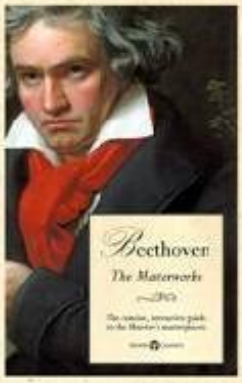

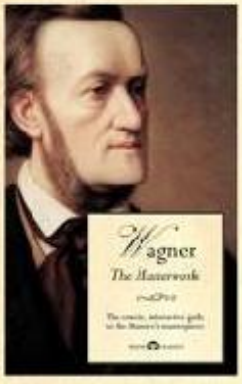

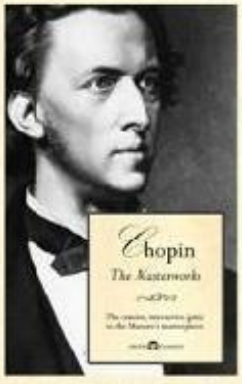

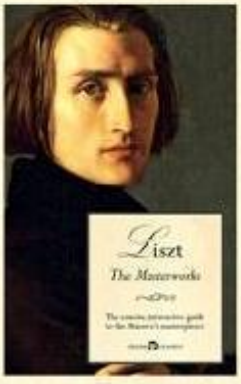

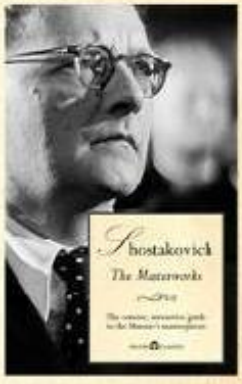

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Delphi Great Composers

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

By Delphi Classics, 2017

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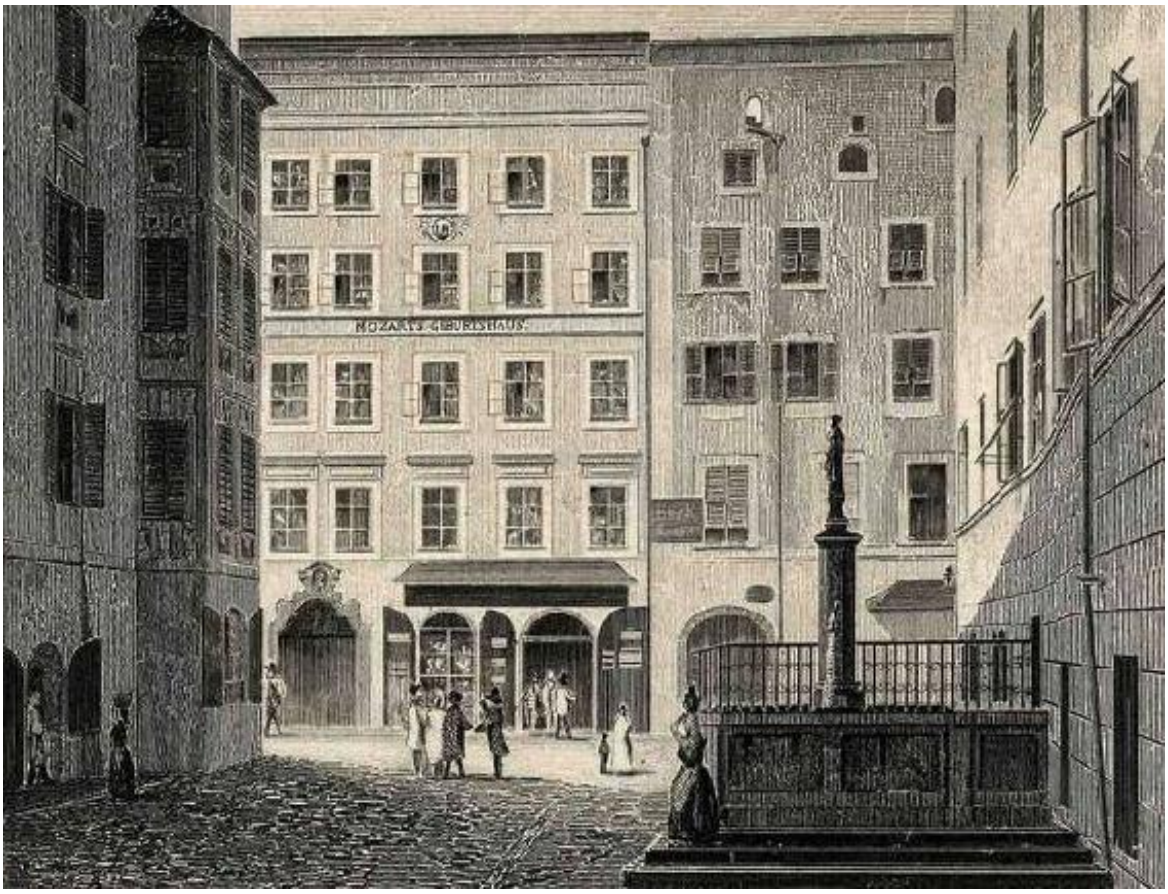
The Masterworks

An eighteenth century depiction of Salzburg, Mozart's birthplace

Salzburg today

No. 9 Getreidegasse, Salzburg, Austria — the house in which Mozart was born



The birthplace in 1860

The birthplace today

The Masterworks: A Short Guide

In this section of the eBook there are concise introductions for Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's most celebrated works. Interactive links to popular streaming services are provided at the beginning and end of each introduction, allowing you to listen to the music you are reading about. The text is also accompanied with contextual images to supplement your reading and listening.

There are various options for streaming music, with most paid services charged competitively at the same rate and usually offering a similar range of albums. Various streaming services offer a free trial (*Google Play Music*, *Amazon Music Unlimited* and *Apple Music*) and *Spotify* offers a free service after you watch a short advertisement. Amazon Prime members can also enjoy a wide range of free content from *Amazon Prime Music*. If you do not wish to subscribe to a streaming service, we have included *YouTube* links for free videos of the classical pieces.

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High-resolution scores for the music would be too large in size to include in an eBook; however, we have provided links to free scores available at *IMSLP*, the International Music Score Library Project, which can be accessed from the SCORES links in each chapter.

Now, settle back and relax as you immerse yourself in the music and life of Mozart...

Nannerl Notenbuch

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The world's most famous composer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born on 27 January 1756 to Leopold Mozart (1719–1787) and Anna Maria, née Pertl (1720–1778) in Salzburg, Austria, then part of the Holy Roman Empire. He was the youngest of seven children, five of whom died in infancy. His sole remaining sibling, an elder sister named Maria Anna Mozart (1751–1829), was nicknamed by the family as "Nannerl". Leopold Mozart, a native of Augsburg, Germany, was a minor composer and an experienced teacher. In 1743, he had been appointed as fourth violinist in the musical establishment of Count Leopold Anton von Firmian, the ruling Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg. He later became the orchestra's deputy Kapellmeister and during the year of his son's birth, he published a violin textbook, *Versuch einer gründlichen Violinschule*, which achieved some success.

From a very early age Mozart was, understandably, immersed in the study of music. When his sister Nannerl was seven, she was already taking keyboard lessons with her father, with the three-year-old Mozart looking eagerly on. By the time he was four, he was already learning to play the same pieces played by his sister on the harpsichord. Years later, after her brother's death, Nannerl wrote about this formative time: "Wolfgang often spent much time at the clavier, picking out thirds, which he was ever striking, and his pleasure showed that it sounded good.... In the fourth year of his age his father, for a game as it were, began to teach him a few minuets and pieces at the clavier.... He could play it faultlessly and with the greatest delicacy, and keeping exactly in time.... At the age of five, he was

already composing little pieces, which he played to his father who wrote them down."

The *Nannerl Notenbuch* (Nannerl's Music Book) is a collection of pieces composed chiefly by Leopold Mozart from 1759 to about 1764. They were written for Nannerl to learn and play, though Wolfgang was soon encouraged to add to the book, which now preserves his earliest known compositions. It contains simple short keyboard (typically harpsichord) pieces, suitable for beginners. Many of the works are anonymous minuets, some by Leopold and others inspired by the composers Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach and the Austrian composer Georg Christoph Wagenseil. Originally containing forty-eight bound pages of music paper, though only thirty-six pages remain, the notebook also includes technical exercises, a table of intervals and several modulating figured basses. The collection offers an intriguing window into how Leopold approached the teaching of music to his genius son. The tables of intervals reveal that he taught music theory to his children from the start, as well as actual composition, by means of a given bass line, a melody to be varied, a melody to be continued and a structural model.

The earliest compositions by Wolfgang are written in Leopold's hand; the father's gentle suggestions for amendments came later. Of particular note is the *Andante in C, K. 1a,* which is believed by many to be Mozart's first ever composition. An extremely short piece, it comprises only 10 measures and was notated by Leopold — Wolfgang was only five at the time of composition. The harpsichord piece is in the key of C and opens with a one-bar phrase in 3/4 time, which is then repeated. A second, modified phrase receives the same treatment. The time signature then changes to 2/4 and in the following four measures Mozart reverts to a typically Baroque style. The piece concludes with a simple authentic cadence.

Another interesting piece from the *Nannerl Notenbuch* is the *Minuet in F, K. 1d*, also a very short piece with a first section in eight measures and a second in twelve; it is Mozart's earliest extant composition in minuet dance form. Adopting a stately feeling and composed 3/4 time, the minuet is influenced by Leopold's own compositions and similar keyboard works by Georg Christoph Wagenseil.

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Leopold Mozart by Pietro Antonio Lorenzoni, 1765

Maria Anna Mozart (Nannerl) as a child by Lorenzoni, 1763

Anonymous portrait of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, possibly by Pietro Antonio Lorenzoni; 1763, commissioned by his father

The Mozart family by Johann Nepomuk della Croce, c. 1780. The portrait on the wall is of the composer's mother.

A harpsichord constructed by the celebrated makers Andreas Ruckers in Antwerp (1646) — the pieces in the Nannerl Notenbuch would have been originally performed on a similar instrument.

Symphony No. 1

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Five-year-old Mozart performed in public for the first time in the hall of the Salzburg University, where he was met with rapturous applause. This reception inspired Leopold to take Wolfgang and Maria on a musical tour in 1762, during the course of which they played before most of the sovereigns of Germany. The little “Wolferl’s” charming appearance and easy, confident manner endeared him to everyone he met. One particularly famous story recounts how he sprang upon the Empress Maria Theresa’s lap and kissed her. The Emperor Francis I. sat by his side while he played, and reportedly described him as his “little magician.” When he slipped one day on a polished floor the archduchess Marie Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France, lifted him up and he declared at once, “You are very kind; when I grow up I shall marry you!”

By 1763 young Mozart could sing, compose and play expertly on the harpsichord, the organ and the violin, winning admiration wherever his father took him. However, in spite of this great acclaim, travelling was expensive and the family’s funds did not greatly improve. Often noble patrons would bestow small bagatelle gifts, rather than the more lucrative earnings that Leopold had hoped to receive. In Paris the Mozarts lodged at the Bavarian embassy, giving performances on a grand scale both there and at Versailles, where Wolferl’s organ-playing was even more admired than his performance on the harpsichord. Here, also, he published his first compositions — two sets of sonatas for the harpsichord and violin.

In anticipation of greater financial rewards, Leopold brought his family to England in April 1764, engaging lodgings at Frith Street, Soho. On the 27 April and the 19 May Mozart played before the British Royal Family

with immense success, accompanying the Queen in a song and playing at sight anything that the King George III set before him. It was during this time that the young composer made his first attempt at a symphony — an extended musical composition, consisting of multiple distinct sections or movements, often four, with the first movement in sonata form. The *Symphony No. 1 in E flat major, K. 16* was composed when Mozart was only eight years old.

It was written in Chelsea during the summer of 1764, when Mozart's father Leopold was suffering from a throat infection. During this time Wolfgang was forbidden to play the piano, so tradition holds that he had to find other means to occupy himself. The symphony was written at 180 Ebury Street, now in the borough of Westminster and a plaque marks the location today. Leopold criticised the piece for being too simplistic, pointing out three mistakes in the music theory. Nevertheless, in spite of its conservative and short nature, this piece is a strong indicator of the many wonderful melodies and compositions to come — by the end of his short career Mozart would have completed forty more symphonies. Of particular note is young Wolfgang's beautiful use of the French horns in the second movement of the symphony.

First performed on 21 February 1765, the piece demonstrates the influence of several composers, including Mozart's father and the sons of Johann Sebastian Bach, especially Johann Christian Bach, an important early symphonist, who Mozart had met in London. *Symphony No. 1* is scored for an orchestra of two oboes, two horns and strings (the usual first and second violins, violas, cellos and double basses). Structured in a three-movement, quick-slow-quick form, reflecting the genre's origins in the Italian overture, the piece is typical of the early classical symphony. The first movement is a rapid piece in bipartite sonata form, with the first half serving as the exposition with two theme groups in the tonic and dominant.

The second half develops the first theme in the dominant and submediant keys, while a second theme group is introduced. The second movement is slower, composed in the relative key of C minor, with an almost constant accompaniment of semiquaver triplets, focusing on tone colour rather than significant melodic ideas. The third movement is a traditionally lively setting, playing with contrasts between quiet and loud passages, and parts played only by the violins and the rest of the orchestra.

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‘The Mozart family on tour: Leopold, Wolfgang, and Nannerl’ by Carmontelle, c. 1763

An early admirer of Mozart, Marie Antoinette (1755-1793) was the last Queen of France and Navarre prior to the French Revolution.

Francis I (1708-1765) was Holy Roman Emperor and Grand Duke of Tuscany, though his wife effectively executed the real powers of those positions. With his wife, Maria Theresa, he was the founder of the Habsburg-Lorraine dynasty, as well as Mozart's first royal patron.

Single horn in F, student model, as typically used by orchestras for Mozart's first symphony

Frith Street, Soho, London — where Mozart lived and composed during his short stay in London. The family were based in rooms above the property with the blue door in the far right of the photograph.

180 Ebury Street, where Symphony No. 1 was composed in London, Chelsea

The plaque commemorating Mozart's residence at 180 Ebury Street

The Jagiellonian Library in Kraków, which holds almost 6.7 million volumes (including the autograph score of Mozart's first symphony)

Symphony No. 25

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During the Mozart family's European travels from royal court to court, Leopold found organising the visits difficult, with travel conditions still relatively primitive, compared to the wonders of the Victorian innovations a century later. The Mozarts had to wait for invitations and reimbursement from the nobility, and on several occasions the family endured long illnesses far from home, with young Wolfgang and Nannerl both suffering life threatening symptoms in The Hague in the autumn of 1765.

After a year recuperating in Salzburg, Leopold took Wolfgang to Italy, leaving Anna Maria and Nannerl at home. The Italian tour lasted from December 1769 to March 1771. As with earlier journeys, Leopold exhibited his son's abilities as a performer and a rapidly maturing composer. Wolfgang met Josef Mysliveček and Giovanni Battista Martini in Bologna, and was accepted as a member of the famous Accademia Filarmonica. In Rome, he heard Gregorio Allegri's *Miserere* twice in performance in the Sistine Chapel and wrote it out from memory, therefore producing the first unauthorised copy of this closely guarded property of the Vatican. Leopold had intended that the Italian sojourn would result in a professional appointment for his son, but his hopes were never realised.

After finally returning with his father from Italy in March 1773, Mozart was employed as a court musician by the ruler of Salzburg, Prince-Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo. The young composer had amassed a large number of admirers in Salzburg, providing him with the opportunity of working in many genres, including symphonies, sonatas, string quartets, masses, serenades and a few minor operas. *Symphony No. 25* was composed in October 1773, when Mozart was seventeen years old, shortly after the

success of his opera seria *Lucio Silla*. One of the most famous symphonies ever composed, it was supposedly completed in Salzburg only two days after the completion of *Symphony No. 24*. It is one of two symphonies Mozart composed in G minor and is sometimes referred to as the “little G minor symphony”, (the other being *Symphony No. 40)* — an unusual and experimental choice at the time.

Scored for two oboes, two bassoons, four horns and strings, it is notable for its wide-leap melodic lines and syncopation, characteristic of the *Sturm und Drang* style (‘storm and stress’ music), and was likely inspired by Joseph Haydn’s *Symphony No. 39*, also in G minor. The *Sturm und Drang* style was popular during the late 1760’s to the early 1780’s, producing pieces that allowed individual subjectivity, including extremes of emotion, allowing free expression in reaction to the perceived constraints of rationalism imposed by the Enlightenment. The dramatic sweeps and crescendos of *Symphony No. 25* epitomise the raw emotion and exciting innovation that the piece must have held for Mozart’s contemporaries. Of particular note is the opening Mannheim rocket — a rising arpeggiated sequence — which was used by Beethoven in the first movement of his first Piano Sonata.

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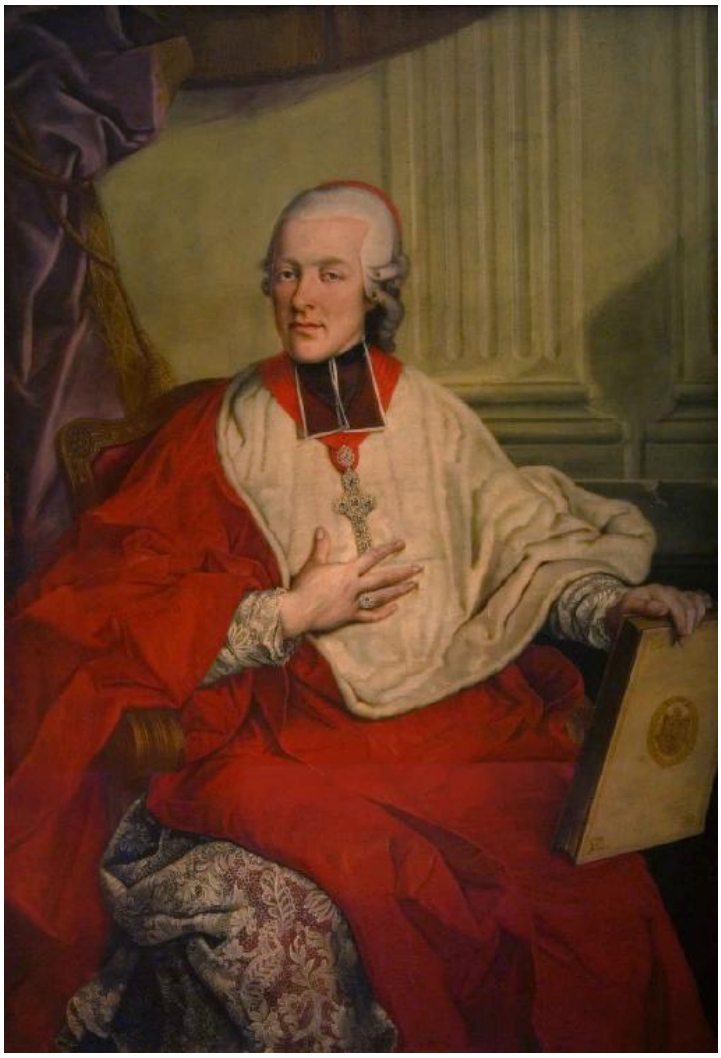
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, aged 14, in Verona by Saverio Dalla Rosa, 1770



Hieronymus Joseph Franz de Paula Graf Colloredo von Wallsee und Melz (1732-1812) was Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg from 1771 until 1803. He was Mozart's first official patron.

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) was instrumental in the development of the symphony, earning him the epithet "Father of the Symphony". He was a friend and mentor of Mozart, a teacher of Beethoven and the older brother of the composer Michael Haydn.

Tanzmeisterhaus, Salzburg — the Mozart family residence from 1773, which was reconstructed in 1996.

Violin Concerto No. 5

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Between April and December 1775, Mozart developed an enthusiasm for violin concertos, producing a series of five — he would never produce any more — which steadily increased in their musical sophistication. Composed in Salzburg, all five concertos are notable for the beauty of their melodies and the skilful use of the expressive and technical characteristics of the instrument, though Mozart did not explore the wide gamut of violin possibilities that others like Beethoven and Brahms did after him.

The *Violin Concerto No. 5* is often referred to by the nickname 'The Turkish' and adheres to a typical fast-slow-fast musical structure, being scored for two oboes, two horns and strings. Mozart's use of 'aperto' is rare in his instrumental music, occurring in only two of his piano concerti and more frequently in his operas. It gives the piece a broader, more majestic sound than might be achieved by 'allegro'. The first movement opens with the orchestra playing the main theme, a typical melodic tune by the composer. The solo violin is introduced with a short, yet sweet *dolce adagio* passage in A Major, with a simple accompaniment by the orchestra. The piece then transitions back to the main theme with the solo violin playing a different melody on top of the orchestra.

The *rondo finale* is based on a Minuet theme that recurs several times. In the middle of the movement the meter changes from 3/4 to 2/4 and a section of "Turkish music" is introduced, characterised by the shift to A minor and by the use of grotesque elements, such as unison chromatic crescendos, repetition of short musical elements and *col legno* playing in the cellos and double basses. These dramatic changes led to the concerto earning its now famous sobriquet.

For most violin players, the *Violin Concerto No. 5* is a formidable piece of music. It is not without reason that it is the only one of Mozart's five violin concerti to regularly receive as much attention from musicologists and historians. The dramatic scope of the piece is truly impressive: it is very nearly an opera in concerto guise, with the soloist as protagonist. A common feature of the student repertory, it could well be the most frequently played violin concerto ever written.

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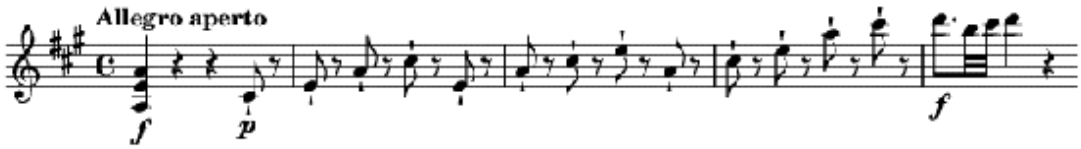
Mozart by an anonymous painter for Padre Martini in Bolognia, 1777

The opening of the concerto

Main reading room at the Library of Congress, Washington, where the autograph score of Violin Concerto No. 5 is preserved today.

Symphony No. 31, Paris

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Despite many artistic successes, Mozart grew increasingly discontented with life in Salzburg and redoubled his efforts to find a position elsewhere. One reason was his low salary, earning only 150 florins a year. The young composer longed to compose operas and his native city seldom provided occasions for this genre. The situation worsened in 1775 when the court theatre was closed, especially since the other theatre in Salzburg was largely reserved for visiting troupes. In August 1777, Mozart resigned his position at Salzburg and on 23 September he ventured out once more in search of employment.

In March 1778 he arrived in Paris and soon fell into debt, taking to pawning valuables. Events took a tragic turn when his mother was taken ill and died on 3 July 1778. There had been delays in calling a doctor, which was most likely due to a lack of funds. Mozart stayed with Melchior Grimm, who, as personal secretary of the Duke d'Orléans, lived in his mansion. During his time in the French capital, Mozart composed, which would be regarded in later years as one of his most accomplished symphonies. It was also most likely to have been the first of his symphonies to be published when Seiber released an edition in 1779.

The symphony was composed during Mozart's unsuccessful job-hunting sojourn in Paris, when he was twenty-two years old. The premiere took place on 12 June 1778 in a private performance in the home of Count Karl Heinrich Joseph von Sickingen, the ambassador of the Electorate of the Palatinate. The public premiere took place six days later in a performance at the Concert Spirituel and the symphony received a positive review in the 26 June issue of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, published in London:

Symphony No. 31 was evidently popular; Deutsch lists several further performances at the Concert Spirituel during 1779 and on 14 May 1780. The piece is notable for employing an unusually large instrumentation for its time, which was made possible by the large orchestra available to composers in Paris. The score accommodates two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets in A, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, timpani and strings. Also, it was the composer's first symphony to use clarinets. At the premiere there were no less than twenty-two violins, five violas, eight cellos and five basses — without doubt Mozart's largest orchestra to date. Mozart's father Leopold remarked that, "to judge by the Parisian symphonies he had seen, the French must like noisy symphonies."

The symphony is structured in fast-slow-fast form, omitting the Minuet normally found in classical-era symphonies. The first movement opens with a rising and accelerating D major scale in an effect known at the time as the Mannheim Rocket. The string players are ruthlessly tested in the piece and the wind section is larger than usual. Rushing scales and lively dynamic shifts in the music give the symphony a playful character, perhaps reflecting the composer's own desperate search for employment in the exciting city at that time.

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Paris, close to the time of Mozart's composing of Symphony No. 31

Anna Maria Pertl Mozart, wife of Leopold Mozart

The symphony was later performed in the Burgtheater in Vienna on 11 March 1783

Great Mass in C minor

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Although unable to secure a lucrative position in Paris, Leopold managed to win the support of the local Salzburg nobility and his son was offered a post as court organist and concertmaster. The annual salary was 450 florins and the employed was once more Archbishop Colloredo. Mozart was reluctant to accept, but finally returned to Salzburg in January 1779, taking up his new appointment. Nevertheless, his discontentment with Salzburg continued to grow.

In January 1781, Mozart's opera *Idomeneo* was a considerable success in Munich and he was summoned to Vienna the following March, where his employer Colloredo was attending the celebrations for the accession of Joseph II to the Austrian throne. For Colloredo, this was simply a matter of wanting his musical servant to be at hand and Mozart was expected to dine in Colloredo's establishment with the valets and cooks. However, Mozart was planning to win the attention of a much grander patron. "My main goal right now," he wrote to his father, "is to meet the Emperor in some agreeable fashion; I am absolutely determined he should get to know me." The composer soon met the Emperor, who eventually agreed to support his career with commissions and a part-time position. However, the young composer was also keen to win the regard of a very different kind of admirer...

Mozart had previously become intimate with the Weber family when visiting Mannheim in 1777. The father, Fridolin Weber, worked as a double bass player, prompter, and music copyist and his half-brother was the father of composer Carl Maria von Weber. Weber had four daughters: Josepha, Aloysia, Constanze and Sophie. All four were trained as singers and

Josepha and Aloysia both went on to enjoy distinguished musical careers. Mozart first fell in love with Aloysia, but while he was in Paris, she secured a position as a singer in Munich and rejected Mozart when they met again. On first arriving in Vienna on 16 March 1781, Mozart stayed at the house of the Teutonic Order with the staff of his patron, Colloredo. In May, he "was obliged to leave" and chose to board with his friends in the Weber household, originally intending to stay for only a week. The father, Fridolin, had died, and the Webers were now taking in lodgers to make ends meet. Mozart began courting Constanze, now aged nineteen, and in the interest of propriety, she requested that he leave. He relocated to a third-floor room in the Graben on 5 September.

The courtship encountered several problems; Mozart and Constanze briefly broke up in April 1782, over an episode involving jealousy, as Constanze had permitted another young man to measure her calves in a parlour game. Mozart also faced a challenging task gaining permission for the marriage from his father. The couple were finally married on 4 August 1782 in St. Stephen's Cathedral, the day before Leopold's consent arrived in the post.

Mozart's *Great Mass in C minor* (1782) was composed in Vienna during this turbulent time, when he was no longer a church musician of Salzburg Cathedral. The large-scale work, a *missa solemnis*, is scored for two soprano soloists, a tenor and a bass, double chorus and large orchestra. It was to remain unfinished, missing large portions of the *Credo* and the complete *Agnus Dei*. A mass is a form of sacred choral composition, usually arranged as setting of the liturgy in Latin. Masses can be performed *a cappella* — without an independent accompaniment — or they can be accompanied by instrumental obbligatos up to and including a full orchestra. *Missa solemnis* indicates a solemn mass, usually for special festive occasions, featuring an extended vocal and orchestral setting.

In a letter to his father, dated 4 January 1783, Mozart mentions a vow he had made to write a mass, when he would bring his then fiancée Constanze as his wife to Salzburg. This promise was kept and Constanze sang the “Et incarnatus est” at the mass’ premiere. The first performance took place in Salzburg on 26 October 1783, when the composer and Constanze were paying a visit to his native town; she had not yet met his father or his sister Nannerl.

The performance consisted of the Kyrie, Gloria and Sanctus, taking place in the Church of St. Peter’s Abbey in the context of a Roman Catholic mass. The performers were members of the “Hofmusik”, employed at the court of Salzburg’s ruler, Colloredo. There remains much speculation as to why the work was left unfinished. Given the absolute necessity of a complete text for liturgical use, it is likely that Mozart added in movements from his earlier masses for the premiere. He later reused the music from the Kyrie and Gloria, almost without changes except for the text, in the cantata *Davidde penitente*, K. 469. The mass conveys the typical pomp and solemnity associated with the Salzburg traditions of the time, while anticipating the symphonic masses of Joseph Haydn in its solo-choral sharing. The influence of Bach and Handel is evident, as Mozart was studying closely their works at this time.

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Portrait of Constanze Mozart (1762-1842), 1782

St Peter's Abbey, Salzburg

Interior of St Peter's Abbey, where the mass was first performed

Emperor Joseph II by Anton von Maron, 1775

Piano Sonata No. 11, Turkish March

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From 1782 to 1785 Mozart arranged numerous concerts with himself as soloist, presenting three or four new piano concertos in each season. As space in the theatres was scarce, he booked unconventional venues, including a large room in the Trattnerhof (an apartment building) and the ballroom of the Mehlgrube, which was in fact a restaurant. The concerts proved popular with audiences and the concertos he premiered remain today firm fixtures in the repertoire. During this time he began working on the sonata form, named from the Italian *sonare*, 'to sound' — a piece of music played as opposed to a cantata (to sing). In the Classical era, the term *sonata* was increasingly applied to either a work for keyboard alone or for keyboard and one other instrument, often the violin or cello. In time it was less frequently applied to works with more than two instrumentalists. The most common layout of movements for a sonata was:

- *Allegro*, a tempo, "working out", or development, of a theme
- A middle movement, usually a slow movement: an *Andante*, *Adagio* or *Largo*
- A closing movement, generally *Allegro* or *Presto*, often termed *Finale*.

The *Piano Sonata No. 11 in A major* is one of Mozart's most famous and accomplished examples of the form. It is uncertain where and when he composed the piece, though there is a general consensus it was written in c. 1783 in either Vienna or Salzburg, having been published by Artaria in 1784. It is notable for Mozart's defiance of beginning a sonata with an allegro movement, instead introducing a movement that is a theme and

variation — a *siciliana* — consisting of two 8 measure sections, each repeated — a structure shared by each variation. The tempo marking is “Andante grazioso” (walking pace, gracefully). The second movement offers a standard minuet and trio movement, but it is the last movement, “Alla turca”, popularly known as the “Turkish March”, which has come to be one of Mozart’s best-known piano pieces. Mozart applied the name “Alla turca” as the piece imitates the sound of Turkish Janissary bands, much in vogue at the time of composition. Mozart’s opera *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (The Abduction from the Seraglio) also imitated the distinctive Turkish style, notable for its lively tempo, usually in the form of a march. Composers were keen to use the Turkish style due to the perceived exoticism it would convey to the audience. Turks were well known to the citizens of Vienna as military opponents, and the centuries of warfare between Austria and the Ottoman Empire was only beginning to turn in Austria’s favour. The differences in culture, as well as the frisson derived from the many earlier Turkish invasions, apparently gave rise to a fascination among the Viennese for all things Turkish.

Interestingly, the final movement of *Piano Sonata No. 11* was sometimes performed on pianos built with a “Turkish stop”, allowing it to be embellished with extra percussion effects, helping to further popularise the memorable tune, which is today one of the composer’s most iconic pieces.

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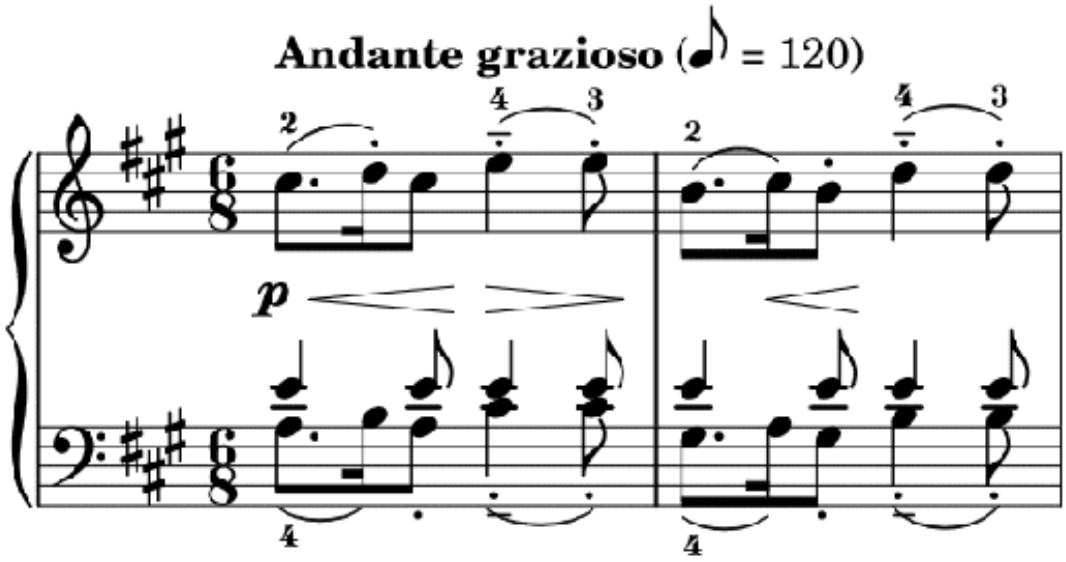
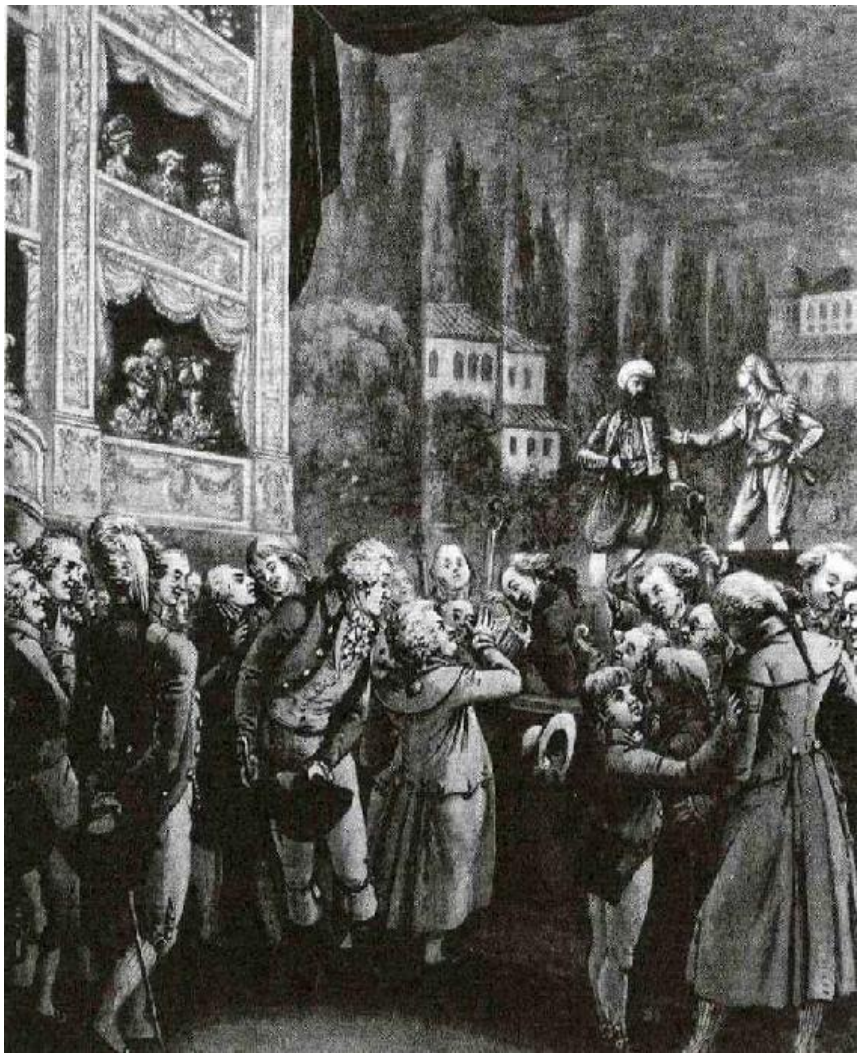

The famous opening of ‘Piano Sonata No. 11’



Mozart (centre) attending a performance of his Turkish style opera' The Abduction from the Seraglio', while visiting Berlin in 1789

Mozart by Johann Nepomuk della Croce, c. 1781

Horn Concerto No. 2

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Arguably the most widely played concertos for horn, Mozart's four concertos form a major part of a professional horn players' repertoire. They were originally composed for Mozart's lifelong friend Joseph Leutgeb (1732-1811), who was an outstanding horn player and a musical inspiration for the composer. They were written during Mozart's years in Vienna and intended for the natural horn, as the valved instrument was not invented until after 1814 by Heinrich Stölzel. Therefore, Leutgeb needed to exercise great lip control, as well as using the hand-stopping technique (hand in bell) to play chromatic notes. Mozart enjoyed a curious joking relationship with Leutgeb, seen for instance in the playful comments he inserted in Leutgeb's horn parts.

Horn Concerto No. 2 in E-flat major, K. 417 bears the mock dedication: "Wolfgang Amadé Mozart takes pity on Leutgeb, ass, ox, and simpleton, at Vienna, March 27, 1783". In one place Mozart marks the orchestra part "Allegro" and the solo part "Adagio", perhaps making fun of the tendency of horn notes to come in late, dragging the tempo. Letters from the end of Mozart's life suggest that Leutgeb did not mind the teasing and that the two enjoyed a mutual friendship. A letter by Mozart, dated 6 June 1791, indicates that, while his wife Constanze was away, he stayed for several nights at Leutgeb's house, "because I had discharged the maid Leonore and I would have been all alone at home, which would not have been pleasant."

Mozart's Horn Concertos were written as virtuoso vehicles, allowing the soloist to display a variety of techniques on the valveless horns of the day. The pieces are characterised by an elegant and humorous dialogue between

the soloist and the orchestra. *Horn Concerto No. 2* comprises three movements:

- Allegro maestoso
- Andante
- Rondo Più allegro 6/8

The piece is one of two horn concerti to omit bassoons, while featuring ripieno horns included in the orchestra besides the soloist; however, in contrast to *Horn Concerto No. 4 in E-flat major, K. 495* the solo horn does not duplicate the first ripieno horn's part in the tutti passages. *Horn Concerto No. 2* offers the listener several splendid melodies, with an expansive opening movement in common time, but with no tempo marking. Following an abbreviated first exposition, the soloist enters with a new theme, which later shifts to a minor key. The succeeding second movement, in the dominant key of B flat, features a basic song structure with a middle-section beautiful melody for the soloist. A hunt-inspired Rondo concludes the piece in 6/8 time, establishing the pattern for the rest of Mozart's Leutgeb concertos. This final movement conveys an irrepressibly cheerful mood, with an accelerated coda, conjuring the image of the hounds catching up with the chase.

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A natural horn, with central crook: a cor solo, Raoux, Paris, 1797

Mozart's home in Vienna from 1784 to 1787. His only surviving Viennese residence, the building is located in Vienna's Old Town, not far from St. Stephen's Cathedral and is now a museum dedicated to the composer's life and works.

Piano Concerto No. 20

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On 11 February 1785, Mozart's father arrived in Vienna after a wintry and unpleasant coach journey from Salzburg. It was Leopold's first visit to the city in twelve years and it would be his last. On the same night he attended an Akademie held by his son, who was now twenty-nine years old and enjoying the peak of his popularity in the city. Leopold later wrote to Nannerl that after two arias by a singer of the Italian opera, there "was a new, superb piano concerto by Wolfgang, which the copyist was still writing when we arrived, and the rondo of which your brother hadn't time to play as he had to revise copies of the orchestral parts." This piece was *Piano Concerto No. 20 in D minor, K. 466*, which Beethoven would lionise in later years, playing it publicly, with his own cadenzas in the first and last movements, where Mozart had himself improvised. There are no surviving reports of the audience's reaction, though if it had been hostile or negative, Leopold would have certainly reported it to his daughter.

Mozart's marriage, without paternal permission, to Constanze Weber was still a bone of contention; however, Leopold showed unreserved acceptance of his son's departure from tradition in the new concerto. Scored for solo piano, flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, timpani and strings, the piece begins immediately with an agitated, subtly changing bass line, beneath a throbbing syncopation of violins and violas, establishing a dark tonic key. The first movement in Allegro features motivic themes rather than conventionally melodic examples and it remains surprising that the soloist never exactly plays what the orchestra sets forth in the exposition, in spite of maintaining a solid sonata structure throughout. When the piano finally enters in measure 77, it appears as a stranger in a

somewhat troubled scene. Nor does the soloist take complete charge until the coda of the finale, when half-an-hour later he changes the key back to D major.

The second movement in Romanza B flat major is in fact Andante, rushing dramatically into G minor before the end couplet, demonstrating a significant harmonic departure from conventional concerto practice. In the third movement, Mozart reprises the D minor key, forming an extended sonata-rondo. The development, as featured in the second movement, seeks out G minor – often noted as the darkest key in Mozart's harmonic lexicon, before D major emerges to the fore again. A second melody is suggested by the piano where the mood is still dark, though oddly restless. A contrasting cheerful melody in F major arrives shortly after, introduced by the orchestra before the solo piano rounds off the lively theme. Several modulations of the second theme (in A minor and G minor) follow, before introducing the customary cadenza. The mood then clears noticeably, as a cheerful melody is taken up by the wind instruments. The solo piano repeats the theme before a full orchestral develops the passage, concluding the concerto with a jubilant D major finish.

In spite of the concerns that must have troubled the composer at the time, tellingly signalled by the foreboding tone of much of the concerto, there are still light and melodic features, hinting at the composer's hopes for a more certain and untroubled period ahead.

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‘Neuer Markt in Vienna with Capuchin Church and Haus zur Mehlgrube on the right’ by Bernardo Bellotto, 1760

A fortepiano from the period by Johann Andreas Stein

The Marriage of Figaro

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A cornerstone of the operatic repertoire and among the most frequently performed operas today, *Le nozze di Figaro* is an opera buffa (comic opera) in four acts, composed in 1786, with an Italian libretto written by Lorenzo Da Ponte. It is based largely on a stage comedy by Pierre Beaumarchais, *La folle journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro*, first performed in 1784. Beaumarchais' play was at first banned in Vienna, as Emperor Joseph II stated that "since the piece contains much that is objectionable, I therefore expect that the Censor shall either reject it altogether, or at any rate have such alterations made in it that he shall be responsible for the performance of this play and for the impression it may make", after which the Austrian Censor duly forbade performing the German version of the play. Nevertheless, Mozart's librettist managed to secure official approval for an operatic version, which would go on to achieve great success.

Mozart had originally selected Beaumarchais' play, bringing the text to Da Ponte, who turned it into a libretto in six weeks, rewriting it in poetic Italian and removing the political references that had caused so much offence. In particular, Da Ponte replaced Figaro's climactic speech against inherited nobility with an equally angry aria against unfaithful wives. Contrary to popular myth, the libretto was actually approved at once by the Emperor before any music was written by Mozart. The Imperial Italian opera company paid Mozart 450 florins for the opera — three times his yearly salary when working as a court musician in Salzburg.

Le nozze di Figaro premiered at the Burgtheater in Vienna on 1 May 1786 and Mozart himself directed the first two performances, conducting while seated at the keyboard, a custom of the day. The first production was

given eight further performances, all in 1786. Though this may seem few in number, the premiere was generally judged to have been a success. The applause of the audience on the first night resulted in five numbers being encored, seven on 8 May. The newspaper *Wiener Realzeitung* praised the work, stating that "Mozart's music was generally admired by connoisseurs already at the first performance, if I except only those whose self-love and conceit will not allow them to find merit in anything not written by themselves… It contains so many beauties, and such a wealth of ideas, as can be drawn only from the source of innate genius." Fellow composer Joseph Haydn lauded the opera, writing to a friend that he heard it in his dreams. In summer 1790 Haydn attempted to produce the work with his own company at Eszterháza, but was prevented from doing so by the death of his patron, Nikolaus Esterházy.

Emperor Joseph II, who was in charge of the Burgtheater, was concerned by the length of the performance and directed his aide, Count Rosenberg, "to prevent the excessive duration of operas, without however prejudicing the fame often sought by opera singers from the repetition of vocal pieces, I deem the enclosed notice to the public (that no piece for more than a single voice is to be repeated) to be the most reasonable expedient. You will therefore cause some posters to this effect to be printed." These posters were speedily printed and posted in the Burgtheater in time for the third performance on 24 May. Nevertheless, the Emperor requested a special performance at his palace theatre in Laxenburg, which took place in June 1786.

The opera continues the plot of *The Barber of Seville* several years later and recounts a single "day of madness" (la folle journée) in the palace of Count Almaviva near Seville, Spain. Rosina is now the Countess and Dr. Bartolo seeks revenge against Figaro for thwarting his plans to marry Rosina himself. Count Almaviva has degenerated from the romantic youth

seen in *The Barber of Seville* into a scheming, bullying, womanising baritone. Having appointed Figaro as head of his servant-staff, he is now persistently trying to exercise his *droit du seigneur* – the right to bed a servant girl on her wedding night – with Figaro's bride-to-be, Susanna, who is the Countess' maid. He devises many excuses to delay the civil part of the wedding of his two servants, which is arranged for this very day. Figaro, Susanna and the Countess conspire to embarrass the Count and expose his scheming. He retaliates by trying to make Figaro legally marry a woman old enough to be his mother, but it turns out at the last minute that she is in fact his mother. Through Figaro's and Susanna's clever manipulations, the Count's love for his Countess is finally restored.

The opera is scored for two oboes, two flutes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, timpani, and strings; the recitativi are accompanied by a keyboard instrument, usually a harpsichord, joined by a cello. A typical performance usually lasts around three hours. In spite of the sorrow, anxiety and anger that the characters often experience during the performance, only one number is set in a minor key: Barbarina's brief aria *L'ho perduta* at the beginning of Act IV, where she mourns the loss of the pin and is concerned about what her master will say when she fails to deliver it, which is written in F minor. Other than this the entire opera is set in major keys, adding to the comedic and optimistic atmosphere.

The overture offers an especially famous tune and is often played separately as a concert piece. Interestingly, the musical ideas of the overture are not reprised later in the opera, aside from two brief phrases during the Count's part in the terzetto *Cosa sento!* in the first Act. It begins with a busy whispering impression that develops rapidly into a short-breathed theme. Then appears a *tutti* with trumpets and drums, followed by violins, flutes and oboes in a succession of hectically bright figurations. Originally, the overture contained a slow middle section with a melancholy oboe solo, but

Mozart decided against the use of contrast and maintained the relentless jolly mood throughout.

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LE NOZZE

DI FIGARO,

O SIA

LA FOLLE GIORNATA.

COMEDIA PER MUSICA

TRATTA DAL FRANCESE

IN QUATTRO ATTI,

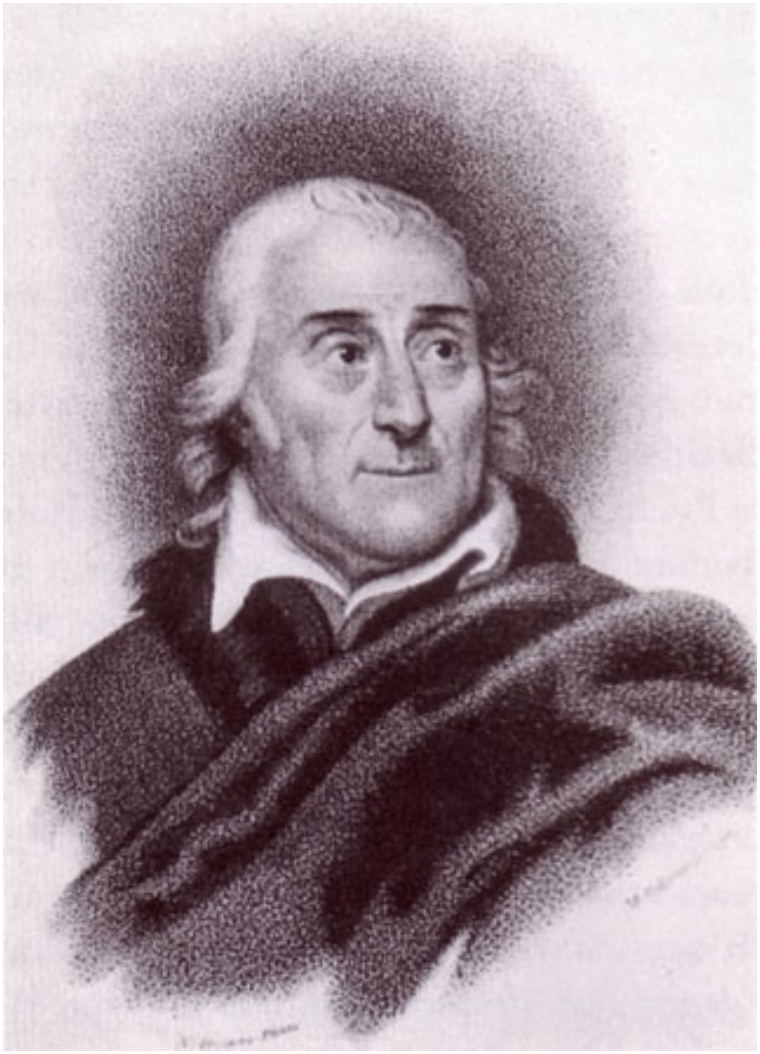
DA RAPPRESENTARSI

Nei Teatri di Praga

l'Anno 1786.

Preſo Giuſeppe Emanuele Diesbach.

Libretto from 1786



The Italian libretto was written by Lorenzo Da Ponte, (1749-1838) who wrote the libretti for 28 operas by 11 composers, including two of Mozart's greatest operas, 'Don Giovanni' and 'Così fan tutte'.

The old Burgtheater (before 1888), where the opera premiered on 1 May 1786

Portrait of Joseph II

Act 1: Cherubino hides behind Susanna's chair as the Count arrives

Early nineteenth century engraving depicting Count Almaviva and Susanna in Act III

Piano Concerto No. 23

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Once dismissed from Colloredo's service, Mozart was left free to conquer the musical world of Vienna, with a little help from the new Emperor. For the next four years, he reigned as Vienna's favourite composer of instrumental music. At the height of his powers of concerto composing, he began working on a piece in A major that would result in an immediate success and has remained popular in concert halls to this day. One of the composer's most intimate and expressive works, *Piano Concerto No. 23 in A major, K. 488* is noted for its wistful beauty and sublime melodies — the middle movement being an exceptional piece of sombre brilliance.

It was completed on 2 March 1786, around the time of the premiere of *Le nozze di Figaro*. During that spring the composer had held three subscription concerts, one of which was played by Mozart himself. Scored for piano solo and an orchestra consisting of one flute, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns and strings, the concerto has three movements:

- Allegro in A major and common time
- Adagio in F-sharp minor and 6/8 time or 3/4 time
- Allegro assai in A and alla breve in Rondo form

Mozart opted to remove trumpets and timpani, replacing them instead with oboes and clarinets, producing an unusually dark, mellow tone compared to contemporary orchestral pieces. The clarinet was such an innovative instrument at the time that Mozart was obliged to include a note allowing it to be replaced by a violin or viola should an orchestra not have any available. Composed when Mozart was thirty years old, the concerto's

soloistic nature and overall gentle mood results in a work of intimacy usually associated with chamber music.

The first movement is written in sonata form, opening with a double exposition, the first played by the orchestra, before the piano joins in the second. The first exposition is tonally static and concise, while the second exposition is ornamented with harmonic tension, including the soloist and is modulatory. It also introduces the previously unheard third theme. The second exposition is expressed by dissonances played on the beat and then solved by an interval of a descending second. This is also expressed in the use of chromatics in the melody and bass lines, serving as a source of harmonic tension, as the listeners anticipate the arrival of the tonic.

The concerto's second, slow movement — the only movement by the composer in F sharp minor — is written in ternary form, appearing operatic in tone. The piano begins alone with a theme in *Siciliano* rhythm, characterised by unusually wide leaps. The dynamics are soft throughout most of the piece, with a brighter section in A major announced by the flute and clarinet.

The final movement is a rondo, shaded by moves into other keys, with a central section in F sharp minor brashly interrupted by a clarinet tune in D major, suggesting the *opera buffa* style of music making popular at that time, featuring sudden changes of point of view as well as of scene.

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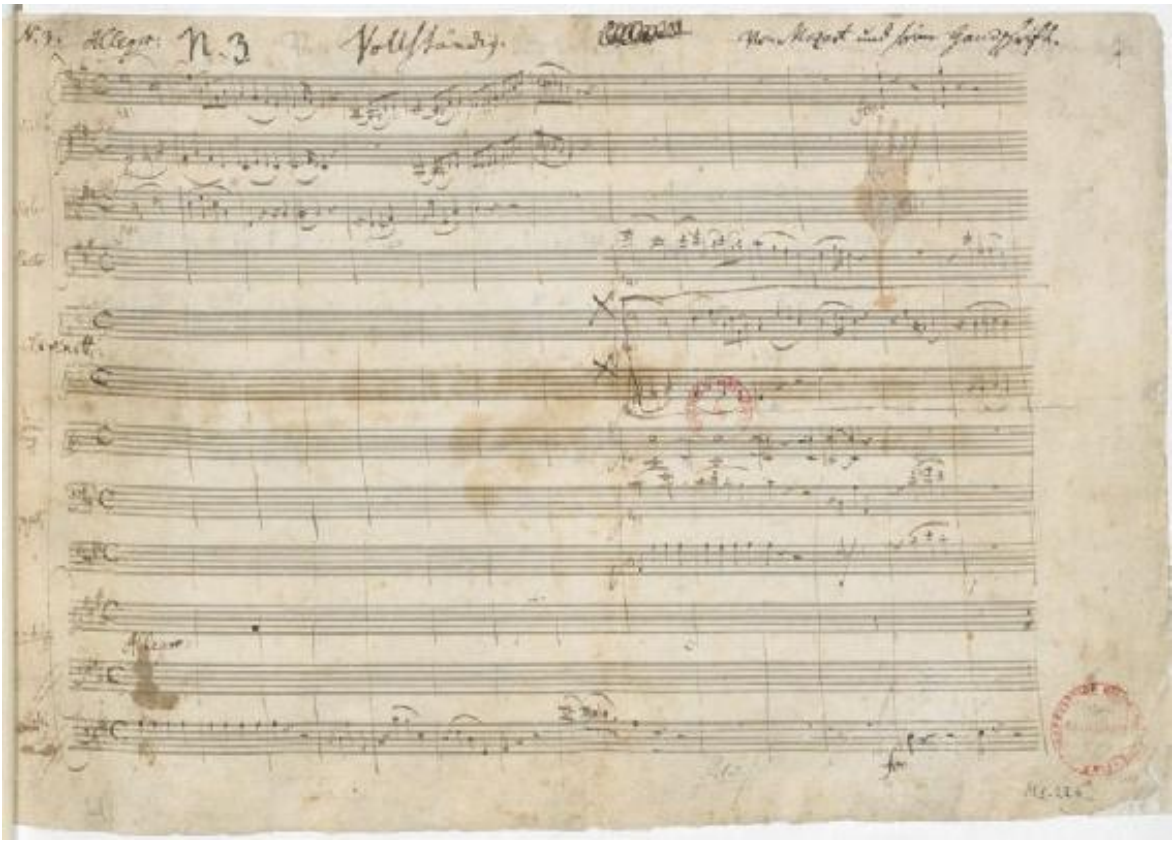
The opening page of the autograph manuscript

Mozart by Christian Ludwig Vogel, 1783

Symphony No. 38, Prague

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Mozart first came to Prague, then the capital of the kingdom of Bohemia, on 11 January 1787 and remained in the city till the second week of February. Wherever he went, he was attended by devoted admirers. On 19 January a concert was organised for his financial benefit, at which the Symphony later title “Prague” was given its first performance. Mozart also improvised a solo on the piano — including variations on the popular aria “Non più andrai” from *Le nozze di Figaro*. Afterward, Mozart said he “counted this day as one of the happiest of his life.” The level of adulation accorded Mozart on this occasion by the music-loving public of Prague was unprecedented for any eighteenth-century musician, recognised simultaneously as both a composer and a performer.

Although Mozart’s popularity among the Viennese waxed and waned, he was consistently popular among the Bohemians and maintained a devoted following in Prague. The city was an attractive musical destination for the composer in the 1780’s as a recovery in the population of the city had created a musical public much larger than had been present in the city a few decades earlier. Prague had only recently recovered from the severe depopulation caused by the departure of the Imperial Habsburg court in 1612 on the death of Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II, while the lingering negative effects of the Thirty Years’ War (1618-1648) were still prevalent. The recovery in civic life led to the construction of a magnificent new opera theatre, opened in 1783, that was known at the time as the National Theatre and built at the sole expense of a visionary noble, Count Franz Anton von Nostitz-Rieneck.

Although *Symphony No. 38 in D major, K. 504* was first performed in Prague, it is not certain that it was actually written for that city. Much of the confusion surrounds the chronology of its inception. It is clear that Mozart was invited to Prague on the strength of the reception of his opera *Le nozze di Figaro* during the 1786–87 winter season of the National Theatre in Prague. It is not known, however, when the run started, possibly in November 1786, perhaps in December. No mention of the overwhelming success of the opera is recorded in the Prague press until 11 December 1786, five days after the symphony was completed.

It is known from a letter of Leopold Mozart, written in January 1787, that Mozart was invited to Prague by a group of musicians and patrons, which may have happened long before *Le nozze di Figaro* was actually performed in Prague. It is possible that the symphony was intended to be performed for the Advent instrumental concerts given in Vienna in December 1786, along with *Piano Concerto No. 25*, but all that can be established for certain is that it was not performed in Vienna before it was performed in Prague.

The symphony's lavish use of wind instruments suggests that it was composed specifically with the Prague public in mind; Bohemian wind instrumentalists were famed throughout Europe and the Prague press specifically attributed the great success of the operas *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and *Le nozze di Figaro* partially to the masterful deployment of wind instruments. It is also possible that the extensive use of winds in the Prague Symphony was simply the result of experiments with orchestration that Mozart had been cultivating in the orchestral accompaniments for his piano concertos over the previous two years. Either way, the use of wind instruments in symphony demonstrates a major advance in Mozart's symphonic technique, further enhanced in his last symphonies, and also by Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert.

The early classical symphonies of the eighteenth century were originally cast in three movements (fast-slow-fast), taking their origin from Italian opera overtures. However, in the 1750's, it was normal in Germany and Austria to include a minuet to create the format fast-slow-minuet-fast. The Prague Symphony is notable for having no minuet — a rarity for a symphony in the late 1780's. It was Mozart first three-movement symphony.

Scored for two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, timpani and strings, *Symphony No. 38* opens with a slow introduction, now considered one of the longest and most sophisticated slow introductions written for any major symphony up to that time. The introduction gives way to the main portion of the movement, in which six melodies are developed and recapitulated in a contrapuntal example of sonata-allegro form. Certain phrases in the first movement bear similarities to the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*.

The second movement's structure is typical to symphonies written by Mozart during this period, though the music shifts into the minor-key, rendering it a movement of contrasting moods, in the subdominant key of G major. It is a movement of intense, melodic depth and contrapuntal skill. The final movement, a lively Presto in which the flute plays a prominent role, especially in counterpointing the main melody in the development section, conveys a boisterous impression of the composer's character. The movement has been identified as foreshadowing the demonic power of *Don Giovanni*, the operatic masterpiece that Mozart would shortly compose for Prague. At times tense and mournful, while wistful and beautiful in others, in no previous piece had Mozart's music demonstrated such a range of depth in emotion.

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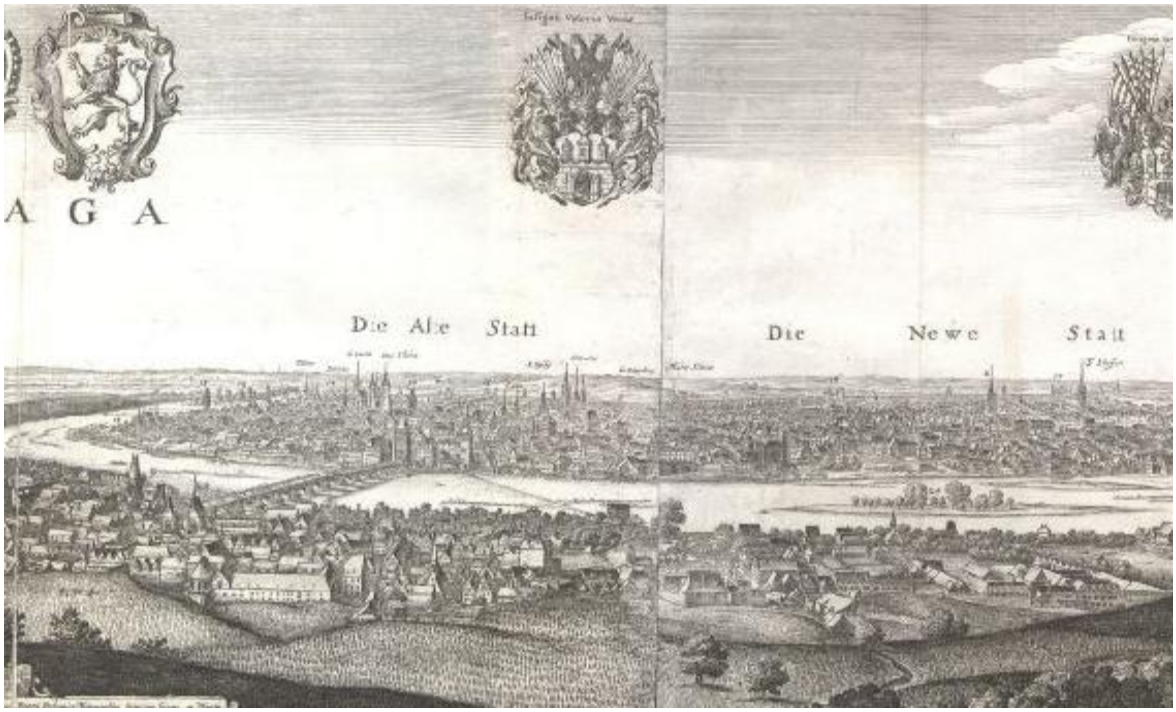

Prague, 1650

Prague today

Estates Theatre in Prague where two of Mozart's operas were premiered

Drawing of Mozart in silverpoint, made by Dora Stock during Mozart's visit to Dresden, April 1789

Don Giovanni

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Based on the legends of Don Juan, a fictional libertine and seducer, Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is an opera in two acts, featuring an Italian libretto by Lorenzo Da Ponte. It was premiered by the Prague Italian opera at the National Theatre of Bohemia, now the Estates Theatre, on 29 October 1787. Da Ponte's libretto was billed as a *dramma giocoso*, a typical style of its time. Although sometimes classified as comic, the opera is notable for blending comedy, melodrama and supernatural elements.

Following the overwhelming success of Mozart's trip to Prague in January and February 1787, the composer likely chose this subject matter in consideration of the long history of Don Juan operas in Prague. The libretto of Lorenzo Da Ponte was based closely on a libretto by Giovanni Bertati for the opera *Don Giovanni Tenorio*, first performed in Venice early in 1787, although he was reluctant to admit this in memoirs decades later. Completed in late October 1787 after Da Ponte was recalled to Vienna to work on another opera, the score calls for double woodwinds, two horns, two trumpets, three trombones, timpani, basso continuo for the recitatives and the usual string section. The composer also indicates occasional special musical effects. For the ballroom scene at the end of the first act, Mozart calls for two onstage ensembles to play separate dance music in synchronisation with the pit orchestra, each of the three groups playing in its own metre, accompanying the dancing of the principal characters.

The opera was rapturously received by the Prague audience: The *Prager Oberpostamtzeitung* reported, "Connoisseurs and musicians say that Prague has never heard the like," and "the opera … is extremely difficult to perform." The *Provincialnachrichten of Vienna* reported, "Herr Mozart

conducted in person and was welcomed joyously and jubilantly by the numerous gathering." Mozart went on to supervise the Vienna premiere of *Don Giovanni*, which took place on 7 May 1788. This production included two new arias with corresponding recitatives – Don Ottavio's aria "Dalla sua pace", Elvira's aria "In quali eccessi … Mi tradì quell'alma ingrata" and the duet between Leporello and Zerlina "Per queste tue manine". He also made several cuts to the Finale, making it shorter and more incisive.

Legend tells that Mozart composed the much-loved overture the night before the premiere. A surviving story tells how Mozart was out drinking with friends on 28 October 1787, when one friend remarked that Mozart had not written the overture for the opera yet. At around midnight, Mozart went to his room and composed the work within about three hours, kept awake by his wife, Constanze, telling him stories of Aladdin's lamp and Cinderella. On the night of the premiere, copyists had just finished the scores for the hastily written overture before the performance. The legend tells how, as the orchestra was assembled, the crowd gathered and just before the curtains went up the musicians were handed the piece for the first time. Accordingly, the musicians sight-read the overture so well that the audience applauded it enthusiastically.

The opera opens with Leporello, Don Giovanni's servant, grumbling about his promiscuous and cunning master, expressing his desire to be free of him ("Notte e giorno faticar" – "Night and day I slave away"). Leporello is keeping watch while Don Giovanni is in the Commendatore's house, attempting to seduce the Commendatore's daughter, Donna Anna. The masked Don Giovanni enters the garden from inside the house, pursued by Donna Anna, who tries to unmask her seducer, shouting for help. (Trio: "Non sperar, se non m'uccidi, Ch'io ti lasci fuggir mai!" – "Do not hope, unless you kill me, that I shall ever let you run away!"). Don Giovanni breaks free and she runs off, as the Commendatore enters the garden. The

Commendatore blocks Don Giovanni's path and forces him to fight a duel. Don Giovanni kills the Commendatore with his sword and escapes with his servant. Donna Anna, returns with her fiancé, Don Ottavio and is horrified to discover her father dead in a pool of blood. She makes Don Ottavio swear vengeance against the unknown murderer. The opera then pursues the various scheming adventures of Don Giovanni, who continues to insult and dupe the rest of the cast, until he finally encounters an opponent he is no longer able to escape.

The sustained popularity of the opera has resulted in extensive borrowings and arrangements of the original. The most famous and probably the most musically substantial is the operatic fantasy, *Réminiscences de Don Juan* by Franz Liszt. Chopin composed *Variations on "Là ci darem la mano"* (the duet between Don Giovanni and Zerlina) for piano and orchestra. Beethoven and Danzi also wrote variations on the same theme. And Beethoven, in his *Diabelli Variations*, cites Leporello's aria "Notte e giorno faticar" in variation 22. Tchaikovsky always regarded *Don Giovanni* with awe. In 1855, Mozart's original manuscript had been purchased in London by the mezzo-soprano Pauline Viardot, who was the teacher of Tchaikovsky's one-time unofficial fiancée Désirée Artôt. Viardot held the manuscript in a shrine in her Paris home, where it was visited by many people. Tchaikovsky visited her when he was in Paris in June 1886 and declared that when looking at the manuscript, he was "in the presence of divinity". On the centenary of the opera in 1887, Tchaikovsky composed a piece in honour of Mozart, taking four lesser known pieces by Mozart and arranging them as his fourth orchestral suite, which he titled *Mozartiana*.

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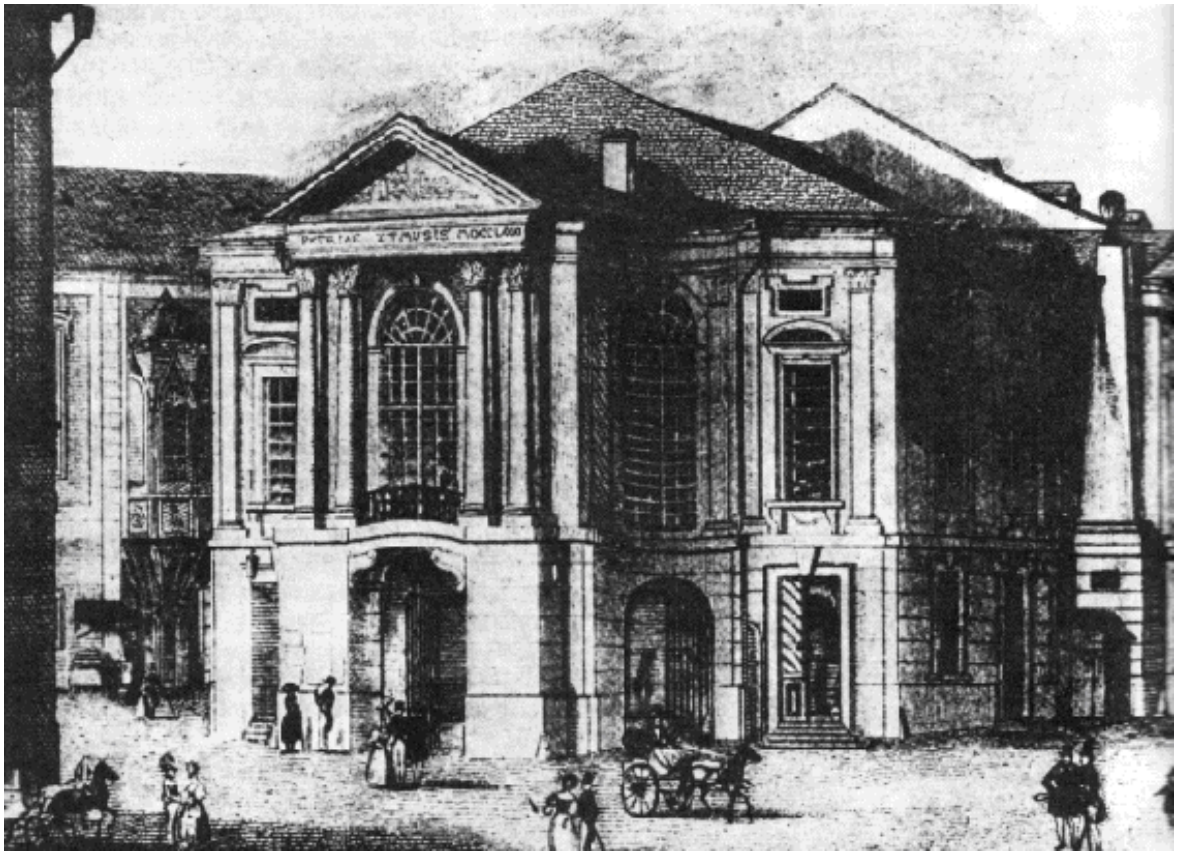
Neues Singspiel.
Im kaiserl. königl. National-Hof-Theater
wird heute Mittwoch den 7ten May 1788 aufgeführet
(zum erstenmal)
IL DISSOLUTO PUNITO,
OSIA:
IL DON GIOVANNI.
Don Juan, oder: der bestrafte Bösewicht.
Ein Singspiel in zwey Aufzügen,
Die Poesie ist von Hrn. Abbate da Ponte, Lichter des Italiänischen Singspiels beym k. k. Theater.
Die Musik ist vom Hrn. Wolfgang Mozart, Kapellmeister im wirkl. kaiserl. Diensten.
Die Bücher sind bloß italiänisch beym Logenmeister für 10 kr. zu haben.
Der Anfang ist um 7 Uhr.

Original playbill for the Vienna premiere of the opera

Luigi Bassi in the title role of Don Giovanni in 1787

Portrait of Francisco D'Andrade as Don Giovanni by Max Slevogt, 1912

Don Giovanni confronts the stone guest in a painting by Alexandre-Évariste Fragonard, c. 1830–35, Musée des Beaux-Arts de Strasbourg



Estates Theatre in Prague, where the opera was first performed, 1797

Désirée Artôt (1835-1907)

Serenade No. 13, Eine kleine Nachtmusik

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Possibly the most recognisable piece of music ever composed, Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* is a serenade (from the Italian word *serenata*) — a form of composition written in honour of a person or subject, typically offering calm and light music. Mozart's serenades are noted for a multiplicity of movements, ranging from four to ten, which are purely instrumental pieces, written for special occasions such as those commissioned for wedding ceremonies. The work was intended for an ensemble of two violins, viola, and cello with optional double bass, though it is often performed by string orchestras.

The serenade was completed in Vienna on 10 August 1787, around the time that the composer was working on the second act of *Don Giovanni*. The reason or inspiration for writing *Serenade No. 13* remains sadly unknown, especially in light of the celebrity the piece has since gained. Even the first performance date has been lost. The traditionally used title comes from an entry Mozart made in his personal catalog, which begins, "Eine kleine Nacht-Musik", modestly suggesting he had completed a little serenade, translating literally as "a little night music." Although Mozart composed several such works during his years in Salzburg, the serenade is unique to the period of his residence in Vienna in the 1780's, differing from earlier serenades in its comparatively lean scoring and reduced use of instruments.

Eine kleine Nachtmusik has four movements:

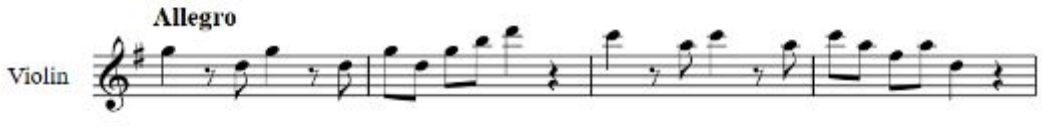
- Allegro
- Romanze: Andante
- Menuetto: Allegretto

- Rondo: Allegro

This first movement opens with an ascending Mannheim rocket theme — a swiftly ascending passage typically featuring a rising arpeggiated melodic line together with a crescendo. The second theme follows with a graceful transition in D major, the dominant key of G major. The exposition closes in D major and is repeated. The development section begins on D major and touches on D minor and C major, before the work returns to G major for the recapitulation.

The serenade's second movement, marked Andante, is a "Romanze" in the subdominant key of C major. A feeling of intimacy and tenderness prevails throughout this movement, conveying the sense of a lullaby. The movement evokes a gavotte rhythm, with each of its sections beginning in the middle of the measure, with a double upbeat.

The third movement in Allegretto is a minuet and trio, scored in the home key of G major, while the contrasting trio is in the dominant key of D major. As customary for this form, the minuet is played again *da capo* following the trio. The final movement adopts a lively tempo, marked Allegro, once again in G major in sonata form. Mozart specifies repeats not just for the exposition section, but also for the following development and recapitulation section, ending with a long coda — a complex passage that brings a movement, usually in the form of an expanded cadence, to a satisfying end.

Eine kleine Nachtmusik was not published as late as 1827, long after the composer's death, by Johann Anton André. An important figure in the history of Mozartian study, André had been sold the serenade in 1799 by Mozart's widow Constanze, as part of a large bundle of her husband's compositions. Today the serenade is widely revered, being performed and recorded across the world, confirming its status as the most enduring of all Mozart's works.

This first movement of ‘Eine kleine Nachtmusik’ opens with an ascending Mannheim rocket theme.

Johann Anton André (1775-1842) was a German composer and music publisher of the Classical period, best known for his central place in Mozart research.

A contemporary pencil drawing of Mozart, close to the time of composing the serenade

Example of a Busetto-shaped double bass, by Matthias Klotz, 1700. The double bass was an option scored by Mozart in the serenade.

Symphony No. 41, Jupiter

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Two years before his untimely death, Mozart completed his *Symphony No. 41 in C major, K. 551* on 10 August 1788; it was the longest and last symphony that he would compose. It is also the last of a set of three that he wrote in rapid succession during the summer of 1788. *Symphony No. 39* was completed on 26 June and *Symphony 40* on 25 July. Around the same time, Mozart was writing his piano trios in E major (K. 542) and C major (K. 548), his *Piano Sonata No. 16 in C* (K. 545) – the so-called Sonata facile – and a violin sonatina K. 547. It remains unknown whether *Symphony No. 41* was ever performed in the composer's lifetime.

The symphony embodies what is now considered a paradigm of Classical symphonic form: four movements, the first and last in a quick tempo, the second slower, while the third is a minuet with trio. The first movement is characterised by the dramatic employment of unexpected pauses in the rhythmic flow through the use of rests — a trait inspired by the symphonies of Haydn. After an initial regularity, changing and unpredictable phrase lengths contribute to the dramatic impetus. The serene F major quietude of the second movement's opening is soon disrupted, shifting to restless, rhythmically insistent minor-key episodes. The movement flits between calm and dark ideas, as conflict continues throughout.

The falling chromatic theme and flowing, even accompaniment of the Minuet sets a graceful tone for the third movement. The companion trio provides an earthier, more overtly dancelike mood, interrupted by a sudden *tutti* outburst. The final movement is notable for the richness of its contrapuntal language. The four-note motive that begins the movement

reappears in a number of guises, most prominently as the beginning of a recurrent canon and fugue subject. The movement conveys great tension and dramatic impulse, searching for a resolution, before finally achieving a satisfying end in the final bars. The beautiful, yet simple French horn tune that featured in Mozart's first symphony, written twenty-four years before, returns once more, being the focus of the entire finale. A monumental conclusion to Mozart's symphonies, *Symphony No. 41* suggests to the listener that the composer knew it would be his last.

According to Franz Mozart, the composer's younger son, the symphony was given its famous sobriquet 'Jupiter' by Johann Peter Salomon, a German violinist, composer, conductor and musical impresario, who had settled in London around 1781. The reason for the name is not known with certainty, though it can be inferred that the celebrated finale of the symphony is a re-working, albeit a majestic one, of the opening movement of Carl Ditters's symphony in D, *Der Sturz Phaëtons* (The Fall of Phaëton) of 1785. Members of the Philharmonic Society, of which Salomon was a founding member, will have known that the planet the ancient Greeks called "Phaëton" is the same planet that the Romans called "Jupiter." Thus the majestic nickname is also an ironically humorous one. The name does not appear to have been prominently used until nearly twenty years after Ditter's death in 1799.

The Jupiter Symphony received approbation from critics, theorists and composers and is regarded now as a canonised masterwork, known for its fugue and its overall structure of exuded clarity. E. L. Gerber in *Neues Historisch-biographisches Lexicon der Tonkunstler* (1812-1814), described the piece as "overpoweringly great, fiery, artistic, pathetic, sublime". A review in *Allgemeine musikaliche Zeitung* (1846): noted "How pure and clear are all the images within! No more and no less than that which each requires according to its nature... Here is revealed how the master first

collects his material separately, then explores how everything can proceed from it, and finally builds and elaborates upon it. That even Beethoven worked this way is revealed in his sketchbooks." Celebrated Romantic composer Brahms remarked in 1896, "I am able to understand too that Beethoven's first symphony did impress people colossally. But the last three symphonies by Mozart are much more important."

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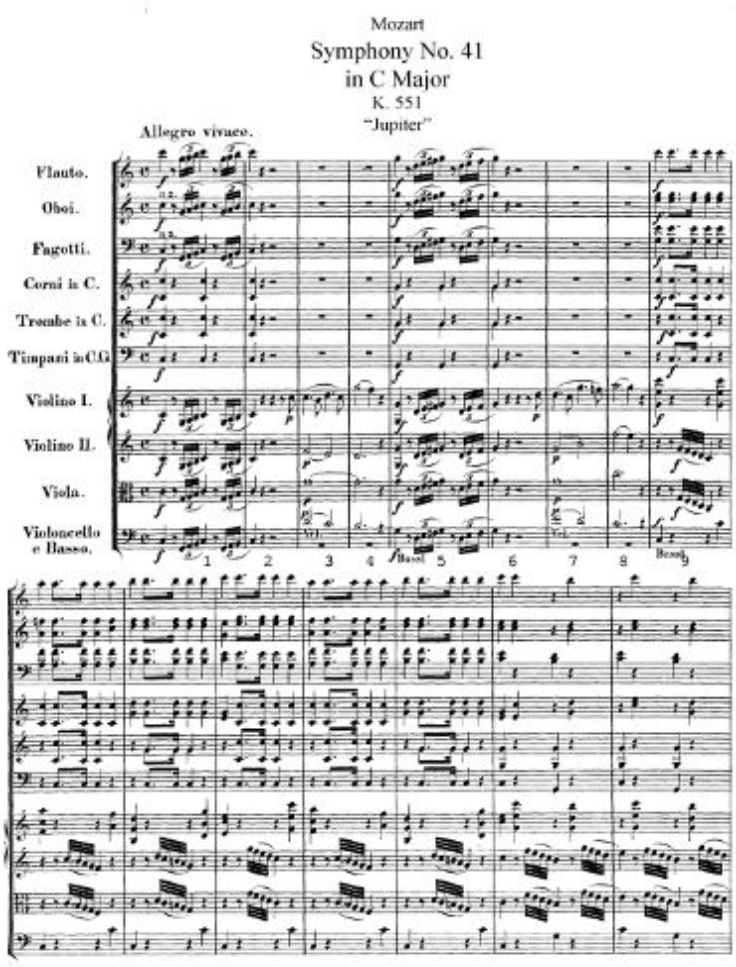
Johann Peter Salomon, the conductor that gave the symphony its famous nickname ‘Jupiter’

The first page of the score

Mozart by Joseph Maria Grassi, close to the time of composing the Jupiter Symphony

Cosi fan tutte

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Toward the end of the 1780's, Mozart's financial circumstances became strained. He had ceased to appear frequently in public concerts and his income was much diminished. It was a difficult time for musicians in Vienna due to the Austro-Turkish War: both the general level of prosperity and the ability of the aristocracy to support music had declined. By mid-1788, Mozart and his family had moved from central Vienna to the suburb of Alsergrund, most likely to increase the housing space at his disposal. The composer began to borrow money, most often from his friend and fellow Mason Michael Puchberg, to whom a sequence of letters pleading for loans still survives. Most likely subject to bouts of depression, Mozart's output lessened.

Produced during this trying time, *Così fan tutte* (Thus Do They All — usually translated as "Women are like that") is an Italian-language opera buffa in two acts. Lorenzo Da Ponte once again provided the libretto, as he had done so for *Le nozze di Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. Traditionally, it was held that *Così fan tutte* was composed at the suggestion of the Emperor Joseph II, though recent research has revealed that Mozart's contemporary Antonio Salieri tried to set a libretto of the same name, but left it unfinished. In 1994, John Rice uncovered two terzetti composed by Salieri in the Austrian National Library, perhaps proving that the opera had come from another source than the Emperor.

The commission of the opera was no doubt a financial boon to Mozart, allowing for the repayment of some of his mounting debts. First performed on 26 January 1790 in Vienna's Burgtheater, the opera ran for only five performances before it was stopped by the death of the Emperor and the

resulting period of court mourning. It was performed twice in June 1790 with the composer conducting the second performance, and twice again in July and once in August. After that *Così fan tutte* was not played in Vienna again during the composer's lifetime. The first British performance was in May 1811 at the King's Theatre, London, and it was not performed in America until 1922, when it was given at the Metropolitan Opera. Due to the opera's subject matter, which throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was considered risqué and even immoral, it was rarely performed, though it did not offend Viennese sensibilities on its initial run. Although long neglected and misunderstood, the opera has now emerged from obscurity and come to be regarded as among the composer's finest, yet most problematic, works.

It is believed that Mozart disliked the prima donna Adriana Ferrarese del Bene, da Ponte's arrogant mistress for whom the role of Fiordiligi had been created. Knowing her idiosyncratic tendency to drop her chin on low notes and throw back her head on high ones, Mozart filled her showpiece aria *Come scoglio* with constant leaps from low to high and high to low in order to make Ferrarese's head appear foolish in the performance.

The first act opens in a Naples coffeehouse, where two officers, Ferrando and Guglielmo, boast of their certainty that their fiancées, Dorabella and Fiordiligi respectively, will remain eternally faithful. Their older friend, the cynical Don Alfonso, expresses his scepticism and claims that there is no such thing as a faithful woman. He lays a wager with the two officers, claiming he can prove in a day's time that their lovers, like all women, are fickle. The wager is accepted: the two officers will pretend to have been called off to war; soon thereafter they will return in disguise and each attempt to seduce the other's lover.

The scene then shifts to the two women, who are praising their men in the duet *Ah guarda sorella— "Ah look sister"*. Alfonso arrives to announce

the bad news: the officers have been called off to war. Ferrando and Guglielmo arrive, broken-hearted, and bid farewell in the quintet: *Sento, o Dio, che questo piede è restio— "I feel, oh God, that my foot is reluctant"*. As the boat with the men sails off to sea, Alfonso and the sisters wish them safe travel. Alfonso, left alone, gloatingly predicts that the women, like all women, will prove unfaithful…

Mozart's exceedingly fine and mature score imbues the six characters with insightful portraits. There is an unusually large number of vocal ensembles in the score, far more than found in *Don Giovanni* or *Le nozze di Figaro*, highlighting the composer's unique fusion of symphonic techniques with lyrical expression. The most famous ensemble is undoubtedly the trio *Soave sia il vento— "May the wind be gentle"*, sung by Fiordiligi, Dorabella and Don Alfonso. The trio juxtaposes themes of farce and grief, as the music effortlessly mimics the impression of gentle waves. The finales of both acts are typically Mozartean in their complexity and symphonic logic, epitomising Mozart's unique operatic voice.

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Neues Singspiel.
Im kaiserl. königl. Nazional-Hoftheater
wird heute Dienstag den 26ten Jänner 1790 aufgeführet:
(zum erstenmal)
COSI FAN TUTTE,
O SIA:
LA SCOLA DEGLI AMANTI.
So machen sie's, oder: die Schule der Liebhaber.
Ein komisches Singspiel in zwey Aufzügen.
Die Musik ist vom Herrn Wolfgang Mozart Kapellmeister im wirklichen Diensten Sr. Majestät des Kaisers.
Der Anfang ist um 7 Uhr.

Playbill of the first performance

Portrait of Salieri by Joseph Willibrord Mähler

Costume design by Eugène Berman

The "Lorenz" portrait of Mozart

The Magic Flute

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As far back as 1780, Mozart befriended Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812), a German impresario, dramatist, actor, singer and composer. Schikaneder's troupe had made an extended stay in Salzburg that autumn and he soon became a favourite of the Mozart family, including Leopold and Nannerl. The Mozarts rarely missed his shows and invited Schikaneder to Sunday sessions of dart shooting — a sport much enjoyed by the family. From November 1784 to February 1785, Schikaneder collaborated with theatre director Hubert Kumpf for a series of performances at the Kärntnertortheater in Vienna, having been invited by Emperor Joseph II, who had seen him perform the previous year in Pressburg. Schikaneder's productions were an instant hit.

Eventually, Schikaneder formed a new troupe and during Easter 1788, they had settled at the Theatre auf der Wieden, located in a suburb of Vienna. The new company was financed by Joseph von Bauernfeld, a Masonic brother of Mozart. With plans of an emphasis on opera, Schikaneder brought two singers with him from his old troupe, tenor Benedikt Schack and bass Franz Xaver Gerl. The new company was successful, with Mozart and Schikaneder beginning to collaborate.

Die Zauberflöte, *K. 620* (The Magic Flute) is the culmination of this creative partnership. Mozart was a close friend of one of the singer-composers of the troupe, tenor Benedikt Schack (the first Tamino), and had contributed to several of their compositions, often collaboratively written. The libretto for *Die Zauberflöte* was penned by Schikaneder and is believed to be based on many sources, including the medieval romance *Yvain* by

Chrétien de Troyes, the novel *Sethos* by Jean Terrasson and the essay “On the mysteries of the Egyptians” by Ignaz von Born.

While composing the opera, Mozart kept in mind the skills of the singers intended for the premiere, which included both virtuosi and ordinary comic actors asked to sing for the occasion. Thus, the vocal lines for the famous character Papageno, sung by Schikaneder himself, are often mentioned first in the strings to allow the singer to find his pitch and are frequently doubled by instruments. In contrast, Mozart’s sister-in-law, Josepha Hofer, who premiered in the role of the Queen of the Night, required no such assistance — the role is notoriously challenging. Both arias sung by the Queen of the Night, “O zittre nicht, mein lieber Sohn” and “Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen” require high F6 — a rare occurrence in opera.

The first Act opens on a rough, rocky landscape, where Tamino, a handsome prince lost in a distant land, is pursued by a serpent. Tamino calls on the gods to save him in the aria “Zu Hilfe! Zu Hilfe!” segueing into the trio: “Stirb, Ungeheuer, durch uns’re Macht!”. As Tamino faints, three mysterious ladies — attendants of the Queen of the Night — appear and kill the serpent. They find the unconscious prince extremely appealing, as each woman tries to convince the others to leave. After arguing, they reluctantly decide to leave together. Tamino awakes and meets the comedic character Papageno, who enters dressed as a bird. He describes his life as a bird-catcher, complaining he has no wife or lover (“Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja”). Tamino introduces himself to Papageno, mistaking Papageno for his preserver. The bird-catcher happily takes the credit, claiming he strangled the serpent with his bare hands. The three attendants of the Queen of the Night suddenly return and punish his deceit with a padlock over his mouth. They then reveal to Tamino a portrait of the Queen of the Night’s daughter Pamina, with whom Tamino falls instantly in love (aria: “Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön”). Tamino learns that Pamina has been captured by

Sarastro, a supposedly evil sorcerer and so the hero vows to rescue her at once…

Die Zauberflöte is noted for its Masonic elements, as Schikaneder and Mozart were both members of the order. Mozart's position within the Masonic movement lay with the rationalist, Enlightenment-inspired membership, as opposed to memberships more interested in mysticism and the occult. The rationalist faction was known as the Illuminati, founded by the Bavarian professor of canon law Adam Weishaupt, who was also a friend of the composer. The Illuminati espoused the Enlightenment-inspired, humanist views proposed by the French philosophers Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Denis Diderot. They believed that social rank was not coincident with nobility of the spirit, but that people of lowly class could be noble in spirit just as nobly born could be mean-spirited — a belief that dominates Mozart's operas, particularly *The Marriage of Figaro*. The Freemasons often used music in their ceremonies and adopted Rousseau's humanist views on the meaning of music.

Also influenced by Enlightenment philosophy, *Die Zauberflöte* can be regarded as an allegory advocating enlightened absolutism. The Queen of the Night represents a dangerous form of obscurantism — to some, the anti-Masonic Roman Catholic Empress Maria Theresa, or, even the contemporary Roman Catholic Church itself, which was also strongly anti-Masonic. Her antagonist Sarastro symbolises the enlightened sovereign that rules according to principles based on reason, wisdom and nature. The narrative itself portrays the education of mankind, progressing from chaos (the serpent) through religious superstition (the Queen and Ladies) to rationalistic enlightenment (Sarastro and Priests), by means of trial (Tamino) and error (Papageno), ultimately to make “the Earth a heavenly kingdom, and mortals like the gods” (“Dann ist die Erd’ ein Himmelreich,

und Sterbliche den Göttern gleich” — a sentiment expressed in the finales of both acts.

The opera was premiered in Vienna on 30 September 1791 at the suburban Freihaus-Theatre auf der Wieden, with Mozart conducting the orchestra. Though there are no surviving reviews of the first performances, it became immediately evident that Mozart and Schikaneder had achieved a great success, as the opera drew immense crowds for hundreds of performances during the 1790’s. Mozart’s delight with his achievement is reflected in his last three letters, written to Constanze, who with her sister Sophie was spending the second week of October in Baden. “I have this moment returned from the opera, which was as full as ever”, he wrote on 7 October, listing the numbers that had to be encored. “But what always gives me the most pleasure is the silent approval! You can see how this opera is becoming more and more esteemed.” In fact, Mozart attended performances of the opera almost every night, often taking along friends and relatives. The appeal of the opera remains undiminished to this day; *Die Zauberflöte* is one of the top ten most frequently performed operas worldwide.

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K.K. priv.
L.I.
Wiedner Theater
Heute Freytag den 30ten September 1791.
Werden die Schauspieler in dem kaiserl. königl. privil. Theater auf der
Allein die Ehre haben aufzuführen
Zum Erstenmale:
Die
Zauberflöte.
Eine große Oper in 2 Akten, von Emanuel Schikaneder.
Personen.
Sarastro, Hr. Gerl.
Tamino, Hr. Schack.
Sprecher, Hr. Winter.
Priester, Hr. Schikaneder der ältere.
Priester, Hr. Hofer.
Priester, Hr. Moll.
Königin der Nacht, Mad. Hofer.
Ihre drey Damen, Mlle. Gottlieb.
Mlle. Klepfer.
Mlle. Hofmann.
Mad. Schack.
Papageno, Hr. Schikaneder der jüngere.
Ein altes Weib, Mad. Gerl.
Monostatos ein Mohr, Hr. Nouseul.
Priester, Hr. Gieske.
Priester, Hr. Frayel.
Priester, Hr. Starke.
Sklaven, Gefolge.
Die Musik ist von Herrn Wolfgang Amade Mozart, Kapellmeister, und wirklicher
K. K. Kammermusikcomponist. Herr Mozart wird eine Hochachtung für ein gnädiges
und verehrungswürdiges Publikum, und aus Freundschaft gegen den Verfasser des
Stücks, das Orchester heute selbst dirigiren.
Die Bücher von der Oper, die mit guten Kupferstichen versehen sind, wo Herr Schikane-
der in der Rolle als Papageno nach wahrem Kostum gestochen ist, werden bey der
Theater-Kassa vor 30 kr. verkauft.
Herr Gerl Theatermahler und Herr Rastschaker als Decorateur sämmtliche sich nach den vorgeschriebe-
nen Plan des Gebäu, mit möglichsten Kunstverstand gefliessen zu halten.
Die Eintrittspreise sind wie gewöhnlich.
Der Anfang ist um 7 Uhr.

Playbill for the premiere

Emanuel Schikaneder, librettist of 'Die Zauberflöte', shown performing in the role of Papageno.

The arrival of the Queen of the Night. Stage set by Karl Friedrich Schinkel for an 1815 production

The arrival of Sarastro on a chariot pulled by lions, from a 1793 production in Brno. Pamina appears on the left, Papageno to the right. In the background are the temples of Wisdom, Reason and Nature.

Clarinet Concerto in A major

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Until his final illness, Mozart's last year was in fact a time of great productivity, encouraging much personal recovery. He produced many new compositions, including *Die Zauberflöte*, his final piano concerto (K. 595 in B-flat), the last in his great series of string quintets (K. 614 in E-flat) and the unfinished *Requiem K. 626*. Mozart's financial situation, which had become a source of great anxiety the year before, was now finally improving. Some scholars believe that wealthy patrons in Hungary and Amsterdam had pledged annuities to Mozart in return for occasional compositions. He is also thought to have benefited from the sale of dance music written in his role as Imperial chamber composer. No longer did the composer have to resort to borrowing large sums from his friend and fellow Mason Puchberg; he was at last beginning to pay off his debts.

The *Clarinet Concerto in A major, K. 622* is one of Mozart's most enchanting and melodic masterpieces of his later years. Composed in October 1791, shortly before his death, the piece was initially intended for the celebrated clarinettist Anton Stadler. The concerto consists of the usual three movements, in a fast–slow–fast form:

- Allegro (in A major and in sonata form)
- Adagio (in D major and in ternary form)
- Rondo: Allegro (in A major and in rondo form)

The concerto is regarded as Mozart's last purely instrumental work — he died less than two months after its October premiere. *Clarinet Concerto in A major* is notable for its delicate interplay between soloist and orchestra and for the lack of overly extroverted display on the part of the soloist, as

no cadenzas are included in the solo part. As there is no autograph for this concerto, having been published posthumously, it is difficult to understand all of Mozart's intentions. It is assumed that the piece was written for basset horn, as Anton Stadler was also a virtuoso basset horn player, but eventually was convinced it would be more effective for the clarinet.

In Mozart's day, the basset clarinet was a rare, custom-made instrument, so when the concerto was first published, a new version was arranged with the low notes transposed to regular range. This was a disappointing move, as the autograph no longer exists, having been pawned by Stadler, and until the mid-twentieth century musicologists were unaware that the only version of the concerto written by Mozart's hand had not been heard since Stadler's lifetime. Once the problem was discovered, attempts were made to reconstruct the original version; new basset clarinets were built for the specific purpose of performing Mozart's concerto and clarinet quintet. There can no longer be any doubt that the concerto was composed for a clarinet with an extended range.

The modern scoring of the work is for Solo Clarinet in A, Flute I/II, Bassoon I/II, Horn I/II and strings. The first movement in Allegro opens with an orchestral ritornello (short instrumental refrain) offering a joyful and light impression, progressing into a flurry of sixteenth notes in descending sequence, played by the violins and flutes, as the lower instruments accelerate the piece forward. After the medial caesura, the strings begin a series of canons before the first closing theme, when the two duelling violins enter the concerto. When the soloist appears in the second theme, the clarinet repeats the opening theme with the expected added ornamentation. The orchestra then reprises the main theme, with the clarinet traversing the whole range of the instrument with several flourishes.

The second movement opens with the soloist playing the movement's primary theme with orchestral repetition. The B section, in which the solo

part is always prominent, exploits both the chalumeau and clarion registers. The only true cadenza of the entire work features at the end of the B section, just before the return of the A section. The third movement, *Rondo: Allegro*, introduces a cheerful refrain, with episodes echoing this merry mood, while others reprise the darker ideas heard in the first movement. The movement comprises a blend of sonata and rondo forms that Mozart also employed in his piano concertos. The first A (bars 1–56) features the soloist in dialogue with the orchestra, often one phrase eliding flawlessly into the next. It conveys the impression that the orchestra and soloist are competing with one another; as a definitive statement is made by the orchestra, a more virtuosic response ensues from the clarinet.

The concerto was given its premiere by Stadler in Prague on 16 October 1791, receiving a generally positive response. The Berlin Musikalisches Wochenblatt noted in January 1792, “Herr Stadeler, a clarinettist from Vienna. A man of great talent and recognised as such at court... His playing is brilliant and bears witness to his assurance.” There was some disagreement on the value of Stadler’s extension; some even went so far as criticising Mozart for writing for the extended instrument.

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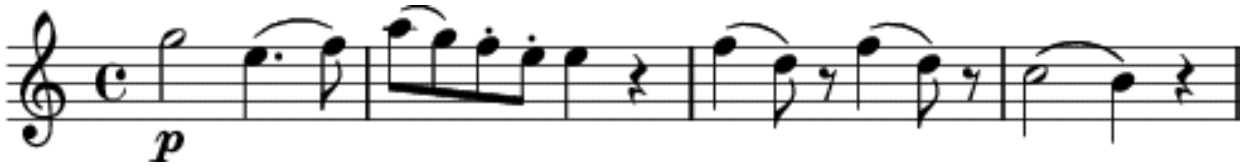
The opening of the concerto

Basset clarinet

The so-called "Edlinger Mozart". The authenticity of this portrait remains questioned.

Requiem Mass in D minor

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On 6 September 1791, at the time of the premiere of the opera *La clemenza di Tito* in Prague, Mozart fell ill. He continued his professional duties for some time, conducting the premiere of *Die Zauberflöte* on 30 September. However, his health deteriorated on 20 November and he became bedridden, suffering from swelling and vomiting. The composer was nursed in his final illness by his wife and her youngest sister, while being attended by the family doctor, Thomas Franz Closset. During these final days, Mozart was absorbed with the task of finishing his *Requiem in D minor, K. 626*. Having composed part of the mass in Vienna, it was left unfinished at his death on 5 December the same year.

The eccentric Count Franz von Walsegg had commissioned the *Requiem* from Mozart anonymously through intermediaries. This nobleman was an amateur chamber musician, who routinely commissioned works by composers and passed them off as his own. Walsegg wanted a Requiem Mass that he could claim he composed to commemorate his wife's death. Mozart received only half of the payment in advance, so upon his death Constanze was keen to have the work completed by someone else, allowing her to submit it to the Count as having been completed by Mozart, while collecting the final payment. Joseph von Eybler was asked first to work with the manuscript, but he felt unable to complete the task and so gave it back to the widow. The second assigned to the task was the Austrian composer Franz Xaver Süssmayr (1766-1803), who borrowed some of Eybler's work in making his completion, adding his own orchestration to the movements from the *Kyrie* onward. Süssmayr completed the *Lacrymosa* and introduced several new movements that a Requiem would normally

comprise: *Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei*. He then added a final section, *Lux aeterna* by adapting the opening two movements which Mozart had written to the different words that conclude the *Requiem* mass.

Although Walsegg intended to pass the *Requiem* off as his own, he was frustrated by a public benefit performance for Mozart's widow Constanze. She was responsible for a number of stories surrounding the composition of the work, including the claims that Mozart received the commission from a mysterious messenger, who did not reveal the commissioner's identity and that the ailing composer came to believe that he was writing the requiem for his own funeral.

The mass is scored for two basset horns in F, two bassoons, two trumpets in D, three trombones (alto, tenor and bass), timpani (two drums), violins, viola and basso continuo (cello, double bass and organ). The vocal forces include soprano, contralto, tenor and bass soloists, as well as a SATB mixed choir. The *Introitus* is written in D minor and finishes on a half-cadence, transitioning directly into the *Kyrie*. This section is a double fugue, with one subject setting the words 'Kyrie eleison' (Lord, have mercy) and the other 'Christe eleison' (Christ, have mercy). The movement *Tuba mirum* opens with a trombone solo accompanying the bass. Famous for its string accompaniment, the *Confutatis* opens with agitated figures that accentuate the wrathful sound of the basses and tenors, but it evolves into soft arpeggios in the second phrase, accompanying the soft sounds of the sopranos and altos.

At the time of Mozart's death, only the first two movements *Requiem aeternam* and *Kyrie* were completed in all of the orchestral and vocal parts. The *Sequence* and the *Offertorium* were completed in skeleton, with the exception of the "Lacrymosa", which breaks off after the first eight bars. The vocal parts and the continuo were fully notated.

Mozart was a great admirer of the work of Handel and the oratorio *The Messiah (HWV 56)* is believed to be a source of inspiration in the composition of the *Requiem*. The Kyrie is largely based on the '*And with his stripes we are healed' chorus* from *The Messiah*, since the subject of the fugato is the same with only slight variations adding ornaments on melismata. However, the same four note theme is also found in the finale of Haydn's *String Quartet in F minor (Op. 20 No. 5*) and in the first measure of the A minor fugue from Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier Book no. 2* (BWV 889b). Some music historians believe that the *Introitus* is indebted to Handel's *Funeral Anthem for Queen Caroline (HWV 264).* Another influence was Michael Haydn's *Requiem in C minor*, which Mozart and his father heard at the first three performances in January 1772.

Interestingly, the autograph of the *Requiem* was placed on display at the World's Fair in 1958 in Brussels. At some point during the fair, an intruder was able to gain access to the manuscript, tearing off the bottom right-hand corner of the second to last page, which contained the words "Quam olim d: C:" (an instruction that the "Quam olim" fugue of the Domine Jesu was to be repeated da capo, at the end of the Hostias). The perpetrator has not been identified and the fragment still remains lost to this day.

Mozart died in his home on 5 December 1791, aged thirty-five, at 1:00 am. He was interred in a common grave, in accordance with contemporary Viennese custom, at the St. Marx Cemetery outside the city on 7 December. Later reports claim that no mourners attended the service, which is consistent with Viennese burial customs at the time. Otto Jahn, (1813-1869), one of Mozart's biographers, recorded that Salieri, Süssmayr, van Swieten and two other musicians were present at the funeral. A legend arose that a snowstorm occurred, though it has been proven by other accounts that this is false, as the day was calm and mild. A "common grave" refers to neither a communal grave nor a pauper's grave, but to an

individual grave for a member of the common people. Common graves were often subject to excavation after ten years, while the graves of aristocrats were not.

The precise cause of the great composer's death remains a mystery. The official record has it as *hitziges Frieselfieber* ("severe military fever", referring to a rash that looks like millet seeds). However, this is merely a description of the symptoms, rather than a diagnosis. Researchers have posited over a hundred different possible causes of death, including acute rheumatic fever, streptococcal infection, trichinosis, influenza, mercury poisoning and a rare kidney ailment.

Mozart's music stands as an archetype of the Classical style, noted for its clarity, balance and transparency — the hallmarks of his genius. Simplistic notions of its delicacy mask the exceptional power of his finest masterpieces. At the time he began composing, European music was dominated by the style *galant*, a reaction against the highly evolved intricacy of Baroque music. Largely due to Mozart's own achievements, the contrapuntal complexities of the late Baroque emerged once more, moderated and disciplined by new forms, which were adapted to an innovative aesthetic and social milieu. He was an extraordinarily versatile composer, producing works in every major genre of music. Though the forms he used were not new, Mozart advanced their technical sophistication and emotional reach. One of his greatest achievements was his development of the Classical piano concerto. During his final years, the composer exploited chromatic harmony. His inimitable gift for absorbing and adapting ideas from other composers' music was also an important factor of his unique compositional language. His increasingly sophisticated use of the orchestra in symphonies and concertos influenced his operatic orchestration, and his developing subtlety in using the orchestra to

psychological effect in his operas was in turn reflected in his later non-operatic compositions.

Ludwig van Beethoven, fifteen years younger, was deeply influenced by Mozart's work, with which he was acquainted in his adolescent years. Beethoven is thought to have performed Mozart's operas, while playing in the court orchestra at Bonn. In 1787 Beethoven travelled to Vienna with the ambition of studying with Mozart. Some of Beethoven's works have direct models in comparable works by Mozart. The precise details of the two composers' relationship are uncertain, including whether they actually met. Having learned that his mother was ill, Beethoven left Vienna two weeks later. His mother died shortly thereafter and his father lapsed deeper into alcoholism. As a result, Beethoven became responsible for the care of his two younger brothers, and spent the next five years in Bonn. Nevertheless, Beethoven composed his own early works in the shadow of Mozart.

The circumstances of Mozart's early death continue to be the subject of much speculation and mythologising. He was survived by his wife Constanze and two sons. At the time of his death, his output numbered more than 600 works, many of which are acknowledged today as pinnacles of symphonic, concertante, chamber, operatic, and choral music. He is among the most enduringly popular of classical composers and his influence was profound on subsequent Western music. Joseph Haydn later admitted: "posterity will not see such a talent again in a hundred years".

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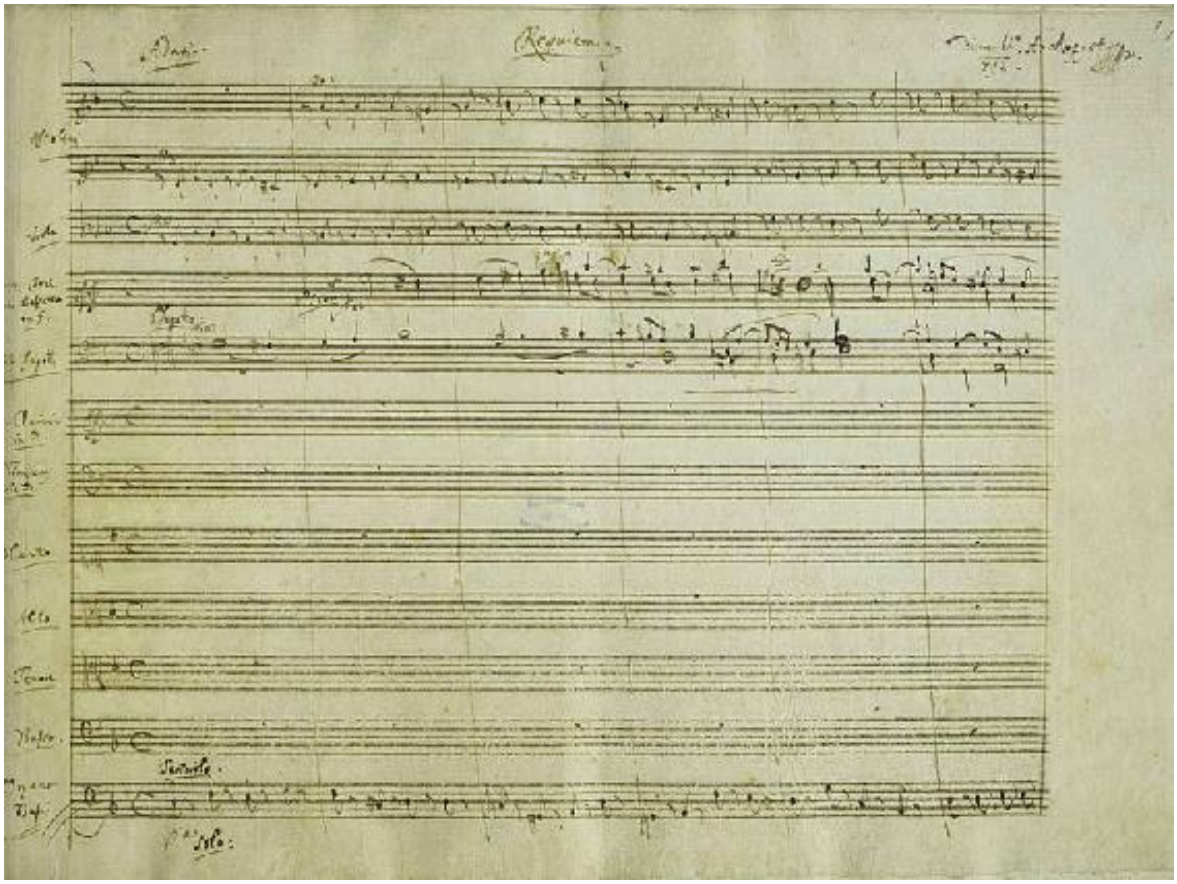
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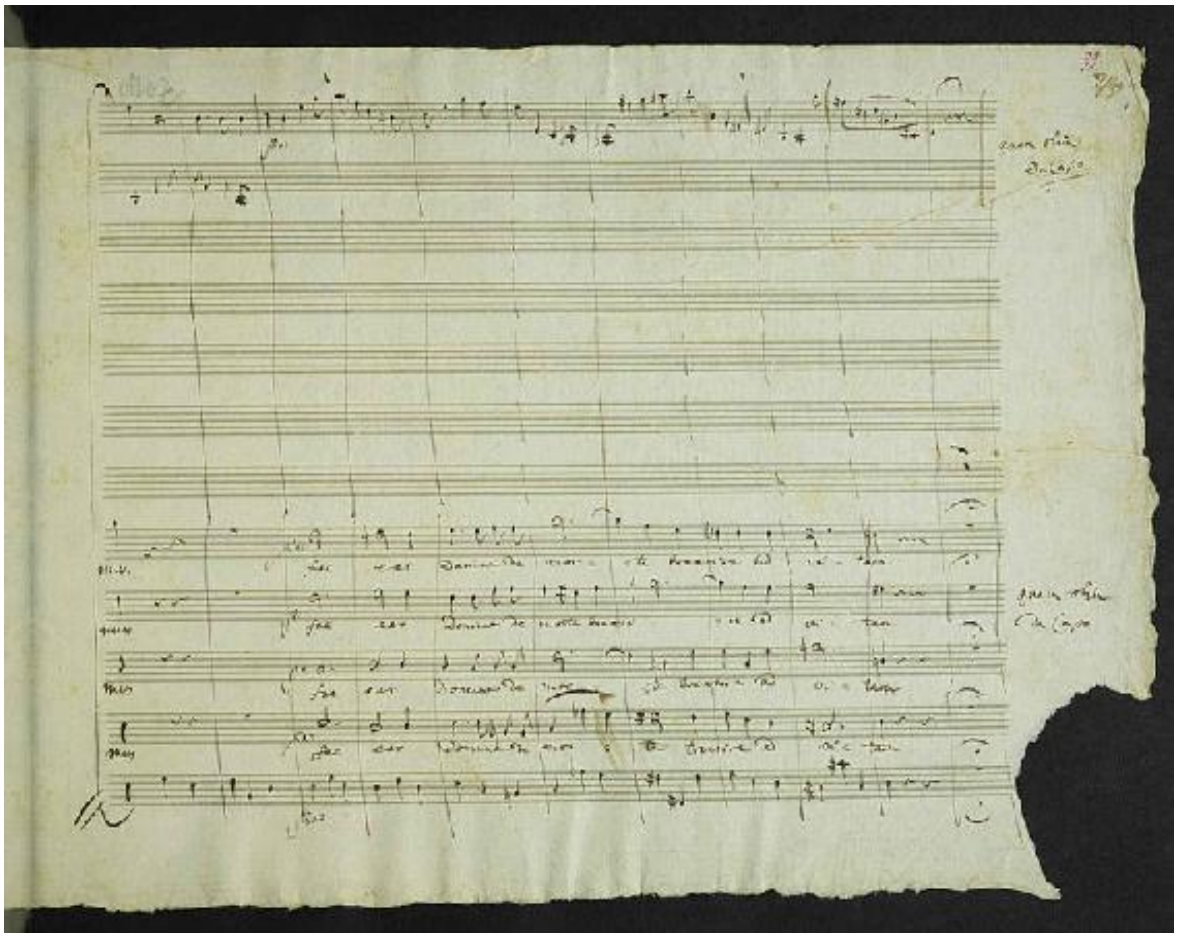
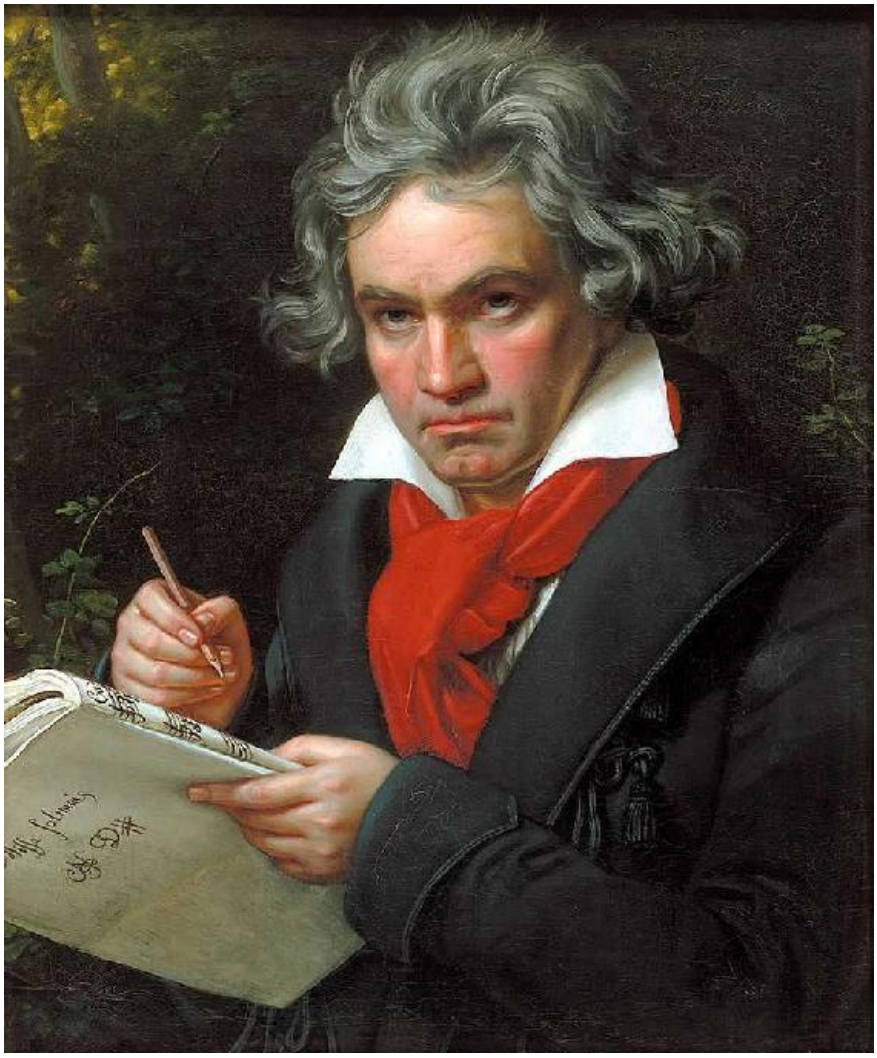

The manuscript with the missing corner

Posthumous painting by Barbara Krafft, 1819



Portrait of Ludwig van Beethoven — Mozart's great musical successor — by Joseph Karl Stieler, 1820

Complete Compositions

Cecil Court, the street in which the Mozart family found lodgings on arriving in London, April 1764

Index of Mozart’s Compositions

In this section of the eBook you can browse a listing of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart’s complete compositions, with hyperlinks to audio recording searches.

Please note: some works may not be available to listen to at retailer websites. The hyperlinks provided are only designed as an aid to search for the compositions.

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Horn Concerto, K.370b+371 in E-flat major

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Horn Concerto, K.494a in E major

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Woodwind Concertos

Bassoon Concerto in B-flat major, K.191

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Concerto for Flute, Harp, and Orchestra in C major, K.299

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Oboe Concerto in C major, K.314

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Flute Concerto No. 1 in G major, K.313

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Flute Concerto No. 2 in D major, K.314

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Andante for flute and orchestra in C major, K.315/285e

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Clarinet Concerto in A major, K.622

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Concertante Symphonies

Sinfonia Concertante for Violin, Viola and Orchestra in E-flat major, K.364

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Sinfonia Concertante for Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon and Orchestra in E-flat major, K.297b

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Sinfonia Concertante for Violin, Viola, Cello and Orchestra in A major, K.320e

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Sinfonia Concertante for Piano, Violin and Orchestra in D major, K.315f

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Concerto for Trumpet, K.47c

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Cello Concerto, K.206a

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Piano Sonatas

Piano Sonata No. 1 in C major, K 279/189d

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Piano Sonata No. 2 in F major, K 280/189e

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Piano Sonata No. 3 in B-flat major, K 281/189f

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata No. 4 in E-flat major, K 282/189g

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Piano Sonata No. 5 in G major, K 283/189h

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Piano Sonata No. 6 in D major, K 284/205b

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Piano Sonata No. 7 in C major, K 309/284b

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Piano Sonata No. 8 in A minor, K 310/300d

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Piano Sonata No. 9 in D major, K 311/284c

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Piano Sonata No. 10 in C major, K 330/300h

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata No. 11 in A major, K 331/300i

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata No. 12 in F major, K 332/300k

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata No. 13 in B-flat major, K 333/315c

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata No. 14 in C minor, K 457

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata No. 15 in F major, K 533/494

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata No. 16 in C major, K 545

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata No. 17 in B-flat major, K 570

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata No. 18 in D major, K 576

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Nannerl's Music Book

Andante in C, K 1a

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Allegro in C, K 1b

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Allegro in F, K 1c

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Minuet in F, K 1d

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Minuet in G, K 1e

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Minuet in C, K 1f

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Minuet in F, K 2

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Allegro in B-flat, K 3

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Minuet in F, K 4

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Minuet in F, K 5

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Allegro in C, K 5a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Andante in B-flat, K 5b

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Klavierstück in F, K 33B

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Fantasy No. 1 with Fugue in C major, K 394

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Fantasy No. 2 in C minor, K 396

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Fantasy No. 3 in D minor, K 397

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Fantasy No. 4 in C minor, K 475

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Rondo No. 1 in D major, K 485

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Rondo No. 2 in F major, K 494

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Rondo No. 3 in A minor, K 511

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Adagio for Piano in B minor, K 540

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Piano Sonata in F major, K 547a

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Variations

8 Variations in G major on the Dutch song "Laat ons Juichen, Batavieren!" by Christian Ernst Graaf, K.24

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7 Variations in D major on the Dutch song "Willem van Nassau"", K.25

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6 Variations in F major, K.54/547b

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

12 Variations in C major on a Menuet by Johann Christian Fischer, K.179

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

6 Variations in G major on "Mio car Adone" from the opera "La fiera di Venezia" by Antonio Salieri, K.180

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

9 Variations in C major on the arietta "Lison dormait" from the opera "Julie" by Nicolas Dezède, K.264

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

12 Variations in C major on the French song "Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman", K.265

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

8 Variations in F major on the choir "Dieu d'amour" from the opera "Les mariages samnites" by André Grétry, K.352

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

12 Variations in E-flat major on the French song "La belle Françoise", K.353

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

12 Variations in E-flat major on the Romance "Je suis Lindor" from "Le Barbier de Seville" by Pierre Beaumarchais, music by Antoine-Laurent Baudron, K.354

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6 Variations in F major on the aria "Salve tu, Domine" from the opera "I filosofi immaginarii" by Giovanni Paisiello, K.398

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10 Variations in G major on the aria "Unser dummer Pöbel meint" from "La rencontre imprévue" by Christoph Willibald Gluck, K.455

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

8 Variations in A major on "Come un agnello" from "Fra i due litiganti il terzo gode" by Giuseppe Sarti, K.460

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

12 Variations on an Allegretto in B-flat major, K.500

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

9 Variations in D major on a Menuet by Jean-Pierre Duport, K.573

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

8 Variations in F major on the song "Ein Weib ist das herrlichste Ding" from the Singspiel "Der dumme Gartner" by Benedikt Schack, K.613

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Other Keyboard Pieces

The London Sketchbook, K.15a–ss

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Allegro of a Sonata in G minor, K.312

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Minuet in D, K.355/576b

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Capriccio in C, K.395

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Suite in C, K.399

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Allegro in B-flat, K.400

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Fugue in G minor, K.401

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Funeral March in C minor, K.453a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Sonata in B-flat major, K.498a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Eine Kleine Gigue in G, K.574

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Andante in F for a Small Mechanical Organ, K.616

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Four-Hands

Sonata for Keyboard Four-hands in C major, K.19d

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Sonata for Keyboard Four-hands in D major, K.381/123a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Sonata for Keyboard Four-hands in B-flat major, K.358/186c

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Sonata for Keyboard Four-hands in F major, K.497

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Sonata for Keyboard Four-hands in C major, K.521

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Sonata for Keyboard Four-hands in G major, K.357

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Fugue in G minor, K.401

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Andante and Variations in G major, K.501

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Adagio and Allegro in F minor for a mechanical organ, K.594

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Fantasia in F minor, K.608

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Two Pianos

Sonata for Two Pianos in D major, K.448/375a

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Fugue in C minor for Two Keyboards, K.426

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Larghetto and Allegretto for Two Pianos in E-flat major, K.deest

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Violin Music

Violin Sonatas, KV 6–9

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 1 in C for Keyboard and Violin, K.6

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 2 in D for Keyboard and Violin, K.7

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 3 in B-flat for Keyboard and Violin, K.8

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 4 in G for Keyboard and Violin, K.9

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Violin Sonatas, KV 10–15

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 5 in B-flat for Keyboard with Violin and cello, K.10

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Violin Sonata No. 6 in G for Keyboard with Violin and cello, K.11

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Violin Sonata No. 7 in A for Keyboard with Violin and cello, K.12

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Violin Sonata No. 8 in F for Keyboard with Violin and cello, K.13

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 9 in C for Keyboard with Violin and cello, K.14

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Violin Sonata No. 10 in B-flat for Keyboard and Violin with cello, K.15

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Violin Sonatas, KV 26–31

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Violin Sonata No. 11 in E-flat for Keyboard and Violin, K.26

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Violin Sonata No. 12 in G for Keyboard and Violin, K.27

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 13 in C for Keyboard and Violin, K.28

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 14 in D for Keyboard and Violin, K.29

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 15 in F for Keyboard and Violin, K.30

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 16 in B-flat for Keyboard and Violin, K.31

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 17 in C major, K.296

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 18 in G major, K.301

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 19 in E-flat major, K.302

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 20 in C major, K.303

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 21 in E minor, K.304

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 22 in A major, K.305

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 23 in D major, K.306

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 24 in F major, K.376

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 25 in F major, K.377

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 26 in B-flat major, K.378

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 27 in G major, K.379

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Violin Sonata No. 28 in E-flat major, K.380

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Violin Sonata No. 29 in A major, K.402

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Violin Sonata No. 30 in C major, K.403

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Violin Sonata No. 31 in C major, K.404

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Violin Sonata No. 32 in B-flat major, K.454

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Violin Sonata No. 33 in E-flat major, K.481

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Violin Sonata in B-flat major, K.372

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Violin Sonata No. 35 in A major, K.526

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Violin Sonata No. 36 in F major, K.547

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Variations for Violin and Piano

Variations in G major, "La bergère Célimène", K.359

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6 Variations in G minor on "Hélas, j'ai perdu mon amant", K.360

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String Duos and Trios

Trio for 2 Violins and Cello in B-flat major, K.266

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Preludes and Fugues for Violin, Viola and Cello, K.404a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Duo for Violin and Viola in G major, K.423

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Duo for Violin and Viola in B-flat major, K.424

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Trio for Violin, Viola and Cello in E-flat major, K.563

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Trio for Violin, Viola and Cello in G major, K.562e [2]

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String Quartets

String Quartet No. 1 in G major, "Lodi", K.80/73f

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Milanese Quartets, K.155–160

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String Quartet No. 2 in D major, K.155/134a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 3 in G major, K.156/134b

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 4 in C major, K.157

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String Quartet No. 5 in F major, K.158

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 6 in B-flat major, K.159

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 7 in E-flat major, K.160/159a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Viennese Quartets, K.168–173

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String Quartet No. 8 in F major, K.168

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 9 in A major, K.169

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 10 in C major, K.170

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 11 in E-flat major, K.171

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 12 in B-flat major, K.172

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 13 in D minor, K.173

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Haydn Quartets, K.387, 421, 428, 458, 464, 465, Op. 10

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String Quartet No. 14 in G major, "Spring", K.387

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 15 in D minor, K.421/417b

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 16 in E-flat major, K.428/421b

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 17 in B-flat major, "Hunt", K.458

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 18 in A major, K.464

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 19 in C major, "Dissonance", K.465

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 20 in D major, "Hoffmeister", K.499

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Prussian Quartets, K.575, 589, 590, Op. 18

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Mozart's last three quartets, dedicated to the King of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm II, are noted for the cantabile character of the parts for cello, the sweetness of sounds and the equilibrium among the different instruments.

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String Quartet No. 21 in D major, K.575

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 22 in B-flat major, K.589

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet No. 23 in F major, K.590

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet in E minor, K.417d

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quartet in G minor, K.587a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quintets

String Quintet No. 1 in B-flat major, K.174

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quintet No. 2 in C minor, K.406 – This is a transcription for string quintet of the earlier Serenade for wind octet in C minor, K.388.

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quintet No. 3 in C major, K.515

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quintet No. 4 in G minor, K.516

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quintet No. 5 in D major, K.593

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quintet No. 6 in E-flat major, K.614

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quintet in B-flat major, K.514a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

String Quintet in A minor, K.515c+515a

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Piano Trios

Piano Trio No. 1 – Divertimento à 3 in B-flat major for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, K.254

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Piano Trio No. 2 – Trio in G major for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, K.496

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Trio No. 3 – Trio in B-flat major for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, K.502

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Piano Trio No. 4 – Trio in E major for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, K.542

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Trio No. 5 – Trio in C major for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, K.548

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Trio No. 6 – Trio in G major for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, K.564

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Piano Trio in D minor for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, K.442

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Quintet for Piano and Winds

Flute Quartet No. 1 in D major K.285

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Flute Quartet No. 2 in G major K.285a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Flute Quartet No. 3 in C major K.285b

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Flute Quartet No. 4 in A major K.298

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Sonata for Bassoon and Violoncello in B-flat major, K.292

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Oboe Quartet in F major, K.370

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Horn Quintet In E-flat, K.407

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Quintet for Piano and Winds, K.452

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Quartet No. 1 in G minor, K.478

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

12 Duets – For Two Horns, K.487

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Piano Quartet No. 2 in E-flat major, K.493

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Trio for Clarinet, Viola and Piano in E-flat major, "Kegelstatt", K.498

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Adagio and Fugue in C minor, K.546

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Clarinet Quintet in A major, K.581

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Adagio and Rondo for glass harmonica, flute, oboe, viola and cello, K.617

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Adagio in C for Glass Harmonica, K.356/617a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Clarinet Quintet in B-flat major, K.580b

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenades, Divertimenti and Other Instrumental Works

Cassation in D major, K.100/62a

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4 Contredanses in F major, K.101/250a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenade No. 3 in D major, "Antretter", K.185/167a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenade No. 4 in D major, "Colloredo", K.203/189b

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenade No. 5 in D major, K.204/213a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenade No. 6 in D major, "Serenata Notturna", K.239

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenade No. 7 in D major, "Haffner", K.250/248b

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Notturno in D for Four Orchestras, K.286

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenade No. 9 in D major, "Posthorn", K.320

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenade No. 10 for twelve winds and double bass in B-flat major, "Gran Partita", K.361/370a

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenade No. 11 for winds in E-flat major, K.375

AMAZON APPLE GOOGLE SPOTIFY YOUTUBE SCORES

Serenade No. 12 for winds in C minor, K.388/384a

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Tanzmeisterhaus, Salzburg, the Mozart family residence from 1773

The Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1769-1791)

Translated by Lady Grace Wallace

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VOLUME I.

PREFACE

A full and authentic edition of Mozart’s Letters ought to require no special apology; for, though their essential substance has already been made known by quotations from biographies by Nissen, Jahn, and myself, taken from the originals, still in these three works the letters are necessarily not only very imperfectly given, but in some parts so fragmentary, that the peculiar charm of this correspondence — namely, the familiar and confidential mood in which it was written at the time — is entirely destroyed. It was only possible to restore, and to enable others to enjoy this charm — a charm so novel, even to those already conversant with Mozart’s life, that the most familiar incidents acquire fresh zest from it — by an ungarbled edition of these letters. This is what I now offer, feeling convinced that it will be welcome not only to the mass of Mozart’s admirers, but also to professional musicians; for in them alone is strikingly set forth how Mozart lived and labored, enjoyed and suffered, and this with a degree of vivid and graphic reality which no biography, however complete, could ever succeed in giving. Who does not know the varied riches of Mozart’s life? All that agitated the minds of men in that day — nay, all that now moves, and ever will move, the heart of man — vibrated with fresh pulsation, and under the most manifold forms, in his sensitive soul, and mirrored itself in a series of letters, which indeed rather resemble a journal than a correspondence.

This artist, Nature had gifted in all respects with the most clear and vigorous intellect that ever man possessed. Even in a language which he had not so fully mastered as to acquire the facility of giving expression to his ideas, he contrived to relate to others all that he saw and heard, and felt and thought, with surprising clearness and the most charming sprightliness, combined with talent and good feeling. Above all, in his letters to his father when travelling, we meet with the most minute delineations of countries

and people, of the progress of the fine arts, especially in the theatres and in music; we also see the impulses of his own heart and a hundred other things which, in fascination, and universal as well as artistic interest, have scarcely a parallel in our literature. The style may fail to a certain degree in polish, that is, in definite purpose in expressing what he wished to say in an attractive or congenial form, — an art, however, which Mozart so thoroughly understood in his music. His mode of writing, especially in the later letters from Vienna, is often very slovenly, evidencing how averse the Maestro was to the task. Still these letters are manifestly the unconstrained, natural, and simple outpourings of his heart, delightfully recalling to our minds all the sweetness and pathos, the spirit and grace, which have a thousand times enchanted us in the music of Mozart. The accounts of his visit to Paris may, indeed, lay claim to a certain aesthetic value, for they are written throughout with visible zest in his own descriptions, and also with wit, and charm, and characteristic energy. As these combined merits can only become apparent by an ungarbled series of the letters, I have resolved, after many long years of zealous research in collecting them, to undertake the work, — that is, to publish the letters entire that have come to my knowledge.

It now only remains for me to give some words of explanation as to the method I have pursued in editing them.

In the first place, this edition, (being transcribed closely from the originals,) if compared with the letters already published, will prove that the latter are open to many corrections, both in trivial and more important respects. I have forborne, however, attracting attention to the deviations from the original text, either in Nissen or Jahn. I have no wish to be punctilious about trifles, where, as in the case of Jahn, the principal points are correct. Further, by this faithful production of the letters, (nothing being omitted but the constant repetition of forms of greeting and subscription,)

we find many an additional feature in the Maestro's life, and chiefly various facts with regard to the creation and publication of his works, which may serve to complete and to amend various statements in Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Kochel's "Chronological Thematic Catalogue of the Musical Compositions of W. A. Mozart," (Leipzig, Breitkopf and Hartel). This will be effected not only by the hitherto unpublished letters, though comparatively few in number, but also by passages being given in full, which have been hitherto suppressed as of no consequence. I have referred to Nissen and Jahn only when, in spite of all my inquiries, I could not discover the proprietor of the original, or procure a correct copy.

I must also remark that all letters without a special address are written to his father. I have only adhered to Mozart's defective orthography in his few letters of early date, and in the rest adopted the more modern fashion. I did so for this simple reason, that these defects form a charm in his juvenile letters, from being in accordance with their boyish contents, while, with regard to the others, they only tend to distract the attention from the substance of the letters, instead of imparting additional interest to them. Biographers can, and ought always to render faithfully the original writing, because quotations alternate with the text of the biographer; but in a regular and uninterrupted series of letters this attraction must be very sparingly used, or it will have a pernicious effect.

The explanatory remarks, and also the supplementary Lexicon, in which I have availed myself of Jahn's catalogue, will make the letters more intelligible to the world at large. The Index, too, has been most carefully prepared to facilitate references.

Lastly, I return my best thanks to the keeper of the Archives of the Mozarteum in Salzburg, to Herr Jellinck, and to all the librarians and collectors of autographs who have assisted me in my task, either by furnishing me with copies of their Mozart letters, or by letting me know

where I could procure them. I would also earnestly request all who may possess any Mozart letters to send me an exact transcript of them in the interest of Art; for those here given allude to many still unknown, which are no doubt scattered about here and there, waiting to be brought to light.

With respect to myself, the best reward I aspire to in return for the many sacrifices this collection has cost me, is, that my readers may do justice to the purpose which chiefly guided me throughout this publication, — my desire being not merely to benefit science, and to give a graphic description of the amiability and purity of heart which so distinguished this attractive man, (for such was my aim in my “Life of Mozart,”) but above all to draw attention afresh to the unremitting zeal with which Mozart did homage to every advance in Art, striving to make music more and more the interpreter of man’s innermost being. I also wished to show how much his course was impeded by the sluggishness and stupidity of the multitude, though partly sustained by the sympathy of kindred souls, till the glorious victory was won over routine and imbecility. Amidst all the fatiguing process of copying and collating letters already so familiar to me, these considerations moved me more vividly than ever; and no work on the Maestro can ever bring them with such force before the intelligent reader as this connected succession of letters, containing his own details of his unwearied artistic struggles and productions. May these letters, then, kindle fresh zeal in our artists of the present day, both in youthful genius and in laurel-crowned Maestri! — especially may they have the happiest influence on those who devote themselves to that phase of Art in which Mozart attained the highest renown! — may they impart that energetic courage which is derived from the experience that incessant efforts for the progress of Art and its appliances enlarge the limits of human intellect, and can alone insure an immortal crown!

LUDWIG NOHL.

MUNICH, October 1, 1864.

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FIRST PART — ITALY, VIENNA, MUNICH. — 1770 TO 1776.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg on the 17th January, 1756. His father, Leopold Mozart, belonged to a respectable tradesman's family in the free city of Augsburg. Conscious of being gifted with no small portion of intellectual endowments, he followed the impulse that led him to aim at a higher position in life, and went to the then celebrated University of Salzburg in order to study jurisprudence. As he did not, however, at once succeed in procuring employment in this profession, he was forced, from his straitened means, to enter the service of Canon Count Thun as valet. Subsequently, however, his talents, and that thorough knowledge of music by which he had already (according to the custom of many students) gained some part of his livelihood, obtained for him a better position. In the year 1743 he was received into the band (Kapelle) of the Salzburg cathedral by Archbishop Sigismund; and as his capabilities and fame as a violinist increased, the same Prince shortly afterwards promoted him to the situation of Hof-Componist (Court Composer) and leader of the orchestra, and in 1762 he was appointed Hof-Kapellmeister (conductor of the Court music).

In 1747 Leopold Mozart married Anna Maria Pertlin, a foster-child of the Convent of St. Gilgen. The fruits of this marriage were seven children, two of whom alone survived, — Maria Anna, (the fourth), called Nannerl, born in 1751; and the youngest, Wolfgang Amadeus Johannes Chrysostomus. The daughter at a very early age displayed a most remarkable talent for music, and when her father began to give her instructions in it, an inborn and passionate love of this art was soon evident in her little brother of three years old, who at once gave tokens of a degree of genius far surpassing all experience, and really bordering on the marvellous. In his fourth year he could play all sorts of little pieces on the

piano. He only required half an hour to learn a minuet, and one hour for a longer movement; and in his fifth year he actually composed some pretty short pieces, several of which are still extant.

[Footnote: The Grand Duchess Helene Paulowna, a few weeks ago, made a present to the Mozarteum of the music-book from which Mozart learned music, and in which he wrote down his first compositions.]

The wonderful acquirements of both these children, to which Wolfgang soon added skilful playing on the violin and organ, induced their father to travel with them. In January, 1702, when the boy was just six years old, they went first to Munich, and in the autumn to Vienna, the children everywhere on their journey exciting the greatest sensation, and being handsomely remunerated. Leopold Mozart, therefore, soon afterwards resolved to undertake a longer journey, accompanied by his whole family. This lasted more than three years, extending from the smaller towns in West Germany to Paris and London, while they visited, on their way back, Holland, France, and Switzerland. The careful musical instruction which the father perseveringly bestowed on his son, went hand in hand with the most admirable education, and the boy was soon as universally beloved for his amiable disposition and natural simplicity and candor, as admired for his rare gifts and acquirements.

After nearly a year passed at home in unremitting musical instruction, and practice of various instruments as well as composition, the father once more set off with all his family to Vienna, — on this occasion with a view to Wolfgang paving the way to Italy by the composition of an opera, (Italy, at that time, being the Eldorado of music.) He succeeded in procuring the scrittura of an opera buffa, “La Finta semplice;” but, when finished, although the Emperor himself had intrusted the composition to the boy, the cabals of envious singers effectually prevented its being performed. But a German operetta which the lad of twelve also wrote at that time, “Bastien

und Bastienne," was given in private, at the summer residence of the Mesmer family, in the suburb called Landstrasse. The father, too, had some compensation by the Emperor commissioning his son to compose a solemn mass for the consecration of the new Waisenhaus church, which Wolfgang himself directed with the conductor's baton, in presence of the Imperial Family, on the 7th December, 1768.

Immediately on their return home, the young virtuoso was appointed archiepiscopal Concertmeister. He passed almost the whole of the year 1769 in Salzburg, chiefly engaged in the composition of masses. We also see him at that time eagerly occupied in improving his knowledge of Latin, although two years previously he had composed a comedy in that language,— "Apollo et Hyacinthus." From this study proceeds the first letter which is still extant from his hand: —

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1. Salzburg, 1769.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, —

I beg you will pardon the liberty I take in plaguing you with these few lines, but as you said yesterday that there was nothing you could not understand in Latin, and I might write what I chose in that language, I could not resist the bold impulse to write you a few Latin lines. When you have deciphered these, be so good as to send me the answer by one of Hagenauer's servants, for my messenger cannot wait; remember, you must answer this by a letter.

[Footnote: By a messenger of the Hagenauer family, in whose house, opposite the inn of "Den drei Allurten," Mozart was born, and with whom his family were on the most intimate terms.]

"Cuperem scire, de qua causa, a quam plurimis adolescentibus ottium usque adeo oestimetur, ut ipsi se nec verbis, nec verberibus ad hoc sinant abduci."

[Footnote: "I should like to know the reason why indolence is so highly prized by very many young men, that neither by words nor blows will they suffer themselves to be roused from it."]

WOLFGANG MOZART.

The father's plan to go to Italy, there to lay the foundation of a European reputation for his son, was realized in the beginning of December, 1769, and during the journey, the boy, who was at that time just entering his fifteenth year, subjoined to his father's reports scraps of his own writing, in which, in true boyish fashion, he had recourse to all kinds of languages and witticisms, but always exhibiting in his opinions on music the closest observation, the gravest thought, and the most acute judgment.

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2. Verona, Jan. 1770.

MY VERY DEAREST SISTER, —

I have at last got a letter a span long after hoping so much for an answer that I lost patience; and I had good cause to do so before receiving yours at last. The German blockhead having said his say, now the Italian one begins. Lei e piu franca nella lingua italiana di quel che mi ho immaginato. Lei mi dica la cagione perche lei non fu nella commedia che hanno giocata i Cavalieri. Adesso sentiamo sempre una opera titolata Il Ruggiero. Oronte, il padre di Bradamante, e un principe (il Signor Afferi) bravo cantante, un baritono, [Footnote: “You are more versed in the Italian language than I believed. Tell me why you were not one of the actors in the comedy performed by the Cavaliers. We are now hearing an opera called ‘Il Ruggiero.’ Oronte, the father of Bradamante, is a Prince (acted by Afferi, a good singer, a baritone).”] but very affected when he speaks out a falsetto, but not quite so much so as Tibaldi in Vienna. Bradamante innamorata di Ruggiero (ma [Footnote: “Bradamante is enamored of Ruggiero, but”] — she is to marry Leone, but will not) fa una povera Baronessa, che ha avuto una gran disgrazia, ma non so la quale; recita [Footnote: “Pretends to be a poor Baroness who has met with some great misfortune, but what it is I don’t know, she performs”] under an assumed name, but the name I forget; ha una voce passabile, e la statura non sarebbe male, ma distuona come il diavolo. Ruggiero, un ricco principe innamorato di Bradamante, e un musico; canta un poco Manzuolisch [Footnote: Manzuoli was a celebrated soprano, from whom Mozart had lessons in singing when in London.] ed ha una bellissima voce forte ed e gia vecchio; ha 55 anni, ed ha una [Footnote: “She has a tolerable voice, and her appearance is in her favor, but she sings out of tune like a devil Ruggiero, a rich Prince enamored of Bradamante, is a musico, and sings rather in Manzuoli’s style, and has a fine powerful

voice, though quite old; he is fifty-five, and has a”] flexible voice. Leone is to marry Bradamante — richississimo e, [Footnote: “Immensely rich.”] but whether he is rich off the stage I can’t say. La moglie di Afferi, che ha una bellissima voce, ma e tanto susurro nel teatro che non si sente niente. Irene fa una sorella di Lolli, del gran violinista che habbiamo sentito a Vienna, a una [Footnote: “Afferi’s wife has a most beautiful voice, but sings so softly on the stage that you really hear nothing at all. A sister of Lolli, the great violinist whom we heard at Vienna, acts Irene; she has a”] very harsh voce, e canta sempre [Footnote: “Voice, and always sings”] a quaver too tardi o troppo a buon’ ora. Granno fa un signore, che non so come si chiame; e la prima volta che lui recita. [Footnote: “Slow or too fast. Ganno is acted by a gentleman whose name I never heard. It is his first appearance on the stage.”] There is a ballet between each act. We have a good dancer here called Roessler. He is a German, and dances right well. The very last time we were at the opera (but not, I hope, the very last time we ever shall be there) we got M. Roessler to come up to our palco, (for M. Carlotti gives us his box, of which we have the key,) and conversed with him. Apropos, every one is now in maschera, and one great convenience is, that if you fasten your mask on your hat you have the privilege of not taking off your hat when any one speaks to you; and you never address them by name, but always as “Servitore umilissimo, Signora Maschera.” Cospetto di Bacco! that is fun! The most strange of all is that we go to bed at half-past seven! Se lei indovinasse questo, io diro certamente che lei sia la madre di tutti gli indovini. [Footnote: “If you guess this, I shall say that you are the mother of all guessers.”] Kiss mamma’s hand for me, and to yourself I send a thousand kisses, and assure you that I shall always be your affectionate brother.

Portez-vous bien, et aimez-moi toujours.

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3. Milan, Jan. 26, 1770.

I REJOICE in my heart that you were so well amused at the sledging party you write to me about, and I wish you a thousand opportunities of pleasure, so that you may pass your life merrily. But one thing vexes me, which is, that you allowed Herr von Molk [an admirer of this pretty young girl of eighteen] to sigh and sentimentalize, and that you did not go with him in his sledge, that he might have upset you. What a lot of pocket-handkerchiefs he must have used that day to dry the tears he shed for you! He no doubt, too, swallowed at least three ounces of cream of tartar to drive away the horrid evil humors in his body. I know nothing new except that Herr Gellert, the Leipzig poet, [Footnote: Old Mozart prized Gellert's poems so highly, that on one occasion he wrote to him expressing his admiration.] is dead, and has written no more poetry since his death. Just before beginning this letter I composed an air from the "Demetrio" of Metastasio, which begins thus, "Misero tu non sei."

The opera at Mantua was very good. They gave "Demetrio." The prima donna sings well, but is inanimate, and if you did not see her acting, but only singing, you might suppose she was not singing at all, for she can't open her mouth, and whines out everything; but this is nothing new to us. The seconda donna looks like a grenadier, and has a very powerful voice; she really does not sing badly, considering that this is her first appearance. Il primo uomo, il musico, sings beautifully, but his voice is uneven; his name is Caselli. Il secondo uomo is quite old, and does not at all please me. The tenor's name is Ottini; he does not sing unpleasingly, but with effort, like all Italian tenors. We know him very well. The name of the second I don't know; he is still young, but nothing at all remarkable. Primo ballerino good; prima ballerina good, and people say pretty, but I have not seen her near. There is a grotesco who jumps cleverly, but cannot write as I do —

just as pigs grunt. The orchestra is tolerable. In Cremona, the orchestra is good, and Spagnoletta is the name of the first violinist there. Prima donna very passable — rather ancient, I fancy, and as ugly as sin. She does not sing as well as she acts, and is the wife of a violin-player at the opera. Her name is Masci. The opera was the “Clemenza di Tito.” Seconda donna not ugly on the stage, young, but nothing superior. Primo uomo, un musico, Cicognani, a fine voice, and a beautiful cantabile. The other two musici young and passable. The tenor’s name is non lo so [I don’t know what]. He has a pleasing exterior, and resembles Le Roi at Vienna. Ballerino primo good, but an ugly dog. There was a ballerina who danced far from badly, and, what is a capo d’opera, she is anything but plain, either on the stage or off it. The rest were the usual average. I cannot write much about the Milan opera, for we did not go there, but we heard that it was not successful. Primo uomo, Aprile, who sings well, and has a fine even voice; we heard him at a grand church festival. Madame Piccinelli, from Paris, who sang at one of our concerts, acts at the opera. Herr Pick, who danced at Vienna, is now dancing here. The opera is “Didone abbandonata,” but it is not to be given much longer. Signor Piccini, who is writing the next opera, is here. I am told that the title is to be “Cesare in Egitto.”

WOLFGANG DE MOZART,

Noble of Hohenthal and attached to the Exchequer.

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4. Milan, Feb. 10, 1770.

SPEAK of the wolf, and you see his ears! I am quite well, and impatiently expecting an answer from you. I kiss mamma’s hand, and send you a little note and a little kiss; and remain, as before, your —— What? Your aforesaid merry-andrew brother, Wolfgang in Germany, Amadeo in Italy.

DE MORZANTINI.

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5. Milan, Feb. 17, 1770.

Now I am in for it! My Mariandel! I am so glad that you were so tremendously merry. Say to nurse Urserl that I still think I sent back all her songs, but if, engrossed by high and mighty thoughts of Italy, I carried one off with me, I shall not fail, if I find it, to enclose it in one of my letters. Addio, my children, farewell! I kiss mamma’s hands a thousand times, and send you a thousand kisses and salutes on your queer monkey face. Per fare il fine, I am yours, &c.

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6. Milan, Carnival, Erchtag.

MANY kisses to mamma and to you. I am fairly crazed with so much business, [Footnote: Concerts and compositions of every kind occupied Mozart. The principal result of his stay in Milan was, that the young maestro got the scrittura of an opera for the ensuing season. As the libretto was to be sent to them, they could first make a journey through Italy with easy minds. The opera was “Mitridate, Re di Ponto.”] so I can’t possibly write any more.

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7. Milan, March 3, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA, —

I am heartily glad that you have had so much amusement. Perhaps you may think that I have not been as merry as you; but, indeed, I cannot sum up all we have done. I think we have been at least six or seven times at the opera and the feste di ballo, which, as in Vienna, begin after the opera, but with this difference, that at Vienna the dancing is more orderly. We also saw the facchinata and chiccherata. The first is a masquerade, an amusing sight, because the men go as facchini, or porters; there was also a barca filled with people, and a great number on foot besides; and five or six sets of trumpets and kettledrums, besides several bands of violins and other instruments. The chiccherata is also a masquerade. What the people of Milan call chicchere, we call petits maitres, or fops. They were all on horseback, which was a pretty sight. I am as happy now to hear that Herr von Aman [Footnote: The father had written in a previous letter, “Herr von Aman’s accident, of which you wrote to us, not only distressed us very much, but cost Wolfgang many tears. You know how sensitive he is”] is better, as I was grieved when you mentioned that he had met with an accident. What kind of mask did Madame Rosa wear, and Herr von Molk, and Herr von Schiedenhofen? Pray write this to me, if you know it; your doing so will oblige me very much. Kiss mamma’s hands for me a thousand million times, and a thousand to yourself from “Catch him who can!” Why, here he is!

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8. Bologna, March 24, 1770.

Oh, you busy creature!

Having been so long idle, I thought it would do me no harm to set to work again for a short time. On the post-days, when the German letters come, all that I eat and drink tastes better than usual. I beg you will let me know who are to sing in the oratorio, and also its title. Let me hear how you like the Haydn minuets, and whether they are better than the first. From my heart I rejoice to hear that Herr von Aman is now quite recovered; pray say to him that he must take great care of himself and beware of any unusual exertion. Be sure you tell him this. I intend shortly to send you a minuet that Herr Pick danced on the stage, and which every one in Milan was dancing at the feste di ballo, only that you may see by it how slowly people dance. The minuet itself is beautiful. Of course it comes from Vienna, so no doubt it is either Teller's or Starzer's. It has a great many notes. Why? Because it is a theatrical minuet, which is in slow time. The Milan and Italian minuets, however, have a vast number of notes, and are slow and with a quantity of bars; for instance, the first part has sixteen, the second twenty, and even twenty-four.

We made the acquaintance of a singer in Parma, and also heard her to great advantage in her own house — I mean the far-famed Bastardella. She has, first, a fine voice; second, a flexible organ; third, an incredibly high compass. She sang the following notes and passages in my presence.

[Here, Mozart illustrates with about 20 measures of music]

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9. Rome, April 14, 1770.

I AM thankful to say that my stupid pen and I are all right, so we send a thousand kisses to you both. I wish that my sister were in Rome, for this city would assuredly delight her, because St. Peter’s is symmetrical, and many other things in Rome are also symmetrical. Papa has just told me that the loveliest flowers are being carried past at this moment. That I am no wiseacre is pretty well known.

Oh! I have one annoyance — there is only a single bed in our lodgings, so mamma may easily imagine that I get no rest beside papa. I rejoice at the thoughts of a new lodging. I have just finished sketching St. Peter with his keys, St. Paul with his sword, and St. Luke with — my sister, &c., &c. I had the honor of kissing St. Peter’s foot at San Pietro, and as I have the misfortune to be so short, your good old

WOLFGANG MOZART

was lifted up!

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10. Rome, April 21, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA, —

Pray try to find the “Art of Ciphering” which you copied out, but I have lost it, and know nothing about it. So pray do write it out again for me, with some other copies of sums, and send them to me here.

Manzuoli has entered into a contract with the Milanese to sing in my opera [see Nos. 2-6]. For this reason he sang four or five arias to me in Florence, and also some of my own, which I was obliged to compose in Milan (none of my theatrical things having been heard there) to prove that I was capable of writing an opera. Manzuoli asks 1000 ducats. It is not yet quite certain whether Gabrielli will come. Some say Madame de’ Amicis will sing in it; we shall see her in Naples. I wish that she and Manzuoli could act together; we should then be sure of two good friends. The libretto is not yet chosen. I recommended one of Metastasio’s to Don Ferdinando [Count Firmiani’s steward, in Milan] and to Herr von Troyer. I am at this moment at work on the aria “Se ardore e speranza.”

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11. Rome, April 25, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA, —

Io vi accerto che io aspetto con una incredibile premura tutte le giornate di posta qualche lettere di Salisburgo. Jeri fummo a S. Lorenzo e sentimmo il Vespero, e oggi matina la messa cantata, e la sera poi il secondo vespero, perche era la festa della Madonna del Buonconsiglio. Questi giorni fummi nel Campidoglio e viddemmo varie belle cose. Se io volessi scrivere tutto quel che viddi, non bastarebbe questo foglietto. In due Accademie suonai, e domani suonero anche in una. — Subito dopo pranzo giuochiamo a Potsch [Boccia]. Questo e un giuoco che imparai qui, quando verro a casa, ve l'imparero. Finita questa lettera finiro una sinfonia mia, che comminciai. L'aria e finita, una sinfonia e dal copista (il quale e il mio padre) perche noi non la vogliamo dar via per copiarla; altrimente ella sarebbe rubata.

WOLFGANGO in Germania. AMADEO MOZART in Italia.

Roma caput mundi il 25 Aprile anno 1770 nell' anno venture 1771.

[Footnote:

"DEAREST SISTER, —

"I assure you that I always expect with intense eagerness my letters from Salzburg on post-days. Yesterday we were at S. Lorenzo and heard vespers, and to-day at the chanted mass, and in the evening at the second vespers, because it was the Feast of the Madonna del Buonconsiglio. A few days ago we were at the Campidoglio, where we saw a great many fine things. If I tried to write you an account of all I saw, this sheet would not suffice. I played at two concerts, and to-morrow I am to play at another. After dinner we played at Potsch [Boccia]. This is a game I have learnt, and when I come home, I will teach it to you. When I have finished this letter, I am going to complete a symphony that I have begun. The aria is finished. The

copyist (who is my father) has the symphony, because we do not choose it to be copied by any one else, or it might be stolen.

“WOLFGANGO in Germany.

“AMADEO MOZART in Italy.

“Rome, mistress of the world: April 25, 1770.”]

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12. Naples, May 19, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA, —

Vi prego di scrivermi presto e tutti i giorni di posta. Io vi ringrazio di avermi mandata questi “Art of Ciphering,” [FOOTNOTE: “I beg you will write to me soon, indeed every post-day. I thank you for having sent me the ‘Art of Ciphering.’”] e vi prego, se mai volete avere mal di testa, di mandarmi ancora un poco di questi “books.” [FOOTNOTE: “And I beg if you ever want to have a headache, that you will send me some more.”] Perdonate mi che scrivo si malamente, ma la razione e perche anche io ebbi un poco mal di testa. [FOOTNOTE: “of the same kind. Excuse my writing so badly, but the reason is that I have a bit of a headache myself.”]

Haydn’s twelfth minuet, which you sent me, pleases me very much; you have composed an inimitable bass for it, and without the slightest fault. I do beg that you will often exercise yourself in such things. Mamma must not forget to see that the guns are both polished up. Tell me how Master Canary is? Does he still sing? and still whistle? Do you know why I am thinking about the canary? Because we have one in our ante-room that chirps out a G sharp just like ours. [Footnote: Mozart was extremely fond of animals, and later in life had always birds in his room.] A propos, Herr Johannes [Hagenauer], no doubt, received the letter of congratulation which we intended to write to him? But if he has not got it, I will tell him myself, when we meet in Salzburg, what ought to have been in it. Yesterday we wore our new clothes; we were as handsome as angels. My kind regards to Nandl; she must not fail to pray diligently for me.

Jomelli’s opera is to be given on the 30th. We saw the king and queen at mass in the court chapel at Portici, and we also saw Vesuvius. Naples is beautiful, but as crowded with people as Vienna or Paris. As for London and Naples, I think that in point of insolence on the part of the people

Naples almost surpasses London; because here the lazzaroni have their regular head or leader, who receives twenty-five ducati d'argento monthly from the king for keeping the lazzaroni in order.

Madame de' Amicis sings in the opera — we were there. Caffaro is to compose the second opera, Ciccio di Majo the third, but who is to compose the fourth is not yet known. Be sure you go regularly to Mirabell, to hear the Litanies, and listen to the "Regina Coeli" or the "Salve Regina," and sleep sound, and take care to have no evil dreams. My most transcendent regards to Herr von Schiedenhofen — tralaliera! tralaliera! Tell him to learn the repetition minuet on the piano, to be sure to DO so, and DO not let him forget it. He must DO this in order to DO me the favor to let me accompany him some day or other. DO give my best compliments to all my friends, and DO continue to live happily, and DO not die, but DO live on, that you may be able to DO another letter for me, and I DO one for you, and thus we shall go on DOING till we can DO something worth DOING; but I am one of those who will go on DOING till all DOINGS are at an end. In the mean time I DO subscribe myself

Your W. M.

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13. Naples, May 29, 1770.

Jeri l’altro fummo nella prova dell’ opera del Sign. Jomelli, la quale e una opera che e ben scritta e che me piace veramente. Il Sign. Jomelli ci ha parlato ed era molto civile. E fummo anche in una chiesa a sentir una Musica la quale fu del Sign. Ciccio di Majo, ed era una bellissima Musica. Anche lui ci parlci ed era molto compito. La Signora de’ Amicis canto a meraviglia. Stiamo Dio grazia assai bene di salute, particolarmente io, quando viene una lettera di Salisburgo. Vi prego di scrivermi tutti giorni di posta, e se anche non avete niente da scrivermi, solamente vorrei averlo per aver qualche lettera tutti giorni di posta. Egli non sarebbe mal fatto, se voi mi scriveste qualche volta una letterina italiana.

[FOOTNOTE: “The other day we attended the rehearsal of Signor Jomelli’s opera, which is well written and pleases me exceedingly. Signor Jomelli spoke to us and was very civil. We also went to a church to hear a mass by Signor Ciccio di Majo, and it was most beautiful music. Signora de’ Amicus sang incomparably. We are, thank God, very well, and I feel particularly so when a letter from Salzburg arrives. I beg you will write to me every post-day, even if you have nothing to write about, for I should like to have a letter by every post. It would not be a bad idea to write me a little letter in Italian.”]

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14. Naples, June 5, 1770.

Vesuvius is smoking fiercely! Thunder and lightning and blazes! Haid homa gfresa beim Herr Doll. Das is a deutscha Compositor, und a browa Mo. [Footnote: “Today we dined with Herr Doll, he is a good composer and a worthy man” [Vienna Patois]] Now I begin to describe my course of life. — Alle 9 ore, qualche volta anche alle dieci mi svelgio, e poi andiamo fuor di casa, e poi pranziamo da un trattore, e dopo pranzo scriviamo, e poi sortiamo, e indi ceniamo, ma che cosa? Al giorno di grasso, un mezzo pollo ovvero un piccolo boccone d’arrosto; al giorno di magro un piccolo pesce; e di poi andiamo a dormire. Est-ce que vous avez compris? — Redma dafir Soisburgarisch, don as is gschaida. Wir sand Gottlob gesund da Voda und i. [Footnote: “I rise generally every morning at 9 o’clock, but sometimes not till 10, when we go out. We dine at a restaurateur’s, after dinner I write, and then we go out again, and afterwards sup, but on what? on jours gras, half a fowl, or a small slice of roast meat, on jours maigres a little fish, and then we go to sleep. Do you understand? Let us talk Salzburgisch, for that is more sensible. Thank God, my father and I are well” [Patois]] I hope you and mamma are so also. Naples and Rome are two drowsy cities. A scheni Schrift! net wor? [Footnote: “Fine writing, is it not?” [Patois.]] Write to me, and do not be so lazy. Altrimente avrete qualche bastonate di me. Quel plaisir! Je te casserai la tete. [Footnote: “Otherwise I will cudgel you soundly. What a pleasure — to break your head!”] I am delighted with the thoughts of the portraits [of his mother and sister, who had promised to have their likenesses taken], und i bi korios wias da gleich sieht; wons ma gfoin, so los i mi und den Vodan a so macho. Maidli, lass Da saga, wo list dan gwesa he? [Footnote: “And I am anxious to see what they are like, and then I will have my father and myself also taken. Fair maiden, say, where have you been, eh?” [Patois.]] The opera here is Jomelli’s; it is fine, but too

grave and old-fashioned for this stage. Madame de' Amicis sings incomparably, and so does Aprile, who used to sing at Milan. The dancing is miserably pretentious. The theatre beautiful. The King has been brought up in the rough Neapolitan fashion, and at the opera always stands on a stool, so that he may look a little taller than the Queen, who is beautiful and so gracious, for she bowed to me in the most condescending manner no less than six times on the Molo.

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15. Naples, June 16, 1770.

I AM well and lively and happy as ever, and as glad to travel. I made an excursion on the Mediterranean. I kiss mamma’s hand and Nannerl’s a thousand times, and am your son, Steffl, and your brother, Hansl.

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16. Rome, July 7, 1770.

CARA SORELLA MIA, —

I am really surprised that you can compose so charmingly. In a word, the song is beautiful. Often try something similar. Send me soon the other six minuets of Haydn. Mademoiselle, j’ai l’honneur d’etre votre tres-humble serviteur et frere,

CHEVALIER DE MOZART.

[He had received from the Pope the cross of the Order of the Golden Spur.]

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17. Bologna, July 21, 1770.

I WISH mamma joy of her name-day, and hope that she may live for many hundred years to come and retain good health, which I always ask of God, and pray to Him for you both every day. I cannot do honor to the occasion except with some Loretto bells, and wax tapers, and caps, and gauze when I return. In the mean time, good-bye, mamma. I kiss your hand a thousand times, and remain, till death, your attached son.

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18.

Io vi auguro d’Iddio, vi dia sempre salute, e vi lasci vivere ancora cent’ anni e vi faccia morire quando avrete mille anni. Spero che voi imparerete meglio conoscermi ni avvenire e che poi ne giudicherete come ch’ egli vi piace. Il tempo non mi permette di scriver motto. La penna non vale un corno, ne pure quello che la dirigge. Il titolo dell’ opera che ho da comporre a Milano, non si sa ancora.

[Footnote: “My prayer to God is, that He may grant you health, and allow you to live to be a hundred, and not to die till you are a thousand years old. I hope that you will learn to know me better in future, and that you will then judge of me as you please. Time does not permit me to write much. My pen is not worth a pin, nor the hand that guides it. I don’t yet know the title of the opera that I am to compose at Milan.”]

My landlady at Rome made me a present of the “Thousand and One Nights” in Italian; it is most amusing to read.

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19. Bologna, August 4, 1770.

I GRIEVE from my heart to hear that Jungfrau Marthe is still so ill, and I pray every day that she may recover. Tell her from me that she must beware of much fatigue and eat only what is strongly salted [she was consumptive]. A propos, did you give my letter to Robinsiegerl? [Sigismund Robinig, a friend of his]. You did not mention it when you wrote. I beg that when you see him you will tell him he is not quite to forget me. I can't possibly write better, for my pen is only fit to write music and not a letter. My violin has been newly strung, and I play every day. I only mention this because mamma wished to know whether I still played the violin. I have had the honor to go at least six times by myself into the churches to attend their splendid ceremonies. In the mean time I have composed four Italian symphonies [overtures], besides five or six arias, and also a motett.

Does Herr Deibl often come to see you? Does he still honor you by his amusing conversation? And the noble Herr Carl von Vogt, does he still deign to listen to your tiresome voices? Herr von Schiedenhofen must assist you often in writing minuets, otherwise he shall have no sugar-plums.

If time permitted, it would be my duty to trouble Herr von Molk and Herr von Schiedenhofen with a few lines; but as that most indispensable of all things is wanting, I hope they will forgive my neglect, and consider me henceforth absolved from this honor. I have begun various cassations [a kind of divertimento], so I have thus responded to your desire. I don't think the piece in question can be one of mine, for who would venture to publish as his own composition what is, in reality, written by the son of the Capellmeister, and whose mother and sister are in the same town? Addio — farewell! My sole recreations consist in dancing English hornpipes and cutting capers. Italy is a land of sleep; I am always drowsy here. Addio — good-bye!

Detailed table of contents for the letters

20. Bologna, August 21, 1770.

I AM not only still alive, but in capital spirits. To-day I took a fancy to ride a donkey, for such is the custom in Italy, so I thought that I too must give it a trial. We have the honor to associate with a certain Dominican who is considered a very pious ascetic. I somehow don’t quite think so, for he constantly takes a cup of chocolate for breakfast, and immediately afterwards a large glass of strong Spanish wine; and I have myself had the privilege of dining with this holy man, when he drank a lot of wine at dinner and a full glass of very strong wine afterwards, two large slices of melons, some peaches and pears for dessert, five cups of coffee, a whole plateful of nuts, and two dishes of milk and lemons. This he may perhaps do out of bravado, but I don’t think so — at all events, it is far too much; and he eats a great deal also at his afternoon collation.

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21. Bologna, Sept. 8, 1770.

NOT to fail in my duty, I must write a few words. I wish you would tell me in your next letter to what brotherhoods I belong, and also let me know the prayers I am bound to offer up for them. I am now reading “Telemachus,” and am already in the second volume. Good-bye for the present! Love to mamma.

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22.

I HOPE that mamma and you are both well, but I wish you would answer my letters more punctually in time to come; indeed, it is far easier to answer than to originate. I like these six minuets far better than the first twelve; we often played them to the Countess [Pallivicini, at whose country-seat, near Bologna, father and son spent some months]. We only wish we could succeed in introducing a taste for German minuets into Italy, as their minuets last nearly as long as entire symphonies. Forgive my bad writing; I could write better, but I am in such a hurry.

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23. Bologna, Sept. 29, 1770.

IN order to fill up papa’s letter, I intend to add a few words. I grieve deeply to hear of Jungfrau Marthe’s long-continued illness, which the poor girl bears, too, with such patience. I hope, please God, she may still recover. If not, we must not grieve too much, for the will of God is always best, and God certainly knows better than we do whether it is most for our good to be in this world or in the next. But it will cheer her to enjoy this fine weather once more after all the rain.

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24. Bologna, Oct. 6, 1770.

I AM heartily glad that you have been so gay; I only wish I had been with you. I hope Jungfrau Marthe is better. To-day I played the organ at the Dominicans. Congratulate the .... from me, and say that I sincerely wish they may live to see the fiftieth anniversary of Father Dominikus's saying mass, and that we may all once more have a happy meeting.

[Footnote: Jahn observes that he probably alludes to their intimate friends, the merchant Hagenauer's family, with whom old Mozart had many pecuniary transactions for the purpose of his travels, and whose son entered the church in 1764.]

My best wishes to all Thereserls, and compliments to all my friends in the house and out of the house. I wish I were likely soon to hear the Berchtesgadner symphonies, and perhaps blow a trumpet or play a fife in one myself. I saw and heard the great festival of St. Petronius in Bologna. It was fine, but long. The trumpeters came from Lucca to make the proper flourish of honor, but their trumpeting was detestable.

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25. Milan, Oct. 20, 1770.

MY DEAR MAMMA, —

I cannot write much, for my fingers ache from writing out such a quantity of recitative. I hope you will pray for me that my opera [“Mitridate Re di Ponto”] may go off well, and that we soon may have a joyful meeting. I kiss your hands a thousand times, and have a great deal to say to my sister; but what? That is known only to God and myself. Please God, I hope soon to be able to confide it to her verbally; in the mean time, I send her a thousand kisses. My compliments to all kind friends. We have lost our good Martherl, but we hope that by the mercy of God she is now in a state of blessedness.

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26. Milan, Oct. 27, 1770.

MY VERY DEAREST SISTER, —

You know that I am a great talker, and was so when I left you. At present I replace this very much by signs, for the son of this family is deaf and dumb. I must now set to work at my opera. I regret very much that I cannot send you the minuet you wish to have, but, God willing, perhaps about Easter you may see both it and me. I can write no more. — Farewell! and pray for me.

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27. Milan, Nov. 3, 1770.

MY VERY DEARLY LOVED SISTER, —

I thank you and mamma for your sincere good wishes; my most ardent desire is to see you both soon in Salzburg. In reference to your congratulations, I may say that I believe Herr Martinelli suggested your Italian project. My dear sister, you are always so very clever, and contrived it all so charmingly that, just underneath your congratulations in Italian, followed M. Martini's compliments in the same style of penmanship, so that I could not possibly find you out; nor did I do so, and I immediately said to papa, "Oh! how I do wish I were as clever and witty as she is!" Then papa answered, "Indeed, that is true enough." On which I rejoined, "Oh! I am so sleepy;" so he merely replied, "Then stop writing." Addio! Pray to God that my opera may be successful. I am your brother,

W. M.,

whose fingers are weary from writing.

Detailed table of contents for the letters

28. Milan, Dec. 1, 1770.

DEAREST SISTER, —

As it is so long since I wrote to you, I thought that I might perhaps pacify your just wrath and indignation by these lines. I have now a great deal to work at, and to write for my opera. I trust all will go well, with the help of God. Addio! As ever, your faithful brother,

WOLFGANG MOZART.

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29.

MY DARLING SISTER, —

It is long since I have written to you, having been so much occupied with my opera. As I have now more time, I shall attend better to my duty. My opera, thank God, is popular, as the theatre is full every evening, which causes great surprise, for many say that during all the time they have lived in Milan they never saw any first opera so crowded as on this occasion. I am thankful to say that both papa and I are quite well, and I hope at Easter to have an opportunity of relating everything to mamma and you. Addio! A propos, the copyist was with us yesterday, and said that he was at that moment engaged in transcribing my opera for the Lisbon court. Good-bye, my dear Madlle. sister,

Always and ever your attached brother.

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30. Venice, Feb 15, 1771

MY VERY DEAR SISTER, —

You have, no doubt, heard from papa that I am well. I have nothing to write about, except my love and kisses to mamma. Give the enclosed — Al sig. Giovanni. La signora perla ricono la riverisce tanto come anche tutte le altre perle, e li assicuro che tutte sono inamorata di lei, e che sperano che lei prendera per moglie tutte, come i Turchi per contenar tutte sei. Questo scrivo in casa di Sign. Wider, il quale e un galant' uomo come lei melo scrisse, ed jeri abbiamo finito il carnavale da lui, cenardo da lui e poi ballammo ed andammo colle perle in compagnie nel ridotto nuovo, che mi piacque assai. Quando sto dal Sign. Wider e guardando fuori della finestra vedo la casa dove lei abito quando lei fu in Venezia. Il nuovo non so niente. Venezia mi piace assai. Il mio complimento al Sign., suo padre e madre, sorelle, fratelli, e a tutti i miei amici ed amiche. Addio!

[Footnote: "To Herr Johannes [Hagenauer] The fair 'pearl' has the same high opinion of you that all the other 'pearls' here have. I assure you that they are all in love with you, and their hope is that you will marry them all (like the Turks), and so please them every one. I write this in the house of Signor Wider, who is an excellent man and exactly what you wrote to me, yesterday we finished the Carnival in his house. We supped there and then danced, and went afterwards, in company with the 'pearls,' to the new masquerade, which amused me immensely. When I look out of the window at Signor Wider's, I see the house that you inhabited in Venice. I have no news. I like Venice very well. My compliments to your father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all my friends. Adieu!"]

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31. Venice, Feb. 20, 1771.

I AM still well, and, thank God, in the land of the living. Madame de' Amicis has been singing at S. Benedetto. Say to Herr Johannes that the Widerischen Berlein family are constantly speaking of him (particularly Madlle. Catherine), so he must soon return to Vienna to encounter the attacca — that is, in order to become a true Venetian, you must allow yourself to be bumped down on the ground. They wished to do this to me also, but though seven women tried it, the whole seven together did not succeed in throwing me down. Addio!

The travellers arrived again at home towards the end of March, 1771. The marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand with the Princess of Modena, which took place in the October of that year, was attended with great festivities, and recalled the father and son to Italy in the course of a few months, Wolfgang having received a command from the Empress Maria Theresa to compose a dramatic serenata in honor of these nuptials.

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32. Verona, August 18, 1771.

DEAREST SISTER, —

I have not slept more than half an hour, for I don’t like to sleep after eating. You may hope, believe, think, be of opinion, cherish the expectation, desire, imagine, conceive, and confidently suppose, that we are in good health; but I can tell you so to a certainty. Wish Herr von Heffner a happy journey from me, and ask him if he has seen Annamindl?

[Wolfgang, who was then fifteen, had taken advantage of his leisure during their short stay in Salzburg to fall in love for the first time. We shall find frequent allusions to this subject. See also No. 25.]

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33. Milan, August 23, 1771.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER, —

We suffered much from heat in the course of our journey, and the dust constantly dried us up so impertinently that we should have been choked, or died of thirst, if we had not been too sensible for that. For a whole month past (say the Milanese) there has been no rain here; to-day a slight drizzle began, but the sun has now come out again, and it is once more very warm. What you promised me (you well know my meaning, you kind creature!) don't fail to perform, I entreat. I shall be indeed very grateful to you. I am at this moment actually panting from the heat — I tear open my waistcoat! Addio — good-bye!

WOLFGANG.

Above us we have a violinist, below us is another, next to us a singing-master, who gives lessons, and, in the room opposite, a hautboy-player. This is famous for a composer — it inspires so many fine thoughts.

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34. Milan, August 31, 1771.

MY DEAREST SISTER, —

We are quite well, thank God! I have been eating quantities of fine pears, peaches, and melons in your place. My greatest amusement is to talk by signs to the dumb, which I can do to perfection. Herr Hasse [the celebrated opera composer] arrived here yesterday, and to-day we are going to pay him a visit. We only received the book of the Serenata last Thursday. [Footnote: It was “Ascanio in Alba” that Wolfgang got to compose for Milan; and it was this music which made Hasse exclaim, “This boy will cause us all to be forgotten.”] I have very little to write about. Do not, I entreat, forget about THE ONE OTHER, where no other can ever be. You understand me, I know.

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35. Milan, Sept. 13, 1771.

DEAR SISTER, —

I write only for writing's sake. It is indeed very inconvenient, because I have a severe cold. Say to Fraulein W. von Molk that I rejoice at the thoughts of Salzburg, in the hope that I may again receive the same kind of present for the minuets which was bestowed on me at a similar concert. She knows all about it.

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36. Milan, Sept. 21, 1771.

I AM well, God be praised! I can’t write much. 1st, I have nothing to say. 2d, my fingers ache from writing. I often whistle an air, but no one responds. Only two arias of the Serenata are still wanting, and then it will be finished. I have no longer any fancy for Salzburg; I am afraid I might go mad too. [He had heard that several persons there had lost their reason.]

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37. Milan, Oct. 5, 1771.

I AM in good health, but always sleepy. Papa has snatched from my pen all that I had to write about, which is, that he has already written everything. Signora Gabrielli is here, and we are soon going to see her, as we wish to become acquainted with all distinguished singers.

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38. Milan, Oct. 26, 1771.

MY work being now completed, I have more time to write, but have nothing to say, as papa has written you all I could have said. I am well, thank God! but have no news, except that in the lottery the numbers 35, 59, 60, 61, and 62 have turned up prizes, so if we had selected these we should have won; but as we did not put in at all we neither won nor lost, but only laughed at those who did the latter. The two arias encored in the Serenata were those of Manzuoli, and Girelli, the prima donna, I hope you may be well amused in Triebenbach with shooting, and (weather permitting) with walking.

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39. Milan, Nov. 2, 1771.

Papa says that Herr Kerschbaumer travels with profit and observation, and we can testify that he conducts himself very judiciously; at all events he can give a more satisfactory account of his journey than some of his friends, one of whom said that he could not see Paris properly because the houses there were too high. To-day Hasse's opera is to be given; as papa, however, is not going, I can't go either. [FOOTNOTE: Hasse had also a festal opera to compose, but Leopold Mozart writes, "I am sorry to say that Wolfgang's Serenata has totally eclipsed Hasse's opera."] Fortunately I know all the airs thoroughly by heart, so I can see and hear them in my own thoughts at home.

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40. Milan, Nov. 24, 1771.

DEAREST SISTER, —

Herr Manzuoli, the musico, who has always been considered and esteemed as the best of his class, has in his old age given a proof of his folly and arrogance. He was engaged at the opera for the sum of 500 gigliati (ducats), but as no mention was made in the contract of the Serenata, he demanded 500 ducats more for singing in it, making 1000. The court only sent him 700 and a gold box, (and enough too, I think,) but he returned the 700 ducats and the box, and went away without anything. I don’t know what the result of this history will be — a bad one, I fear!

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41. Milan, Nov. 30, 1771.

That you may not suppose I am ill, I write you a few lines. I saw four fellows hanged in the Dom Platz. They hang here just as they do in Lyons.

We now find the father and son once more in Salzburg, in the middle of December, 1771. Archbishop Sigismund died, and on the 14th of March, 1772, Archbishop Hieronymus was elected, who was destined to cause much sorrow to Mozart. Soon after, in honor of the procession and homage of the new prince, he composed the allegorical azione teatrale “Il sogno di Scipione.” In October he resumed his travels, having undertaken the scrittura for the approaching Carnivals both at Milan and at Venice.

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42. Bologna, Oct. 28, 1772.

We have got to Botzen already. Already? rather not till now. I am hungry, thirsty, sleepy, and lazy, but I am quite well. We saw the monastery in Hall, and I played the organ there. When you see Nadernannerl, tell her I spoke to Herr Brindl (her lover), and he charged me to give her his regards. I hope that you kept your promise and went last Sunday to D —— N —— [in cipher]. Farewell! write me some news. Botzen — a pig-sty!

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43. Milan, Nov. 7, 1772.

Don’t be startled at seeing my writing instead of papa’s. These are the reasons: first, we are at Herr von Oste’s, and the Herr Baron Christiani is also here, and they have so much to talk about, that papa cannot possibly find time to write; and, secondly, he is too lazy. We arrived here at 4 o’clock this afternoon, and are both well. All our good friends are in the country or at Mantua, except Herr von Taste and his wife, who send you and my sister their compliments. Herr Misliweczeck [a young composer of operas from Paris] is still here. There is not a word of truth either in the Italian war, which is so eagerly discussed in Germany, or in the castles here being fortified. Forgive my bad writing.

Address your letters direct to us, for it is not the custom here, as in Germany, to carry the letters round; we are obliged to go ourselves to fetch them on post-days. There is nothing new here; we expect news from Salzburg.

Not having a word more to say, I must conclude. Our kind regards to all our friends. We kiss mamma 1,000,000,000 times (I have no room for more noughts); and as for my sister, I would rather embrace her in persona than in imagination.

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44.

CARISSIMA SORELLA, —

Spero che voi sarete stata dalla Signora, che voi gia sapete. Vi prego, se la videte di farla un Complimento da parte mia. Spero e non dubito punto che voi starete bene di salute. Mi son scordato di darvi nuova, che abbiamo qui trovato quel Sign. Belardo, ballerina, che abbiamo conosciuto in Haye ed in Amsterdam, quello che attaco colla spada il ballerino, il Sign. Neri, perche credeva che lui fosse cagione che non ebbe la permission di ballar in teatro. Addio, non scordarvi di me, io sono sempre il vostro fidele fratello.

[FOOTNOTE: “DEAREST SISTER, — I hope you have been to see the lady — you know who. I beg that when you see her you will give her my compliments. I hope, and do not doubt, that you are in good health. I forgot to tell you that we found Signor Belardo here, a dancer whom we knew at the Hague and at Amsterdam — the same person who attacked Signor Neri with a sword, because he thought he was the cause of his not obtaining permission to dance in the theatre. Adieu! Do not forget me, always your faithful brother.”]

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45. Milan, Nov. 21, 1772.

I thank you exceedingly — you know for what. I cannot possibly write to Herr von Heffner. When you see him, make him read aloud what follows. I hope he will be satisfied with it: —

“I am not to take it amiss that my unworthy friend has not answered my letter; as soon as he has more leisure, he will certainly, beyond all doubt, positively and punctually send me a reply.”

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46. Milan, Nov. 28, 1772.

We both send our congratulations to Herr von Aman; tell him from me that, owing to his having all along made a mystery of the affair, I feel much annoyed, for I fear I may have said more than I ought about his bride. I thought he had been more straightforward. One thing more. Say to Herr von Aman that, if he wishes to have a right merry wedding, he must be so kind as to wait till we return, so that what he promised me may come to pass, namely, that I was to dance at his wedding. Tell Herr Leitgeb [a horn-player in the Archbishop's orchestra] that he must come straight to Milan, for he is sure to succeed well here; but he must come soon. Pray let him know this, for I am anxious about it.

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47. Milan, Dec. 5, 1772.

I have now about fourteen pieces to write, and then I shall have finished. [Footnote: He alludes to his Milan opera, “Lucio Silla.”] Indeed, the trio and the duet may be considered as four. I cannot possibly write much, for I have no news, and in the next place I scarcely know what I am writing, as all my thoughts are absorbed in my opera, so there is some danger of my writing you a whole aria instead of a letter. I have learned a new game here, called mercanti in fiera. As soon as I come home we can play at it together. I have also learned a new language from Frau von Taste, which is easy to speak, though troublesome to write, but still useful. It is, I own, rather a little childish, but will do capitally for Salzburg. My kind regards to pretty Nandl and to the canary, for these two and yourself are the most innocent creatures in our house. Fischietti [the Archbishop’s Capellmeister] will no doubt soon begin to work at his opera buffa (translated into German, his CRAZY opera!). Addio!

The following letter of Wolfgang’s shows the sparkling state of his spirits, caused by the completion of his opera. At each line he turns the page, so that one line stands, as it were, on the head of the other. The father, too, in the joy of his heart that the arduous work was drawing to a close, and with it his long journey, writes four lines, one above another, round the edge of the page, so that the whole forms a framework for a sketch of a burning heart and four triangles (symbols of fidelity), and a bird on the wing from whose beak a distich is streaming: —

Oh! fly to seek my child so fair Here, and there, and everywhere!

Wolfgang adds: —

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48. Milan, Dec. 18, 1772.

I HOPE, dear sister, that you are well, dear sister. When this letter reaches you, dear sister, my opera will be in scena, dear sister. Think of me, dear sister, and try, dear sister, to imagine with all your might that my dear sister sees and hears it also. In truth, it is hard to say, as it is now eleven o'clock at night, but I do believe, and don't at all doubt, that in the daytime it is brighter than at Easter. My dear sister, to-morrow we dine with Herr von Mayer; and do you know why? Guess! Because he invited us. The rehearsal to-morrow is to be in the theatre. The impresario, Signor Cassiglioni, has entreated me not to say a word of this to a soul, as all kinds of people would come crowding in, and that we don't wish. So, my child, I beg, my child, that you won't say one syllable to any one on the subject, or too many people would come crowding in, my child. Approposito, do you know the history that occurred here? Well, I will relate it to you. We were going home straight from Count Firmiani's, and when we came into our street we opened our door, and what do you think happened? We went in. Good-bye, my pet. Your unworthy brother (frater),

WOLFGANG.

On the 26th of December "an incomparable performance" of "Lucio Silla" took place; it was eminently successful, and continued to fill the house night after night in the most surprising way. The father writes home regularly, and Wolfgang subjoins the usual postscripts, which, however, at this time contain nothing worth quoting. We give only part of an Italian letter which he writes for practice: —

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.... Vi prego di dire al Sig. Giovanni Hagenauer da parte mia, che non dubiti, che andro a veder sicuramente in quella bottega delle armi, se ci sono quei nomi [?] che lui desidera, e che senza dubbio doppo averlo trovato le portero meco a Salisburgo. Mi dispiace che il Sig. Leitgeb e partito tanto tardi da Salisburgo [see No. 46] che non trovera piu in scena la mia opera e forte non ci trovera nemeno, se non in viaggio.

Hieri sera era la prima prova coi stromenti della seconda opera, ma ho sentito solamente il primo atto, perche a secondo mene andiedi essendo gia tardi. In quest' opera saranno sopra il balco 24 cavalli e . . . mondo di gente, che saro miracolo se non succede qualche disgrazia. La musica mi piace; se piace al replico non so, perche alle prime prove non e lecito l' andarci che alle personne che sono del Teatro. Io spero che domani il mio padre potra uscir di casa. Sta sera fa cativissimo tempo. La Signora Teyber e adesso a Bologna e il carnevale venturo recitera a Turino e l'anno sussiquente poi va a cantare a Napoli.

[Footnote: "Pray say from me to Johannes Hagenauer, that he may entirely rely on my going to the armorer's shop, to see if I can procure what he desires, and after getting it I will not fail to bring it with me to Salzburg. I regret that Herr Leitgeb delayed so long leaving Salzburg [see No. 46], for he will no longer find my opera in scena, nor will he find us either unless we meet on our travels. Yesterday evening was our first rehearsal of the second opera with instruments, but I only heard the first act, for I went away at the second, because it was so very late. In this opera there are to be twenty-four horses and a crowd of people on the stage at the same time, so it will be surprising if no accident happens. The music pleases me; whether it will please others I cannot tell, for no persons but those belonging to the theatre are permitted to attend the first rehearsals. I hope that papa will be

able to leave the house to-morrow. The weather is detestable this evening. Madame Teyber is now at Bologna; she is to act at Turin in the ensuing Carnival, and the year following she is to sing at Naples."]

After enjoying some more of the amusements of the Carnival, they arrived again in Salzburg about the middle of March. This place, or rather their position at court there, was in the highest degree repugnant to both; so the father, in the course of his travels, applied to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany for an appointment for his son. As, however, nothing was to be got in that quarter, he directed his views to the Imperial capital itself; and thus, at the end of three months, we find him again with his son in Vienna. From thence Wolfgang often wrote to his loved ones at home.

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50. Vienna, August 14, 1773.

I HOPE that your Majesty [Footnote 1: O. Jahn remarks that this epithet is a reminiscence of a fantastic game that often amused the boy on his journeys. He imagined a kingdom, the inhabitants of which were endowed with every gift that could make them good and happy.] enjoys the best state of health; and yet that now and then — or rather sometimes — or, better still, from time to time — or, still better, qualche volta, as the Italians say — your Majesty will impart to me some of your grave and important thoughts (emanating from that most admirable and solid judgment which, in addition to beauty, your Majesty so eminently possesses; and thus, although in such tender years, my Queen casts into the shade not only the generality of men but even the gray-haired).

P. S. This is a most sensible production.

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51. Vienna, August 21, 1773.

When we contemplate the benefit of time, and yet are not entirely oblivious of the estimation in which we ought to hold the sun, then it is quite certain, Heaven be praised! that I am quite well. My second proposition is of a very different character. Instead of sun, let us put moon, and instead of benefit, science; then any one, gifted with a certain amount of reasoning powers, will at once draw the conclusion that — I am a fool because you are my sister. How is Miss Bimbles? [the dog.] I beg you will convey all sorts of amiable messages from me to her. I also send my kind remembrances to M. Kreibich [conductor of the Imperial chamber-music], whom we knew at Presburg and also at Vienna; and very best regards from Her Majesty the Empress, Frau Fischerin, and Prince Kaunitz. Oidda!

GNAGFLOW TRAZOM.

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52. Vienna, Sept. 15, 1773.

WE are quite well, thank God; on this occasion we have contrived to make time to write to you, although we have so much business to do. We hope you also are well. Dr. Niderl's death grieved us very much. I assure you we cried a good deal, and moaned and groaned. Our kind regards to "Alle gute Geister loben Gott den Herrn" [to all good spirits who praise the Lord], and to all our friends. We graciously remain

Yours, WOLFGANG.

Given from our capital of Vienna.

The travellers returned home the end of September, for no situation was to be found in Vienna either; indeed, they did not even give a public concert there. Wolfgang remained in his native town during the whole of the ensuing year, writing instrumental and church music. At length he received a commission from the Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian III., to write an opera buffa for the Carnival of 1775,— "La finta Giardiniera."

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53. Munich, Dec. 28, 1774.

My Dearest Sister,

I entreat you not to forget, before your journey, [FOOTNOTE: Nannerl had also the most eager desire to see the new opera, and the father at last succeeded in getting a lodging for her in the large market place, in the house of a widow, “a black-eyed brunette,” Frau von Durst.] to perform your promise, that is, to make a certain visit. I have my reasons for this. Pray present my kind regards in that quarter, but in the most impressive and tender manner — the most tender; and, oh! —— but I need not be in such anxiety on the subject, for I know my sister and her peculiarly loving nature, and I feel quite convinced that she will do all she can to give me pleasure — and from self-interest, too — rather a spiteful hit that! [Nannerl was considered a little selfish by her family.]

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54. Munich, Dec. 30, 1774.

I BEG my compliments to Roxalana, who is to drink tea this evening with the Sultan, All sorts of pretty speeches to Madlle. Mizerl; she must not doubt my love. I have her constantly before my eyes in her fascinating neglige. I have seen many pretty girls here, but not one whose beauty can be compared with hers. Do not forget to bring the variations on Ekart's menuet d'exaude, and also those on Fischer's minuet. I was at the theatre last night. The play was "Der Mode nach der Haushaltung," which was admirably acted. My kind regards to all my friends. I trust that you will not fail to — Farewell! I hope to see you soon in Munich. Frau von Durst sends you her remembrances. Is it true that Hagenauer is become a professor of sculpture in Vienna? Kiss mamma's hand for me, and now I stop for to-day. Wrap yourself up warmly on your journey, I entreat, or else you may chance to pass the fourteen days of your visit in the house, stifling beside a stove, unable once to move. I see the vivid lightning flash, and fear there soon will be a crash!

Your brother.

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55. To HIS MOTHER.

Munich, Jan. 11, 1775.

WE are all three well, Heaven be praised! I cannot possibly write much, for I must go forthwith to the rehearsal. Tomorrow the grand rehearsal takes place, and on the 13th my opera is to be in scena. I am much vexed that you should cast any slight on Count Seeau [Intendant of the Munich Theatre], for no one can be more kind or courteous, and he has more good breeding than many of his degree in Munich. Herr von Molk was in such a state of wonder and admiration at the opera seria when he heard it, that we felt quite ashamed of him, for it clearly showed every one that he had never in his life seen anything but Salzburg and Innspruck. Addio!

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56. To HIS MOTHER.

Munich, Jan. 14, 1775.

GOD be praised! My opera was given yesterday, the 13th, and proved so successful that I cannot possibly describe all the tumult. In the first place, the whole theatre was so crammed that many people were obliged to go away. After each aria there was invariably a tremendous uproar and clapping of hands, and cries of Viva Maestro! Her Serene Highness the Electress and the Dowager (who were opposite me) also called out Bravo! When the opera was over, during the interval when all is usually quiet till the ballet begins, the applause and shouts of Bravo! were renewed; sometimes there was a lull, but only to recommence afresh, and so forth. I afterwards went with papa to a room through which the Elector and the whole court were to pass. I kissed the hands of the Elector and the Electress and the other royalties, who were all very gracious. At an early hour this morning the Prince Bishop of Chiemsee [who had most probably procured the scrittura for his young friend Wolfgang] sent to congratulate me that the opera had proved such a brilliant success in every respect. As to our return home, it is not likely to be soon, nor should mamma wish it, for she must know well what a good thing it is to have a little breathing time. We shall come quite soon enough to —— . One most just and undeniable reason is, that my opera is to be given again on Friday next, and I am very necessary at the performance, or it might be difficult to recognize it again. There are very odd ways here. 1000 kisses to Miss Bimberl [the dog].

The Archbishop of Salzburg, who was very reluctant to admit the merits of his Concertmeister, was an involuntary witness of the universal approbation bestowed on Wolfgang’s opera, although he would not go to hear it himself. On the 18th of January, 1775, Wolfgang added the following lines to his father’s letter: —

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57. MY DEAR SISTER,

[FOOTNOTE: Nannerl had not yet gone home, but was enjoying the Carnival in various masks.]

How can I help the clock choosing at this moment to strike a quarter after seven o’clock? It is not papa’s fault either. Mamma will hear all the rest from you. At present there is no fair sailing for me, as the Archbishop is staying here, though not for long. It is currently reported that he is to remain till he sets off again! I only regret that he is not to see the first masked ball.

Your faithful FRANZ v. NASENBLUT.

Milan, May 5, 1756.

Immediately after Ash Wednesday the trio returned to Salzburg, where Mozart remained uninterruptedly for another year and a half, actively engaged in the duties of his situation. He wrote the following letter on the 4th of September, 1776, to the celebrated Pater Martini in Bologna: —

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MOLTO REVDO PADE MAESTRO, PADRONE MIO STIMATISSIMO, — La venerazione, la stima e il rispetto, che porto verso la di lei degnissima persona mi spinse di incommodarla colle presente e di mandargli un debole pezzo di mia musica, rimmettendola alla di lei maestrale giudicatura. Scrissi l’anno scorso il Carnevale una opera buffa (“La finta Giardiniera”) a Monaco in Baviera. Pochi giorni avanti la mia partenza di la desiderava S. A. Elletorale di sentire qualche mia musica in contrapunto: era adunque obligato di scriver questo Motetto in fretta per dar tempo a copiar il spartito per Sua Altezza ed a cavar le parti per poter produrlo la prossima domenica sotto la Messa grande in tempo del Offertorio. Carissimo e stimatissimo Sigr. P. Maestro! Lei e ardentemente pregato di dirmi francamente e senza riserva il di lei parere. Viviamo in questo mondo per imparare sempre industriosamente, e per mezzo dei raggionamenti di illuminarsi l’un l’altro e d’affatigarsi di portar via sempre avanti le scienze e le belle arti. Oh quante e quante volte desidero d’esser piu vicino per poter parlar e raggionar con Vostra Paternita molto Revda. Vivo in una paese dove la musica fa pocchissimo fortuna, benche oltre di quelli che ci hanno abandonati, ne abbiamo ancora bravissimi professori e particolarmente compositori di gran fondo, sapere e gusto. Per il teatro stiamo male per mancanza dei recitanti. Non abbiamo Musici e non gli averemo si facilmente, giache vogliono esser ben pagati: e la generosita, non e il nostro difetto. Io mi diverto intanto a scrivere per la camera e per la chiesa: e ne son quivi altri due bravissimi contrapuntisti, cioe il Sgr. Haydn e Adlgasser. Il mio padre e maestro della chiesa Metropolitana, che mi da l’occasione di scrivere per la chiesa, quanto che ne voglio. Per altro il mio padre gia 36 anni in servizio di questa Corte e sapendo, che questo Arcivescovo non puo e non vuol vedere gente avanzata in eta, non lo se ne prende a core, si e messo alla letteratura per altro gia suo

studio favorito. La nostra musica di chiesa e assai differente di quella d’Italia e sempre piu, che una Messa con tutto il Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, la Sonata all’ Epistola, l’Offertorio osia Motetto, Sanctus ed Agnus Dei, ed anche la piu solenne, quando dice la Messa il Principe stesso, non ha da durare che al piu longo 3 quarti d’ora. Ci vuole un studio particolare per queste sorte di compositione, e che deve pero essere una Messa con tutti stromenti — Trombe di guerra, Tympani ecc. Ah! che siamo si lontani Carissmo Sgr. P. Maestro, quante cose che avrai a dirgli! — Reverisco devotamente tutti i Sgri. Filarmonici: mi raccommando via sempre nelle grazie di lei e non cesso d’affligermi nel vedermi lontano dalla persona del mondo che maggiormente amo, venero e stimo, e di cui inviolabilmente mi protesto di V. Pta molto Rda

umilissmo e devotssmo servitore,

WOLFGANGO AMADEO MOZART.

Salisburgo, 4 Settembre, 1776.

[FOOTNOTE:

To Father Martini.

“Salzburg, Sept. 4, 1776.

“MOST REVEREND AND ESTEEMED FATHER AND MAESTRO, —

“The veneration, the esteem, and the respect I feel for your illustrious person, induce me to intrude on you with this letter, and also to send you a small portion of my music, which I venture to submit to your masterly judgment. Last year, at Monaco, in Bavaria, I wrote an opera buffa (“La finta Giardiniera”) for the Carnival. A few days previous to my departure from thence, his Electoral Highness wished to hear some of my contrapuntal music; I was therefore obliged to write this motett in haste, to allow time for the score to be copied for his Highness, and to arrange the parts so that it might be produced on the following Sunday at grand mass at

the offertory. Most dear and highly esteemed Maestro, I do entreat you to give me unreservedly your candid opinion of the motett. We live in this world in order always to learn industriously, and to enlighten each other by means of discussion, and to strive vigorously to promote the progress of science and the fine arts. Oh, how many and many a time have I desired to be nearer you, that I might converse and discuss with your Reverence! I live in a country where music has very little success, though, exclusive of those who have forsaken us, we have still admirable professors, and more particularly composers of great solidity, knowledge, and taste. We are rather badly off at the theatre from the want of actors. We have no MUSICI, nor shall we find it very easy to get any, because they insist upon being well paid, and generosity is not a failing of ours. I amuse myself in the mean time by writing church and chamber music, and we have two excellent contrapuntists here, Haydn and Adlgasser. My father is maestro at the Metropolitan church, which gives me an opportunity to write for the church as much as I please. Moreover, my father has been thirty-six years in the service of this court, and knowing that our present Archbishop neither can nor will endure the sight of elderly people, he does not take it to heart, but devotes himself to literature, which was always his favorite pursuit Our church music is rather different from that of Italy, and the more so, as a mass including the Kyne, Gloria, Credo, the Sonata all Epistola, the Offertory or Motett, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei, and even a solemn mass, when the Prince himself officiates, must never last more than three-quarters of an hour. A particular course of study is required for this class of composition. And what must such a mass be, scored with all the instruments, war-drums, cymbals, &c, &c! Oh! why are we so far apart, dearest Signor Maestro? for how many things I have to say to you! I devoutly revere all the Signori Filarmonici. I venture to recommend myself to your good opinion, I shall never cease regretting being so distant from

the person in the world whom I most love, venerate, and esteem. I beg to subscribe myself, reverend Father, always your most humble and devoted servant,

“WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART”]

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SECOND PART. — MUNICH, AUGSBURG, MANNHEIM. — SEPTEMBER 1771 TO MARCH 1778.

On the 22d of December, 1777, Mozart's father wrote as follows to Padre Martini in Bologna:— "My son has been now five years in the service of our Prince, at a mere nominal salary, hoping that by degrees his earnest endeavors and any talents he may possess, combined with the utmost industry and most unremitting study, would be rewarded; but in this hope we find ourselves deceived. I forbear all allusion to our Prince's mode of thinking and acting; but he was not ashamed to declare that my son knew nothing, and that he ought to go to the musical training school in Naples to learn music. And why did he say all this? In order to intimate that a young man should not be so absurd as to believe that he deserved a rather higher salary after such a decisive verdict had issued from the lips of a prince. This has induced me to sanction my son giving up his present situation. He therefore left Salzburg on the 23d of September" [with his mother].

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59. Wasserburg, Sept. 23, 1777.

Mon Tres-Cher Pere, —

God be praised! we reached Waging, Stain, Ferbertshaim, and Wasserburg safely. Now for a brief report of our journey. When we arrived at the city gates, we were kept waiting for nearly a quarter of an hour till they could be thrown open for us, as they were under repair. Near Schinn we met a drove of cows, and one of these very remarkable, for each side was a different color, which we never before saw. When at last we got to Schinn, we met a carriage, which stopped, and ecce, our postilion called out we must change. “I don’t care,” said I. Mamma and I were parleying, when a portly gentleman came up, whose physiognomy I at once recognized; he was a Memmingen merchant. He stared at me for some time, and at last said, “You surely are Herr Mozart?” “At your service,” said I; “I know you, too, by sight, but not your name. I saw you, a year ago, at Mirabell’s [the palace garden in Salzburg] at a concert.” He then told me his name, which, thank God! I have forgotten; but I retained one of probably more importance to me. When I saw this gentleman in Salzburg, he was accompanied by a young man whose brother was now with him, and who lives in Memmingen. His name is Herr Unhold, and he pressed me very much to come to Memmingen if possible. We sent a hundred thousand loves to papa by them, and to my sister, the madcap, which they promised to deliver without fail. This change of carriages was a great bore to me, for I wished to send a letter back from Waging by the postilion. We then (after a slight meal) had the honor of being conveyed as far as Stain, by the aforesaid post-horses, in an hour and a half. At Waging I was alone for a few minutes with the clergyman, who looked quite amazed, knowing nothing of our history. From Stain we were driven by a most tiresome phlegmatic postilion — N. B., in driving I mean; we thought we never were

to arrive at the next stage. At last we did arrive, as you may see from my writing this letter. (Mamma is half asleep.) From Ferbertshaim to Wasserburg all went on well. Viviamo come i principi; we want nothing except you, dear papa. Well, this is the will of God; no doubt all will go on right. I hope to hear that papa is as well as I am and as happy. Nothing comes amiss to me; I am quite a second papa, and look after everything. [Footnote: The father had been very uneasy at the idea of allowing the inexperienced youth, whose unsuspicious good-nature exposed him still more to danger, to travel alone; for the mother also was not very expert in travelling.] I settled from the first to pay the postilions, for I can talk to such fellows better than mamma. At the Stern, in Wasserburg, we are capitally served; I am treated here like a prince. About half an hour ago (mamma being engaged at the time) the Boots knocked at the door to take my orders about various things, and I gave them to him with the same grave air that I have in my portrait. Mamma is just going to bed. We both beg that papa will be careful of his health, not go out too early, nor fret, [Footnote: The Father was strongly disposed to hypochondria.] but laugh and be merry and in good spirits. We think the Mufti H. C. [the Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo] a MUFF, but we know God to be compassionate, merciful, and loving. I kiss papa’s hands a thousand times, and embrace my SISTER MADCAP as often as I have to-day taken snuff. I think I have left my diplomas at home? [his appointment at court.] I beg you will send them to me soon. My pen is rude, and I am not refined.

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60. Munich, Sept. 26, 1777.

WE arrived safely in Munich on the afternoon of the 24th, at half-past four o’clock. A complete novelty to me was being obliged to drive to the Custom House, escorted by a grenadier with a fixed bayonet. The first person we knew, who met us when driving, was Signor Consoli; he recognized me at once, and showed the utmost joy at seeing me again. Next day he called on us. I cannot attempt to describe the delight of Herr Albert [the “learned landlord” of the Black Eagle, on the Kaufinger Gasse, now Hotel Detzer]; he is indeed a truly honest man, and a very good friend of ours. On my arrival I went to the piano, and did not leave it till dinner-time. Herr Albert was not at home, but he soon came in, and we went down to dinner together. There I met M. Sfeer and a certain secretary, an intimate friend of his; both send their compliments to you. Though tired by our journey, we did not go to bed till late; we, however, rose next morning at seven o’clock. My hair was in such disorder that I could not go to Count Seeau’s till half-past ten o’clock. When I got there I was told that he had driven out to the chasse. Patience! In the mean time I wished to call on Chorus-master Bernard, but he had gone to the country with Baron Schmid. I found Herr von Belvall deeply engaged in business; he sent you a thousand compliments. Rossi came to dinner, and at two o’clock Consoli, and at three arrived Becke [a friend of Mozart’s and an admirable flute-player], and also Herr von Belvall. I paid a visit to Frau von Durst [with whom Nannerl had lived], who now lodges with the Franciscans. At six o’clock I took a short walk with Herr Becke. There is a Professor Huber here, whom you may perhaps remember better than I do; he says that the last time he either saw or heard me was at Vienna, at Herr von Mesmer’s, junior. He is neither tall nor short, pale, with silvery-gray hair, and his physiognomy rather like that of Herr Unterbereiter. This gentleman is vice-

intendant of the theatre; his occupation is to read through all the comedies to be acted, to improve or to spoil, to add to or to put them aside. He comes every evening to Albert's, and often talks to me. To-day, Friday, the 26th, I called on Count Seeau at half-past eight o'clock. This was what passed. As I was going into the house I met Madame Niesser, the actress, just coming out, who said, "I suppose you wish to see the Count?" "Yes!" "He is still in his garden, and Heaven knows when he may come!" I asked her where the garden was. "As I must see him also," said she, "let us go together." We had scarcely left the house when we saw the Count coming towards us about twelve paces off; he recognized and instantly named me. He was very polite, and seemed already to know all that had taken place about me. We went up the steps together slowly and alone; I told him briefly the whole affair. He said that I ought at once to request an audience of his Highness the Elector, but that, if I failed in obtaining it, I must make a written statement. I entreated him to keep this all quite private, and he agreed to do so. When I remarked to him that there really was room for a genuine composer here, he said, "I know that well." I afterwards went to the Bishop of Chiemsee, and was with him for half an hour. I told him everything, and he promised to do all he could for me in the matter. At one o'clock he drove to Nymphenburg, and declared positively he would speak to the Electress. On Sunday the Count comes here. Herr Joannes Kronner has been appointed Vice-Concertmeister, which he owes to a blunt speech of his. He has produced two symphonies — Deo mene liberi [God preserve me from such] — of his own composition. The Elector asked him, "Did you really compose these?" "Yes, your Royal Highness!" "From whom did you learn?" "From a schoolmaster in Switzerland, where so much importance is attached to the study of composition. This schoolmaster taught me more than all your composers here, put together, could teach me." Count Schonborn and his Countess, a sister of the Archbishop [of Salzburg],

passed through here to-day. I chanced to be at the play at the time. Herr Albert, in the course of conversation, told them that I was here, and that I had given up my situation. They were all astonishment, and positively refused to believe him when he said that my salary, of blessed memory, was only twelve florins thirty kreuzers! They merely changed horses, and would gladly have spoken with me, but I was too late to meet them. Now I must inquire what you are doing, and how you are. Mamma and I hope that you are quite well. I am still in my very happiest humor; my head feels as light as a feather since I got away from that chicanery. I have grown fatter already.

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61. Munich, Sept. 29, 1777.

TRUE enough, a great many kind friends, but unluckily most of them have little or nothing in their power. I was with Count Seeau yesterday, at half-past ten o'clock, and found him graver and less natural than the first time; but it was only in appearance, for to-day I was at Prince Zeill's [Bishop of Chiemsee — No. 56], who, with all courtesy, said to me, "I don't think we shall effect much here. During dinner, at Nymphenburg, I spoke privately to the Elector, who replied: 'It is too soon at this moment; he must leave this and go to Italy and become famous. I do not actually reject him, but these are too early days as yet.'" There it is! Most of these grandees have such paroxysms of enthusiasm for Italy. Still, he advised me to go to the Elector, and to place my case before him as I had previously intended. I spoke confidentially at dinner to-day with Herr Woschitka [violoncellist in the Munich court orchestra, and a member of the Elector's private band], and he appointed me to come to-morrow at nine o'clock, when he will certainly procure me an audience. We are very good friends now. He insisted on knowing the name of my informant; but I said to him, "Rest assured that I am your friend and shall continue to be so; I am in turn equally convinced of your friendship, so you must be satisfied with this." But to return to my narrative. The Bishop of Chiemsee also spoke to the Electress when tete-a-tete with her. She shrugged her shoulders, and said she would do her best, but was very doubtful as to her success. I now return to Count Seeau, who asked Prince Zeill (after he had told him everything). "Do you know whether Mozart has not enough from his family to enable him to remain here with a little assistance? I should really like to keep him." Prince Zeill answered: "I don't know, but I doubt it much; all you have to do is to speak to himself on the subject." This, then, was the cause of Count Seeau being so thoughtful on the following day. I like being here, and I am of the same

opinion with many of my friends, that if I could only remain here for a year or two, I might acquire both money and fame by my works, and then more probably be sought by the court than be obliged to seek it myself. Since my return here Herr Albert has a project in his head, the fulfilment of which does not seem to me impossible. It is this: He wishes to form an association of ten kind friends, each of these to subscribe 1 ducat (50 gulden) monthly, 600 florins a year. If in addition to this I had even 200 florins per annum from Count Seeau, this would make 800 florins altogether. How does papa like this idea? Is it not friendly? Ought not I to accept it if they are in earnest? I am perfectly satisfied with it; for I should be near Salzburg, and if you, dearest papa, were seized with a fancy to leave Salzburg (which from my heart I wish you were) and to pass your life in Munich, how easy and pleasant would it be! For if we are obliged to live in Salzburg with 504 florins, surely we might live in Munich with 800.

To-day, the 30th, after a conversation with Herr Woschitka, I went to court by appointment. Every one was in hunting-costume. Baron Kern was the chamberlain on service. I might have gone there last night, but I could not offend M. Woschitka, who himself offered to find me an opportunity of speaking to the Elector. At 10 o'clock he took me into a narrow little room, through which his Royal Highness was to pass on his way to hear mass, before going to hunt. Count Seeau went by, and greeted me very kindly: "How are you, dear Mozart?" When the Elector came up to me, I said, "Will your Royal Highness permit me to pay my homage and to offer your Royal Highness my services?" "So you have finally left Salzburg?" "I have left it forever, your Royal Highness. I only asked leave to make a journey, and being refused, I was obliged to take this step, although I have long intended to leave Salzburg, which is no place for me, I feel sure." "Good heavens! you are quite a young man. But your father is still in Salzburg?" "Yes, your Royal Highness; he humbly lays his homage at your feet, &c.,

&c. I have already been three times in Italy. I have written three operas, and am a member of the Bologna Academy; I underwent a trial where several maestri toiled and labored for four or five hours, whereas I finished my work in one. This is a sufficient testimony that I have abilities to serve any court. My greatest wish is to be appointed by your Royal Highness, who is himself such a great &c., &c." "But, my good young friend, I regret that there is not a single vacancy. If there were only a vacancy!" "I can assure your Royal Highness that I would do credit to Munich." "Yes, but what does that avail when there is no vacancy?" This he said as he was moving on; so I bowed and took leave of his Royal Highness. Herr Woschitka advises me to place myself often in the way of the Elector. This afternoon I went to Count Salern's. His daughter is a maid of honor, and was one of the hunting-party. Ravani and I were in the street when the whole procession passed. The Elector and the Electress noticed me very kindly. Young Countess Salern recognized me at once, and waved her hand to me repeatedly. Baron Rumling, whom I had previously seen in the antechamber, never was so courteous to me as on this occasion. I will soon write to you what passed with Salern. He was very kind, polite, and straightforward. — P. S. Ma tres-chere soeur, next time I mean to write you a letter all for yourself. My remembrances to B. C. M. R. and various other letters of the alphabet. Adieu! A man built a house here and inscribed on it: "Building is beyond all doubt an immense pleasure, but I little thought that it would cost so much treasure." During the night some one wrote underneath, "You ought first to have counted the cost."

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62. Munich, Oct. 2, 1777.

YESTERDAY, October 1st, I was again at Count Salern's, and to-day I even dined with him. I have played a great deal during the last three days, and with right good will too. Papa must not, however, imagine that I like to be at Count Salern's on account of the young lady; by no means, for she is unhappily in waiting, and therefore never at home, but I am to see her at court to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, in company with Madame Hepp, formerly Madlle. Tosson. On Saturday the court leaves this, and does not return till the 20th. To-morrow I am to dine with Madame and Madlle. de Branca, the latter being a kind of half pupil of mine, for Sigl seldom comes, and Becke, who usually accompanies her on the flute, is not here. On the three days that I was at Count Salern's I played a great many things extempore — two Cassations [Divertimentos] for the Countess, and the finale and Rondo, and the latter by heart. You cannot imagine the delight this causes Count Salern. He understands music, for he was constantly saying Bravo! while other gentlemen were taking snuff, humming and hawing, and clearing their throats, or holding forth. I said to him, "How I do wish the Elector were only here, that he might hear me play! He knows nothing of me — he does not know what I can do. How sad it is that these great gentlemen should believe what any one tells them, and do not choose to judge for themselves! BUT IT IS ALWAYS SO. Let him put me to the test. He may assemble all the composers in Munich, and also send in quest of some from Italy and France, Germany, and England and Spain, and I will undertake to write against them all." I related to him all that had occurred to me in Italy, and begged him, if the conversation turned on me, to bring in these things. He said, "I have very little influence, but the little that is in my power I will do with pleasure." He is also decidedly of opinion that if I could only remain here, the affair would come right of itself. It would not

be impossible for me to contrive to live, were I alone here, for I should get at least 300 florins from Count Seeau. My board would cost little, for I should be often invited out; and even were it not so, Albert would always be charmed to see me at dinner in his house. I eat little, drink water, and for dessert take only a little fruit and a small glass of wine. Subject to the advice of my kind friends, I would make the following contract with Count Seeau: — I would engage to produce every year four German operas, partly buffe and partly serie; from each of these I should claim the profits of one performance, for such is the custom here. This alone would bring me in 500 florins, which along with my salary would make up 800 florins, but in all probability more; for Reiner, an actor and singer, cleared 200 florins by his benefit, and I am VERY MUCH BELOVED HERE, and how much more so should I be if I contributed to the elevation of the national theatre of Germany in music! And this would certainly be the case with me, for I was inspired with the most eager desire to write when I heard the German operettas. The name of the first singer here is Keiserin; her father is cook to a count here; she is a very pleasing girl, and pretty on the stage; I have not yet seen her near. She is a native of this place. When I heard her it was only her third appearance on the stage. She has a fine voice, not powerful, though by no means weak, very pure, and a good intonation. Her instructor is Valesi; and her style of singing shows that her master knows how to sing as well as how to teach. When she sustains her voice for a couple of bars, I am quite surprised at the beauty of her crescendo and decrescendo. She as yet takes her shakes slowly, and this I highly approve of, for it will be all the more pure and clear if she ever wishes to take it quicker; besides, it is easier when quick. She is a great favorite with the people here, and with me.

Mamma was in the pit; she went as early as half-past four o’clock to get a place. I, however, did not go till half-past six o’clock, for I can go to any box I please, being pretty well known. I was in the Brancas’ box; I looked

at Keiserin with my opera-glass, and at times she drew tears from my eyes. I often called out bravo, bravissimo, for I always remembered that it was only her third appearance. The piece was Das Fischermadchen, a very good translation of Piccini's opera, with his music. As yet they have no original pieces, but are now anxious soon to give a German opera seria, and a strong wish prevails that I should compose it. The aforesaid Professor Huber is one of those who wish this. I shall now go to bed, for I can sit up no longer. It is just ten o'clock. Baron Rumling lately paid me the following compliment: "The theatre is my delight — good actors and actresses, good singers, and a clever composer, such as yourself." This is indeed only talk, and words are not of much value, but he never before spoke to me in this way.

I write this on the 3d of October. To-morrow the court departs, and does not return till the 20th. If it had remained here, I would have taken the step I intended, and stayed on here for a time; but as it is, I hope to resume my journey with mamma next Tuesday. But meanwhile the project of the associated friends, which I lately wrote to you about, may be realized, so that when we no longer care to travel we shall have a resource to fall back upon. Herr von Krimmel was to-day with the Bishop of Chiemsee, with whom he has a good deal to do on the subject of salt. He is a strange man; here he is called "your Grace," — that is, THE LACKEYS do so. Having a great desire that I should remain here, he spoke very zealously to the Prince in my favor. He said to me, "Only let me alone; I will speak to the Prince, and I have a right to do so, for I have done many things to oblige him." The Prince promised him that I should POSITIVELY be appointed, but the affair cannot be so quickly settled. On the return of the court he is to speak to the Elector with all possible earnestness and zeal. At eight o'clock this morning I called on Count Seeau. I was very brief, and merely said, "I have only come, your Excellency, to explain my case clearly. I have been told that I ought to go to Italy, which is casting a reproach on me. I was sixteen

months in Italy, I have written three operas, and all this is notorious enough. What further occurred, your Excellency will see from these papers." And after showing him the diplomata, I added, "I only show these and say this to your Excellency that, in the event of my being spoken of, and any injustice done me, your Excellency may with good grounds take my part." He asked me if I was now going to France. I said I intended to remain in Germany; by this, however, he supposed I meant Munich, and said, with a merry laugh, "So you are to stay here after all?" I replied, "No! to tell you the truth, I should like to have stayed, if the Elector had favored me with a small sum, so that I might then have offered my compositions to your Excellency devoid of all interested motives. It would have been a pleasure to me to do this." At these words he half lifted his skull-cap.

At ten o'clock I went to court to call on Countess Salern. I dined afterwards with the Brancas. Herr Geheimrath von Branca, having been invited by the French Ambassador, was not at home. He is called "your Excellency." Countess Salern is a Frenchwoman, and scarcely knows a word of German; so I have always been in the habit of talking French to her. I do so quite boldly, and she says that I don't speak at all badly, and that I have the good habit of speaking slowly, which makes me more easily understood. She is a most excellent person, and very well-bred. The daughter plays nicely, but fails in time. I thought this arose from want of ear on her part, but I find I can blame no one but her teacher, who is too indulgent and too easily satisfied. I practised with her to-day, and I could pledge myself that if she were to learn from me for a couple of months, she would play both well and accurately.

At four o'clock I went to Frau von Tosson's, where I found mamma and also Frau von Hepp. I played there till eight o'clock, and after that we went home; and at half-past nine a small band of music arrived, consisting of five persons — two clarionet-players, two horns, and one bassoon. Herr Albert

(whose name-day is to-morrow) arranged this music in honor of me and himself. They played rather well together, and were the same people whom we hear during dinner at Albert's, but it is well known that they are trained by Fiala. They played some of his pieces, and I must say they are very pretty: he has some excellent ideas. To-morrow we are to have a small musical party together, where I am to play. (Nota bene, on that miserable piano! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!) I beg you will excuse my horrid writing, but ink, haste, sleep, and dreams are all against me. I am now and forever amen, your dutiful son,

A. W. MOZART.

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63. Munich, Oct. 6, 1777.

Mamma cannot write; in the first place, she is not inclined, and, secondly, she has a headache. So I must hold the pen for her and keep faith with her. I am just going with the Professor to call on Madlle. Keiserin. Yesterday we had in our house a clerical wedding, or altum tempus ecclesiasticum. There was dancing, but I only danced four minuets, and was in my own room again by eleven o'clock, for, out of fifty young ladies, there was only one who danced in time — Madlle. Kaser, a sister of Count Perusa's secretary. The Professor thought fit to leave me in the lurch, so I did not go to Madlle. Keiserin, because I don't know where she lives. Last Saturday, the 4th, on the stately and solemn occasion of the name-day of his Royal Highness the Archduke Albert, we had a select music-party at home, which commenced at half-past three o'clock and finished at eight. M. Dubreil, whom papa no doubt remembers, was also present; he is a pupil of Tartini's. In the forenoon he gave a lesson on the violin to the youngest son, Carl, and I chanced to come in at the time, I never gave him credit for much talent, but I saw that he took great pains in giving his lesson; and when we entered into conversation about violin, concert, and orchestral playing, he reasoned very well, and was always of my opinion, so I retracted my former sentiments with regard to him, and was persuaded that I should find him play well in time, and a correct violinist in the orchestra. I, therefore, invited him to be so kind as to attend our little music rehearsal that afternoon. We played, first of all, the two quintets of Haydn, but to my dismay I could scarcely hear Dubreil, who could not play four continuous bars without a mistake. He could never find the positions, and he was no good friend to the sospirs [short pauses]. The only good thing was that he spoke politely and praised the quintets; otherwise — As it was, I said nothing to him, but he kept constantly saying himself, "I beg your pardon, but really I am out again! the

thing is puzzling, but fine!" I invariably replied, "It does not in the least signify; we are only among ourselves." I then played the concertos in C, in B, and in E flat, and after that a trio of mine. This was finely accompanied, truly! In the adagio I was obliged to play six bars of his part. As a finale, I played my last divertimento in B; they all pricked up their ears. I played as if I had been the greatest violin-player in all Europe.

The Sunday after, at three o'clock, we were at a certain Herr von Hamm's. The Bishop of Chiemsee set off to-day for Salzburg. N. B. — I send my sister, by him, "6 duetti a clavicembalo e violino," by Schuster. I have often played them here; they are by no means bad. If I remain long enough, I intend to compose six in this style, for it is much liked here.

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64. Munich, Oct. 11, 1777.

WHY have I not as yet written anything about Misliweczeck? [See No. 43.] Because I was only too glad not to think of him; for when he is spoken of I invariably hear how highly he praises me, and what a kind and true friend he is of mine; but then follow pity and lamentation. He was described to me, and deeply was I distressed. How could I bear that Misliweczeck, my intimate friend, should be in the same town, nay, even in the same corner of the world with me, and neither see him nor speak to him? Impossible! so I resolved to go to visit him. On the previous day, I called on the manager of the Duke's Hospital to ask if I might see my friend in the garden, which I thought best, though the doctors assured me there was no longer any risk of infection. The manager agreed to my proposal, and said I should find him in the garden between eleven and twelve o'clock, and, if he was not there when I came, to send for him. Next day I went with Herr von Hamm, secretary in the Crown Office, (of whom I shall speak presently,) and mamma to the Duke's Hospital. Mamma went into the Hospital church, and we into the garden. Misliweczeck was not there, so we sent him a message. I saw him coming across, and knew him at once from his manner of walking. I must tell you that he had already sent me his remembrances by Herr Heller, a violoncello-player, and begged me to visit him before I left Munich. When he came up to me, we shook hands cordially. "You see," said he, "how unfortunate I am." These words and his appearance, which papa is already aware of from description, so went to my heart that I could only say, with tears in my eyes, "I pity you from my heart, my dear friend." He saw how deeply I was affected, so rejoined quite cheerfully, "Now tell me what you are doing; when I heard that you were in Munich, I could scarcely believe it; how could Mozart be here and not long ago have come to see me?" "I hope you will forgive me, but I had such a number of visits

to make, and I have so many kind friends here." "I feel quite sure that you have indeed many kind friends, but a truer friend than myself you cannot have." He asked me whether papa had told me anything of a letter he had received. I said, "Yes, he did write to me," (I was quite confused, and trembled so much in every limb that I could scarcely speak,) "but he gave me no details." He then told me that Signor Gaetano Santoro, the Neapolitan impresario, was obliged, owing to impegni and protezione, to give the composition of the opera for this Carnival to a certain Maestro Valentini; but he added, "Next year he has three at liberty, one of which is to be at my service. But as I have already composed six times for Naples, I don't in the least mind undertaking the less promising one, and making over to you the best libretto, viz. the one for the Carnival. God knows whether I shall be able to travel by that time, but if not, I shall send back the scrittura. The company for next year is good, being all people whom I have recommended. You must know that I have such influence in Naples that, when I say engage such a one, they do so at once." Marquesi is the primo uomo, whom he, and indeed all Munich too, praises very highly; Marchiani is a good prima donna; and there is a tenor, whose name I cannot recall, but Misliweczeck says he is the best in all Italy. He also said, "I do beg of you to go to Italy; there one is esteemed and highly prized." And in truth he is right. When I come to reflect on the subject, in no country have I received such honors, or been so esteemed, as in Italy, and nothing contributes more to a man's fame than to have written Italian operas, and especially for Naples. He said he would write a letter for me to Santoro, which I was to copy out when I went to see him next day; but finding it impossible to return, he sent me a sketch of the letter to-day. I was told that when Misliweczeck heard people here speaking of Becke, or other performers on the piano, he invariably said, "Let no one deceive himself; none can play like Mozart; in Italy, where the greatest masters are, they speak of no one

but Mozart; when his name is mentioned, not a word is said of others.” I can now write the letter to Naples when I please; but, indeed, the sooner the better. I should, however, first like to have the opinion of that highly discreet Hofcapellmeister, Herr von Mozart. I have the most ardent desire to write another opera. The distance is certainly great, but the period is still a long way off when I am to write this opera, and there may be many changes before then. I think I might at all events undertake it. If, in the mean time, I get no situation, eh, bien! I shall then have a resource in Italy. I am at all events certain to receive 100 ducats in the Carnival; and when I have once written for Naples I shall be sought for everywhere. As papa well knows, there is an opera buffa in Naples in spring, summer, and autumn, for which I might write for the sake of practice, not to be quite idle. It is true that there is not much to be got by this, but still there is something, and it would be the means of gaining more honor and reputation than by giving a hundred concerts in Germany, and I am far happier when I have something to compose, which is my chief delight and passion; and if I get a situation anywhere, or have hopes of one, the scrittura would be a great recommendation to me, and excite a sensation, and cause me to be more thought of. This is mere talk, but still I say what is in my heart. If papa gives me any good grounds to show that I am wrong, then I will give it up, though, I own, reluctantly. Even when I hear an opera discussed, or am in a theatre myself and hear voices, oh! I really am beside myself!

To-morrow, mamma and I are to meet Misliweczeck in the Hospital garden to take leave of him; for he wished me last time to fetch mamma out of church, as he said he should like to see the mother of so great a virtuoso. My dear papa, do write to him as often as you have time to do so; you cannot confer a greater pleasure on him, for the man is quite forsaken. Sometimes he sees no one for a whole week, and he said to me, “I do assure you it does seem so strange to me to see so few people; in Italy I had

company every day.” He looks thin, of course, but is still full of fire and life and genius, and the same kind, animated person he always was. People talk much of his oratorio of “Abraham and Isaac,” which he produced here. He has just completed (with the exception of a few arias) a Cantata, or Serenata, for Lent; and when he was at the worst he wrote an opera for Padua. Herr Heller is just come from him. When I wrote to him yesterday I sent him the Serenata that I wrote in Salzburg: for the Archduke Maximilian [“Il Re Pastore”].

Now to turn to something else. Yesterday I went with mamma immediately after dinner to take coffee with the two Fraulein von Freysinger. Mamma, however, took none, but drank two bottles of Tyrolese wine. At three o’clock she went home again to make preparations for our journey. I, however, went with the two ladies to Herr von Hamm’s, whose three young ladies each played a concerto, and I one of Aichner’s prima vista, and then went on extemporizing. The teacher of these little simpletons, the Demoiselles Hamm, is a certain clerical gentleman of the name of Schreier. He is a good organ-player, but no pianist. He kept staring at me with an eye-glass. He is a reserved kind of man who does not talk much; he patted me on the shoulder, sighed, and said, “Yes — you are — you understand — yes — it is true — you are an out-and-outer!” By the by, can you recall the name of Freysingen — the papa of the two pretty girls I mentioned? He says he knows you well, and that he studied with you. He particularly remembers Messenbrunn, where papa (this was quite new to me) played most incomparably on the organ. He said, “It was quite startling to see the pace at which both hands and feet went, but quite inimitable; a thorough master indeed; my father thought a great deal of him; and how he humbugged the priests about entering the Church! You are just what he was then, as like as possible; only he was a degree shorter when I knew him.” A propos, a certain Hofrath Effeln sends you his kind regards; he is one of the

best Hofraths here, and would long ago have been made chancellor but for one defect — TIPPLING. When we saw him for the first time at Albert's, both mamma and I thought, "What an odd-looking fish!" Just imagine a very tall man, stout and corpulent, and a ridiculous face. When he crosses the room to another table, he folds both hands on his stomach, stoops very low, and then draws himself up again, and makes little nods; and when this is over he draws back his right foot, and does this to each individual separately. He says that he knows papa intimately. I am now going for a little to the play. Next time I will write more fully, but I can't possibly go on to-day, for my fingers do ache uncommonly.

Munich, October 11th, at 1/4 to 12 at night, I write as follows: — I have been at the Drittl comedy, but only went in time for the ballet, or rather the pantomime, which I had not before seen. It is called "Das von der fur Girigaricanarimanarischaribari verfertigte Ei." It was very good and funny. We are going to-morrow to Augsburg on account of Prince Taxis not being at Ratisbon but at Teschingen. He is, in fact, at present at his country-seat, which is, however, only an hour from Teschingen. I send my sister, with this, four preludes; she will see and hear for herself the different keys into which they lead. My compliments to all my kind friends, particularly to young Count Arco, to Madlle. Sallerl, and to my best of all friends, Herr Bullinger; I do beg that next Sunday at the usual eleven-o'clock music he will be so good as to make an authoritative oration in my name, and present my regards to all the members of the orchestra and exhort them to industry, that I may not one day be accused of being a humbug, for I have everywhere extolled their orchestra, and I intend always to do so.

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65. Augsburg, Oct. 14, 1777.

I HAVE made no mistake in my date, for I write before dinner, and I think that next Friday, the day after to-morrow, we shall be off again. Pray hear how generous the gentlemen of Augsburg are. In no place was I ever so overwhelmed with marks of distinction as here. My first visit was to the Stadtpfleger Longo Tabarro [Burgomaster Langenmantl]. My cousin, [Footnote: Leopold Mozart had a brother in Augsburg, a bookbinder, whose daughter, “das Basle” (the cousin), was two years younger than Mozart.] a good, kind, honest man and worthy citizen, went with me, and had the honor to wait in the hall like a footman till my interview with the high and mighty Stadtpfleger was over. I did not fail first of all to present papa’s respectful compliments. He deigned graciously to remember you, and said, “And pray how have things gone with him?” “Vastly well, God be praised!” I instantly rejoined, “and I hope things have also gone well with you?” He then became more civil, and addressed me in the third person, so I called him “Sir”; though, indeed, I had done so from the first. He gave me no peace till I went up with him to see his son-in-law (on the second floor), my cousin meanwhile having the pleasure of waiting in the staircase-hall. I was obliged to control myself with all my might, or I must have given some polite hint about this. On going upstairs I had the satisfaction of playing for nearly three-quarters of an hour on a good clavichord of Stein’s, in the presence of the stuck-up young son, and his prim condescending wife, and the simple old lady. I first extemporized, and then played all the music he had, prima, vista, and among others some very pretty pieces of Edlmann’s. Nothing could be more polite than they all were, and I was equally so, for my rule is to behave to people just as they behave to me; I find this to be the best plan. I said that I meant to go to Stein’s after dinner, so the young man offered to take me there himself. I thanked him for his kindness, and

promised to return at two o'clock. I did so, and we went together in company with his brother-in-law, who looks a genuine student. Although I had begged that my name should not be mentioned, Herr von Langenmantl was so incautious as to say, with a simper, to Herr Stein, "I have the honor to present to you a virtuoso on the piano." I instantly protested against this, saying that I was only an indifferent pupil of Herr Sigl in Munich, who had charged me with a thousand compliments to him. Stein shook his head dubiously, and at length said, "Surely I have the honor of seeing M. Mozart?" "Oh, no," said I; "my name is Trazom, and I have a letter for you." He took the letter and was about to break the seal instantly, but I gave him no time for that, saying, "What is the use of reading the letter just now? Pray open the door of your saloon at once, for I am so very anxious to see your pianofortes." "With all my heart," said he, "just as you please; but for all that I believe I am not mistaken." He opened the door, and I ran straight up to one of the three pianos that stood in the room. I began to play, and he scarcely gave himself time to glance at the letter, so anxious was he to ascertain the truth; so he only read the signature. "Oh!" cried he, embracing me, and crossing himself and making all sorts of grimaces from intense delight. I will write to you another day about his pianos. He then took me to a coffee-house, but when we went in I really thought I must bolt, there was such a stench of tobacco-smoke, but for all that I was obliged to bear it for a good hour. I submitted to it all with a good grace, though I could have fancied that I was in Turkey. He made a great fuss to me about a certain Graf, a composer (of flute concertos only); and said, "He is something quite extraordinary," and every other possible exaggeration. I became first hot and then cold from nervousness. This Graf is a brother of the two who are in Harz and Zurich. He would not give up his intention, but took me straight to him — a dignified gentleman indeed; he wore a dressing-gown that I would not be ashamed to wear in the street. All his words are on stilts, and

he has a habit of opening his mouth before knowing what he is going to say; so he often shuts it again without having said anything. After a great deal of ceremony he produced a concerto for two flutes; I was to play first violin. The concerto is confused, not natural, too abrupt in its modulations, and devoid of all genius. When it was over I praised it highly, for, indeed, he deserves this. The poor man must have had labor and study enough to write it. At last they brought a clavichord of Stein's out of the next room, a very good one, but inch-thick with dust. Herr Graf, who is director here, stood there looking like a man who had hitherto believed his own modulations to be something very clever, but all at once discovers that others may be still more so, and without grating on the ear. In a word, they all seemed lost in astonishment.

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66. Augsburg, Oct. 17, 1777.

WITH regard to the daughter of Hamm, the Secretary of War, I can only say that there can be no doubt she has a decided talent for music, for she has only learned three years, and can play a number of pieces very well. I find it difficult, however, to explain distinctly the impression she makes on me while she is playing; she seems to me so curiously constrained, and she has such an odd way of stalking over the keys with her long bony fingers! To be sure, she has had no really good master, and if she remains in Munich she will never become what her father wishes and hopes, for he is eager beyond measure that she should one day be a distinguished pianiste. If she goes to papa at Salzburg, it will be a twofold benefit to her, both as to music and common sense, of which she certainly has no great share. She has often made me laugh very much, and you would have amusement enough for your trouble. She is too absent to think of eating much. You say I ought to have practised with her? I really could not for laughing, for when I occasionally played something with the right hand, she instantly said bravissimo, and that in the voice of a little mouse.

I will now relate to you as briefly as possible the Augsburg history to which I have already alluded. Herr von Fingerle, who sent his compliments to you, was also at Herr Graf's. The people were very civil, and discussed the concert I proposed to give, all saying, "It will be one of the most brilliant concerts ever given in Augsburg. You have a great advantage in having made the acquaintance of our Stadtpfleger Langenmantl; besides, the name of Mozart has much influence here." So we separated mutually pleased. I must now tell you that Herr von Langenmantl, junior, when at Herr Stein's, said that he would pledge himself to arrange a concert in the Stube, [Footnote: The Bauernstube, the Patrician Casino.] (as something very select, and complimentary to me,) for the nobility alone. You can't

think with what zeal he spoke, and promised to undertake it. We agreed that I should call on him the next morning for the answer; accordingly I went; this was on the 13th. He was very polite, but said that as yet he could not say anything decided. I played there again for an hour, and he invited me next day, the 14th, to dinner. In the forenoon he sent to beg that I would come to him at eleven o'clock, and bring some pieces with me, as he had asked some of the professional musicians, and they intended to have some music. I immediately sent some music, and went myself at eleven, when, with many lame excuses, he coolly said, "By the by, I could do nothing about the concert; oh, I was in such a rage yesterday on your account. The patrician members of the Casino said that their cashbox was at a very low ebb, and that you were not the kind of virtuoso who could expect a souverain d'or." I merely smiled, and said, "I quite agree with them." N. B. — He is Intendant of Music in the Casino, and the old father a magistrate! but I cared very little about it. We sat down to dinner; the old gentleman also dined up-stairs with us, and was very civil, but did not say a word about the concert. After dinner I played two concertos, something out of my head, and then a trio of Hafeneder's on the violin. I would gladly have played more, but I was so badly accompanied that it gave me the colic. He said to me, good-naturedly, "Don't let us part company to-day; go to the play with us, and return here to supper." We were all very merry. When we came back from the theatre, I played again till we went to supper. Young Langenmantl had already questioned me in the forenoon about my cross, [Footnote: Mozart, by his father's desire, wore the "Order of the Golden Spur," conferred on him by the Pope.] and I told him exactly how I got it, and what it was. He and his brother-in-law said over and over again, "Let us order a cross, too, that we may be on a par with Herr Mozart." I took no notice of this. They also repeatedly said, "Hallo! you sir! Knight of the Spur!" I said not a word; but during supper it became really too bad. "What

may it have cost? three ducats? must you have permission to wear it? Do you pay extra for leave to do so? We really must get one just like it.” An officer there of the name of Bach, said, “For shame! what would you do with the cross?” That young ass, Kurzen Mantl, winked at him, but I saw him, and he knew that I did. A pause ensued, and then he offered me snuff, saying, “There, show that you don’t care a pinch of snuff for it.” I still said nothing. At length he began once more in a sneering tone: “I may then send to you to-morrow, and you will be so good as to lend me the cross for a few minutes, and I will return it immediately after I have spoken to the goldsmith about it. I know that when I ask him its value (for he is a queer kind of man) he will say a Bavarian thaler; it can’t be worth more, for it is not gold, only copper, ha! ha!” I said, “By no means — it is lead, ha! ha!” I was burning with anger and rage. “I say,” rejoined he, “I suppose I may, if need be, leave out the spur?” “Oh, yes,” said I, “for you have one already in your head; I, too, have one in mine, but of a very different kind, and I should be sorry to exchange mine for yours; so there, take a pinch of snuff on that!” and I offered him snuff. He became pale with rage, but began again: “Just now that order looked so well on that grand waistcoat of yours.” I made no reply, so he called the servant and said “Hallo! you must have greater respect for my brother-in-law and myself when we wear the same cross as Herr Mozart; take a pinch of snuff on that!” I started up; all did the same, and showed great embarrassment. I took my hat and my sword, and said, “I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow.” “To-morrow I shall not be here.” “Well, then, the next morning, when I shall still be here.” “Ho, ho! you surely don’t mean to”— “I mean nothing; you are a set of boors, so good-night,” and off I went.

Next day I told the whole story to Herr Stein, Herr Geniaulx, and to Herr Director Graf — I don’t mean about the cross, but how highly disgusted I was at their having bragged so much about a concert, and now it had come

to nothing. “I call this making a fool of a person and leaving him in the lurch. I am very sorry that I ever came here. I could not possibly have believed that in Augsburg, my papa’s native town, such an insult could have been offered to his son.” You cannot imagine, dear papa, how angry and indignant these three gentlemen were, saying, “Oh, you must positively give a concert here; we don’t stand in need of the patricians.” I, however, adhered to my resolution and said, “I am willing to give a small farewell concert at Herr Stein’s, for my few kind friends here who are connoisseurs.” The Director was quite distressed, and exclaimed, “It is abominable — shameful; who could have believed such a thing of Langenmantl! Par Dieu! if he really wished it, no doubt it would have been carried through.” We then separated. The Director went down-stairs with me in his dressing-gown as far as the door, and Herr Stein and Geniaulx walked home with me. They urged us to make up our mind to stay here for a time, but we remained firm. I must not forget to say that, when young Langenmantl lisped out to me, in his usual cool indifferent way, the pleasant news as to my concert, he added, that the patricians invited me to their concert next Thursday. I said, “I will come as one of the audience.” “Oh, we hope you will give us the pleasure of hearing you play also.” “Well, perhaps I may; why not?” But having received so grievous an insult the next evening, I resolved not to go near him again, to steer clear of the whole set of patricians, and to leave Augsburg. During dinner, on the 16th, I was called out by a servant-maid of Langenmantl’s, who wished to know whether he might expect me to go with him to the concert? and he begged I would come to him immediately after dinner. I sent my compliments in return, that I had no intention of going to the concert; nor could I come to him, as I was already engaged (which was quite true); but that I would call next morning to take leave of him, as on Saturday next, at furthest, I was to leave Augsburg. In the meantime Herr Stein had been to see the other patricians

of the Evangelical party, and spoke so strongly to them that these gentlemen were quite excited. “What!” said they, “shall we permit a man who does us so much honor to leave this without even hearing him? Herr von Langenmantl, having already heard him, thinks that is enough.”

At last they became so excited that Herr Kurzenmantl, the excellent youth, was obliged to go to Herr Stein himself to entreat him, in the name of the patricians, to do all in his power to persuade me to attend the concert, but to say that I must not expect great things. At last I went with him, though with considerable reluctance. The principal gentlemen were very polite, particularly Baron Belling, who is a director or some such animal; he opened my music-portfolio himself. I brought a symphony with me, which they played, and I took a violin part. The orchestra is enough to throw any one into fits. That young puppy Langenmantl was all courtesy, but his face looked as impertinent as ever; he said to me, “I was rather afraid you might have escaped us, or been offended by our jokes the other evening.” “By no means,” said I coolly; “you are still very young; but I advise you to be more cautious in future, for I am not accustomed to such jokes. The subject on which you were so facetious did you no credit, nor did it answer your purpose, for you see I still wear the order; you had better have chosen some other topic for your wit.” “I assure you,” said he, “it was only my brother-in-law who”— “Let us say no more about it,” said I. “We had nearly been deprived of the pleasure of seeing you altogether,” he rejoined. “Yes; had it not been for Herr Stein, I certainly should not have come; and, to tell you the truth, I am only here now to prevent you Augsburg gentlemen being the laughing-stock of other countries, which would have been the case if I had told them that I was eight days in the city where my father was born, without any one there taking the trouble to hear me!” I played a concerto, and all went off well except the accompaniment; and as a finale I played a sonata. At the close, Baron Belling thanked me in the warmest manner in

the name of all the company; and, begging me to consider only their good will, presented me with two ducats.

They give me no peace here till I agree to give a public concert next Saturday. Perhaps — but I own I am heartily sick of it all. I shall be indeed glad when I arrive at a place where there is a court. I may with truth say that, were it not for my kind cousins, my regrets would be as numberless as the hairs on my head for ever having come to Augsburg. I must write you some account of my fair cousin, but you must excuse my deferring this till to-morrow, for one ought to be quite fresh to praise her as highly as she deserves.

The 17th. — I now write early in the morning to say that my cousin is pretty, intelligent, lovable, clever, and gay, probably because she has lived so much in society; she was also some time at Munich. We do, indeed, exactly suit each other, for she too is rather inclined to be satirical, so we banter our friends most merrily together. [The Mozart family were both well known and dreaded for their somewhat sharp tongues.]

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67. Augsburg, Oct. 17, 1777.

I must now tell you about the Stein pianos. Before seeing these, Spath's pianos were my favorites; but I must own that I give the preference to those of Stein, for they damp much better than those in Ratisbon. If I strike hard, whether I let my fingers rest on the notes or lift them, the tone dies away at the same instant that it is heard. Strike the keys as I choose, the tone always remains even, never either jarring or failing to sound. It is true that a piano of this kind is not to be had for less than three hundred florins, but the pains and skill which Stein bestows on them cannot be sufficiently repaid. His instruments have a feature of their own; they are supplied with a peculiar escapement. Not one in a hundred makers attends to this; but, without it, it is impossible that a piano should not buzz and jar. His hammers fall as soon as they touch the strings, whether the keys be held down by the fingers or not. When he has completed an instrument of this class, (which he told me himself,) he tries all kinds of passages and runs on it, and works away at it, testing its powers till it is capable of doing anything, for he labors not for his own benefit alone, (or he might be saved much trouble,) but for that of music. He often says, "If I were not such a passionate lover of music, playing also myself a little on the piano, I should long ago have lost patience with my work, but I like my instruments to respond to the player, and to be durable." His pianos do really last well. He warrants the sounding-board neither breaking nor cracking; when he has finished one, he exposes it in the air to rain, snow, sun, and every kind of devilry, that it may give way, and then inserts slips of wood which he glues in, making it quite strong and solid. He is very glad when it does crack, for then he is pretty sure nothing further can happen to it. He frequently makes cuts into them himself, and then glues them up, thus making them doubly strong. He has

three of these pianos at this moment finished, and I played on them again to-day.

We dined to-day with young Herr Gassner, who is the handsome widower of a lovely young wife; they were only married two years. He is an excellent and kind young man; he gave us a capital dinner. A colleague of the Abbe Henri Bullinger, and Wishofer also dined there, and an ex-Jesuit, who is at present Capellmeister in the cathedral here. He knows Herr Schachtner well [court-trumpeter at Salzburg], and was leader of his band in Ingolstadt; he is called Father Gerbl. Herr Gassner, and one of his wife's unmarried sisters, mamma, our cousin, and I went after dinner to Herr Stein's. At four o'clock came the Capellmeister and Herr Schmittbauer, the organist of St. Ulrich, a worthy good old man. I played at sight a sonata of Becke's, which was rather difficult, but very poor, al solito. The astonishment of the Capellmeister and the organist was indescribable. I have played my six sonatas by heart repeatedly, both here and in Munich. The fifth in G, I played at the distinguished Casino concert, and the last in D, which has an incomparable effect on Stein's pianos. The pedals, pressed by the knees, are also better made by him than by any one else; you scarcely require to touch them to make them act, and as soon as the pressure is removed not the slightest vibration is perceptible.

To-morrow perhaps I shall come to his organs, that is, write to you about them, and I reserve for the last the subject of his little daughter. When I said to Herr Stein that I should like to play on one of his organs, as the organ was my passion, he seemed surprised, and said, "What! such a man as you, so great a pianist, like to play on an instrument devoid of sweetness and expression, with no gradations from piano to forte, but always going on the same?" "That does not signify; the organ always was, both in my eyes and ears, the king of all instruments." "Well, just as you please." So we went together. I could readily perceive from his conversation that he did not

expect me to do great things on his organ, evidently thinking that I should handle it in the style of a piano. He told me that by Schobert's own desire he had taken him also to the organ, "and very nervous it made me," said he, "for Schobert had told everybody, and the church was nearly full. I did not doubt the man's spirit, fire, and execution; still, this does not much suit the organ. But the moment he began my opinion was entirely changed." I only said in reply, "Do you then think, Herr Stein, that I am likely to run wild on the organ?" "Oh! you!" — When we came to the organ-loft, I began a prelude, when he laughed. A fugue followed. "I can now quite understand why you like to play the organ," said he, "when you can play in this manner." At first the pedal was a little awkward for me, as it was without the breaks, beginning with C, then D E in one row, whereas with us D and E are above, just where E flat and F sharp are here; but I quickly mastered it.

I went also to try the old organ at St. Ulrich's. The stair that leads to it is really dreadful. I requested that some other person might play the organ for me, that I might go down and listen to it, for above the organ has no effect; but I profited very little by this, for the young leader of the choir, a priest, made such reckless runs on the organ that it was impossible to understand them, and when he attempted harmonies they proved only discords, being always false. Afterwards they would insist on our going to a coffee-room, for mamma and my cousin were with us. A certain Father Emilian, a conceited jackass and a sorry witling, was very sweet on my cousin, and wished to have his jest with her, but she made a jest of him. At last, when rather tipsy, (which soon occurred,) he began to talk about music, and sang a canon, saying, "I never in my life heard anything finer." I said, "I regret that I can't sing it with you, for nature has not given me the power of intoning." "No matter," said he. So he began. I made the third, but I sang different words — thus: "Pater Emilian, oh! thou numskull" — sotto voce to my cousin; then we laughed on for at least half an hour. The Pater said to

me, “If we only could be longer together, we could discuss the art of musical composition.” “In that case,” said I, “our discussion would soon come to an end.” A famous rap on the knuckles for him! TO BE CONTINUED.

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68. Augsburg, Oct. 23, 1777.

MY concert took place yesterday. Count Wolfeck interested himself much in it, and brought some chanoinesses with him. I went to his lodgings the very day I arrived, but he was not here at that time. A few days ago he returned, and on hearing that I was still in Augsburg, he did not wait for a visit from me, but at the very moment when I was taking my hat and sword to go to call on him he walked in. I must now give you a description of the last few days before my concert. Last Saturday I was at St. Ulrich's, as I already told you. Some days before my cousin took me with him to present me to the Prelate of the Holy Cross, a kind excellent old man. Previous to going to St. Ulrich's last Saturday, I went with my cousin to the Monastery of the Holy Cross, as the first time I was there neither the Deacon nor the Procurator was at home, and my cousin told me that the Procurator was very jolly. [Here mamma inserts a few lines — which frequently occurs in the letters. She says at the close:] "I am quite surprised that Schuster's duets [see No. 63] are still" — Wolfgang: "Oh, he has got them." Mamma: "No, indeed; he always writes that he has not got them." Wolfgang: "I hate arguing; I am sure he has got them, so there's an end of it." Mamma: "You are mistaken." Wolfgang: "No; I am right. I will show it to mamma in his own writing." Mamma: "Well, where is it?" Wolfgang: "Here; read it." She is reading it at this moment.

Last Sunday I attended service at the Holy Cross, and at ten o'clock we went to Herr Stein's, where we tried over a couple of symphonies for the concert. Afterwards I dined with my cousin at the Holy Cross, where a band played during dinner. Badly as they play in the monastery, I prefer it to the Augsburg orchestra. I played a symphony, and a concerto in B of Vanhall's, on the violin, with unanimous applause. The Dean is a kind, jovial man, a cousin of Eberlin [deceased Capellmeister of Salzburg]. His name is

Zeschinger. He knows papa well. At night, after supper, I played the Strassburg concerto; it went as smooth as oil; every one praised the fine pure tone. A small clavichord was then brought in, on which I preluded, and played a sonata and the Fischer variations. Some of those present whispered to the Dean that he ought to hear me play in the organ style. I asked him to give me a theme, which he declined, but one of the monks did so. I handled it quite leisurely, and all at once (the fugue being in G minor) I brought in a lively movement in the major key, but in the same tempo, and then at the end the original subject, only reversed. At last it occurred to me to employ the lively movement for the subject of the fugue also, I did not hesitate long, but did so at once, and it went as accurately as if Daser [a Salzburg tailor] had taken its measure. The Dean was in a state of great excitement. "It is over," said he, "and it's no use talking about it, but I could scarcely have believed what I have just heard; you are indeed an able man. My prelate told me beforehand that in his life he never heard any one play the organ in a more finished and solid style" (he having heard me some days previously when the Dean was not here). At last some one brought me a fugued sonata, and asked me to play it. But I said, "Gentlemen, I really must say this is asking rather too much, for it is not likely I shall be able to play such a sonata at sight." "Indeed, I think so too; it is too much; no one could do it," said the Dean eagerly, being all in my favor. "At all events," said I, "I can but try." I heard the Dean muttering all the time behind me, "Oh, you rogue! oh, you knave!" I played till 11 o'clock, bombarded and besieged, as it were, by fugue themes.

Lately, at Stein's, he brought me a sonata of Becke's, but I think I already told you this. A propos, as to his little girl, [Footnote: Nanette, at that time eight years old; afterwards the admirable wife of Andreas Streicher, the friend of Schiller's youth, and one of Beethoven's best friends in Vienna.] any one who can see and hear her play without laughing must

be Stein [stone] like her father. She perches herself exactly opposite the treble, avoiding the centre, that she may have more room to throw herself about and make grimaces. She rolls her eyes and smirks; when a passage comes twice she always plays it slower the second time, and if three times, slower still. She raises her arms in playing a passage, and if it is to be played with emphasis she seems to give it with her elbows and not her fingers, as awkwardly and heavily as possible. The finest thing is, that if a passage occurs (which ought to flow like oil) where the fingers must necessarily be changed, she does not pay much heed to that, but lifts her hands, and quite coolly goes on again. This, moreover, puts her in a fair way to get hold of a wrong note, which often produces a curious effect. I only write this in order to give you some idea of pianoforte-playing and teaching here, so that you may in turn derive some benefit from it. Herr Stein is quite infatuated about his daughter. She is eight years old, and learns everything by heart. She may one day be clever, for she has genius, but on this system she will never improve, nor will she ever acquire much velocity of finger, for her present method is sure to make her hand heavy. She will never master what is the most difficult and necessary, and in fact the principal thing in music, namely, time; because from her infancy she has never been in the habit of playing in correct time. Herr Stein and I discussed this point together for at least two hours. I have, however, in some degree converted him; he asks my advice now on every subject. He was quite devoted to Becke, and now he sees and hears that I can do more than Becke, that I make no grimaces, and yet play with so much expression that he himself acknowledges none of his acquaintances have ever handled his pianos as I do. My keeping so accurately in time causes them all much surprise. The left hand being quite independent in the tempo rubato of an adagio, they cannot at all comprehend. With them the left hand always yields to the right. Count Wolfeck and others, who have a passionate

admiration for Becke, said lately publicly in a concert that I beat Becke hollow. Count Wolfeck went round the room saying, “In my life I never heard anything like this.” He said to me, “I must tell you that I never heard you play as you did to-day, and I mean to say so to your father as soon as I go to Salzburg.” What do you think was the first piece after the symphony? The concerto for three pianos. Herr Demmler took the first part, I the second, and Herr Stein the third. I then played a solo, my last sonata in D, for Durnitz, and afterwards my concerto in B; then again a solo in the organ style, namely, a fugue in C minor, then all of a sudden a splendid sonata in C major, finishing with a rondo, all extempore. What a noise and commotion there was! Herr Stein did nothing but make faces and grimaces of astonishment. Herr Demmler was seized with fits of laughter, for he is a queer creature, and when anything pleases him exceedingly, he can’t help laughing heartily; indeed, on this occasion he actually began to swear! Addio!

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69. Augsburg, Oct. 25, 1777.

The receipts of the concert were 90 florins, without deducting the expenses. Including, therefore, the two ducats we took in the Casino concert, we had 100 florins. The expenses of the concert did not exceed 16 florins 30 kreutzers; the room I had gratis. I believe most of the musicians will make no charge. We have now ALTOGETHER lost about 26 or 27 florins. This is not of much moment. I am writing this on Saturday the 25th. This morning early I received the letter with the sad news of Frau Oberbereiterin's death. Madlle. Tonerl can now purse up her mouth, or perhaps open it wide, and shut it again as empty as ever. As to the baker's daughter, I have no objection to make; I foresaw all this long ago. This was the cause of my reluctance to leave home, and finding it so difficult to go. I hope the affair is not by this time known all over Salzburg? I beg you, dear papa, most urgently to keep the matter quiet as long as possible, and in the mean time to pay her father on my account any expenses he may have incurred by her entrance into the convent, which I will repay gladly when I return to Salzburg.

I thank you most truly, dear papa, for your good wishes on my name-day. Do not be uneasy on my account, for I have always God before my eyes, I acknowledge His omnipotence, I dread His wrath; but I also know His love, His compassion and mercy towards His creatures, and that He will never forsake His servants. When His will is done I am resigned; so I never can fail to be happy and contented. I shall certainly also strive to live as strictly as possible in accordance with your injunctions and advice. Thank Herr Bullinger a thousand times for his congratulations. I mean to write to him soon and thank him myself, but I may in the mean time assure him that I neither know nor have any better, more sincere, or truer friend than himself. I beg also humbly to thank Madlle. Sallerl; pray tell her I mean to enclose

some verses to show my gratitude to her in my letter to Herr Bullinger. Thank my sister also; she is to keep the Schuster duets, and give herself no further trouble on the subject.

In your first letter, dear papa, you write that I lowered myself by my conduct to that lad Langenmantl. Anything but that! I was only straightforward, no more. I see you think he is still a boy; he is one or two and twenty, and a married man. Can any one be considered a boy who is married? I have never gone near him since. I left two cards for him to-day, and excused myself for not going in, having so many indispensable calls to make. I must now conclude, for mamma insists absolument on going to dinner, and then to pack. To-morrow we go straight to Wallerstein. My dear little cousin, who sends you her regards, is anything but a prude. She dressed a la Francaise to please me yesterday. She looked at least 5 per cent, prettier in consequence. Now, Addio!

On the 26th of October the mother and son set off to Mannheim. The mother writes that Wolfgang intended to write to Augsburg, “but he will scarcely be able to do so to-day, for he is now at the rehearsal of the oratorio; so I must beg you to accept my humble self instead.” Wolfgang then adds: —

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70. Mannheim, Oct. 30, 1777.

I must beg you also to accept my insignificancy. I went to-day with Herr Danner to M. Cannabich's [Director of the Elector's orchestra]. He was uncommonly polite, and I played something for him on his piano, which is a very good one. We went together to the rehearsal. I could scarcely help laughing when I was presented to the musicians, because, though some who knew me by renomme were very civil and courteous, the rest, who knew nothing whatever about me, stared in such a ludicrous way, evidently thinking that because I am little and young nothing great or mature is to be found in me; but they shall soon find it out. Herr Cannabich is to take me himself to-morrow to Count Savioli, the Intendant of Music. One good thing is that the Elector's name-day is close at hand. The oratorio they are rehearsing is Handel's, but I did not stay to hear it, for they first rehearsed a Psalm Magnificat of the Vice-Capellmeister here, [Abbe] Vogler, which lasted a good hour. I must now conclude, for I have still to write to my cousin.

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71. Mannheim, Nov. 4, 1777.

I am at Cannabich’s every day, and mamma went with me there to-day. He is a very different man from what he formerly was, [FOOTNOTE: Mozart had been at his house, when a boy, with his father.] and the whole orchestra say the same. He is very fond of me. He has a daughter who plays the piano very nicely, and in order to make him still more friendly towards me I am working just now at a sonata for her, which is finished all but the Rondo. When I had completed the first allegro and andante, I took it to him myself and played it over; you can’t think what applause this sonata receives. There chanced to be some of the musicians there at the moment — young Danner, Lang, who plays the French horn, and the hautboy-player, whose name I forget, but who plays remarkably well, and has a pleasing delicate tone [Ramm]. I made him a present of a concerto for the hautboy; it is being copied in Cannabich’s room. The man is wild with delight. I played him the concerto to-day at Cannabich’s, and THOUGH KNOWN TO BE MINE it pleased very much. No one said that it was NOT WELL COMPOSED, because people here don’t understand these things. They ought to apply to the Archbishop; he would soon put them on the right scent. [FOOTNOTE: The Archbishop never was satisfied with any of the compositions that Mozart wrote for his concerts, but invariably had some fault to find with them.] I played all my six sonatas to-day at Cannabich’s. Herr Kapellmeister Holzbauer went with me to-day to Count Savioli’s. Cannabich was there at the time. Herr Holzbauer said to the Count in Italian that I wished to have the honor of playing before his Serene Highness the Elector. “I was here fifteen years ago,” said I, “but now I am older and more advanced, and I may say in music also”— “Oh!” said the Count, “you are” — I have no idea whom he took me for, as Cannabich interrupted him, but I affected not to hear, and entered into conversation with the others. Still I

observed that he was speaking of me very earnestly. The Count then said to me, “I hear that you play the piano very tolerably?” I bowed.

I must now tell you about the music here. On Saturday, All-Saints’ day, I attended high mass. The orchestra is very good and numerous. On each side ten or eleven violins, four tenors, two hautboys, two flutes, and two clarionets, two corni, four violoncellos, four bassoons, and four double basses, besides trumpets and kettle-drums. This should give fine music, but I would not venture to produce one of my masses here. Why? From their being short? No, everything is liked short. From their church style? By no means; but solely because NOW in Mannheim, under present circumstances, it is necessary to write chiefly for the instruments, for nothing can possibly be conceived worse than the voices here. Six soprani, six alti, six tenori, and six bassi, to twenty violins and twelve bassi, are in the same proportion as 0 to 1. Is it not so, Herr Bullinger? It proceeds from this: — The Italians are miserably represented: they have only two musici here, and they are already old. This race is dying out. These soprano singers, too, would prefer singing counter-tenor; for they can no longer take the high notes. The few boys they have are wretched. The tenor and bass just like our singers at funerals. Vogler, who lately conducted the mass, is barren and frivolous — a man who imagines he can do a great deal, and does very little. The whole orchestra dislike him. To-day, Sunday, I heard a mass of Holzbauer’s, which is now twenty-six years old, but excellent. He writes very well, and has a good church style, arranges the vocal parts as well as the instrumental, and writes good fugues. They have two organists here; it would be worth while to come to Mannheim on purpose to hear them — which I had a famous opportunity of doing, as it is the custom here for the organist to play during the whole of the Benedictus. I heard the second organist first, and then the other. In my opinion the second is preferable to the first; for when I heard the former, I asked, “Who is that

playing on the organ?" "Our second organist." "He plays miserably." When the other began, I said, "Who may that be?" "Our first organist." "Why, he plays more miserably still." I believe if they were pounded together, something even worse would be the result. It is enough to kill one with laughing to look at these gentlemen. The second at the organ is like a child trying to lift a millstone. You can see his anguish in his face. The first wears spectacles. I stood beside him at the organ and watched him with the intention of learning something from him; at each note he lifts his hands entirely off the keys. What he believes to be his forte is to play in six parts, but he mostly makes fifths and octaves. He often chooses to dispense altogether with his right hand when there is not the slightest need to do so, and plays with the left alone; in short, he fancies that he can do as he will, and that he is a thorough master of his organ.

Mamma sends her love to you all; she cannot possibly write, for she has still to say her officium. We came home very late from the grand opera rehearsal. I must go to-morrow after high mass to the illustrious Electress; she is resolved absolument to teach me to knit filee. I am very eager about this, as she and the Elector wish that I should knit in public next Thursday at the great gala concert. The young Princess here, who is a child compared with the Electress, knits very prettily. The Zweenbruck and his Zwobrucken (Deux Ponts) arrived here at eight o'clock. A propos, mamma and I earnestly beg you, dear papa, to send our charming cousin a souvenir; we both regretted so much having nothing with us, but we promised to write to you to send her something. We wish two things to be sent — a double neckerchief in mamma's name, like the one she wears, and in mine some ornament; a box, or etui, or anything you like, only it must be pretty, for she deserves it. [FOOTNOTE: The father was still in possession of many of the ornaments and jewels presented to these children during their artistic tours.]

She and her father took a great deal of trouble on our account, and wasted much time on us. My cousin took the receipts for me at my concert. Addio!

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72. Mannheim, Nov. 5, 1777.

My dear Coz — Buzz, —

I have safely received your precious epistle — thistle, and from it I perceive — achieve, that my aunt — gaunt, and you — shoe, are quite well — bell. I have to-day a letter — setter, from my papa — ah-ha, safe in my hands — sands. I hope you also got — trot, my Mannheim letter — setter. Now for a little sense — pence. The prelate's seizure — leisure, grieves me much — touch, but he will, I hope, get well — sell. You write — blight, you will keep — cheap, your promise to write to me — he-he, to Augsburg soon — spoon. Well, I shall be very glad — mad. You further write, indeed you declare, you pretend, you hint, you vow, you explain, you distinctly say, you long, you wish, you desire, you choose, command, and point out, you let me know and inform me that I must send you my portrait soon — moon. Eh, bien! you shall have it before long — song. Now I wish you good night — tight.

The 5th. — Yesterday I conversed with the illustrious Electress; and to-morrow, the 6th, I am to play in the gala concert, and afterwards, by desire of the Princess, in their private apartments. Now for something rational! I beg of you — why not? — I beg of you, my very dear cousin — why not? — when you write to Madame Tavernier in Munich, to convey a message from me to the two Demoiselles Freysinger — why not? odd enough! but why not? — and I humbly ask pardon of Madlle. Josepha — I mean the youngest, and pray why not? why should I not ask her pardon? strange! but I don't know why I should not, so I do ask her pardon very humbly — for not having yet sent the sonata I promised her, but I mean to do so as soon as possible. Why not? I don't know why not. I can now write no more — which makes my heart sore. To all my kind friends much love — dove. Addio! Your old young, till death — breath,

WOLFGANG AMADE ROSENCRANZ.

Miennham, eht ht5 rebotoc, 7771.

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73. Mannheim, Nov. 8, 1777.

This forenoon, at Herr Cannabich's, I wrote the Rondo of the sonata for his daughter; so they would not let me leave them all day. The Elector and the Electress, and the whole court, are very much pleased with me. Both times I played at the concert, the Elector and she stood close beside me at the piano. After the music was at an end, Cannabich managed that I should be noticed by the court. I kissed the Elector's hand, who said, "I think it is now fifteen years since you were here?" "Yes, your Highness, it is fifteen years since I had that honor." "You play inimitably." The Princess, when I kissed her hand, said, "Monsieur, je vous assure, on ne peut pas jouer mieux."

Yesterday I went with Cannabich to pay the visit mamma already wrote to you about [to Duke Carl Theodor's children], and there I conversed with the Elector as if he had been some kind friend. He is a most gracious and good Prince. He said to me, "I hear you wrote an opera at Munich" ["La finta Giardiniera"]? "Yes, your Highness, and, with your gracious permission, my most anxious wish is to write an opera here; I entreat you will not quite forget me. I could also write a German one, God be praised!" said I, smiling. "That may easily be arranged." He has one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom and the young Count play the piano. The Elector questioned me confidentially about his children. I spoke quite honestly, but without detracting from their master. Cannabich was entirely of my opinion. The Elector, on going away, took leave of me with much courtesy.

After dinner to-day I went, at two o'clock, with Cannabich to Wendling's, the flute-player, where they were all complaisance. The daughter, who was formerly the Elector's favorite, plays the piano very prettily; afterwards I played. I cannot describe to you the happy mood I was in. I played extempore, and then three duets with the violin, which I had

never in my life seen, nor do I now know the name of the author. They were all so delighted that I — was desired to embrace the ladies. No hard task with the daughter, for she is very pretty.

We then went again to the Elector's children; I played three times, and from my heart too, — the Elector himself each time asking me to play. He seated himself each time close to me and never stirred. I also asked a certain Professor there to give me a theme for a fugue, and worked it out.

Now for my congratulations!

My very dearest papa, — I cannot write poetically, for I am no poet. I cannot make fine artistic phrases that cast light and shadow, for I am no painter; I can neither by signs nor by pantomime express my thoughts and feelings, for I am no dancer; but I can by tones, for I am a musician. So to-morrow, at Cannabich's, I intend to play my congratulations both for your name-day and birthday. Mon tres-cher pere, I can only on this day wish for you, what from my whole heart I wish for you every day and every night — health, long life, and a cheerful spirit. I would fain hope, too, that you have now less annoyance than when I was in Salzburg; for I must admit that I was the chief cause of this. They treated me badly, which I did not deserve, and you naturally took my part, only too lovingly. I can tell you this was indeed one of the principal and most urgent reasons for my leaving Salzburg in such haste. I hope, therefore, that my wish is fulfilled. I must now close by a musical congratulation. I wish that you may live as many years as must elapse before no more new music can be composed. Farewell! I earnestly beg you to go on loving me a little, and, in the mean time, to excuse these very poor congratulations till I open new shelves in my small and confined knowledge-box, where I can stow away the good sense which I have every intention to acquire.

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74. Mannheim, Nov. 13, 1777.

We received your last two letters, and now I must answer them in detail. Your letter desiring me to inquire about Becke's parents [in Wallerstein, No. 68] I did not get till I had gone to Mannheim, so too late to comply with your wish; but it never would have occurred to me to do so, for, in truth, I care very little about him. Would you like to know how I was received by him? Well and civilly; that is, he asked where I was going. I said, most probably to Paris. He then gave me a vast deal of advice, saying he had recently been there, and adding, "You will make a great deal by giving lessons, for the piano is highly prized in Paris." He also arranged that I should dine at the officers' table, and promised to put me in the way of speaking to the Prince. He regretted very much having at that moment a sore throat, (which was indeed quite true,) so that he could not go out with me himself to procure me some amusement. He was also sorry that he could have no music in honor of me, because most of the musical people had gone that very day on some pedestrian excursion to — Heaven knows where! At his request I tried his piano, which is very good. He often said Bravo! I extemporized, and also played the sonatas in B and D. In short, he was very polite, and I was also polite, but grave. We conversed on a variety of topics — among others, about Vienna, and more particularly that the Emperor [Joseph II.] was no great lover of music. He said, "It is true he has some knowledge of composition, but of nothing else. I can still recall (and he rubbed his forehead) that when I was to play before him I had no idea what to play; so I began with some fugues and trifles of that kind, which in my own mind I only laughed at." I could scarcely resist saying, "I can quite fancy your laughing, but scarcely so loud as I must have done had I heard you!" He further said (what is the fact) that the music in the Emperor's private apartments is enough to frighten the crows. I replied, that whenever

I heard such music, if I did not quickly leave the room it gave me a headache. “Oh! no; it has no such effect on me; bad music does not affect my nerves, but fine music never fails to give me a headache.” I thought to myself again, such a shallow head as yours is sure to suffer when listening to what is beyond its comprehension.

Now for some of our news here. I was desired to go yesterday with Cannabich to the Intendant, Count Savioli, to receive my present. It was just what I had anticipated — a handsome gold watch. Ten Carolins would have pleased me better just now, though the watch and chain, with its appendages, are valued at twenty Carolins. Money is what is most needed on a journey; and, by your leave, I have now five watches. Indeed, I have serious thoughts of having a second watch-pocket made, and, when I visit a grandee, to wear two watches, (which is indeed the fashion here,) that no one may ever again think of giving me another. I see from your letter that you have not yet read Vogler’s book. [FOOTNOTE: Ton Wissenschaft und Ton Kunst.] I have just finished it, having borrowed it from Cannabich. His history is very short. He came here in a miserable condition, performed on the piano, and composed a ballet. This excited the Elector’s compassion, who sent him to Italy. When the Elector was in Bologna, he questioned Father Valoti about Vogler. “Oh! your Highness, he is a great man,” &c., &c. He then asked Father Martini the same question. “Your Highness, he has talent; and by degrees, when he is older and more solid, he will no doubt improve, though he must first change considerably.” When Vogler came back he entered the Church, was immediately appointed Court Chaplain, and composed a Miserere which all the world declares to be detestable, being full of false harmony. Hearing; that it was not much commended, he went to the Elector and complained that the orchestra played badly on purpose to vex and annoy him; in short, he knew so well how to make his game (entering into so many petty intrigues with women)

that he became Vice-Capellmeister. He is a fool, who fancies that no one can be better or more perfect than himself. The whole orchestra, from the first to the last, detest him. He has been the cause of much annoyance to Holzbauer. His book is more fit to teach arithmetic than composition. He says that he can make a composer in three weeks, and a singer in six months; but we have not yet seen any proof of this. He despises the greatest masters. To myself he spoke with contempt of Bach [Johann Christian, J. Sebastian's youngest son, called the London Bach], who wrote two operas here, the first of which pleased more than the second, Lucio Silla. As I had composed the same opera in Milan, I was anxious to see it, and hearing from Holzbauer that Vogler had it, I asked him to lend it to me. "With all my heart," said he; "I will send it to you to-morrow without fail, but you won't find much talent in it." Some days after, when he saw me, he said with a sneer, "Well, did you discover anything very fine — did you learn anything from it? One air is rather good. What are the words?" asked he of some person standing near. "What air do you mean?" "Why, that odious air of Bach's, that vile — oh! yes, pupille amate. He must have written it after a carouse of punch." I really thought I must have laid hold of his pigtail; I affected, however, not to hear him, said nothing, and went away. He has now served out his time with the Elector.

The sonata for Madlle. Rosa Cannabich is finished. Last Sunday I played the organ in the chapel for my amusement. I came in while the Kyrie was going on, played the last part, and when the priest intoned the Gloria I made a cadence, so different, however, from what is usually heard here, that every one looked round in surprise, and above all Holzbauer. He said to me, "If I had known you were coming, I would have put out another mass for you." "Oh!" said I, "to puzzle me, I suppose?" Old Toeschi and Wendling stood all the time close beside me. I gave them enough to laugh at. Every now and then came a pizzicato, when I rattled the keys well; I was in my best humor.

Instead of the Benedictus here, there is always a voluntary, so I took the ideas of the Sanctus and worked them out in a fugue. There they all stood making faces. At the close, after Ita missa est, I played a fugue. Their pedal is different from ours, which at first rather puzzled me, but I soon got used to it. I must now conclude. Pray write to us still at Mannheim. I know all about Misliweczeck's sonatas [see No. 64], and played them lately at Munich; they are very easy and agreeable to listen to. My advice is that my sister, to whom I humbly commend myself, should play them with much expression, taste, and fire, and learn them by heart. For these are sonatas which cannot fail to please every one, are not difficult to commit to memory, and produce a good effect when played with precision.

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75. Mannheim, Nov. 13, 1777.

Potz Himmel! Croatians, demons, witches, hags, and cross batteries! Potz Element! air, earth, fire, and water! Europe, Asia, Africa, and America! Jesuits, Augustines, Benedictines, Capucins, Minorites, Franciscans, Dominicans, Carthusians, and Knights of the Cross! privateers, canons regular and irregular, sluggards, rascals, scoundrels, imps, and villains all! donkeys, buffaloes, oxen, fools, blockheads, numskulls, and foxes! What means this? Four soldiers and three shoulder-belts! Such a thick packet and no portrait! [FOOTNOTE: The “Basle” (his cousin) had promised him her portrait. She sent it subsequently to Salzburg, where it still hangs in the Mozarteum.] I was so anxious about it — indeed, I felt sure of getting it, having yourself written long ago to say that I should have it soon, very soon. Perhaps you doubt my keeping my promise [about the ornaments — see No. 71], but I cannot think this either. So pray let me have the likeness as quickly as you can; and I trust it is taken as I entreated — in French costume.

How do I like Mannheim? As well as I can any place where my cousin is not. I hope, on the other hand, that you have at all events received my two letters — one from Hohenaltheim, and one from Mannheim — this, such as it is, being the third from here, but making the fourth in all. I must conclude, for we are just going to dinner, and I am not yet dressed. Love me as I love you, and then we shall never cease loving each other. Adieu! J’espere que vous aurez deja pris quelque lection dans la langue francaise, et je ne doute point que — ecoutez! — que vous aurez bientot le francais mieux que moi; car il y a certainement deux ans que je n’ai pas ecrit un mot de cette langue. Encore adieu! Je vous baise les mains.

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76. Mannheim, Nov. 14-16, 1777.

I, Johannes, Chrysostomus, Amadeus, Wolfgangus, Sigismundus, Mozart, plead guilty to having both yesterday and the day before (and very often besides) stayed away from home till twelve o'clock at night, from ten o'clock till the aforesaid hour, I being in the presence and company of M. Cannabich, his wife and daughter, the Herrn Schatzmeister, Ramm, and Lang, making doggerel rhymes with the utmost facility, in thought and word, but not in deed. I should not, however, have conducted myself in so reckless a manner if our ringleader, namely, the so-called Lisel (Elisabeth Cannabich), had not inveigled and instigated me to mischief, and I am bound to admit that I took great pleasure in it myself. I confess all these my sins and shortcomings from the depths of my heart; and in the hope of often having similar ones to confess, I firmly resolve to amend my present sinful life. I therefore beg for a dispensation if it can be granted; but, if not, it is a matter of indifference to me, for the game will go on all the same. Lusus enim suum habet ambitum, says the pious singer Meissner, (cha, ,) and also the pious Ascenditor, patron of singed coffee, musty lemonade, milk of almonds with no almonds in it, and, above all, strawberry ice full of lumps of ice, being himself a great connoisseur and artist in these delicacies.

The sonata I composed for Madlle. Cannabich I intend to write out as soon as possible on small paper, and to send it to my sister. I began to teach it to Madlle. Rose three days ago, and she has learned the allegro. The andante will give us most trouble, for it is full of expression, and must be played with accuracy and taste, and the fortes and pianos given just as they are marked. She is very clever, and learns with facility. Her right hand is very good, but the left is unhappily quite ruined. I must say that I do really feel very sorry for her, when I see her laboring away till she is actually panting for breath; and this not from natural awkwardness on her part, but

because, being so accustomed to this method, she cannot play in any other way, never having been shown the right one. I said, both to her mother and herself, that if I were her regular master I would lock up all her music, cover the keys of the piano with a handkerchief, and make her exercise her right and left hand, at first quite slowly in nothing but passages and shakes, &c., until her hands were thoroughly trained; and after that I should feel confident of making her a genuine pianiste. They both acknowledged that I was right. It is a sad pity; for she has so much genius, reads very tolerably, has great natural aptitude, and plays with great feeling.

Now about the opera briefly. Holzbauer's music [for the first great German operetta, "Gunther von Schwarzburg"] is very beautiful, but the poetry is not worthy of such music. What surprises me most is, that so old a man as Holzbauer should still have so much spirit, for the opera is incredibly full of fire. The prima donna was Madame Elisabeth Wendling, not the wife of the flute-player, but of the violinist. She is in very delicate health; and, besides, this opera was not written for her, but for a certain Madame Danzi, who is now in England; so it does not suit her voice, and is too high for her. Herr Raaff, in four arias of somewhere about 450 bars, sang in a manner which gave rise to the remark that his want of voice was the principal cause of his singing so badly. When he begins an air, unless at the same moment it recurs to your mind that this is Raaff, the old but once so renowned tenor, I defy any one not to burst out laughing. It is a fact, that in my own case I thought, if I did not know that this is the celebrated Raaff, I should be bent double from laughing, but as it is — I only take out my handkerchief to hide a smile. They tell me here that he never was a good actor; that people went to hear, but not to see him. He has by no means a pleasing exterior. In this opera he was to die, singing in a long, long, slow air; and he died laughing! and towards the end of the aria his voice failed him so entirely that it was impossible to stand it! I was in the orchestra next

Wendling the flute-player, and as he had previously criticized the song, saying it was unnatural to sing so long before dying, adding, “I do think he will never die!” I said in return, “Have a little patience; it will soon be all over with him, for I can hear he is at the last gasp!” “And I too,” said he, laughing. The second singer, Madlle. Strasserin, sang very well, and is an admirable actress.

There is a national stage here, which is permanent like that at Munich; German operettas are sometimes given, but the singers in them are wretched. Yesterday I dined with the Baron and Baroness von Hagen, Oberstjagermeister here. Three days ago I called on Herr Schmalz, a banker, to whom Herr Herzog, or rather Nocker and Schidl, had given me a letter. I expected to have found a very civil good sort of man. When I gave him the letter, he read it through, made me a slight bow, and said nothing. At last, after many apologies for not having sooner waited on him, I told him that I had played before the Elector. “Really!” Altum silentium. I said nothing, he said nothing. At last I began again: “I will no longer intrude on you. I have the honor to” — Here he interrupted me. “If I can be of any service to you, I beg”— “Before I leave this I must take the liberty to ask you”— “Not for money?” “Yes, if you will be so good as to”— “Oh! that I can’t do; there is nothing in the letter about money. I cannot give you any money, but anything else”— “There is nothing else in which you can serve me — nothing whatever. I have the honor to take my leave.” I wrote the whole history yesterday to Herr Herzog in Augsburg. We must now wait here for the answer, so you may still write to us at Mannheim. I kiss your hand, and am your young brother and father, as in your last letter you say “I am the old man and son.” To-day is the 16th when I finish this, or else you will not know when it was sent off. “Is the letter ready?” “Yes, mamma, here it is!”

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77. Mannheim, Nov. 20, 1777.

The gala began again yesterday [in honor of the Elector's name-day]. I went to hear the mass, which was a spick-and-span new composition of Vogler's. Two days ago I was present at the rehearsal in the afternoon, but came away immediately after the Kyrie. I never in my life heard anything like it; there is often false harmony, and he rambles into the different keys as if he wished to drag you into them by the hair of your head; but it neither repays the trouble, nor does it possess any originality, but is only quite abrupt. I shall say nothing of the way in which he carries out his ideas. I only say that no mass of Vogler's can possibly please any composer (who deserves the name). For example, I suddenly hear an idea which is NOT BAD. Well, instead of remaining NOT BAD, no doubt it soon becomes good? Not at all! it becomes not only BAD, but VERY BAD, and this in two or three different ways: namely, scarcely has the thought arisen when something else interferes to destroy it; or he does not finish it naturally, so that it may remain good; or it is not introduced in the right place; or it is finally ruined by bad instrumentation. Such is Vogler's music.

Cannabich composes far better than when we knew him in Paris, but what both mamma and I remarked here at once in the symphonies is, that one begins just like another, always slow and unisono. I must now, dear papa, write you something about the Holy Cross in Augsburg, which I have always forgotten to do. I met with a great many civilities there, and the Prelate is the most good-natured man in the world — a kind, worthy old simpleton, who may be carried off at any moment, for his breath fails sadly. He recently — in fact, the very day we left — had an attack of paralysis. He, and the Dean and Procurator, begged us when we came back to Augsburg to drive straight to the Holy Cross. The Procurator is as jolly as Father Leopold at Seeon. [FOOTNOTE: A cloister in Lower Bavaria, that

Wolfgang often visited with his father, as they had a dear friend there, Father Johannes.] My cousin told me beforehand what kind of man he was, so we soon became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for twenty years. I lent him the mass in F, and the first of the short masses in C, and the offertorium in counterpoint in D minor. My fair cousin has undertaken to be custodian of these. I got back the offertorium punctually, having desired that it should be returned first. They all, and even the Prelate, plagued me to give them a litany, De venerabili. I said I had not got it with me. I really was by no means sure; so I searched, but did not find it. They gave me no peace, evidently thinking that I only wished to evade their request; so I said, “I really have not the litany with me; it is at Salzburg. Write to my father; it is his affair. If he chooses to give it to you, well and good; if not, I have nothing to do with it.” A letter from the Deacon to you will therefore probably soon make its appearance. Do just as you please, but if you do send him one, let it be the last in E flat; they have voices enough for anything, and a great many people will be assembled at that time; they even write for them to come from a distance, for it is their greatest festival. Adieu!

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78. Mannheim, Nov. 22, 1777.

THE first piece of information that I have to give you is, that my truthful letter to Herr Herzog in Augsburg, puncto Schmalzii, has had a capital effect. He wrote me a very polite letter in return, expressing his annoyance that I should have been received so uncourteously by detto Schmalz [melted butter]; so he herewith sent me a sealed letter to detto Herr Milk, with a bill of exchange for 150 florins on detto Herr Cheese. You must know that, though I only saw Herr Herzog once, I could not resist asking him to send me a draft on Herr Schmalz, or to Herrn Butter, Milk, and Cheese, or whom he would — a ca! This joke has succeeded; it is no good making a poor mouth!

We received this forenoon (the 21st) your letter of the 17th. I was not at home, but at Cannabich's, where Wendling was rehearsing a concerto for which I have written the orchestral accompaniments. To-day at six o'clock the gala concert took place. I had the pleasure of hearing Herr Franzl (who married a sister of Madame Cannabich's) play a concerto on the violin; he pleased me very much. You know that I am no lover of mere difficulties. He plays difficult music, but it does not appear to be so; indeed, it seems as if one could easily do the same, and this is real talent. He has a very fine round tone, not a note wanting, and everything distinct and well accentuated. He has also a beautiful staccato in bowing, both up and down, and I never heard such a double shake as his. In short, though in my opinion no WIZARD, he is a very solid violin-player. — I do wish I could conquer my confounded habit of writing crooked.

I am sorry I was not at Salzburg when that unhappy occurrence took place about Madame Adlgasserin, so that I might have comforted her; and that I would have done — particularly being so handsome a woman. [Footnote: Adlgasser was the organist of the cathedral. His wife was

thought very stupid. See the letter of August 26, 1781.] I know already all that you write to me about Mannheim, but I never wish to say anything prematurely; all in good time. Perhaps in my next letter I may tell you of something VERY GOOD in your eyes, but only GOOD in mine; or something you will think VERY BAD, but I TOLERABLE; possibly, too, something only TOLERABLE for you, but VERY GOOD, PRECIOUS, and DELIGHTFUL for me! This sounds rather oracular, does it not? It is ambiguous, but still may be divined.

My regards to Herr Bullinger; every time that I get a letter from you, usually containing a few lines from him, I feel ashamed, as it reminds me that I have never once written to my best and truest friend, from whom I have received so much kindness and civility. But I cannot try to excuse myself. I only beg of him to do so for me as far as possible, and to believe that, as soon as I have a little leisure, I will write to him — as yet I have had none; for from the moment I know that it is even possible or probable that I may leave a place, I have no longer a single hour I can call my own, and though I have now a glimmer of hope, still I shall not be at rest till I know how things are. One of the oracle’s sayings must come to pass. I think it will be the middle one or the last — I care not which, for at all events it will be something settled.

I no doubt wrote to you that Holzbauer’s grand opera is in German. If not, I write it now. The title is “Gunther von Schwarzburg,” but not our worshipful Herr Gunther, barber and councillor at Salzburg! “Rosamunde” is to be given during the ensuing Carnival, the libretto being a recent composition of Wieland’s, and the music also a new composition of Herr Schweitzer. Both are to come here. I have already seen some parts of the opera and tried it over on the piano, but I say nothing about it as yet. The target you have had painted for me, to be given in my name to the shooting-match, is first-rate, and the verses inimitable. [Footnote: For cross-bow

practice, attended weekly by a circle of his Salzburg friends. On the target was represented “the melancholy farewell of two persons dissolved in tears, Wolfgang and the ‘Basle.’”] I have now no more to write, except that I wish you all a good night’s rest, and that you may all sleep soundly till this letter comes to wake you. Adieu! I embrace from my heart — cart, my dear sister — blister, and am your dutiful and attached son,

WOLFGANG AMADE MOZART,

Knight of the Golden Spur, Member of the great Verona Academy, Bologna — oui, mon ami!

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79. Mannheim, Nov. 26, 1777.

MOREOVER, every one acquainted with Mannheim, even the nobility, advised me to come here. The reason why we are still in this place is that I have some thoughts of remaining the winter here, and I am only waiting for an answer from the Elector to decide my plans. The Intendant, Count Savioli, is a very worthy gentleman, and I told him to inform the Elector that, this being such severe weather for travelling, I am willing to remain here to teach the young Count [Carl Theodor's son]. He promised me to do his best for me, but said that I must have patience till the gala days were over. All this took place with the consent and at the SUGGESTION of Cannabich. When I told him that I had spoken to Savioli and what I had said, he replied he really thought it was more likely to be brought about than not. Indeed, Cannabich spoke to the Elector on the subject before the Count did so; and now I must wait to hear the result. I am going to call on Herr Schmalz to draw my 150 florins, for my landlord would no doubt prefer the sound of gold to that of music. I little thought that I should have the gift of a watch here, [see No. 74,] but such is again the case. I would have been off long ago, but every one says to me, "Where do you intend to go for the winter? Travelling is detestable in such weather; stay here." Cannabich also wishes it very much; so now I have taken steps to do so, and as such an affair cannot be hurried, I must wait with patience, and I hope soon to be able to send you good news. I have already two pupils certain, besides the ARCH ones, who certainly won't give me less than a louis each monthly. Without these I could not indeed manage to remain. Now let the matter rest as it is, or as it may be, what avail useless speculations? What is to occur we do not know; still in so far we do! what God wills!

Now for a cheerful allegro — non siete si pegro. [Footnote: "Don't be so desponding."] If we do leave this, we shall go straight to — where? To

Weilburg, or whatever the name of the place may be, to the Princess, sister of the Prince of Orange, whom we knew so well at the Hague. There we shall stay — N. B., so long as we like the officers' table, and no doubt receive at least six louis-d'or.

A few days ago Herr Sterkel came here from Wurzburg. The day before yesterday, the 24th, I dined with Cannabich's, and again at Oberstjager von Hagen's, and spent the evening al solito with Cannabich, where Sterkel joined us, [Footnote: Abbe Sterkel, a favorite composer and virtuoso on the piano, whom Beethoven, along with Simrock, Ries, and the two Rombergs, visited in the autumn of 1791, in Aschaffenberg.] and played five duets [sonatas with violin], but so quick that it was difficult to follow the music, and neither distinctly nor in time. Every one said the same. Madlle. Cannabich played my six sonatas, and in fact better than Sterkel. I must now conclude, for I cannot write in bed, and I am too sleepy to sit up any longer.

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80. Mannheim, Nov. 29, 1777.

I RECEIVED this morning your letter of the 24th, and perceive that you cannot reconcile yourself to the chances of good or bad fortune, if, indeed, the latter is to befall us. Hitherto, we four have neither been very lucky nor very unlucky, for which I thank God. You make us many reproaches which we do not deserve. We spend nothing but what is absolutely necessary, and as to what is required on a journey, you know that as well or better than we do. No one BUT MYSELF has been the cause of our remaining so long in Munich; and had I been alone I should have stayed there altogether. Why were we fourteen days in Augsburg? Surely you cannot have got my letters from there? I wished to give a concert. They played me false, so I thus lost eight days. I was absolument determined to go away, but was not allowed, so strong was the wish that I should give a concert. I wished to be urged to do so, and I was urged. I gave the concert; this accounts for the fourteen days. Why did we go direct to Mannheim? This I answered in my last letter. Why are we still here? How can you suppose that I would stay here without good cause? But my father, at all events, should — Well! you shall hear my reasons and the whole course of the affair; but I had quite resolved not to write to you on the subject until I could say something decided, (which even yet I cannot do,) on purpose to avoid causing you care and anxiety, which I always strive to do, for I knew that uncertain intelligence would only fret you. But when you ascribe this to my negligence, thoughtlessness, and indolence, I can only regret your having such an opinion of me, and from my heart grieve that you so little know your son. I am not careless, I am only prepared for the worst; so I can wait and bear everything patiently, so long as my honor and my good name of Mozart remain uninjured. But if it must be so, so let it be. I only beg that you will neither rejoice nor lament

prematurely; for whatever may happen, all will be well if we only have health; for happiness exists — merely in the imagination.

Last Thursday week I went in the forenoon to wait on Count Savioli, and asked him if it were possible to induce the Elector to keep me here this winter, as I was anxious to give lessons to his children. His answer was, “I will suggest it to the Elector, and if it depends on me, the thing will certainly be done.” In the afternoon I went to Cannabich’s, and as I had gone to Savioli by his advice, he immediately asked me if I had been there. I told him everything, on which he said, “I should like you very much to spend the winter with us, but still more to see you in some permanent situation.” I replied, “I could wish nothing better than to be settled near you, but I don’t see how it is possible. You have already two Capellmeisters, so I don’t know what I could have, for I would not be subordinate to Vogler.” “That you would never be,” said he. “Here not one of the orchestra is under the Capellmeister, nor even under the Intendant. The Elector might appoint you Chamber Court composer; only wait a little, and I will speak to Count Savioli on the subject.” On the Thursday after there was a grand concert. When the Count saw me, he apologized for not having yet spoken to the Elector, these being still gala days; but as soon as they were over (next Monday) he would certainly speak to his Royal Highness. I let three days pass, and, still hearing nothing whatever, I went to him to make inquiries. He said, “My good M. Mozart, (this was yesterday, Friday,) today there was a chasse, so it was impossible for me to ask the Elector, but to-morrow at this hour I will certainly give you an answer.” I begged him not to forget it. To tell you the truth, when I left him I felt rather indignant, so I resolved to take with me the easiest of my six variations of the Fischer minuet, (which I wrote here for this express purpose,) to present to the young Count, in order to have an opportunity to speak to the Elector myself. When I went there, you cannot conceive the delight of the governess, by whom I was most

politely received. When I produced the variations, and said that they were intended for the young Count, she said, “Oh! that is charming, but I hope you have something for the Countess also.” “Nothing as yet,” said I, “but if I stay here long enough to have time to write something I will do so.” “A propos,” said she, “I am so glad that you stay the winter here.” “I? I have not heard a word of it.” “That does surprise me; how very odd! for the Elector told me so himself lately; he said, ‘By the by, Mozart remains here all winter.’” “Well, when he said so, he was the only man who could say so, for without the Elector I of course cannot remain here;” and then I told her the whole story. We agreed that I should come the next day (that is, to-day) at four o’clock, and bring some piece of music for the Countess. She was to speak to the Elector before I came; and I should be certain to meet him. I went today, but he had not been there at all; but I shall go again to-morrow. I have written a Rondo for the Countess. Have I not then sufficient cause to stay here and await the result? As this important step is finally taken, ought I at this moment to set off? I have now an opportunity of speaking to the Elector myself. I shall most probably spend the winter here, for I am a favorite with his Royal Highness, who thinks highly of me, and knows what I can do. I hope to be able to give you good news in my next letter. I entreat you once more neither to rejoice nor to be uneasy too soon, and not to confide the affair to any one except Herr Bullinger and my sister. I send my sister the allegro and the andante of the sonata I wrote for Madlle. Cannabich. The Rondo will follow shortly; the packet would have been too heavy had I sent it with the others. You must be satisfied with the original, for you can more easily get it copied for six kreutzers a sheet than I for twenty-four. Is not that dear? Adieu! Possibly you have heard some stray bits of this sonata; for at Cannabich’s it is sung three times a day at least, played on the piano and violin, or whistled — only sotto voce, to be sure.

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81. Mannheim, Dec. 3, 1777.

I CAN still write nothing certain about my fate here. Last Monday, after going three days in succession to my ARCH pupils, morning and afternoon, I had the good fortune at last to meet the Elector. We all, indeed, thought that I had again come in vain, as it was so late in the day, but at length we saw him coming. The governess made the Countess seat herself at the piano, and I placed myself beside her to give her a lesson, and it was thus the Elector found us on entering. We rose, but he desired us to continue the lesson. When she had finished playing, the governess addressed him, saying that I had written a beautiful Rondo. I played it, and it pleased him exceedingly. At last he said, “Do you think that she will be able to learn it?” “Oh! yes,” said I; “I only wish I had the good fortune to teach it to her myself.” He smiled, and said, “I should also like it; but would it not be prejudicial to her to have two masters?” “Oh, no! your Highness,” said I; “it all depends on whether she has a good or a bad one. I hope your Highness will place trust and confidence in me.” “Oh, assuredly,” said he. The governess then said, “M. Mozart has also written these variations on the Fischer minuet for the young Count.” I played them, and he seemed to like them much. He now began to jest with the Countess. I thanked him for his present of a watch. He said, “I must reflect on your wish; how long do you intend to remain here?” My answer was, “As long as your Highness commands me to do so;” and then the interview was at an end. I went there again this morning, and was told that the Elector had repeated yesterday, “Mozart stays here this winter.” Now I am fairly in for it; so you see I must wait.

I dined to-day (for the fourth time) with Wendling. Before dinner, Count Savioli came in with Capellmeister Schweitzer, who arrived yesterday evening. Savioli said to me, “I spoke again yesterday to the Elector, but he

has not yet made up his mind.” I answered, “I wish to say a few words to you privately;” so we went to the window. I told him the doubt the Elector had expressed, and complained of the affair dragging on so long, and said how much I had already spent here, entreating him to persuade the Elector to engage me permanently; for I fear that he will give me so little during the winter that it will be impossible for me to remain. “Let him give me work; for I like work.” He said he would certainly suggest it to him, but this evening it was out of the question, as he was not to go to court; to-morrow, however, he promised me a decided answer. Now, let what will happen. If he does not engage me, I shall, at all events, apply for a sum of money for my travelling expenses, as I have no intention to make him a present of the Rondo and the variations. I assure you I am very easy on the subject, because I feel quite certain that, come what may, all will go right. I am entirely submissive to the will of God.

Your letter of the 27th arrived yesterday, and I hope you received the allegro and andante of the sonata. I now enclose the Rondo. Schweitzer is a good, worthy, upright man, dry and candid like our Haydn; only his mode of speaking is more polished. There are some very beautiful things in his new opera, and I don’t doubt that it will prove a great success. “Alceste” is much liked, and yet it is not half so fine as “Rosamunde.” Being the first German operetta no doubt contributed very much to its popularity; but now — N. B., on minds chiefly attracted by novelty — it scarcely makes the same impression. Herr Wieland, whose poetry it is, is also to come here this winter. That is a man I should indeed like to see. Who knows? Perhaps I may. When you read this, dear papa, please God, all will be settled.

If I do stay here, I am going to Paris during Lent with Herr Wendling, Herr Ramm, the hautboy-player, who plays admirably, and Ballet-master Cauchery. Wendling assures me I shall never regret it; he has been twice in Paris, and has only just returned from there. He says, “It is, in fact, the only

place where either real fame or money is to be acquired. You are a man of genius; I will put you on the right path. You must write an opera seria and comique, an oratorio, and every kind of thing. Any one who composes a couple of operas in Paris receives a certain sum yearly. There is also the Concert Spirituel and the Academie des Amateurs, where you get five louis-d'or for a symphony. If you teach, the custom is three louis-d'or for twelve lessons; and then you get your sonatas, trios, and quartets published by subscription. Cannabich and Toeschi send a great part of their music to Paris." Wendling is a man who understands travelling. Write me your opinion of this scheme, I beg; it seems to me both wise and profitable. I shall travel with a man who knows all the ins and outs of Paris (as it now is) by heart, for it is very much changed. I should spend very little — indeed, I believe not one half of what I do at present, for I should only have to pay for myself, as mamma would stay here, and probably with the Wendlings.

On the 12th of this month, Herr Ritter, who plays the bassoon beautifully, sets off for Paris. If I had been alone, this would have been a famous opportunity for me; indeed, he spoke to me himself about it. Ramm (hautboy-player) is a good, jolly, worthy man, about thirty-five, who has travelled a great deal, so has much experience. The first and best musicians here like me very much, and respect me too. They always call me Herr Capellmeister. I cannot say how much I regret not having at least the copy of a mass with me, for I should certainly have had it performed, having lately heard one of Holzbauer's, which is also in our style. If I had only a copy of the Misericordias! But so it is, and it can't be helped now. I would have had one transcribed here, but copying does cost so much. Perhaps I should not have got as much for the mass itself as I must have paid for the copy. People here are by no means so very liberal.

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82. Mannheim, Dec. 6, 1777.

I CAN tell you nothing certain yet. I begin to be rather tired of this joke; I am only curious to know the result. Count Savioli has spoken three times to the Elector, and the answer was invariably a shrug of the shoulders, and “I will give you an answer presently, but — I have not yet made up my mind.” My kind friends here quite agree with me in thinking that this hesitation and reserve are rather a favorable omen than the reverse. For if the Elector was resolved not to engage me, he would have said so at once; so I attribute the delay to Denari siamo un poco scrocconi [we are a little stingy of our money]. Besides, I know for certain that the Prince likes me; a buon canto, so we must wait. I may now say that it will be very welcome to me if the affair turns out well; if not, I shall much regret having lingered here so long and spent so much money. At all events, whatever the issue may be, it cannot be an evil one if it be the will of God; and my daily prayer is that the result may be in accordance with it. You have indeed, dear papa, rightly guessed the chief cause of Herr Cannabich’s friendship for me. There is, however, another small matter in which he can make use of me — namely, he is obliged to publish a collection of all his ballets arranged for the piano. Now, he cannot possibly write these out himself in such a manner that the work may be correct and yet easy. For this purpose I am very welcome to him; (this was the case already with one of his contredanses.) He has been out shooting for the last week, and is not to return till next Tuesday. Such things contribute, indeed, very much to our good friendship; but, independent of this, he would at least never be inimical to me, for he is very much changed. When a man comes to a certain age, and sees his children grown up, he then no doubt thinks a little differently. His daughter, who is fifteen, and his eldest child, is a very pretty, pleasing girl. She has great good sense for her age, and an engaging demeanor; she is rather grave and

does not talk much, but what she does say is always amiable and good-natured. She caused me most indescribable pleasure yesterday, by playing my sonata in the most admirable manner. The andante (which must not be played QUICK) she executed with the greatest possible feeling; and she likes to play it. You know that I finished the first allegro when I had been only two days here, and that I had then only seen Madlle. Cannabich once. Young Danner asked me how I intended to compose the andante. “Entirely in accordance with Madlle. Rose’s character,” said I. When I played it, it seemed to please much. Danner mentioned afterwards what I had said. And it is really so; she is just what the andante is. To-day I dined for the sixth time with Wendling, and for the second time in the company of Herr Schweitzer. To-morrow, by way of a change, I dine there again; I actually have my board there. I must now go to bed, so I wish you good-night.

I have this moment returned from Wendling’s, and as soon as I have posted this letter I am going back there, for the opera is to be rehearsed in camera caritatis, as it were. I am going to Cannabich’s afterwards, at half-past six o’clock, to give my usual daily music-lesson. A propos, I must correct a statement of mine. I said yesterday that Madlle. Cannabich was fifteen; it seems, however, that she is only just thirteen. Our kind regards to all our friends, especially to Herr Bullinger.

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83. Mannheim, Dec. 10, 1777.

ALL is at an end, for the present, with the Elector. I went to the court concert the day before yesterday, in the hope of getting an answer. Count Savioli evidently wished to avoid me; but I went up to him. When he saw me he shrugged his shoulders. “What!” said I, “still no answer?” “Pardon me!” said he, “but I grieve to say nothing can be done.” “Eh, bien!” said I, “the Elector might have told me so sooner!” “True,” said he, “but he would not even now have made up his mind, if I had not driven him to it by saying that you had already stayed here too long, spending your money in a hotel.” “Truly, that is what vexes me most of all,” I replied; “it is very far from pleasant. But, at all events, I am very much indebted to you, Count, (for he is not called “your Excellency,”) for having taken my part so zealously, and I beg you will thank the Elector from me for his gracious, though somewhat tardy information; and I can assure him that, had he accepted my services, he never would have had cause to regret it.” “Oh!” said he, “I feel more convinced of that than perhaps you think.” When I told Herr Wendling of the final decision, he colored and said, quite indignantly, “Then we must find the means; you must, at least, remain here for the next two months, and after that we can go together to Paris. To-morrow Cannabich returns from shooting, and then we can talk further on the subject.” I left the concert immediately, and went straight to Madame Cannabich. On my way thither, Herr Schatzmeister having come away from the concert with me, I told him all about it, as he is a good worthy man and a kind friend of mine. You cannot conceive how angry he was. When we went into Madame Cannabich’s house, he spoke first, saying, “I bring you a man who shares the usual happy fate of those who have to do with courts.” “What!” said Madame, “so it has all come to nothing?” I told her the whole, and in return they related to me numbers of similar things which had occurred here.

When Madlle. Rose (who was in the third room from us, busy with the linen) had finished, she came in and said to me, “Do you wish me to begin now?” as it was the hour for her lesson. “I am at your orders,” said I. “Do you know,” said she, “that I mean to be very attentive to-day?” “I am sure you will,” answered I, “for the lessons will not continue much longer.” “How so? What do you mean? — Why?” She turned to her mamma, who told her. “What!” said she, “is this quite certain? I cannot believe it.” “Yes — yes; quite certain,” said I. She then played my sonata, but looked very grave. Do you know, I really could not suppress my tears; and at last they had all tears in their eyes — mother, daughter, and Schatzmeister, for she was playing the sonata at the moment, which is the favorite of the whole family. “Indeed,” said Schatzmeister, “if the Herr Capellmeister (I am never called anything else here) leaves us, it will make us all weep.” I must say that I have very kind friends here, for it is under such circumstances that we learn to know them; for they are so, not only in words but in deeds. Listen to this! The other day I went, as usual, to dine with Wendling, when he said to me, “Our Indian friend (a Dutchman, who lives on his own means, and is an amateur of all the fine arts, and a great friend and admirer of mine) is certainly an excellent fellow. He will give you twenty florins to write for him three little easy short concertos, and a couple of quattros for a leading flute. Cannabich can get you at least two pupils, who will play well; and you could write duets for the piano and violin, and publish them by subscription. Dinner and supper you will always have with us, and lodgings you have at the Herr Hofkammerrath’s; so all this will cost you nothing. As for your mother, we can easily find her a cheap lodging for these two months, till you have had time to write about the matter to your father, when she will leave this for Salzburg and we for Paris.” Mamma is quite satisfied; so all that is yet wanting is your consent, of which I feel so sure that, if the time for our journey were now come, I would set off for Paris

without waiting for your reply; for I could expect nothing else from a sensible father, hitherto so anxious for the welfare of his children. Herr Wendling, who sends you his compliments, is very intimate with our dear friend Grimm, who, when he was here, spoke a great deal about me to Wendling; this was when he had just come from us at Salzburg. As soon as I receive your answer to this letter, I mean to write to him, for a stranger whom I met at dinner to-day told me that Grimm was now in Paris. As we don't leave this till the 8th of March, I beg you, if possible, to try to procure for me, either through Herr Mesmer at Vienna, or some one else, a letter to the Queen of France, if it can be done without much difficulty; if not, it does not much matter. It would be better if I could have one — of that there is no doubt; this is also the advice of Herr Wendling. I suppose what I am now writing must appear very strange to you, because you are in a city where there are only stupid enemies, and weak and simple friends, whose dreary daily bread at Salzburg is so essential to them, that they become flatterers, and are not to be depended on from day to day. Indeed, this was why I wrote you nothing but childish nonsense, and jokes, and folly; I wished to await the event here, to save you from vexation, and my good friends from blame; for you very unwarrantably accuse them of working against me in an underhand way, which they certainly never did. Your letters obliged me to relate the whole affair to you. I entreat you most earnestly not to distress yourself on the subject; God has willed it so. Reflect also on this most undoubted truth, that we cannot do all we wish. We often think that such and such a thing would be very good, and another equally bad and evil, and yet if these things came to pass, we should sometimes learn that the very reverse was the case.

I must now go to bed. I shall have plenty of work to do during the two months of my stay, — three concertos, two quartets, five or six duets for the piano, and I also have thoughts of composing a new grand mass, and

dedicating it to the Elector. Adieu! I will write to Prince Zeill next post-day to press forward matters in Munich; if you would also write to him, I should be very glad. But short and to the point — no cringing! for that I cannot bear. It is quite certain that he can do it if he likes, for all Munich told me so [see Nos. 56 and 60].

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84. Mannheim, Dec. 14, 1777.

I CAN only write a few words, as I did not get home till four o’clock, when I had a lesson to give to the young lady of the house. It is now nearly half-past five, so time to close my letter. I will ask mamma to write a few days beforehand, so that all our news may not be of the same date, for I can’t easily do this. The little time that I have for writing must be devoted to composition, for I have a great deal of work before me. I entreat you to answer me very soon as to my journey to Paris. I played over my concertone on the piano to Herr Wendling, who said it was just the thing for Paris; if I were to play that to Baron Bach, he would be in ecstasies. Adieu!

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85. [A P.S. To a letter from his mother.]

Mannheim, Dec. 18, 1777.

IN the greatest haste and hurry! The organ that was tried to-day in the Lutheran church is very good, not only in certain registers, but in its whole compass. [Footnote: The mother writes: “A Lutheran of degree called on us to-day, and invited Wolfgang, with all due politeness, to try their new organ.”] Vogler played on it. He is only a juggler, so to speak; as soon as he wishes to play in a majestic style, he becomes dull. Happily this seems equally tedious to himself, so it does not last long; but then, what follows? only an incomprehensible scramble. I listened to him from a distance. He began a fugue, in chords of six notes, and presto. I then went up to him, for I would far rather see than hear him. There were a great many people present, and among the musicians Holzbauer, Cannabich, Toeschi, &c.

A quartet for the Indian Dutchman, that true benefactor of man, will soon be finished. A propos, Herr told me that he had written to you by the last post. Addio! I was lately obliged to direct the opera with some violins at Wendling’s, Schweitzer being unwell.

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86. Mannheim, Dec. 20, 1777.

I WISH you, dearest papa, a very happy new-year, and that your health, so precious in my eyes, may daily improve, for the benefit and happiness of your wife and children, the satisfaction of your true friends, and for the annoyance and vexation of your enemies. I hope also that in the coming year you will love me with the same fatherly tenderness you have hitherto shown me. I on my part will strive, and honestly strive, to deserve still more the love of such an admirable father. I was cordially delighted with your last letter of the 15th of December, for, thank God! I could gather from it that you are very well indeed. We, too, are in perfect health, God be praised! Mine is not likely to fail if constant work can preserve it. I am writing this at eleven at night, because I have no other leisure time. We cannot very well rise before eight o'clock, for in our rooms (on the ground-floor) it is not light till half-past eight. I then dress quickly; at ten o'clock I sit down to compose till twelve or half-past twelve, when I go to Wendling's, where I generally write till half-past one; we then dine. At three o'clock I go to the Mainzer Hof (an hotel) to a Dutch officer, to give him lessons in galanterie playing and thorough bass, for which, if I mistake not, he gives me four ducats for twelve lessons. At four o'clock I go home to teach the daughter of the house. We never begin till half past four, as we wait for lights. At six o'clock I go to Cannabich's to instruct Madlle. Rose. I stay to supper there, when we converse and sometimes play; I then invariably take a book out of my pocket and read, as I used to do at Salzburg. I have already written to you the pleasure your last letter caused me, which is quite true; only one thing rather vexed me, the inquiry whether I had not perchance forgotten to go to confession. I shall not say anything further on this. Only allow me to make you one request, which is, not to think so badly of me. I like to be merry, but rest assured that I can be as serious as any one. Since I quitted

Salzburg (and even in Salzburg) I have met with people who spoke and acted in a way that I should have felt ashamed to do, though they were ten, twenty, and thirty years older than myself. I implore of you therefore once more, and most earnestly, to have a better opinion of me.

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87. Mannheim, Dec. 27, 1777.

A PRETTY sort of paper this! I only wish I could make it better; but it is now too late to send for any other. You know, from our previous letters, that mamma and I have a capital lodging. It never was my intention that she should live apart from me; in fact, when the Hofkammerrath Serrarius so kindly offered me his house, I only expressed my thanks, which is by no means saying yes. The next day I went to see him with Herr Wendling and M. de Jean (our worthy Dutchman), and only waited till he should himself begin the subject. At length he renewed his offer, and I thanked him in these words: “I feel that it is a true proof of friendship on your part to do me the honor to invite me to live in your house; but I regret that unfortunately I cannot accept your most kind proposal. I am sure you will not take it amiss when I say that I am unwilling to allow my mother to leave me without sufficient cause; and I certainly know no reason why mamma should live in one part of the town and I in another. When I go to Paris, her not going with me would be a considerable pecuniary advantage to me, but here for a couple of months a few gulden more or less do not signify.”

By this speech my wish was entirely fulfilled, — that is, that our board and lodging do not at all events make us poorer. I must go up-stairs to supper, for we have now chatted till half-past ten o’clock. I lately went with my scholar, the Dutch officer, M. de la Pottrie, into the Reformed church, where I played for an hour and a half on the organ. It came right from my heart too. We — that is, the Cannabichs, Wendlings, Serrariuses, and Mozarts — are going to the Lutheran Church, where I shall amuse myself gloriously on the organ. I tried its tone at the same rehearsal that I wrote to you about, but played very little, only a prelude and a fugue.

I have made acquaintance with Herr Wieland. He does not, however, know me as I know him, for he has heard nothing of me as yet. I had not at

all imagined him to be what I find him. He speaks in rather a constrained way, and has a childish voice, his eyes very watery, and a certain pedantic uncouthness, and yet at times provokingly condescending. I am not, however, surprised that he should choose to behave in this way at Mannheim, though no doubt very differently at Weimar and elsewhere, for here he is stared at as if he had fallen from the skies. People seem to be so ceremonious in his presence, no one speaks, all are as still as possible, striving to catch every word he utters. It is unlucky that they are kept so long in expectation, for he has some impediment in his speech which causes him to speak very slowly, and he cannot say six words without pausing. Otherwise he is, as we all know, a man of excellent parts. His face is downright ugly and seamed with the small-pox, and he has a long nose. His height is rather beyond that of papa.

You need have no misgivings as to the Dutchman's 200 florins. I must now conclude, as I should like to compose for a little time. One thing more: I suppose I had better not write to Prince Zeill at present. The reason you no doubt already know, (Munich being nearer to Salzburg than to Mannheim,) that the Elector is at the point of death from small-pox. This is certain, so there will be a struggle there. Farewell! As for mamma's journey home, I think it could be managed best during Lent, by her joining some merchants. This is only my own idea; but what I do feel quite sure of is, that whatever you think right will be best, for you are not only the Herr Hofcapellmeister, but the most rational of all rational beings. If you know such a person as papa, tell him I kiss his hands 1000 times, and embrace my sister from my heart, and in spite of all this scribbling I am your dutiful son and affectionate brother.

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88. Mannheim, Jan. 7, 1778.

I HOPE you are both well. I am, thank God! in good health and spirits. You may easily conceive my sorrow at the death of the Elector of Bavaria. My sole wish is that our Elector here may have the whole of Bavaria, and transfer himself to Munich. I think you also would like this. This forenoon at twelve o'clock, Carl Theodor was proclaimed at court Duke of Bavaria. At Munich, Count Daun, Oberststallmeister, immediately on the death of the Prince, received homage in the name of the Elector, and sent the dragoons to ride all round the environs of the city with trumpets and kettledrums, and to shout "Long live our Elector, Carl Theodor!" If all goes well, as I hope it may, Count Daun will receive a very handsome present. His aid-de-camp, whom he dispatched here with the tidings, (his name is Lilienau,) got 3000 florins from the Elector.

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89. Mannheim, Jan 10, 1778

YES, indeed! I also wish that from my heart. [Footnote: In the mother's letter, she had written, "May God grant us the blessing of peace'" for there was much talk about the invasion of Bavaria by the Prussians and Austrians, on account of the succession.] You have already learned my true desire from my last letter. It is really high time that we should think of mamma's journey home, for though we have had various rehearsals of the opera, still its being performed is by no means certain, and if it is not given, we shall probably leave this on the 15th of February. When that time arrives, (after receiving your advice on the subject,) I mean to follow the opinions and habits of my fellow-travellers, and, like them, order a suit of black clothes, reserving the laced suit for Germany, as it is no longer the fashion in Paris. In the first place, it is an economy, (which is my chief object in my Paris journey,) and, secondly, it wears well and suits both country and town. You can go anywhere with a black coat. To-day the tailor brought Herr Wendling his suit. The clothes I think of taking with me are my puce-brown spagnolet coat, and the two waistcoats.

Now for something else. Herr Wieland, after meeting me twice, seems quite enchanted with me. The last time, after every sort of eulogium, he said, "It is really fortunate for me having met you here," and pressed my hand. To-day "Rosamunde" has been rehearsed in the theatre; it is well enough, but nothing more, for if it were positively bad it could not be performed, I suppose, — just as some people cannot sleep without lying in a bed! But there is no rule without an exception, and I have seen an instance of this; so good night! Now for something more to the purpose. I know for certain that the Emperor intends to establish a German opera in Vienna, and is eagerly looking out for a young Capellmeister who understands the German language, and has genius, and is capable of bringing something

new into the world. Benda at Gotha has applied, but Schweitzer is determined to succeed. I think it would be just the thing for me, but well paid of course. If the Emperor gives me 1000 gulden, I will write a German opera for him, and if he does not choose to give me a permanent engagement, it is all the same to me. Pray write to every kind friend you can think of in Vienna, that I am capable of doing credit to the Emperor. If he will do nothing else, he may at least try me with an opera, and as to what may occur hereafter I care not. Adieu! I hope you will put the thing in train at once, or some one may forestall me.

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90. Mannheim, Jan. 17, 1778.

NEXT Wednesday I am going for some days to Kirchheim-Boland, the residence of the Princess of Orange. I have heard so much praise of her here, that at last I have resolved to go. A Dutch officer, a particular friend of mine, [M. de la Pottrie,] was much upbraided by her for not bringing me with him when he went to offer his new-year's congratulations. I expect to receive at least eight louis-d'or, for as she has a passionate admiration of singing, I have had four arias copied out for her. I will also present her with a symphony, for she has a very nice orchestra and gives a concert every day. Besides, the copying of the airs will not cost me much, for a M. Weber who is going there with me has copied them. He has a daughter who sings admirably, and has a lovely pure voice; she is only fifteen. [Footnote: Aloysia, second daughter of the prompter and theatrical copyist, Weber, a brother of Carl Maria von Weber's father.] She fails in nothing but in stage action; were it not for that, she might be the prima donna of any theatre. Her father is a downright honest German who brings up his children well, for which very reason the girl is persecuted here. He has six children, — five girls and a son. He and his wife and children have been obliged to live for the last fourteen years on an income of 200 florins, but as he has always done his duty well, and has lately provided a very accomplished singer for the Elector, he has now actually 400 florins. My aria for De' Amicis she sings to perfection with all its tremendous passages: she is to sing it at Kirchheim-Boland.

Now for another subject. Last Wednesday there was a great feast in our house, [at Hofkammerrath Serrarius's,] to which I was also invited. There were fifteen guests, and the young lady of the house [Pierron, the "House Nymph"] was to play in the evening the concerto I had taught her at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The Herr Kammerrath and Herr Vogler called on

me. Herr Vogler seems quite determined to become acquainted with me, as he often importuned me to go to see him, but he has overcome his pride and paid me the first visit. Besides, people tell me that he is now very different, being no longer so much admired; for at first he was made quite an idol of here. We went up-stairs together, when by degrees the guests assembled, and there was no end to talking. After dinner, Vogler sent for two pianos of his, which were tuned alike, and also his wearisome engraved sonatas. I had to play them, while he accompanied me on the other piano. At his urgent request I sent for my sonatas also. N. B. — Before dinner he had scrambled through my sonata at sight, (the Litzau one which the young lady of the house plays.) He took the first part prestissimo — the Andante allegro — and the Rondo more prestissimo still. He played great part of the bass very differently from the way in which it is written, inventing at times quite another harmony and melody. It is impossible to do otherwise in playing at such a pace, for the eyes cannot see the notes, nor the hands get hold of them. What merit is there in this? The listeners (I mean those worthy of the name) can only say that they have SEEN music and piano-playing. All this makes them hear, and think, and feel as little — as he does. You may easily believe that this was beyond all endurance, because I could not venture to say to him MUCH TOO QUICK! besides, it is far easier to play a thing quickly than slowly; some notes may then be dropped without being observed. But is this genuine music? In rapid playing the right and left hands may be changed, and no one either see or hear it; but is this good? and in what does the art of reading prima vista consist? In this — to play the piece in the time in which it ought to be played, and to express all the notes and apoggiaturas, &c., with proper taste and feeling as written, so that it should give the impression of being composed by the person who plays it. His fingering also is miserable; his left thumb is just like that of the late

Adlgasser, all the runs downwards with the right hand he makes with the first finger and thumb!

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91. Mannheim, Feb. 2 1778.

I COULD no delay writing to you till the usual Saturday arrived, because it was so long since I had the pleasure of conversing with you by means of my pen. The first thing I mean to write about is how my worthy friends and I got on at Kirchheim-Boland. It was simply a holiday excursion, and nothing more. On Friday morning at eight o'clock we drove away from here, after I had breakfasted with Herr Weber. We had a capital covered coach which held four; at four o'clock we arrived at Kirchheim-Boland. We immediately sent a list of our names to the palace. Next morning early, Herr Concertmeister Rothfischer called on us. He had been already described to me at Mannheim as a most honorable man, and such I find him to be. In the evening we went to court, (this was on Saturday,) where Madlle. Weber sang three airs. I say nothing of her singing, but it is indeed admirable. I wrote to you lately with regard to her merits; but I cannot finish this letter without writing further about her, as I have only recently known her well, so now first discover her great powers. We dined afterwards at the officers' table. Next day we went some distance to church, for the Catholic one is rather far away. This was on Sunday. In the forenoon we dined again with the officers. In the evening there was no music, because it was Sunday. Thus they have music only 300 times during the year. In the evening we might have supped at court, but we preferred being all together at the inn. We would gladly have made them a present also of the dinners at the officers' table, for we were never so pleased as when by ourselves; but economy rather entered our thoughts, since we were obliged to pay heavily enough at the inn.

The following day, Monday, we had music again, and also on Tuesday and Wednesday. Madlle. Weber sang in all thirteen times, and played twice on the piano, for she plays by no means badly. What surprises me most is,

that she reads music so well. Only think of her playing my difficult sonatas at sight, SLOWLY, but without missing a single note. I give you my honor I would rather hear my sonatas played by her than by Vogler. I played twelve times, and once, by desire, on the organ of the Lutheran church. I presented the Princess with four symphonies, and received only seven louis-d'or in silver, and our poor dear Madlle. Weber only five. This I certainly did not anticipate! I never expected great things, but at all events I hoped that each of us would at least receive eight louis-d'or. Basta! We were not, however, losers, for I have a profit of forty-two florins, and the inexpressible pleasure of becoming better acquainted with worthy upright Christian people, and good Catholics, I regret much not having known them long ago.

The 4th. — Now comes something urgent, about which I request an answer. Mamma and I have discussed the matter, and we agree that we do not like the sort of life the Wendlings lead. Wendling is a very honorable and kind man, but unhappily devoid of all religion, and the whole family are the same. I say enough when I tell you that his daughter was a most disreputable character. Ramm is a good fellow, but a libertine. I know myself, and I have such a sense of religion that I shall never do anything which I would not do before the whole world; but I am alarmed even at the very thoughts of being in the society of people, during my journey, whose mode of thinking is so entirely different from mine (and from that of all good people). But of course they must do as they please. I have no heart to travel with them, nor could I enjoy one pleasant hour, nor know what to talk about; for, in short, I have no great confidence in them. Friends who have no religion cannot be long our friends. I have already given them a hint of this by saying that during my absence three letters had arrived, of which I could for the present divulge nothing further than that it was unlikely I should be able to go with them to Paris, but that perhaps I might come later, or possibly go elsewhere; so they must not depend on me. I shall be able to

finish my music now quite at my ease for De Jean, who is to give me 200 florins for it. I can remain here as long as I please, and neither board nor lodging cost me anything. In the meantime Herr Weber will endeavor to make various engagements for concerts with me, and then we shall travel together. If I am with him, it is just as if I were with you. This is the reason that I like him so much; except in personal appearance, he resembles you in all respects, and has exactly your character and mode of thinking. If my mother were not, as you know, too COMFORTABLY LAZY to write, she would say precisely what I do. I must confess that I much enjoyed my excursion with them. We were pleased and merry; I heard a man converse just like you; I had no occasion to trouble myself about anything; what was torn I found repaired. In short, I was treated like a prince. I am so attached to this oppressed family that my greatest wish is to make them happy, and perhaps I may be able to do so. My advice is that they should go to Italy, so I am all anxiety for you to write to our good friend Lugiati [impresario], and the sooner the better, to inquire what are the highest terms given to a prima donna in Verona — the more the better, for it is always easy to accept lower terms. Perhaps it would be possible to obtain the Ascensa in Venice. I will be answerable with my life for her singing, and her doing credit to my recommendation. She has, even during this short period, derived much profit from me, and how much further progress she will have made by that time! I have no fears either with regard to her acting. If this plan be realized, M. Weber, his two daughters, and I, will have the happiness of visiting my dear papa and dear sister for a fortnight, on our way through Salzburg. My sister will find a friend and companion in Madlle. Weber, for, like my sister in Salzburg, she enjoys the best reputation here, owing to the careful way in which she has been brought up; the father resembles you, and the whole family that of Mozart. They have indeed detractors, as with us, but when it comes to the point they must confess the truth; and truth

lasts longest. I should be glad to go with them to Salzburg, that you might hear her. My air that De' Amicis used to sing, and the bravura aria "Parto m' affretto," and "Dalla sponda tenebrosa," she sings splendidly. Pray do all you can to insure our going to Italy together. You know my greatest desire is — to write operas.

I will gladly write an opera for Verona for thirty zecchini, solely that Madlle. Weber may acquire fame by it; for, if I do not, I fear she may be sacrificed. Before then I hope to make so much money by visiting different places that I shall be no loser. I think we shall go to Switzerland, perhaps also to Holland; pray write to me soon about this. Should we stay long anywhere, the eldest daughter [Josepha, afterwards Madaine Hofer, for whom the part of the Queen of the Night in the "Flauto magico" was written] would be of the greatest use to us; for we could have our own menage, as she understands cooking.

Send me an answer soon, I beg. Don't forget my wish to write an opera; I envy every person who writes one; I could almost weep from vexation when I hear or see an aria. But Italian, not German — seria, not buffa! I have now written you all that is in my heart; my mother is satisfied with my plan.

The mother, however, adds the following postscript: —

"No doubt you perceive by the accompanying letter that when Wolfgang makes new friends he would give his life for them. It is true that she does sing incomparably; still, we ought not to lose sight of our own interests. I never liked his being in the society of Wendling and Ramm, but I did not venture to object to it, nor would he have listened to me; but no sooner did he know these Webers than he instantly changed his mind. In short, he prefers other people to me, for I remonstrate with him sometimes, and that he does not like. I write this quite secretly while he is at dinner, for I don't wish him to know it."

A few days later Wolfgang urges his father still more strongly.

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92. Mannheim, Feb. 7, 1778.

HERR SCHIEDENHOFEN might have let me know long ago through you that his wedding was soon to take place [see Nos. 7, 10, 19], and I would have composed a new minuet for the occasion. I cordially wish him joy; but his is, after all, only one of those money matches, and nothing else! I hope never to marry in this way; I wish to make my wife happy, but not to become rich by her means; so I will let things alone, and enjoy my golden freedom till I am so well off that I can support both wife and children. Herr Schiedenhofen was forced to choose a rich wife; his title imposed this on him. The nobility must not marry for love or from inclination, but from interest, and all kinds of other considerations. It would not at all suit a grandee to love his wife after she had done her duty, and brought into the world an heir to the property. But we poor humble people are privileged not only to choose a wife who loves us, and whom we love, but we may, can, and do take such a one, because we are neither noble, nor highborn, nor rich, but, on the contrary, lowly, humble, and poor; we therefore need no wealthy wife, for our riches being in our heads, die with us, and these no man can deprive us of unless he cut them off, in which case we need nothing more.

I lately wrote to you my chief reason for not going to Paris with these people, but another is that I have reflected well on what I have to do in Paris. I could not get on passably without pupils, which is a kind of work that does not suit me — of this I have a strong example here. I might have had two pupils: I went three times to each, but finding one of them not at home, I never went back. I am willing to give lessons out of complaisance, especially when I see genius, and inclination and anxiety to learn; but to be obliged to go to a house at a certain hour, or else to wait at home, is what I cannot submit to, if I were to gain twice what I do. I find it impossible, so

must leave it to those who can do nothing but play the piano. I am a composer, and born to become a Kapellmeister, and I neither can nor ought thus to bury the talent for composition with which God has so richly endowed me (I may say this without arrogance, for I feel it now more than ever); and this I should do were I to take many pupils, for it is a most unsettled metier; and I would rather, SO TO SPEAK, neglect the piano than composition, for I look on the piano to be only a secondary consideration, though, thank God! a very strong one too. My third reason is, that I am by no means sure our friend Grimm is in Paris. If he is, I can go there at any time with the post-carriage, for a capital one travels from here to Paris by Strassburg. We intended at all events to have gone by it. They travel also in this way. Herr Wendling is inconsolable at my not going with them, but I believe this proceeds more from self-interest than from friendship. Besides the reason I gave him (about the three letters that had come during my absence), I also told him about the pupils, and begged him to procure something certain for me, in which case I would be only too glad to follow him to Paris, (for I can easily do so,) — above all, if I am to write an opera, which is always in my thoughts; but French rather than German, and Italian rather than French or German. The Wendlings, one and all, are of opinion that my compositions would please much in Paris. I have no fears on the subject, for, as you know, I can pretty well adapt or conform myself to any style of composition. Shortly after my arrival I composed a French song for Madlle. Gustel (the daughter), who gave me the words, and she sings it inimitably. I have the pleasure to enclose it for you. It is sung every day at Wendling’s, for they are quite infatuated with it.

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93. Mannheim, Feb. 14, 1778.

I PERCEIVE by your letter of the 9th of February that you have not yet received my last two letters. Wendling and Kamm leave this early to-morrow morning. If I thought that you would be really displeased with me for not going to Paris with them, I should repent having stayed here; but I hope it is not so. The road to Paris is still open to me. Wendling has promised to inquire immediately about Herr Grimm, and to send me information at once. With such a friend in Paris, I certainly shall go there, for no doubt he will bring something to bear for me. The main cause of my not going with them is, that we have not been able to arrange about mamma returning to Augsburg. The journey will not cost much, for there are vetturini here who can be engaged at a cheap rate. By that time, however, I hope to have made enough to pay mamma's journey home. Just now I don't really see that it is possible. Herr de Jean sets off to-morrow for Paris, and as I have only finished two concertos and three quartets for him, he sent me 96 florins (having made a mistake of four florins, thinking this sum the half of the 200); he must, however, pay me in full, for such was the agreement I made with Wendling, and I can send him the other pieces. It is not surprising that I have been unable to finish them, for I never have a single quiet hour here. I can only write at night, so I cannot rise early; besides, one is not always disposed to work. I could, to be sure, scrawl away all day, but a thing of this kind goes forth to the world, and I am resolved not to have cause to be ashamed of my name on the title-page. Moreover, you know that I become quite obtuse when obliged to write perpetually for an instrument that I cannot bear; so from time to time I do something else, such as duets for the piano and violin, and I also worked at the mass. Now I have begun the pianoforte duets in good earnest, in order to publish them. If

the Elector were only here, I would very quickly finish the mass; but what must be must be!

I am very grateful to you, dear papa, for your fatherly letter; I will preserve it as a treasure, and always refer to it. Pray do not forget about my mother's journey from Augsburg to Salzburg, and let me know the precise day; and I beg you will also remember the arias I mentioned in my last letter. If I recollect rightly, there are also some cadenzas which I once jotted down, and at all events an aria cantabile with coloraturas? I wish to have these first, for they will serve as exercises for Madlle. Weber. I have just taught her an andantino cantabile of Bach's. Yesterday there was a concert at Cannabich's, where from first to last all the music was of my composition, except the first symphony, which was Cannabich's. Madlle. Rose played my concerto in B, then Herr Ramm (by way of a change) played for the fifth time the hautboy concerto dedicated to Ferlendi, which makes a great sensation here. It is now quite Ramm's cheval de bataille. Madlle. Weber sang De' Amicis's aria di bravura quite charmingly. Then I played my old concerto in D, because it is such a favorite here, and likewise extemporized for half an hour, after which Madlle. Weber sang De' Amicis's air, "Parto m' affretto;" and, as a finale, my symphony "Il Re Pastore" was given. I do entreat you urgently to interest yourself in Madlle. Weber; it would make me so happy if good-fortune were to attend her. Husband and wife, five children, and a salary of 450 florins! Don't forget about Italy, and my desire to go there; you know my strong wish and passion. I hope all may go right. I place my trust in God, who will never forsake us. Now farewell, and don't forget all my requests and recommendations.

These letters alarmed the father exceedingly, so he wrote a long and very earnest letter to his son as follows:— "The object of your journey was to assist your parents, and to contribute to your dear sister's welfare, but,

above all, that you might acquire honor and fame in the world, which you in some degree did in your boyhood; and now it rests entirely with you to raise yourself by degrees to one of the highest positions ever attained by any musician. This is a duty you owe to a kind Providence in return for the remarkable talents with which He has gifted you; and it depends wholly on your own good sense and good conduct, whether you become a commonplace artist whom the world will forget, or a celebrated Capellmeister, of whom posterity will read hereafter in books, — whether, infatuated with some pretty face, you one day breathe your last on a straw sack, your wife and children in a state of starvation, or, after a well-spent Christian life, die peacefully in honor and independence, and your family well provided for." He goes on to represent to him how little he has hitherto fulfilled the object of his journey, and, above all, the folly of wishing to place so young a girl on the Italian stage as a prima donna, both time and great training being previously required. Moreover, it would be quite unworthy of him to wander about the world with strangers, and to compose at random merely for money. "Get off to Paris without delay. Take your place by the side of really great people. Aut Caesar aut nihil. The very idea of Paris should have guarded you from all passing fancies."

To this Wolfgang replies: —

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94. Mannheim, Feb. 19, 1778.

I ALWAYS thought that you would disapprove of my journey with the Webers, but I never had any such intention — I mean, UNDER PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES. I gave them my word of honor to write to you to that effect. Herr Weber does not know how we stand, and I certainly shall tell it to no one. I wish my position had been such that I had no cause to consider any one else, and that we were all independent; but in the intoxication of the moment I forgot the present impossibility of the affair, and also to tell you what I had done. The reasons of my not being now in Paris must be evident to you from my last two letters. If my mother had not first begun on the subject, I certainly would have gone with my friends; but when I saw that she did not like it, I began to dislike it also. When people lose confidence in me, I am apt to lose confidence in myself. The days when, standing on a stool, I sang Oragna fiaguta fa, [Footnote: Words sounding like Italian, but devoid of meaning, for which he had invented a melody. Nissen gives it in his Life of Mozart, .] and at the end kissed the tip of your nose, are indeed gone by; but still, have my reverence, love, and obedience towards yourself ever failed on that account? I say no more. As for your reproach about the little singer in Munich [see No. 62], I must confess that I was an ass to write such a complete falsehood. She does not as yet know even what singing means. It was true that, for a person who had only learned music for three months, she sang surprisingly; and, besides, she has a pleasing pure voice. The reason why I praised her so much was probably my hearing people say, from morning to night, “There is no better singer in all Europe; those who have not heard her have heard nothing.” I did not venture to disagree with them, partly because I wished to acquire friends, and partly because I had come direct from Salzburg, where we are not in the habit of contradicting

any one; but as soon as I was alone I never could help laughing. Why, then, did I not laugh at her in my letter to you? I really cannot tell.

The bitter way in which you write about my merry and innocent intercourse with your brother's daughter, makes me justly indignant; but as it is not as you think, I require to give you no answer on the subject. I don't know what to say about Wallerstein; I was very grave and reserved with Becke, and at the officers' table also I had a very serious demeanor, not saying one word to anybody. But let this all pass; you only wrote it in a moment of irritation [see No. 74]. Your remarks about Madlle. Weber are just; but at the time I wrote to you I knew quite as well as you that she is still too young, and must be first taught how to act, and must rehearse frequently on the stage. But with some people one must proceed step by step. These good people are as tired of being here as — you know WHO and WHERE, [meaning the Mozarts, father and son, in Salzburg,] and they think everything feasible. I promised them to write everything to my father; but when the letter was sent off to Salzburg, I constantly told her that she must have a little patience, for she was still rather too young, &c. They take in all I say in good part, for they have a high opinion of me. By my advice, Herr Weber has engaged Madlle. Toscani (an actress) to give his daughter lessons in acting. All you write of Madlle. Weber is true, except, that she sings like a Gabrielli, [see Nos. 10, 37,] for I should not at all like her to sing in that style. Those who have heard Gabrielli say, and must say, that she was only an adept in runs and roulades; but as she adopted so uncommon a reading, she gained admiration, which, however, did not last longer than hearing her four times. She could not please in the long run, for roulades soon become very tiresome, and she had the misfortune of not being able to sing. She was not capable of sustaining a breve properly, and having no messa di voce, she could not dwell on her notes; in short, she sang with skill, but devoid of intelligence. Madlle. Weber's singing, on the

contrary, goes to the heart, and she prefers a cantabile. I have lately made her practise the passages in the Grand Aria, because, if she goes to Italy, it is necessary that she should sing bravuras. The cantabile she certainly will never forget, being her natural bent. Raaff (who is no flatterer), when asked to give his sincere opinion, said, “She does not sing like a scholar, but like a professor.”

So now you know everything. I do still recommend her to you with my whole heart, and I beg you will not forget about the arias, cadenzas, &c. I can scarcely write from actual hunger. My mother will display the contents of our large money-box. I embrace my sister lovingly. She is not to lament about every trifle, or I will never come back to her.

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95. Mannheim, Feb. 22, 1778.

I HAVE been now two days confined to the house, and taking antispasmodics, black powders, and elderflower tea as a sudorific, because I have had a catarrh, a cold in my head, sore throat, headache, pains in my eyes, and earache; but, thank God, I am now better, and hope to be able to go out tomorrow, being Sunday. I got your letter of the 16th and the two unsealed letters of introduction for Paris. I rejoice that my French song pleases you [see No. 92]. You must forgive my not writing much this time, but I really cannot — I am so afraid of bringing back my headache, and, besides, I feel no inclination to write to-day. It is impossible to write all we think — at least, I find it to be so. I would rather say it than write it. My last letter told you the whole thing just as it stands. Believe what you please of me, only nothing bad. There are people who think no one can love a poor girl without evil designs. But I am no Brunetti [a violinist in Salzburg], no Misliweczeck. I am a Mozart; and, though young, still a high-principled Mozart. Pardon me if, in my eagerness, I become somewhat excited — which is, I suppose, the term, though I might rather say, if I write as I feel. I might have said a great deal on this subject, but I cannot — I feel it to be impossible. Among my many faults I have also that of believing that those friends who know me, do so thoroughly. Then many words are not necessary; and if they do not know me, oh! how could I find words sufficient? It is painful enough to employ words and letters for such a purpose. This, however, is not at all meant to apply to you, dearest papa. No! You understand me too well, and you are too kind to try to deprive any one of his good name. I only meant it for — you can guess to whom I allude — to people who can believe such a thing.

I have resolved to stay in the house to-day, although Sunday, as it is snowing heavily. To-morrow I must go out, for our “house-nymph,” Madlle.

Pierron, my highly esteemed pupil, who has usually a French concert every Monday, intends to scramble through my hochgrafliche Litzau concerto. I also mean, for my sins, to let them give me something to hack away at, and show that I can do something too prima fista; for I am a regular greenhorn, and all I can do is to strum a little on the piano! I must now conclude, being more disposed to-day to write music than letters. Don’t forget the cadenzas and the cantabile. Many thanks for having had the arias written out so quickly, for it shows that you place confidence in me when I beg a favor of you.

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96. Mannheim, Feb. 28, 1778.

I HOPE to receive the arias next Friday or Saturday, although in your last letter you made no further mention of them, so I don't know whether you sent them off on the 22d by the post-carriage. I hope so, for I should like to play and sing them to Madlle. Weber. I was yesterday at Raafl's to take him an aria that I lately wrote for him [Kochel, No. 295]. The words are— "Se al labbro mio non credi, nemica mia." I don't think they are by Metastasio. The aria pleased him beyond all measure. It is necessary to be very particular with a man of this kind. I chose these words expressly, because he had already composed an aria for them, so of course he can sing it with greater facility, and more agreeably to himself. I told him to say honestly if it did not suit his voice or please him, for I would alter it if he wished, or write another. "Heaven forbid!" said he; "it must remain just as it is, for nothing can be more beautiful. I only wish you to curtail it a little, for I am no longer able to sustain my voice through so long a piece." "Most gladly," I answered, "as much as ever you please; I made it purposely rather long, for it is always easy to shorten, but not so easy to lengthen." After he had sung the second part, he took off his spectacles, and, looking at me deliberately, said, "Beautiful! beautiful! This second part is quite charming;" and he sang it three times. When I went away he cordially thanked me, while I assured him that I would so arrange the aria that he would certainly like to sing it. I think an aria should fit a singer as accurately as a well-made coat. I have also, for practice, arranged the air "Non so d' onde viene" which has been so charmingly composed by Bach. Just because I know that of Bach so well, and it pleases me and haunts my ear, I wished to try if, in spite of all this, I could succeed in writing an aria totally unlike the other. And, indeed, it does not in the very least resemble it. I at first intended this aria for Raaff; but the beginning seemed to me too

high for Raaff's voice, but it pleased me so much that I would not alter it; and from the orchestral accompaniment, too, I thought it better suited to a soprano. I therefore resolved to write it for Madlle. Weber. I laid it aside, and took the words "Se al labbro" for Raaff. But all in vain, for I could write nothing else, as the first air always came back into my head; so I returned to it, with the intention of making it exactly in accordance with Madlle. Weber's voice. It is andante sostenuto, (preceded by a short recitative,) then follows the other part, Nel seno destarmi, and after this the sostenuto again. When it was finished, I said to Madlle. Weber, "Learn the air by yourself, sing it according to your own taste, then let me hear it, and I will afterwards tell you candidly what pleases and what displeases me."

In the course of a couple of days I went to see her, when she sang it for me and accompanied herself, and I was obliged to confess that she had sung it precisely as I could have wished, and as I would have taught it to her myself. This is now the best aria that she has, and will insure her success whereever she goes. [Footnote: This wonderfully beautiful aria is appended to my Life of Mozart. — Stuttgart, Bruckmaun, 1863.] Yesterday at Wendling's I sketched the aria I promised his wife [Madame Wendling was a fine singer], with a short recitative. The words were chosen by himself from "Didone": "Ah non lasciarmi no." She and her daughter quite rave about this air. I promised the daughter also some French ariettes, one of which I began to-day. I think with delight of the Concert Spirituel in Paris, for probably I shall be desired to compose something for it. The orchestra is said to be good and numerous, so my favorite style of composition can be well given there — I mean choruses, and I am very glad to hear that the French place so much value on this class of music. The only fault found with Piccini's [Gluck's well-known rival] new opera "Roland" is that the choruses are too meagre and weak, and the music also a little monotonous; otherwise it was universally liked. In Paris they are accustomed to hear

nothing but Gluck’s choruses. Only place confidence in me; I shall strive with all my might to do honor to the name of Mozart. I have no fears at all on the subject.

My last letters must have shown you HOW THINGS ARE, and WHAT I REALLY MEANT. I do entreat of you never to allow the thought to cross your mind that I can ever forget you, for I cannot bear such an idea. My chief aim is, and always will be, to endeavor that we may meet soon and happily, but we must have patience. You know even better than I do that things often take a perverse turn, but they will one day go straight — only patience! Let us place our trust in God, who will never forsake us. I shall not be found wanting; how can you possibly doubt me? Surely it concerns me also to work with all my strength, that I may have the pleasure and the happiness (the sooner the better, too) of embracing from my heart my dearest and kindest father. But, lo and behold! nothing in this world is wholly free from interested motives. If war should break out in Bavaria, I do hope you will come and join me at once. I place faith in three friends — and they are powerful and invincible ones — namely, God, and your head and mine. Our heads are, indeed, very different, but each in its own way is good, serviceable, and useful; and in time I hope mine may by degrees equal yours in that class of knowledge in which you at present surpass me. Farewell! Be merry and of good cheer! Remember that you have a son who never intentionally failed in his filial duty towards you, and who will strive to become daily more worthy of so good a father.

After these frank confessions, which would, he knew, restore the previous good understanding between him and his father, Mozart’s genuine good heart was so relieved and lightened, that the natural balance of his mind, which had for some weeks past been entirely destroyed, was speedily restored, and his usual lively humor soon began to revive. Indeed, his old delight in doggerel rhymes and all kinds of silly puns seems to return. He

indulges fully in these in a letter to his Basle (cousin), which is undoubtedly written just after the previous one.

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97. Mannheim, Feb. 28, 1778.

MADEMOISELLE, MA TRES-CHERE COUSINE, —

You perhaps think or believe that I must be dead? Not at all! I beg you will not think so, for how could I write so beautifully if I were dead? Could such a thing be possible? I do not attempt to make any excuses for my long silence, for you would not believe me if I did. But truth is truth; I have had so much to do that though I have had time to think of my cousin, I have had no time to write to her, so I was obliged to let it alone. But at last I have the honor to inquire how you are, and how you fare? If we soon shall have a talk? If you write with a lump of chalk? If I am sometimes in your mind? If to hang yourself you're inclined? If you're angry with me, poor fool? If your wrath begins to cool? — Oh! you are laughing! VICTORIA! I knew you could not long resist me, and in your favor would enlist me. Yes! yes! I know well how this is, though I'm in ten days off to Paris. If you write to me from pity, do so soon from Augsburg city, so that I may get your letter, which to me would be far better.

Now let us talk of other things. Were you very merry during the Carnival? They are much gayer at Augsburg at that time than here. I only wish I had been there that I might have frolicked about with you. Mamma and I send our love to your father and mother, and to our cousin, and hope they are well and happy; better so, so better! A propos, how goes on your French? May I soon write you a French letter? from Paris, I suppose?

Now, before I conclude, which I must soon do because I am in haste, (having just at this moment nothing to do,) and also have no more room, as you see my paper is done, and I am very tired, and my fingers tingling from writing so much, and lastly, even if I had room, I don't know what I could say, except, indeed, a story which I have a great mind to tell you. So listen! It is not long since it happened, and in this very country too, where it made

a great sensation, for really it seemed almost incredible, and, indeed, between ourselves, no one yet knows the result of the affair. So, to be brief, about four miles from here — I can't remember the name of the place, but it was either a village or a hamlet, or something of that kind. Well, after all, it don't much signify whether it was called Triebetrill or Burmsquick; there is no doubt that it was some place or other. There a shepherd or herdsman lived, who was pretty well advanced in years, but still looked strong and robust; he was unmarried and well-to-do, and lived happily. But before telling you the story, I must not forget to say that this man had a most astounding voice when he spoke; he terrified people when he spoke! Well! to make my tale as short as possible, you must know that he had a dog called Bellot, a very handsome large dog, white with black spots. Well! this shepherd was going along with his sheep, for he had a flock of eleven thousand under his care, and he had a staff in his hand, with a pretty rose-colored topknot of ribbons, for he never went out without his staff; such was his invariable custom. Now to proceed; being tired, after having gone a couple of miles, he sat down on a bank beside a river to rest. At last he fell asleep, when he dreamt that he had lost all his sheep, and this fear awoke him, but to his great joy he saw his flock close beside him. At length he got up again and went on, but not for long; indeed, half an hour could scarcely have elapsed, when he came to a bridge which was very long, but with a parapet on both sides to prevent any one falling into the river. Well; he looked at his flock, and as he was obliged to cross the bridge, he began to drive over his eleven thousand sheep. Now be so obliging as to wait till the eleven thousand sheep are all safely across, and then I will finish the story. I already told you that the result is not yet known; I hope, however, that by the time I next write to you, all the sheep will have crossed the bridge; but if not, why should I care? So far as I am concerned, they might all have stayed on this side. In the meantime you must accept the story so far as it goes;

what I really know to be true I have written, and it is better to stop now than to tell you what is false, for in that case you would probably have discredited the whole, whereas now you will only disbelieve one half.

I must conclude, but don’t think me rude; he who begins must cease, or the world would have no peace. My compliments to every friend, welcome to kiss me without end, forever and a day, till good sense comes my way; and a fine kissing that will be, which frightens you as well as me. Adieu, ma chere cousine! I am, I was, I have been, oh! that I were, would to heavens I were! I will or shall be, would, could, or should be — what? — A blockhead! W. A. M.

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98. Mannheim, March 7, 1778.

I have received your letter on the 26th February, and am much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken about the arias, which are quite accurate in every respect. “Next to God comes papa” was my axiom when a child, and I still think the same. You are right when you say that “knowledge is power”; besides, except your trouble and fatigue, you will have no cause for regret, as Madlle. Weber certainly deserves your kindness. I only wish that you could hear her sing my new aria which I lately mentioned to you, — I say, hear her sing it, because it seems made expressly for her; a man like you who really understands what portamento in singing means, would certainly feel the most intense pleasure in hearing her. When I am happily settled in Paris, and our circumstances, please God, improved, and we are all more cheerful and in better humor, I will write you my thoughts more fully, and ask you to do me a great kindness. I must now tell you I was so shocked that tears came to my eyes, on reading in your last letter that you are obliged to go about so shabbily dressed. My very dearest papa, this is certainly not my fault; you know it is not. We economize in every possible way here; food and lodging, wood and light, cost us nothing, which is all we could hope for. As for dress, you are well aware that, in places where you are not known, it is out of the question to be badly dressed, for appearances must be kept up.

My whole hopes are now centred in Paris, for German princes are all niggards. I mean to work with all my strength, that I may soon have the happiness of extricating you from your present distressing circumstances.

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99. Mannheim, March. 11, 1778.

I HAVE duly received your letter of the 26th February, and learn from it with great joy that our best and kindest of all friends, Baron Grimm [the well-known Encyclopedist, with whom Mozart had become acquainted during his last visit to France], is now in Paris. The vetturino has offered to convey us to Paris by Metz (which, as you probably know, is the shortest route) for eleven louis-d'or. If to-morrow he agrees to do it for ten, I shall certainly engage him, and perhaps at eleven, for even then it will be the cheapest way for us, which is the main point, and more convenient too, for he will take our carriage — that is, he will place the body on wheels of his own. The convenience is great, as we have so many small packages that we can stow away quite comfortably in our own carriage, which we cannot do in the DILIGENCE, and besides we shall be alone and able to talk as we like. But I do assure you that if, after all, we go in the DILIGENCE, my sole annoyance is the bore of not being able to say what we choose and wish, though, as it is very necessary that we should take the cheapest conveyance, I am still rather disposed to do so.

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THIRD PART. — PARIS. — MARCH 1778 TO JANUARY 1779.

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100. Paris, March 24, 1778.

YESTERDAY (Monday, the 23d), at four o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived here, thank God! safely, having been nine days and a half on our journey. We thought we really could not have gone through with it; in my life I never was so wearied. You may easily imagine what it was to leave Mannheim and so many dear kind friends, and then to travel for ten days, not only without these friends, but without any human being — without a single soul whom we could associate with or even speak to. Now, thank Heaven! we are at our destination, and I trust that, with the help of God, all will go well. To-day we are to take a fiacre and go in quest of Grimm and Wendling. Early to-morrow I intend to call on the Minister of the Palatinate, Herr von Sickingen, (a great connoisseur and passionate lover of music, and for whom I have two letters from Herr von Gemmingen and M. Cannabich.) Before leaving Mannheim I had the quartet transcribed that I wrote at Lodi one evening in the inn there, and also the quintet and the Fischer variations for Herr von Gemmingen [author of the "Deutsche Hausvater"], on which he wrote me a most polite note, expressing his pleasure at the souvenir I had left him, and sending me a letter to his intimate friend Herr von Sickingen, adding, "I feel sure that you will be a greater recommendation to the letter than the letter can possibly be to you;" and, to repay the expense of writing out the music, he sent me three louis-d'or; he also assured me of his friendship, and requested mine in return. I must say that all those who knew me, Hofrathe, Kammerrathe, and other high-class people, as well as all the court musicians, were very grieved and reluctant to see me go; and really and truly so.

We left on Saturday, the 14th, and on the previous Thursday there was an afternoon concert at Cannabich's, where my concerto for three pianos was given. Madlle. Rose Cannabich played the first, Madlle. Weber the second,

and Madlle. Pierron Serrarius (our “house-nymph”) the third. We had three rehearsals of the concerto, and it went off well. Madlle. Weber sang three arias of mine, the “Aer tranquillo” from the “Re Pastore,” [Footnote: A festal opera that Mozart had composed in 1775, in honor of the visit of the Archduke Maximilian Francis to Salzburg.] and the new “Non so d’ onde viene.” With this last air my dear Madlle. Weber gained very great honor both for herself and for me. All present said that no aria had ever affected them like this one; and, indeed, she sang it as it ought to be sung. The moment it was finished, Cannabich exclaimed, “Bravo! bravissimo maestro! veramente scritta da maestro!” It was given for the first time on this occasion with instruments. I should like you to have heard it also, exactly as it was executed and sung there, with such precision in time and taste, and in the pianos and fortes. Who knows? you may perhaps still hear her. I earnestly hope so. The members of the orchestra never ceased praising the aria and talking about it.

I have many kind friends at Mannheim (both highly esteemed and rich) who wished very much to keep me there. Well! where I am properly paid, I am content to be. Who can tell? it may still come to pass. I wish it may; and thus it ever is with me — I live always in hope. Herr Cannabich is an honorable, worthy man, and a kind friend of mine. He has only one fault, which is, that although no longer very young, he is rather careless and absent, — if you are not constantly before his eyes, he is very apt to forget all about you. But where the interests of a real friend are in question, he works like a horse, and takes the deepest interest in the matter; and this is of great use, for he has influence. I cannot, however, say much in favor of his courtesy or gratitude; the Webers (for whom I have not done half so much), in spite of their poverty and obscurity, have shown themselves far more grateful. Madame Cannabich and her daughter never thanked me by one single word, much less thought of offering me some little remembrance,

however trifling, merely as a proof of kindly feeling; but nothing of the sort, not even thanks, though I lost so much time in teaching the daughter, and took such pains with her. She can now perfectly well perform before any one; as a girl only fourteen, and an amateur, she plays remarkably well, and for this they have to thank me, which indeed is very well known to all in Mannheim. She has now neatness, time, and good fingering, as well as even shakes, which she had not formerly. They will find that they miss me much three months hence, for I fear she will again be spoiled, and spoil herself; unless she has a master constantly beside her, and one who thoroughly understands what he is about, she will do no good, for she is still too childish and giddy to practise steadily and carefully alone. [Footnote: Rosa Cannabich became, indeed, a remarkable virtuoso. C L. Junker mentions her, even in his musical almanac of 1783, among the most eminent living artists.]

Madlle. Weber paid me the compliment kindly to knit two pairs of mits for me, as a remembrance and slight acknowledgment. M. Weber wrote out whatever I required gratis, gave me the music-paper, and also made me a present of Moliere's Comedies (as he knew that I had never read them), with this inscription:— "Ricevi, amico, le opere di Moliere, in segno di gratitudine, e qualche volta ricordati di me." [Footnote: "Accept, my dear friend, Moliere's works as a token of my gratitude; and sometimes think of me."] And when alone with mamma he said, "Our best friend, our benefactor, is about to leave us. There can be no doubt that your son has done a great deal for my daughter, and interested himself much about her, and she cannot be too thankful to him." [Footnote: Aloysia Weber became afterwards Madame Lange. She had great fame as a singer. We shall hear more of her in the Vienna letters.] The day before I set off, they would insist on my supping with them, but I managed to give them two hours before supper instead. They never ceased thanking me, and saying they only

wished they were in a position to testify their gratitude, and when I went away they all wept. Pray forgive me, but really tears come to my eyes when I think of it. Weber came down-stairs with me, and remained standing at the door till I turned the corner and called out Adieu!

In Paris he at once plunged into work, so that his love-affair was for a time driven into the background. Compositions for the Concert Spirituel, for the theatre, and for dilettanti, as well as teaching and visits to great people, occupied him. His mother writes: “I cannot describe to you how much Wolfgang is beloved and praised here. Herr Wendling had said much in his favor before he came, and has presented him to all his friends. He can dine daily, if he chooses, with Noverre [the famed ballet-master], and also with Madame d’Epinay” [Grimm’s celebrated friend]. The mother herself scarcely saw him all day, for on account of their small close apartment, he was obliged to compose at Director Le Gros’s house. She had (womanlike) written to the father about the composition of a Miserere. Wolfgang continues the letter, more fully explaining the matter.

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101. Paris, April 5, 1778.

I MUST now explain more, clearly what mamma alludes to, as she has written rather obscurely. Capellmeister Holzbauer has sent a Miserere here, but as the choruses at Mannheim are weak and poor, whereas here they are strong and good, his choruses would make no effect. M. Le Gros (Director of the Concert Spirituel) requested me therefore to compose others; Holzbauer's introductory chorus being retained. "Quoniam iniquitatem meam," an allegro, is the first air by me. The second an adagio, "Ecce enim in iniquitatibus." Then an allegro, "Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti" to the "ossa humiliata." Then an andante for soprano, tenor, and bass Soli; "Cor mundum," and "Redde mihi," allegro to "ad se convertentur." I also composed a recitative for a bass air, "Libera me de sanguinibus," because a bass air of Holzbauer's follows. The "sacrificium Deo spiritus" being an aria andante for Raaff, with a hautboy and a bassoon solo obligato. I have added a short recitative with hautboy and bassoon, for here recitative is much liked. "Benigne fac" to "muri Jerusalem" andante moderate. Chorus. Then "Tunc acceptabis" to "super altare," allegro and tenor solo (Le Gros) and chorus. Finis. [None of this music is known.]

I must say that I am right glad to have done with this task, for it is really detestable not to be able to write at home, and to be hurried into the bargain; but now, God be praised! it is finished, and I hope it will make some effect. M. Gussec, whom you no doubt know, when he saw my first chorus, said to Le Gros (I was not present) that it was charming, and could not fail to be successful, that the words were so well arranged, and, above all, admirably set to music. He is a kind friend of mine, but very reserved. I am not merely to write an act for an opera, but an entire one in two acts. The poet has already completed the first act. Noverre [ballet-master], with whom I dine as often as I please, managed this, and indeed suggested the idea. I think it

is to be called “Alexander and Roxana.” Madame Jenome is also here. I am about to compose a sinfonie concertante, — flute, Wendling; oboe, Ramm; French horn, Punto; and bassoon, Ritter. Punto plays splendidly. I have this moment returned from the Concert Spirituel. Baron Grimm and I often give vent to our wrath at the music here; N.B. — when tete-a-tete, for in public we call out “Bravo! bravissimo!” and clap our hands till our fingers tingle.

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102. Paris, May 1, 1778.

THE little violoncellist Zygmatofsky and his unprincipled father are here. Perhaps I may already have written you this; I only mention it cursorily, because I just remember that I met him at a house which I must now tell you about. I mean that of the Duchesse de Chabot. M. Grimm gave me a letter to her, so I drove there, the purport of the letter being chiefly to recommend me to the Duchesse de Bourbon, who when I was last here [during Mozart's first visit to Paris] was in a convent, and to introduce me afresh to her and recall me to her memory. A week elapsed without the slightest notice of my visit, but as eight days previously she had appointed me to call on her, I kept my engagement and went. I waited half an hour in a large room without any fire, and as cold as ice. At last the Duchess came in, and was very polite, begging me to make allowances for her piano, as none of her instruments were in good order, but I might at least try it. I said that I would most gladly play something, but at this moment it was impossible, as my fingers were quite benumbed from the cold, so I asked her at all events to take me to a room where there was a fire. "Oh! oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison" — was her answer. She then seated herself, and drew for a whole hour in company with several gentlemen, all sitting in a circle round a large table, and during this time I had the honor to wait. The windows and doors were open, so that not only my hands, but my body and my feet were cold, and my head also began to ache. Moreover, there was altum silentium, and I really did not know what to do from cold, headache, and weariness. I again and again thought to myself, that if it were not on M. Grimm's account I would leave the house at once. At last, to cut matters short, I played on the wretched, miserable piano. What however vexed me most of all was, that the Duchess and all the gentlemen did not cease drawing for a single moment, but coolly continued their occupation; so I was left to play to the

chairs and tables, and the walls. My patience gave way under such unpropitious circumstances. I therefore began the Fischer variations, and after playing one half of them I rose. Then came eulogiums without end. I, however, said all that could be said — which was, that I could do myself no justice on such a piano, but I should be very glad to fix some other day to play, when a better instrument might be found. But the Duchess would not hear of my going away; so I was obliged to wait till her husband came in, who placed himself beside me and listened to me with great attention, while, as for me, I became unconscious of all cold and all headache, and, in spite of the wretched piano, played as I CAN play when I am in the right mood. Give me the best piano in Europe, and listeners who understand nothing, or don't wish to understand, and who do not sympathize with me in what I am playing, I no longer feel any pleasure. I afterwards told all this to M. Grimm.

You write to me that I ought to pay a good many visits in order to make new acquaintances, and to renew former ones. This is, however, impossible, from the distances being so great, and it is too muddy to go on foot, for really the mud in Paris is beyond all description. To go in a carriage entails spending four or five livres a day, and all for nothing; it is true the people say all kinds of civil things, but there it ends, as they appoint me to come on such and such a day, when I play, and hear them exclaim, "Oh! c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, c'est etonnant!" and then, Adieu! At first I spent money enough in driving about, and to no purpose, from not finding the people at home. Unless you lived here, you could not believe what an annoyance this is. Besides, Paris is much changed; the French are far from being as polite as they were fifteen years ago; their manner now borders on rudeness, and they are odiously self-sufficient.

I must proceed to give you an account of the Concert Spirituel. By the by, I must first briefly tell you that my chorus-labors were in a manner

useless, for Holzbauer's Miserere was too long in itself, and did not please, so they gave only two of my choruses instead of four, and chose to leave out the best; but this was of no great consequence, for many there were not aware that any of the music was by me, and many knew nothing at all about me. Still, at the rehearsal great approbation was expressed, and I myself (for I place no great reliance on Parisian praise) was very much satisfied with my choruses. With regard to the sinfonie concertante there appears to be a hitch, and I believe that some unseen mischief is at work. It seems that I have enemies here also; where have I not had them? But this is a good sign. I was obliged to write the symphony very hurriedly, and worked very hard at it. The four performers were and are perfectly enchanted with the piece. Le Gros had it for the last four days to be copied, but I invariably saw it lying in the same place. Two days ago I could not find it, though I searched carefully among the music; and at last I discovered it hidden away. I took no notice, but said to Le Gros, "A propos, have you given my sinfonie to be copied?" "No; I forgot all about it." As, of course, I have no power to compel him to have it transcribed and performed, I said nothing; but I went to the concert on the two days when the sinfonie was to have been performed, when Ramm and Punto came to me in the greatest rage to ask me why my sinfonie concertante was not to be given. "I don't know. This is the first I hear of it. I cannot tell." Ramm was frantic, and abused Le Gros in the music-room in French, saying how very unhandsome it was on his part, etc. I alone was to be kept in the dark! If he had even made an excuse — that the time was too short, or something of the kind! — but he never said a syllable. I believe the real cause to be Cambini, an Italian maestro; for at our first meeting at Le Gros's, I unwittingly took the wind out of his sails. He composes quintets, one of which I heard at Mannheim; it was very pretty, so I praised it, and played the beginning to him. Ritter, Ramm, and Punto were all present, and gave me no peace till I agreed to continue, and

to supply from my own head what I could not remember. I therefore did so, and Cambini was quite excited, and could not help saying, “Questa e una gran testa!” Well, I suppose after all he did not quite relish this, [The symphony in question has also entirely disappeared.]

If this were a place where people had ears to hear or hearts to feel, and understood just a little of music, and had some degree of taste, these things would only make me laugh heartily, but as it is (so far as music is concerned) I am surrounded by mere brute beasts. But how can it be otherwise? for in all their actions, inclinations, and passions, they are just the same. There is no place in the world like Paris. You must not think that I exaggerate when I speak in this way of the music here; refer to whom you will, except to a Frenchman born, and (if trustworthy) you will hear the same. But I am now here, and must endure it for your sake. I shall be grateful to Providence if I get away with my natural taste uninjured. I pray to God every day to grant me grace to be firm and steadfast here, that I may do honor to the whole German nation, which will all redound to His greater honor and glory, and to enable me to prosper and make plenty of money, that I may extricate you from your present emergencies, and also to permit us to meet soon, and to live together happily and contentedly; but “His will be done in earth as it is in heaven.” I entreat you, dearest father, in the meantime, to take measures that I may see Italy, in order to bring me to life again. Bestow this great happiness upon me, I implore you! I do hope you will keep up your spirits; I shall cut my way through here as I best can, and trust I shall get off safely. Adieu!

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103. Paris, May 14, 1778.

I HAVE already so much to do that I don’t know how I am to manage when winter comes. I think I wrote to you in my last letter that the Duc de Guines, whose daughter is my pupil in composition, plays the flute inimitably, and she the harp magnificently; she has a great deal of talent and genius, and, above all, a wonderful memory, for she plays all her pieces, about 200 in number, by heart. She, however, doubts much whether she has any genius for composition, especially as regards ideas or invention; but her father (who, entre nous, is rather too infatuated about her) declares that she certainly has ideas, and that she is only diffident and has too little self-reliance. Well, we shall see. If she acquires no thoughts or ideas, (for hitherto she really has none whatever,) it is all in vain, for God knows I can’t give her any! It is not the father’s intention to make her a great composer. He says, “I don’t wish her to write operas, or arias, or concertos, or symphonies, but grand sonatas for her instrument and for mine.” I gave her to-day her fourth lesson on the rules of composition and harmony, and am pretty well satisfied with her. She made a very good bass for the first minuet, of which I had given her the melody, and she has already begun to write in three parts; she can do it, but she quickly tires, and I cannot get her on, for it is impossible to proceed further as yet; it is too soon, even if she really had genius, but, alas! there appears to be none; all must be done by rule; she has no ideas, and none seem likely to come, for I have tried her in every possible way. Among other things it occurred to me to write out a very simple minuet, and to see if she could not make a variation on it. Well, that utterly failed. Now, thought I, she has not a notion how or what to do first. So I began to vary the first bar, and told her to continue in the same manner, and to keep to the idea. At length this went tolerably well. When it was finished, I told her she must try to originate something herself — only

the treble of a melody. So she thought it over for a whole quarter of an hour, AND NOTHING CAME. Then I wrote four bars of a minuet, saying to her, “See what an ass I am! I have begun a minuet, and can’t even complete the first part; be so very good as to finish it for me.” She declared this was impossible. At last, with great difficulty, SOMETHING CAME, and I was only too glad that ANYTHING AT ALL CAME. I told her then to complete the minuet — that is, the treble only. The task I set her for the next lesson was to change my four bars, and replace them by something of her own, and to find out another beginning, even if it were the same harmony, only changing the melody. I shall see to-morrow what she has done.

I shall soon now, I think, receive the poetry for my two-act opera, when I must first present it to the Director, M. de Vismes, to see if he will accept it; but of this there can be no doubt, as it is recommended by Noverre, to whom De Vismes is indebted for his situation. Noverre, too, is soon to arrange a new ballet, for which I am to write the music. Rudolf (who plays the French horn) is in the royal service here, and a very kind friend of mine; he understands composition thoroughly, and writes well. He has offered me the place of organist at Versailles if I choose to accept it: the salary is 2000 livres a year, but I must live six months at Versailles and the remaining six in Paris, or where I please. I don’t, however, think that I shall close with the offer; I must take the advice of good friends on the subject. 2000 livres is no such very great sum; in German money it may be so, but not here. It amounts to 83 louis-d’or 8 livres a year — that is, 915 florins 45 kreutzers of our money, (which is certainly a considerable sum,) but only to 383 ecus 2 livres, and that is not much, for it is frightful to see how quickly a dollar goes here! I am not at all surprised that so little is thought of a louis-d’or in Paris, for it does not go far. Four dollars, or a louis-d’or, which are the same, are gone in no time. Adieu!

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104. Paris, May 29, 1778.

I AM pretty well, thank God! but still I am often puzzled to know what to make of it all. I feel neither hot nor cold, and don’t take much pleasure in anything. What, however, cheers and strengthens me most is the thought that you, dearest papa, and my dear sister, are well; that I am an honest German, and though I cannot SAY, I may at all events THINK what I please, and, after all, that is the chief thing. Yesterday I was for the second time at Count Sickingen’s, ambassador from the Elector Palatine; (I dined there once before with Wendling and Ramm.) I don’t know whether I told you what a charming man he is, and a great connoisseur and devoted lover of music. I passed eight hours quite alone with him. The whole forenoon, and afternoon too, till ten o’clock at night, we were at the piano, playing all kind of music, praising, admiring, analyzing, discussing, and criticizing. He has nearly thirty scores of operas. I must not forget to tell you that I had the satisfaction of seeing your “School for the Violin” translated into French; I believe it is about eight years since the translation appeared. I have just returned from a music-shop where I went to buy a sonata of Schobert’s for one of my pupils, and I mean to go again soon to examine the book more closely, that I may write to you about it minutely, for to-day I have not time to do this.

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105. Paris, June 12, 1778.

I MUST now write something that concerns our Raaff. [Footnote: Mozart wrote the part of Idomeneo for Raaff in the year 1781.] You no doubt remember that I did not write much in his favor from Mannheim, and was by no means satisfied with his singing — in short, that he did not please me at all. The cause, however, was that I can scarcely say I really heard him at Mannheim. The first time was at the rehearsal of Holzbauer's "Gunther," when he was in his every-day clothes, his hat on his head, and a stick in his hand. When he was not singing, he stood looking like a sulky child. When he began to sing the first recitative, it went tolerably well, but every now and then he gave a kind of shriek, which I could not bear. He sang the arias in a most indolent way, and yet some of the notes with too much emphasis, which is not what I like. This has been an invariable habit of his, which the Bernacchi school probably entails; for he is a pupil of Bernacchi's. At court, too, he used to sing all kinds of airs which, in my opinion, by no means suited his voice; so he did not at all please me. When at length he made his debut here in the Concert Spirituel, he sang Bach's scena, "Non so d' onde viene" which is, besides, my great favorite, and then for the first time I really heard him sing, and he pleased me — that is, in this class of music; but the style itself, the Bernacchi school, is not to my taste. He is too apt to fall into the cantabile. I admit that, when he was younger and in his prime, this must have made a great impression and taken people by surprise; I could like it also, but there is too much of it, and it often seems to me positively ludicrous. What does please me in him is when he sings short pieces — for instance, andantinos; and he has likewise certain arias which he gives in a manner peculiar to himself. Let each occupy his proper place. I fancy that bravura singing was once his forte, which is even still perceptible in him, and so far as age admits of it he has a good chest and a long breath;

and then his andantino! His voice is fine and very pleasing; if I shut my eyes and listen to him, I think his singing very like Meissner's, only Raaff's voice seems to me more agreeable. I speak of the present time, for I never heard either in his best days. I can therefore only refer to their style or method of singing, for this a singer always retains. Meissner, as you know, had the bad habit of purposely making his voice tremble at times, — entire quavers and even crotchets, when marked sostenuto, — and this I never could endure in him. Nothing can be more truly odious; besides, it is a style of singing quite contrary to nature. The human voice is naturally tremulous, but only so far as to be beautiful; such is the nature of the voice, and it is imitated not only on wind instruments, but on stringed instruments, and even on the piano. But the moment the proper boundary is passed it is no longer beautiful, because it becomes unnatural. It seems to me then just like an organ when the bellows are panting. Now Raaff never does this, — in fact, he cannot bear it. Still, so far as a genuine cantabile goes, Meissner pleases me (though not altogether, for he also exaggerates) better than Raaff. In bravura passages and roulades, Raaff is indeed a perfect master, and he has such a good and distinct articulation, which is a great charm; and, as I already said, his andantinus and canzonetti are delightful. He composed four German songs, which are lovely. He likes me much, and we are very intimate; he comes to us almost every day. I have dined at least six times with Count von Sickingen, and always stay from one o'clock till ten. Time, however, flies so quickly in his house that it passes quite imperceptibly. He seems fond of me, and I like very much being with him, for he is a most friendly, sensible person, possessing excellent judgment and a true insight into music, I was there again to-day with Raaff. I took some music with me, as the Count (long since) asked me to do so. I brought my newly completed symphony, with which, on Corpus Christi day, the Concert Spirituel is to commence. The work pleased them both exceedingly,

and I am also well satisfied with it. Whether it will be popular here, however, I cannot tell, and, to say the truth, I care very little about it. For whom is it to please? I can answer for its pleasing the few intelligent Frenchmen who may be there; as for the numskulls — why, it would be no great misfortune if they were dissatisfied. I have some hope, nevertheless, that even the dunces among them may find something to admire. Besides, I have been careful not to neglect le premier coup d'archet; and that is sufficient. All the wiseacres here make such a fuss on that point! Deuce take me if I can see any difference! Their orchestra begins all at one stroke, just as in other places. It is too laughable! Raaff told me a story of Abaco on this subject. He was asked by a Frenchman, in Munich or elsewhere,— "Monsieur, vous avez ete a Paris?" "Oui." "Est-ce que vous etiez au Concert Spirituel?" "Oui." "Que dites-vous du premier coup d'archet? avez-vous entendu le premier coup d'archet?" "Oui, j'ai entendu le premier et le dernier." "Comment le dernier? que veut dire cela?" "Mais oui, le premier et le dernier; et le dernier meme m'a donne plus de plaisir." [Footnote: The imposing impression produced by the first grand crash of a numerous orchestra, commencing with precision, in tutti, gave rise to this pleasantry.] A few days afterwards his kind mother was taken ill. Even in her letters from Mannheim she often complained of various ailments, and in Paris also she was still exposed to the discomfort of cold dark lodgings, which she was obliged to submit to for the sake of economy; so her illness soon assumed the worst aspect, and Mozart experienced the first severe trial of his life. The following letter is addressed to his beloved and faithful friend, Abbe Bullinger, tutor in Count Lodron's family in Salzburg.

(Private.) 106.

Paris, July 3, 1778.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, —

Mourn with me! This has been the most melancholy day of my life; I am now writing at two o'clock in the morning. I must tell you that my mother, my darling mother, is no more. God has called her to Himself; I clearly see that it was His will to take her from us, and I must learn to submit to the will of God. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Only think of all the distress, anxiety, and care I have endured for the last fourteen days. She died quite unconscious, and her life went out like a light. She confessed three days before, took the sacrament, and received extreme unction. The last three days, however, she was constantly delirious, and to-day, at twenty minutes past five o'clock, her features became distorted, and she lost all feeling and perception. I pressed her hand, I spoke to her, but she did not see me, she did not hear me, and all feeling was gone. She lay thus till the moment of her death, five hours after, at twenty minutes past ten at night. There was no one present but myself, Herr Heiner, a kind friend whom my father knows, and the nurse. It is quite impossible for me to describe the whole course of the illness to-day. I am firmly convinced that she must have died, and that God had so ordained it. All I would ask of you at present is to act the part of a true friend, by preparing my father by degrees for this sad intelligence. I have written to him by this post, but only that she is seriously ill; and now I shall wait for your answer and be guided by it. May God give him strength and courage! My dear friend, I am consoled not only now, but have been so for some time past. By the mercy of God I have borne it all with firmness and composure. When the danger became imminent, I prayed to God for only two things — a happy death for my mother, and strength and courage for myself; and our gracious God heard my prayer and conferred these two boons fully on me. I entreat you, therefore, my best friend, to watch over my father for me; try to inspire him with courage, that the blow may not be too hard and heavy on him when he learns the worst. I also, from my heart, implore you to comfort my sister. Pray go straight to

them, but do not tell them she is actually dead — only prepare them for the truth. Do what you think best, say what you please; only act so that my mind may be relieved, and that I may not have to dread another misfortune. Support and comfort my dear father and my dear sister. Answer me at once, I entreat. Adieu! Your faithful

W. A. M.

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107. Paris, July 3, 1778.

MONSIEUR MON TRES-CHER PERE, —

I have very painful and sad news to give you, which has, in fact, been the cause of my not having sooner replied to your letter of the 11th. My dearest mother is very ill. She has been bled according to her usual custom, which was indeed very necessary; it did her much good, but a few days afterwards she complained of shivering and feverishness; then diarrhoea came on and headache. At first we only used our home remedies, antispasmodic powders; we would gladly have had recourse to the black powder, but we had none, and could not get it here. As she became every moment worse, could hardly speak, and lost her hearing, so that we were obliged to shout to her, Baron Grimm sent his doctor to see her. She is very weak, and still feverish and delirious. They do give me some hope, but I have not much. I hoped and feared alternately day and night for long, but I am quite reconciled to the will of God, and hope that you and my sister will be the same. What other resource have we to make us calm? More calm, I ought to say; for altogether so we cannot be. Whatever the result may be, I am resigned, knowing that it comes from God, who wills all things for our good, (however unaccountable they may seem to us;) and I do firmly believe (and shall never think otherwise) that no doctor, no man living, no misfortune, no casualty, can either save or take away the life of any human being — none but God alone. These are only the instruments that He usually employs, but not always; we sometimes see people swoon, fall down, and be dead in a moment. When our time does come, all means are vain, — they rather hurry on death than retard it; this we saw in the case of our friend Hefner. I do not mean to say by this that my mother will or must die, or that all hope is at an end; she may recover and be restored to health, but only if the Lord wills it thus. After praying to God with all my strength

for health and life for my darling mother, I like to indulge in such consolatory thoughts, and, after doing so, I feel more cheerful and more calm and tranquil, and you may easily imagine how much I require comfort. Now for another subject. Let us put aside these sad thoughts, and still hope, but not too much; we must place our trust in the Lord, and console ourselves by the thought that all must go well if it be in accordance with the will of the Almighty, as he knows best what is most profitable and beneficial both for our temporal and spiritual welfare.

I have composed a symphony for the opening of the Concert Spirituel, which was performed with great applause on Corpus Christi day. I hear, too, that there is a notice of it in the "Courrier de l'Europe," and that it has given the greatest satisfaction. I was very nervous during the rehearsal, for in my life I never heard anything go so badly. You can have no idea of the way in which they scraped and scrambled through my symphony twice over; I was really very uneasy, and would gladly have had it rehearsed again, but so many things had been tried over that there was no time left. I therefore went to bed with an aching heart and in a discontented and angry spirit. Next day I resolved not to go to the concert at all; but in the evening, the weather being fine, I made up my mind at last to go, determined that if it went as badly as at the rehearsal, I would go into the orchestra, take the violin out of the hands of M. La Haussaye, the first violin, and lead myself. I prayed to God that it might go well, for all is to His greater honor and glory; and ecce, the symphony began, Raaff was standing beside me, and just in the middle of the allegro a passage occurred which I felt sure must please, and there was a burst of applause; but as I knew at the time I wrote it what effect it was sure to produce, I brought it in once more at the close, and then rose shouts of "Da capo!" The andante was also liked, but the last allegro still more so. Having observed that all last as well as first allegros here begin together with all the other instruments, and generally unisono, mine

commenced with only two violins, piano for the first eight bars, followed instantly by a forte; the audience, as I expected, called out “hush!” at the soft beginning, and the instant the forte was heard began to clap their hands. The moment the symphony was over I went off in my joy to the Palais Royal, where I took a good ice, told over my beads, as I had vowed, and went home, where I am always happiest, and always shall be happiest, or in the company of some good, true, upright German, who, so long as he is unmarried, lives a good Christian life, and when he marries loves his wife, and brings up his children properly.

I must give you a piece of intelligence that you perhaps already know — namely, that the ungodly arch-villain Voltaire has died miserably like a dog — just like a brute. This is his reward! You must long since have remarked that I do not like being here, for many reasons, which, however, do not signify as I am actually here. I never fail to do my very best, and to do so with all my strength. Well, God will make all things right. I have a project in my head, for the success of which I daily pray to God. If it be His almighty will, it must come to pass; but, if not, I am quite contented. I shall then at all events have done my part. When this is in train, and if it turns out as I wish, you must then do your part also, or the whole work would be incomplete. Your kindness leads me to hope that you will certainly do so. Don’t trouble yourself by any useless thoughts on the subject; and one favor I must beg of you beforehand, which is, not to ask me to reveal my thoughts more clearly till the time comes. It is very difficult at present to find a good libretto for an opera. The old ones, which are the best, are not written in the modern style, and the new ones are all good for nothing; for poetry, which was the only thing of which France had reason to be proud, becomes every day worse, and poetry is the only thing which requires to be good here, for music they do not understand. There are now two operas in aria which I could write, one in two acts, and the other in three. The two-act one is

“Alexandra et Roxane,” but the author of the libretto is still in the country; the one in three acts is “Demofonte” (by Metastasio). It is a translation interspersed with choruses and dancing, and specially adapted to the French stage. But this one I have not yet got a sight of. Write to me whether you have Schroter’s concertos in Salzburg, or Hullmandell’s sonatas. I should like to buy them to send to you. Both of them are beautiful. With regard to Versailles, it never was my intention to go there. I asked the advice of Baron Grimm and other kind friends on the point, and they all thought just as I did. The salary is not much, and I should be obliged to live a dreary life for six months in a place where nothing is to be gained, and my talents completely buried. Whoever enters the king’s service is forgotten in Paris; and then to become an organist! A good appointment would be most welcome to me, but only that of a Capellmeister, and a well-paid one too.

Now, farewell! Be careful of your health; place your trust in God, and then you will find consolation. My dearest mother is in the hands of the Almighty. If He still spares her to us, as I wish He may, we will thank Him for this blessing, but if He takes her to Himself, all our anguish, misery, and despair can be of no avail. Let us rather submit with firmness to His almighty will, in the full conviction that it will prove for our good, as he does nothing without a cause. Farewell, dearest papa! Do what you can to preserve your health for my sake.

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108. Paris, July 9, 1778.

I HOPE you are prepared to receive with firmness most melancholy and painful intelligence. My last letter of the 3d must have shown you that no good news could be hoped for. That very same day, the 3d, at twenty minutes past ten at night, my mother fell asleep peacefully in the Lord; indeed, when I wrote to you she was already in the enjoyment of heavenly bliss, for all was then over. I wrote to you in the night, and I hope you and my dear sister will forgive me for this slight but very necessary deception; for, judging of your grief and sorrow by my own, I could not prevail on myself to startle you suddenly by such dreadful intelligence; but I hope you have now summoned up courage to hear the worst, and that, after at first giving way to natural and only too just anguish and tears, you will eventually submit to the will of God, and adore His inscrutable, unfathomable, and all-wise providence. You can easily conceive what I have had to endure, and what courage and fortitude I required to bear with composure seeing her become daily worse and worse; and yet our gracious God bestowed this boon on me. I have, indeed, suffered and wept, but what did it avail? So I strove to be comforted, and I do hope, my dear father, that my dear sister and you will do likewise. Weep, weep, as you cannot fail to weep, but take comfort at last; remember that God Almighty has ordained it, and how can we rebel against Him? Let us rather pray to Him and thank Him for His goodness, for she died a happy death. Under these heart-rending circumstances there were three things that consoled me — my entire and steadfast submission to the will of God, and the sight of her easy and blessed death, which made me feel that in a moment she had become so happy; for how far happier is she now than we are! Indeed, I would fain at that moment have gone with her. From this wish and longing proceeded my third source of consolation — namely, that she is not lost to us forever, that

we shall see her again, and live together far more happily and blessedly than in this world. The time as yet we know not, but that does not disturb me; when God wills it I am ready. His heavenly and holy will has been fulfilled. Let us therefore pray a pious Vater unser for her soul, and turn our thoughts to other matters, for there is a time for everything.

I write this in the house of Madame d'Epinay and M. Grimm, with whom I now live; I have a pretty little room with a very agreeable prospect, and am as happy as it is possible to be under my present circumstances. It will be a great aid in restoring my tranquillity, to hear that my dear father and sister submit with calmness and fortitude to the will of God, and trust Him with their whole heart, in the entire belief that He orders all for the best. My dearest father, do not give way! My dearest sister, be firm! You do not as yet know your brother's kind heart, because he has not yet had an opportunity to prove it. Remember, my loved ones both, that you have a son and a brother anxious to devote all his powers to make you happy, knowing well that the day must come when you will not be hostile to his wish and his desire, — not certainly such as to be any discredit to him, — and that you will do all that lies in your power to make him happy. Oh! then we shall all live together as peacefully, honorably, and contentedly as it is possible to do in this world, and at last in God's good time all meet again above — the purpose for which we were destined and created.

I received your last letter of the 29th, and see with pleasure that you are both, thank God! in good health. I could not help laughing heartily at Haydn's tipsy fit. Had I been there, I certainly should have whispered in his ear "Adlgasser!" It is really disgraceful in so clever a man to render himself incapable by his own folly of performing his duties at a festival instituted in honor of God; when the Archbishop too and his whole court were present, and the church full of people, it was quite abominable.[Footnote: The father had written, "Haydn (organist of the church of the Holy Trinity) played the

organ in the afternoon at the Litany, and the Te Deum laudamus, but in such a dreadful manner that we were quite startled, and thought he was about to undergo the fate of the deceased Adlgasser [who was seized with paralysis when playing the organ] It turned out, however, that he was only rather intoxicated, so his head and hands did not agree"] This is one of my chief reasons for detesting Salzburg — those coarse, slovenly, dissipated court musicians, with whom no honest man of good breeding could possibly live! instead of being glad to associate with them, he must feel ashamed of them. It is probably from this very cause that musicians are neither loved nor respected with us. If the orchestra were only organised like that at Mannheim! I wish you could see the subordination that prevails there — the authority Cannabich exercises; where all is done in earnest. Cannabich, who is the best director I ever saw, is both beloved and feared by his subordinates, who, as well as himself, are respected by the whole town. But certainly they behave very differently, have good manners, are well dressed (and do not go to public-houses to get drunk). This can never be the case in Salzburg, unless the Prince will place confidence either in you or me and give us full powers, which are indispensable to a conductor of music; otherwise it is all in vain. In Salzburg every one is master — so no one is master. If I were to undertake it, I should insist on exercising entire authority. The Grand Chamberlain must have nothing to say as to musical matters, or on any point relating to music. Not every person in authority can become a Capellmeister, but a Capellmeister must become a person of authority.

By the by, the Elector is again in Mannheim. Madame Cannabich and also her husband correspond with me. If what I fear were to come to pass, and it would be a sad pity if it did, — namely, that the orchestra were to be much diminished, — I still cherish one hope. You know that there is nothing I desire more than a good appointment, — good in reputation, and

good in money, — no matter where, provided it be in a Catholic country. You fenced skilfully indeed with Count Stahremberg [FOOTNOTE: A prebendary of Salzburg, to whom the father had “opened his heart,” and told him all that had occurred in Salzburg. Wolfgang’s reinstatement in his situation was being negotiated at the time.] throughout the whole affair; only continue as you have begun, and do not allow yourself to be deluded; more especially be on your guard if by any chance you enter into conversation with that silly goose — ; [FOOTNOTE: He probably alludes to the Archbishop’s sister, Countess Franziska von Walles, who did the honors of her brother’s court, and who, no doubt, also interfered in this matter.] I know her, and believe me, though she may have sugar and honey on her lips, she has gall and wormwood in her head and in her heart. It is quite natural that the whole affair should still be in an unsettled state, and many things must be conceded before I could accept the offer; and even if every point were favorably adjusted, I would rather be anywhere than at Salzburg. But I need not concern myself on the matter, for it is not likely that all I ask should be granted, as I ask a great deal. Still it is not impossible; and if all were rightly organized, I would no longer hesitate, but solely for the happiness of being with you. If the Salzburgers wish to have me, they must comply with my wishes, or they shall never get me.

So the Prelate of Baumburg has died the usual prelatical death; but I had not heard that the Prelate of the Holy Cross [in Augsburg] was also dead. I grieve to hear it, for he was a good, honest, upright man. So you had no faith in Deacon Zeschinger [see No. 68] being made prelate? I give you my honor I never conjectured anything else; indeed, I do not know who else could have got it; and what better prelate could we have for music?

My friend Raaff leaves this to-morrow; he goes by Brussels to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, and thence to Mannheim, when he is to give me immediate notice of his arrival, for we mean to correspond. He sends

numerous greetings to you and to my sister. You write that you have heard nothing for a very long time of my pupil in composition; very true, but what can I say about her? She will never be a composer; all labor is vain with her, for she is not only vastly stupid, but also vastly lazy.

I had previously answered you about the opera. As to Noverre's ballet, I only wrote that he might perhaps arrange a new one. He wanted about one half to complete it, and this I set to music. That is, six pieces are written by others, consisting entirely of old trumpery French airs; the symphony and contre-danses, and about twelve more pieces, are contributed by me. This ballet has already been given four times with great applause. I am now positively determined to write nothing more without previously knowing what I am to get for it: but this was only a friendly act towards Noverre. Herr Wendling left this last May. If I were to see Baron Bach, I must have very good eyes, for he is not here but in London. Is it possible that I did not tell you this? You shall find that, in future, I will answer all your letters minutely. It is said that Baron Bach will soon return here; I should be glad of that for many reasons, especially because at his house there will be always opportunity to try things over in good earnest. Capellmeister Bach will also soon be here; I believe he is writing an opera. The French are, and always will be, downright donkeys; they can do nothing themselves, so they must have recourse to foreigners. I talked to Piccini at the Concert Spirituel; he is always most polite to me and I to him when we do by chance meet. Otherwise I do not seek much acquaintance, either with him or any of the other composers; they understand their work and I mine, and that is enough. I already wrote to you of the extraordinary success my symphony had in the Concert Spirituel. If I receive a commission to write an opera, I shall have annoyance enough, but this I shall not much mind, being pretty well accustomed to it — if only that confounded French language were not so detestable for music! It is, indeed, too provoking; even German is divine in

comparison. And then the singers — but they do not deserve the name, for they do not sing, but scream and bawl with all their might through their noses and throats. I am to compose a French oratorio for the ensuing Lent, to be given at the Concert Spirituel. M. Le Gros (the director) is amazingly well-disposed towards me. You must know that (though I used to see him every day) I have not been near him since Easter; I felt so indignant at his not having my symphony performed. I was often in the same house visiting Raaff, and thus passed his rooms constantly. His servants often saw me, when I always sent him my compliments. It is really a pity he did not give the symphony — it would have been a good hit; and now he has no longer the opportunity to do so, for how seldom are four such performers to be found together! One day, when I went to call on Raaff, I was told that he was out, but would soon be home; so I waited. M. Le Gros came into the room and said, “It is really quite a marvel to have the pleasure of seeing you once more.” “Yes; I have a great deal to do.” “I hope you will stay and dine with us to-day?” “I regret that I cannot, being already engaged.” “M. Mozart, we really must soon spend a day together.” “It will give me much pleasure.” A long pause; at length, “A propos, are you disposed to write a grand symphony for me for Corpus Christi day?” “Why not?” “May I then rely on this?” “Oh, yes! if I may, with equal confidence, rely on its being performed, and that it will not fare like the sinfonie concertante.” This opened the flood-gates; he excused himself in the best way he could, but did not find much to say. In short, the symphony [Kochel, No. 297] was highly approved of; and Le Gros is so satisfied with it that he says it is his very best symphony. The andante, however, has not the good fortune to please him; he declares that it has too many modulations, and is too long. He derives this opinion from the audience forgetting to clap their hands as loudly, and to be as vociferous, as at the end of the first and last movements. But this andante is a great favorite WITH MYSELF, as well as with all

connoisseurs, amateurs, and the greater part of those who heard it. It is the exact reverse of what Le Gros says, for it is both simple and short. But in order to satisfy him (and no doubt some others) I have written a fresh one. Each good in its own way — each having a different character. The last pleases me the best. The first good opportunity I have, I will send you this sinfonie concertante, and also the “School for the Violin,” some pieces for the piano, and Vogler’s book (“Ton Wissenschaft und Kunst”), and then I hope to have your opinion of them. On August 15th, Ascension Day, my sinfonie, with the new andante, is to be performed for the second time. The sinfonie is in Re, the andante in Sol, for here one must not say in D or in G. Le Gros is now all for me.

Take comfort and pray without ceasing; this is the only resource we have. I hope you will cause a holy mass to be said in Maria Plain and in Loretto. I have done so here. As for the letter to Herr Bahr, I don’t think it is necessary to send it to me; I am not as yet acquainted with him; I only know that he plays the clarionet well, but is in other respects no desirable companion, and I do not willingly associate with such people; no credit is derived from them, and I really should feel positively ashamed to give him a letter recommending me to him — even if he could be of service to me; but it so happens that he is by no means in good repute here. Many do not know him at all. Of the two Staunitz, the junior only is here [Mannheim composer]. The elder of the two (the veritable Hafeneder composer) is in London. They are wretched scribblers, gamblers, and drunkards, and not the kind of people for me. The one now here has scarcely a coat to his back. By the by, if Brunetti should ever be dismissed, I would be glad to recommend a friend of mine to the Archbishop as first violin; he is a most worthy man, and very steady. I think he is about forty years of age, and a widower; his name is Rothfischer. He is Concertmeister at Kirchheim-Boland, with the Princess of Nassau-Weilberg [see No. 91]. Entre nous, he is dissatisfied, for

he is no favorite with his Prince — that is, his music is not. He urged me to forward his interests, and it would cause me real pleasure to be of use to him, for never was there such a kind man.

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109. Paris, July 18, 1778.

I HOPE you got my last two letters. Let us allude no more to their chief purport. All is over; and were we to write whole pages on the subject, we could not alter the fact.

The principal object of this letter is to congratulate my dear sister on her name-day. I think I wrote to you that M. Raaff had left this, but that he is my very true and most particular friend, and I can entirely depend on his regard. I could not possibly write to you, because I did not myself know that he had so much affection for me. Now, to write a story properly, one ought to begin from the beginning. I ought to tell you, first, that Raaff lodged with M. Le Gros. It just occurs to me that you already know this; but what am I to do? It is written, and I can't begin the letter again, so I proceed. When he arrived, we happened to be at dinner. This, too, has nothing to do with the matter; it is only to let you know that people do dine in Paris, as elsewhere. When I went home I found a letter for me from Herr Weber, and the bearer of it was Raaff. If I wished to deserve the name of a historian, I ought here to insert the contents of this letter; and I can with truth say that I am very reluctant to decline giving them. But I must not be too prolix; to be concise is a fine thing, which you can see by my letter. The third day I found him at home and thanked him; it is always advisable to be polite. I no longer remember what we talked about. An historian must be unusually dull who cannot forthwith supply some falsehood — I mean some romance. Well! we spoke of the fine weather; and when we had said our say, we were silent, and I went away. Some days after — though what day it was I really forget, but one day in the week assuredly — I had just seated myself, at the piano of course; and Ritter, the worthy Holzbeisser, was sitting beside me. Now, what is to be deduced from that? A great deal. Raaff had never heard me at Mannheim except at a concert, where the noise and uproar was so great that

nothing could be heard; and HE had such a miserable piano that I could not have done myself any justice on it. Here, however, the instrument was good, and I saw Raaff sitting opposite me with a speculative air; so, as you may imagine, I played some preludes in the Fischietti method, and also played a florid sonata in the style and with the fire, spirit, and precision of Haydn, and then a fugue with all the skill of Lipp, Silber, and Aman. [Footnote: Fischietti was Capellmeister in Salzburg; Michael Haydn and Lipp, organists.] My fugue-playing has everywhere gained me the greatest applause. When I had quite finished, (Raaff all the time calling out Bravo! while his countenance showed his true and sincere delight,) I entered into conversation with Ritter, and among other things said that I by no means liked being here; adding, “The chief cause of this is music; besides, I can find no resources here, no amusement, no agreeable or sociable intercourse with any one, — especially with ladies, many of whom are disreputable, and those who are not so are deficient in good breeding.” Ritter could not deny that I was right. Raaff at last said, smiling, “I can quite believe it, for M. Mozart is not WHOLLY here to admire the Parisian beauties; one half of him is elsewhere — where I have just come from.” This of course gave rise to much laughing and joking; but Raaff presently said, in a serious tone, “You are quite right, and I cannot blame you; she deserves it, for she is a sweet, pretty, good girl, well educated, and a superior person with considerable talent.” This gave me an excellent opportunity strongly to recommend my beloved Madlle. Weber to him; but there was no occasion for me to say much, as he was already quite fascinated by her. He promised me, as soon as he returned to Mannheim, to give her lessons, and to interest himself in her favor. I ought, by rights, to insert something here, but I must first finish the history of our friendship; if there is still room, I may do so. He was in my eyes only an every-day acquaintance, and no more; but I often sat with him in his room, so by degrees I began to place more

confidence in him, and at last told him all my Mannheim history, — how I had been bamboozled and made a fool of, adding that perhaps I might still get an appointment there. He neither said yes nor no; and on every occasion when I alluded to it he seemed each time more indifferent and less interested in the matter. At last, however, I thought I remarked more complacency in his manner, and he often, indeed, began to speak of the affair himself. I introduced him to Herr Grimm and to Madame d'Epinay. On one occasion he came to me and said that he and I were to dine with Count Sickingen some day soon; adding, "The Count and I were conversing together, and I said to him, 'A propos, has your Excellency heard our Mozart?' 'No; but I should like very much both to see and to hear him, for they write me most astonishing things about him from Mannheim.' 'When your Excellency does hear him, you will see that what has been written to you is rather too little than too much.' 'Is it possible?' 'Beyond all doubt, your Excellency.'" Now, this was the first time that I had any reason to think Raaff interested in me. Then it went on increasing, and one day I asked him to come home with me; and after that he often came of his own accord, and at length every day. The day after he left this, a good-looking man called on me in the forenoon with a picture, and said, "Monsieur, je viens de la part de ce Monsieur," showing me a portrait of Raaff, and an admirable likeness. Presently he began to speak German; and it turned out that he was a painter of the Elector's, whom Raaff had often mentioned to me, but always forgot to take me to see him. I believe you know him, for it must be the very person Madame Urspringer, of Mayence, alludes to in her letter, because he says he often met us at the Urspringers'. His name is Kymli. He is a most kind, amiable man, well-principled, honorable, and a good Christian; one proof of which is the friendship between him and Raaff. Now comes the best evidence of Raaff's regard for me, and the sincere interest he takes in my welfare: it is, that he imparts his intentions rather to

those whom he can trust than to those more immediately concerned, being unwilling to promise without the certainty of a happy result. This is what Kymli told me. Raaff asked him to call on me and to show me his portrait, to see me often, and to assist me in every way, and to establish an intimate friendship with me. It seems he went to him every morning, and repeatedly said to Kymli, “I was at Herr Mozart’s again yesterday evening; he is, indeed, a wonderful little fellow; he is an out-and-outer, and no mistake!” and was always praising me. He told Kymli everything, and the whole Mannheim story — in short, all. The fact is, that high-principled, religious, and well-conducted people always like each other. Kymli says I may rest assured that I am in good hands. “Raaff will certainly do all he can for you, and he is a prudent man who will set to work cleverly; he will not say that it is your wish, but rather your due. He is on the best footing with the Oberststallmeister. Rely on it, he will not be beat; only you must let him go his own way to work.” One thing more. Father Martini’s letter to Raaff, praising me, must have been lost. Raaff had, some time since, a letter from him, but not a word about me in it. Possibly it is still lying in Mannheim; but this is unlikely, as I know that, during his stay in Paris, all his letters have been regularly forwarded to him. As the Elector justly entertains a very high opinion of the Padre Maestro, I think it would be a good thing if you would be so kind as to apply to him to write again about me to Raaff; it might be of use, and good Father Martini would not hesitate to do a friendly thing twice over for me, knowing that he might thus make my fortune. He no doubt would express the letter in such a manner that it could be shown, if need be, to the Elector. Now enough as to this; my wish for a favorable issue is chiefly that I may soon have the happiness of embracing my dear father and sister. Oh! how joyously and happily we shall live together! I pray fervently to God to grant me this favor; a new leaf will at last be turned, please God! In the fond hope that the day will come, and the sooner

the better, when we shall all be happy, I mean, in God's name, to persevere in my life here, though so totally opposed to my genius, inclinations, knowledge, and sympathies. Believe me, this is but too true, — I write you only the simple truth. If I were to attempt to give you all my reasons, I might write my fingers off and do no good. For here I am, and I must do all that is in my power. God grant that I may not thus impair my talents; but I hope it will not continue long enough for that. God grant it! By the by, the other day an ecclesiastic called on me. He is the leader of the choir at St. Peter's, in Salzburg, and knows you very well; his name is Zendorff; perhaps you may not remember him? He gives lessons here on the piano — in Paris. N. B., have not you a horror of the very name of Paris? I strongly recommend him as organist to the Archbishop; he says he would be satisfied with three hundred florins. Now farewell! Be careful of your health, and strive to be cheerful. Remember that possibly you may ere long have the satisfaction of tossing off a good glass of Rhenish wine with your son — your truly happy son. Adieu!

20th. — Pray forgive my being so late in sending you my congratulations, but I wished to present my sister with a little prelude. The mode of playing it I leave to her own feeling. This is not the kind of prelude to pass from one key to another, but merely a capriccio to try over a piano. My sonatas [Kochel, Nos. 301-306] are soon to be published. No one as yet would agree to give me what I asked for them, so I have been obliged at last to give in, and to let them go for 15 louis-d'or. It is the best way too to make my name known here. As soon as they appear I will send them to you by some good opportunity (and as economically as possible) along with your "School for the Violin," Vogler's book, Hullmandel's sonatas, Schroter's concertos, some of my pianoforte sonatas, the sinfonie concertante, two quartets for the flute, and a concerto for harp and flute [Kochel, No. 298, 299].

Pray, what do you hear about the war? For three days I was very depressed and sorrowful; it is, after all, nothing to me, but I am so sensitive that I feel quickly interested in any matter. I heard that the Emperor had been defeated. At first it was reported that the King of Prussia had surprised the Emperor, or rather the troops commanded by Archduke Maximilian; that two thousand had fallen on the Austrian side, but fortunately the Emperor had come to his assistance with forty thousand men, but was forced to retreat. Secondly, it was said that the King had attacked the Emperor himself, and entirely surrounded him, and that if General Laudon had not come to his relief with eighteen hundred cuirassiers, he would have been taken prisoner; that sixteen hundred cuirassiers had been killed, and Laudon himself shot dead. I have not, however, seen this in any newspaper, but to-day I was told that the Emperor had invaded Saxony with forty thousand troops. Whether the news be true I know not. This is a fine griffonage, to be sure! but I have not patience to write prettily; if you can only read it, it will do well enough. A propos, I saw in the papers that, in a skirmish between the Saxons and Croats, a Saxon captain of grenadiers named Hopfgarten had lost his life, and was much lamented. Can this be the kind, worthy Baron Hopfgarten whom we knew at Paris with Herr von Bose? I should grieve if it were, but I would rather he died this glorious death than have sacrificed his life, as too many young men do here, to dissipation and vice. You know this already, but it is now worse than ever.

N. B. I hope you will be able to decipher the end of the prelude; you need not be very particular about the time; it is the kind of thing that may be played as you feel inclined. I should like to inflict twenty-five stripes on the sorry Vatel’s shoulders for not having married Katherl. Nothing is more shameful, in my opinion, than to make a fool of an honest girl, and to play her false eventually; but I hope this may not be the case. If I were her father, I would soon put a stop to the affair.

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110. Paris, July 31, 1778.

I HOPE you have got my two letters of the 11th and 18th. Meantime I have received yours of the 13th and 20th. The first brought tears of sorrow to my eyes, as I was reminded by it of the sad death of my darling mother, and the whole scene recurred vividly to me. Never can I forget it while I live. You know that (though I often wished it) I had never seen any one die, and the first time I did so it was fated to be my own mother! My greatest misery was the thoughts of that hour, and I prayed earnestly to God for strength. I was heard, and strength was given to me. Melancholy as your letter made me, still I was inexpressibly happy to find that you both bear this sorrow as it ought to be borne, and that my mind may now be at ease about my beloved father and sister. As soon as I read your letter, my first impulse was to throw myself on my knees, and fervently to thank our gracious God for this blessing. I am now comparatively happy, because I have no longer anything to dread on account of the two persons who are dearest to me in this world; had it been otherwise, such a terrible misfortune would have utterly overwhelmed me. Be careful therefore of your precious health for my sake, I entreat, and grant to him who flatters himself that he is now what you love most in the world the joy and felicity soon to embrace you.

Your last letter also caused my tears to flow from joy, as it convinced me more than ever of your fatherly love and care. I shall strive with all my might still more to deserve your affection. I thank you for the powder, but am sure you will be glad to hear that I do not require to use it. During my dear mother’s illness it would have been very useful, but now, thank God! I am perfectly well and healthy. At times I have fits of melancholy, but the best way to get rid of them is by writing or receiving letters, which always cheers me; but, believe me, these sad feelings never recur without too good cause. You wish to have an account of her illness and every detail connected

with it; that you shall have; but I must ask you to let it be short, and I shall only allude to the principal facts, as the event is over, and cannot, alas! now be altered, and I require some space to write on business topics.

In the first place, I must tell you that NOTHING could have saved my mother. No doctor in the world could have restored her to health. It was the manifest will of God; her time was come, and God chose to take her to Himself. You think she put off being bled too long? it may be so, as she did delay it for a little, but I rather agree with the people here, who dissuaded her from being bled at all. The cause of my mother's illness was internal inflammation. After being bled she rallied for some days, but on the 19th she complained of headache, and for the first time stayed in bed the whole day. On the 20th she was seized first with shivering and then with fever, so I gave her an anti-spasmodic powder. I was at that time very anxious to send for another doctor, but she would not allow me to do so, and when I urged her very strongly, she told me that she had no confidence in any French medical man. I therefore looked about for a German one. I could not, of course, go out and leave her, but I anxiously waited for M. Heina, who came regularly every day to see us; but on this occasion two days passed without his appearing. At last he came, but as our doctor was prevented paying his usual visit next day, we could not consult with him; in fact, he did not come till the 24th. The previous day, when I had been expecting him so eagerly, I was in great trouble, for my mother suddenly lost her sense of hearing. The doctor, an old German about seventy, gave her rhubarb in wine. I could not understand this, as wine is usually thought heating; but when I said so, every one exclaimed, "How can you say so? Wine is not heating, but strengthening; water is heating." And all the time the poor invalid was longing for a drink of fresh water. How gladly would I have complied with her wish! My dear father, you cannot conceive what I went through, but nothing could be done, except to leave her in the hands of the

physician. All that I could do with a good conscience, was to pray to God without ceasing, that He would order all things for her good. I went about as if I had altogether lost my head. I had ample leisure then to compose, but I was in such a state that I could not have written a single note. The 25th the doctor did not come; on the 26th he visited her again. Imagine my feelings when he all at once said to me, “I fear she will scarcely live through the night; she may die at any moment. You had better see that she receives the sacrament.” So I hurried off to the end of the Chaussee d’Antin, and went on beyond the Barriere to find Heina, knowing that he was at a concert in the house of some count. He said that he would bring a German priest with him next morning. On my way back I looked in on Madame d’Epinay and M. Grimm for a moment as I passed. They were distressed that I had not spoken sooner, as they would at once have sent their doctor. I did not tell them my reason, which was, that my mother would not see a French doctor. I was hard put to it, as they said they would send their physician that very evening. When I came home, I told my mother that I had met Herr Heina with a German priest, who had heard a great deal about me and was anxious to hear me play, and that they were both to call on me next day. She seemed quite satisfied, and though I am no doctor, still seeing that she was better I said nothing more. I find it impossible not to write at full length — indeed, I am glad to give you every particular, for it will be more satisfactory to you; but as I have some things to write that are indispensable, I shall continue my account of the illness in my next letter. In the mean time you must have seen from my last letter, that all my darling mother’s affairs and my own are in good order. When I come to this point, I will tell you how things were arranged. Heina and I regulated everything ourselves.

Now for business. Do not allow your thoughts to dwell on what I wrote, asking your permission not to reveal my ideas till the proper time arrived. Pray do not let it trouble you. I cannot yet tell you about it, and if I did, I

should probably do more harm than good; but, to tranquillize you, I may at least say that it only concerns myself. Your circumstances will be made neither better nor worse, and until I see you in a better position I shall think no more about the matter. If the day ever arrives when we can live together in peace and happiness, (which is my grand object), — when that joyful time comes, and God grant it may come soon! — then the right moment will have arrived, and the rest will depend on yourself. Do not, therefore, discompose yourself on the subject, and be assured that in every case where I know that your happiness and peace are involved, I shall invariably place entire confidence in you, my kind father and true friend, and detail everything to you minutely. If in the interim I have not done so, the fault is not solely mine. [FOOTNOTE: He had evidently in his thoughts, what was indeed manifest in his previous letters, a speedy marriage with his beloved Aloysia.] M. Grimm recently said to me, “What am I to write to your father? What course do you intend to pursue? Do you remain here, or go to Mannheim?” I really could not help laughing: “What could I do at Mannheim now? would that I had never come to Paris! but so it is. Here I am, and I must use every effort to get forward.” “Well,” said he, “I scarcely think that you will do much good here.” “Why? I see a number of wretched bunglers who make a livelihood, and why, with my talents, am I to fail? I assure you that I like being at Mannheim, and wish very much to get some appointment there, but it must be one that is honorable and of good repute. I must have entire certainty on the subject before I move a step.” “I fear,” said he, “that you are not sufficiently active here — you don’t go about enough.” “Well,” said I, “that is the hardest of all for me to do.” Besides, I could go nowhere during my mother’s long illness, and now two of my pupils are in the country, and the third (the Duke de Guines’s daughter) is betrothed, and means no longer to continue her lessons, which, so far as my credit is concerned, does not distress me much. It is no particular loss to me,

for the Duke only pays me what every one else does. Only imagine! I went to his house every day for two hours, being engaged to give twenty-four lessons, (but it is the custom here to pay after each twelve lessons.) They went into the country, and when they came back ten days afterwards, I was not apprised of it; had I not by chance inquired out of mere curiosity, I should not have known that they were here. When I did go, the governess took out her purse and said to me, “Pray excuse my only paying you at present for twelve lessons, for I have not enough money.” This is a noble proceeding! She then gave me three louis-d’or, adding, “I hope you are satisfied; if not, I beg you will say so.” M. le Duc can have no sense of honor, or probably thinks that I am only a young man and a thick-headed German, (for this is the way in which the French always speak of us,) and that I shall be quite contented. The thick-headed German, however, was very far from being contented, so he declined receiving the sum offered. The Duke intended to pay me for one hour instead of two, and all from economy. As he has now had a concerto of mine for harp and flute, for the last four months, which he has not yet paid me for, I am only waiting till the wedding is over to go to the governess and ask for my money. What provokes me most of all is that these stupid Frenchmen think I am still only seven years old, as they saw me first when I was that age. This is perfectly true, for Madame d’Epinay herself told me so quite seriously. I am therefore treated here like a beginner, except by the musicians, who think very differently; but most votes carry the day!

After my conversation with Grimm, I went the very next day to call on Count Sickingen. He was quite of my opinion that I ought to have patience and wait till Raaff arrives at his destination, who will do all that lies in his power to serve me. If he should fail, Count Sickingen has offered to procure a situation for me at Mayence. In the mean time my plan is to do my utmost to gain a livelihood by teaching, and to earn as much money as possible.

This I am now doing, in the fond hope that some change may soon occur; for I cannot deny, and indeed at once frankly confess, that I shall be delighted to be released from this place. Giving lessons is no joke here, and unless you wear yourself out by taking a number of pupils, not much money can be made. You must not think that this proceeds from laziness. No! it is only quite opposed to my genius and my habits. You know that I am, so to speak, plunged into music, — that I am occupied with it the whole day, — that I like to speculate, to study, and to reflect. Now my present mode of life effectually prevents this. I have, indeed, some hours at liberty, but those few hours are more necessary for rest than for work.

I told you already about the opera. One thing is certain — I must compose a great opera or none. If I write only smaller ones, I shall get very little, for here everything is done at a fixed price, and if it should be so unfortunate as not to please the obtuse French, it is all up with it. I should get no more to write, have very little profit, and find my reputation damaged. If, on the other hand, I write a great opera, the remuneration is better, I am working in my own peculiar sphere, in which I delight, and I have a greater chance of being appreciated, because in a great work there is more opportunity to gain approval. I assure you that if I receive a commission to write an opera, I have no fears on the subject. It is true that the devil himself invented their language, and I see the difficulties which all composers have found in it. But, in spite of this, I feel myself as able to surmount these difficulties as any one else. Indeed, when I sometimes think in my own mind that I may look on my opera as a certainty, I feel quite a fiery impulse within me, and tremble from head to foot, through the eager desire to teach the French more fully how to know, and value, and fear the Germans. Why is a great opera never intrusted to a Frenchman? Why is it always given to a foreigner? To me the most insupportable part of it will be the singers. Well, I am ready. I wish to avoid all strife, but if I am

challenged I know how to defend myself. If it runs its course without a duel, I should prefer it, for I do not care to wrestle with dwarfs.

God grant that some change may soon come to pass! In the mean time I shall certainly not be deficient in industry, trouble, and labor. My hopes are centred on the winter, when every one returns from the country. My heart beats with joy at the thought of the happy day when I shall once more see and embrace you.

The day before yesterday my dear friend Weber, among other things, wrote to me that the day after the Elector's arrival it was publicly announced that he was to take up his residence in Munich, which came like a thunder-clap on Mannheim, wholly, so to say, extinguishing the universal illumination by which the inhabitants had testified their joy on the previous day. The fact was also communicated to all the court musicians, with the addition that each was at liberty to follow the court to Munich or to remain in Mannheim, (retaining the same salaries,) and in a fortnight each was to give a written and sealed decision to the Intendant. Weber, who is, as you know, in the most miserable circumstances, wrote as follows:— "I anxiously desire to follow my gracious master to Munich, but my decayed circumstances prevent my doing so." Before this occurred there was a grand court concert, where poor Madlle. Weber felt the fangs of her enemies; for on this occasion she did not sing! It is not known who was the cause of this. Afterwards there was a concert at Herr von Gemmingen's, where Count Seeau also was. She sang two arias of mine, and was so fortunate as to please, in spite of those Italian scoundrels [the singers of Munich], those infamous charlatans, who circulated a report that she had very much gone off in her singing. When her songs were finished, Cannabich said to her, "Mademoiselle, I hope you will always continue to fall off in this manner; tomorrow I will write to M. Mozart in your praise." One thing is certain; if war had not already broken out, the court would by this time have been

transferred to Munich. Count Seeau, who is quite determined to engage Madlle. Weber, would have left nothing undone to insure her coming to Munich, so that there was some hope that the family might have been placed in better circumstances; but now that all is again quiet about the Munich journey, these poor people may have to wait a long time, while their debts daily accumulate. If I could only help them! Dearest father, I recommend them to you from my heart. If they could even for a few years be in possession of 1000 florins!

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111. To Herr Bullinger.

Paris, August 7, 1778.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, —

Allow me above all to thank you most warmly for the proof of friendship you gave me by your interest in my dear father — first in preparing, and then kindly consoling him for his loss [see No. 106]. You played your part admirably. These are my father’s own words. My kind friend, how can I sufficiently thank you? You saved my father for me. I have you to thank that I still have him. Permit me to say no more on the subject, and not to attempt to express my gratitude, for I feel too weak and incompetent to do so. My best friend, I am forever your debtor; but patience! It is too true that I am not yet in a position to repay what I owe you, but rely on it God will one day grant me the opportunity of showing by deeds what I am unable to express by words. Such is my hope; till that happy time, however, arrives, allow me to beg you to continue your precious and valued friendship to me, and also to accept mine afresh, now and forever; to which I pledge myself in all sincerity of heart. It will not, indeed, be of much use to you, but not on that account less sincere and lasting. You know well that the best and truest of all friends are the poor. The rich know nothing of friendship, especially those who are born to riches, and even those whom fate enriches often become very different when fortunate in life. But when a man is placed in favorable circumstances, not by blind, but reasonable good fortune and merit, who during his early and less prosperous days never lost courage, remaining faithful to his religion and his God, striving to be an honest man and good Christian, knowing how to value his true friends, — in short, one who really deserves better fortune, — from such a man no ingratitude is to be feared.

I must now proceed to answer your letter. You can be under no further anxiety as to my health, for you must have ere this received three letters from me. The first, containing the sad news of my mother’s death, was enclosed, my dear friend, to you. You must forgive my silence on the subject, but my thoughts recur to it constantly. You write that I should now think only of my father, tell him frankly all my thoughts, and place entire confidence in him. How unhappy should I be if I required this injunction! It was expedient that you should suggest it, but I am happy to say (and you will also be glad to hear it) that I do not need this advice. In my last letter to my dear father, I wrote to him all that I myself know up to this time, assuring him that I would always keep him minutely informed of everything, and candidly tell him my intentions, as I place entire faith in him, being confident of his fatherly care, love, and goodness. I feel assured that at a future day he will not deny me a request on which my whole happiness in life depends, and which (for he cannot expect anything else from me) will certainly be quite fair and reasonable. My dear friend, do not let my father read this. You know him; he would only fancy all kinds of things, and to no purpose.

Now for our Salzburg affair. You, my dear friend, are well aware how I do hate Salzburg, not only on account of the injustice shown to my father and myself there, which was in itself enough to make us wish to forget such a place, and to blot it out wholly from our memory. But do not let us refer to that, if we can contrive to live respectably there. To live respectably and to live happily, are two very different things; but the latter I never could do short of witchcraft, — it would indeed be supernatural if I did, — so this is impossible, for in these days there are no longer any witches. Well, happen what may, it will always be the greatest possible pleasure to me to embrace my dear father and sister, and the sooner the better. Still I cannot deny that my joy would be twofold were this to be elsewhere, for I have far more

hope of living happily anywhere else. Perhaps you may misunderstand me, and think that Salzburg is on too small a scale for me. If so, you are quite mistaken. I have already written some of my reasons to my father. In the mean time, let this one suffice, that Salzburg is no place for my talent. In the first place, professional musicians are not held in much consideration; and, secondly, one hears nothing. There is no theatre, no opera there; and if they really wished to have one, who is there to sing? For the last five or six years the Salzburg orchestra has always been rich in what is useless and superfluous, but very poor in what is useful and indispensable; and such is the case at the present moment. Those cruel French are the cause of the band there being without a Capellmeister. [FOOTNOTE: The old Capellmeister, Lolli, had died a short time previously.] I therefore feel assured that quiet and order are now reigning in the orchestra. This is the result of not making provision in time. Half a dozen Capellmeisters should always be held in readiness, that, if one fails, another can instantly be substituted. But where, at present, is even ONE to be found? And yet the danger is urgent. It will not do to allow order, quiet, and good-fellowship to prevail in the orchestra, or the mischief would still further increase, and in the long run become irremediable. Is there no ass-eared old periwig, no dunderhead forthcoming, to restore the concern to its former disabled condition? I shall certainly do my best in the matter. To-morrow I intend to hire a carriage for the day, and visit all the hospitals and infirmaries, to see if I can’t find a Capellmeister in one of them. Why were they so improvident as to allow Misliweczeck to give them the slip, and he so near too? [See No. 64.] He would have been a prize, and one not so easy to replace, — freshly emerged, too, from the Duke’s Clementi Conservatorio. He was just the man to have awed the whole court orchestra by his presence. Well, we need not be uneasy: where there is money there are always plenty of people to be had. My opinion is that they should not wait

too long, not from the foolish fear that they might not get one at all, — for I am well aware that all these gentlemen are expecting one as eagerly and anxiously as the Jews do their Messiah, — but simply because things cannot go on at all under such circumstances. It would therefore be more useful and profitable to look out for a Capellmeister, there being NONE at present, than to write in all directions (as I have been told) to secure a good female singer.

[FOOTNOTE: In order the better to conciliate Wolfgang, Bullinger had been desired to say that the Archbishop, no longer satisfied with Madlle. Haydn, intended to engage another singer; and it was hinted to Mozart, that he might be induced to make choice of Aloysia Weber; (Jahn, ii. 307.) Madlle. Haydn was a daughter of Lipp, the organist, and sent by the Archbishop to Italy to cultivate her voice. She did not enjoy a very good reputation.]

I really can scarcely believe this. Another female singer, when we have already so many, and all admirable! A tenor, though we do not require one either, I could more easily understand — but a prima donna, when we have still Cecarelli! It is true that Madlle. Haydn is in bad health, for her austere mode of life has been carried too far. There are few of whom this can be said. I wonder that she has not long since lost her voice from her perpetual scourgings and flagellations, her hair-cloth, unnatural fasts, and night-prayers! But she will still long retain her powers, and instead of becoming worse, her voice will daily improve. When at last, however, she departs this life to be numbered among the saints, we still have five left, each of whom can dispute the palm with the other. So you see how superfluous a new one is. But, knowing how much changes and novelty and variety are liked with us, I see a wide field before me which may yet form an epoch. [FOOTNOTE: Archbishop Hieronymus, in the true spirit of Frederick the Great, liked to introduce innovations with an unsparing hand; many,

however, being both necessary and beneficent.] Do your best that the orchestra may have a leg to stand on, for that is what is most wanted. A head they have [the Archbishop], but that is just the misfortune; and till a change is made in this respect, I will never come to Salzburg. When it does take place, I am willing to come and to turn over the leaf as often as I see V. S. [volti subito] written. Now as to the war [the Bavarian Succession]. So far as I hear, we shall soon have peace in Germany. The King of Prussia is certainly rather alarmed. I read in the papers that the Prussians had surprised an Imperial detachment, but that the Croats and two Cuirassier regiments were near, and, hearing the tumult, came at once to their rescue, and attacked the Prussians, placing them between two fires, and capturing five of their cannon. The route by which the Prussians entered Bohemia is now entirely cut up and destroyed. The Bohemian peasantry do all the mischief they can to the Prussians, who have besides constant desertions among their troops; but these are matters which you must know both sooner and better than we do. But I must write you some of our news here. The French have forced the English to retreat, but it was not a very hot affair. The most remarkable thing is that, friends and foes included, only 100 men were killed. In spite of this, there is a grand jubilation here, and nothing else is talked of. It is also reported that we shall soon have peace. It is a matter of indifference to me, so far as this place is concerned; but I should indeed be very glad if we were soon to have peace in Germany, for many reasons. Now farewell! Your true friend and obedient servant,

WOLFGANG ROMATZ.

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112. St. Germains, August 27, 1778.

I WRITE to you very hurriedly; you will see that I am not in Paris. Herr Bach, from London [Johann Christian], has been here for the last fortnight. He is going to write a French opera, and is only come for the purpose of hearing the singers, and afterwards goes to London to complete the opera, and returns here to put it on the stage. You may easily imagine his joy and mine when we met again; perhaps his delight may not be quite as sincere as mine, but it must be admitted that he is an honorable man and willing to do justice to others. I love him from my heart (as you know), and esteem him; and as for him, there is no doubt that he praises me warmly, not only to my face, but to others also, and not in the exaggerated manner in which some speak, but in earnest. Tenducci is also here, Bach's dearest friend, and he expressed the greatest delight at seeing me again. I must now tell you how I happen to be at St. Germains. The Marechal de Noailles lives here, as you no doubt know, (for I am told I was here fifteen years ago, though I don't remember it.) Tenducci is a great favorite of his, and as he is exceedingly partial to me, he was anxious to procure me this acquaintance. I shall gain nothing here, a trifling present perhaps, but at the same time I do not lose, for it costs me nothing; and even if I do not get anything, still I have made an acquaintance that may be very useful to me. I must make haste, for I am writing a scena for Tenducci, which is to be given on Sunday; it is for pianoforte, hautboy, horn, and bassoon, the performers being the Marechal's own people — Germans, who play very well. I should like to have written to you long since, but just as I had begun the letter (which is now lying in Paris) I was obliged to drive to St. Germains, intending to return the same day, and I have now been here a week. I shall return to Paris as soon as I can, though I shall not lose much there by my absence, for I have now only one pupil, the others being in the country. I could not write to you from here

either, because we were obliged to wait for an opportunity to send a letter to Paris. I am quite well, thank God, and trust that both of you are the same. You must have patience — all goes on slowly; I must make friends. France is not unlike Germany in feeding people with encomiums, and yet there is a good hope that, by means of your friends, you may make your fortune. One lucky thing is, that food and lodging cost me nothing. When you write to the friend with whom I am staying [Herr Grimm], do not be too obsequious in your thanks. There are some reasons for this which I will write to you some other time. The rest of the sad history of the illness will follow in the next letter. You desire to have a faithful portrait of Rothfischer? He is an attentive, assiduous director, not a great genius, but I am very much pleased with him, and, best of all, he is the kindest creature, with whom you can do anything — if you know how to set about it, of course. He directs better than Brunetti, but is not so good in solo-playing. He has more execution, and plays well in his way, (a little in the old-fashioned Tartini mode,) but Brunetti's style is more agreeable. The concertos which he writes for himself are pretty and pleasant to listen to, and also to play occasionally. Who can tell whether he may not please? At all events, he plays a thousand million times better than Spitzeger, and, as I already said, he directs well, and is active in his calling. I recommend him to you heartily, for he is the most good-natured man! Adieu!

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113. Paris, Sept. 11, 1778.

I HAVE received your three letters. I shall only reply to the last, being the most important. When I read it, (Heina was with me and sends you his regards,) I trembled with joy, for I fancied myself already in your arms. True it is (and this you will yourself confess) that no great stroke of good fortune awaits me; still, when I think of once more embracing you and my dear sister, I care for no other advantage. This is indeed the only excuse I can make to the people here, who are vociferous that I should remain in Paris; but my reply invariably is, “What would you have? I am content, and that is everything; I have now a place I can call my home, and where I can live in peace and quiet with my excellent father and beloved sister. I can do what I choose when not on duty. I shall be my own master, and have a certain competency; I may leave when I like, and travel every second year. What can I wish for more?” The only thing that disgusts me with Salzburg, and I tell you of it just as I feel it, is the impossibility of having any satisfactory intercourse with the people, and that musicians are not in good repute there, and — that the Archbishop places no faith in the experience of intelligent persons who have seen the world. For I assure you that people who do not travel (especially artists and scientific men) are but poor creatures. And I at once say that if the Archbishop is not prepared to allow me to travel every second year, I cannot possibly accept the engagement. A man of moderate talent will never rise above mediocrity, whether he travels or not, but a man of superior talents (which, without being unthankful to Providence, I cannot deny that I possess) deteriorates if he always remains in the same place. If the Archbishop would only place confidence in me, I could soon make his music celebrated; of this there can be no doubt. I also maintain that my journey has not been unprofitable to me — I mean, with regard to composition, for as to the piano, I play it as well as I ever shall.

One thing more I must settle about Salzburg, that I am not to take up the violin as I formerly did. I will no longer conduct with the violin; I intend to conduct, and also accompany airs, with the piano. It would have been a good thing to have got a written agreement about the situation of Capellmeister, for otherwise I may have the honor to discharge a double duty, and be paid only for one, and at last be superseded by some stranger. My dear father, I must decidedly say that I really could not make up my mind to take this step were it not for the pleasure of seeing you both again; I wish also to get away from Paris, which I detest, though my affairs here begin to improve, and I don't doubt that if I could bring myself to endure this place for a few years, I could not fail to succeed. I am now pretty well known — that is, the people all know ME, even if I don't know them. I acquired considerable fame by my two symphonies; and (having heard that I was about to leave) they now really want me to write an opera, so I said to Noverre, "If you will be responsible for its BEING PERFORMED as soon as it is finished, and will name the exact sum that I am to receive for it, I will remain here for the next three months on purpose," for I could not at once decline, or they would have thought that I distrusted myself. This was not, however, done; and I knew beforehand that they could not do it, for such is not the custom here. You probably know that in Paris it is thus: — When the opera is finished it is rehearsed, and if these stupid Frenchmen do not think it good it is not given, and the composer has had all his trouble for nothing; if they approve, it is then put on the stage; as its popularity increases, so does the rate of payment. There is no certainty. I reserve the discussion of these matters till we meet, but I must candidly say that my own affairs begin to prosper. It is no use trying to hurry matters — chi va piano, va sano. My complaisance has gained me both friends and patrons; were I to write you all, my fingers would ache. I will relate it to you personally and place it clearly before you. M. Grimm may be able to help

CHILDREN, but not grown-up people; and — but no, I had better not write on the subject. Yet I must! Do not imagine that he is the same that he was; were it not for Madame d'Epinay, I should be no longer in this house. And he has no great cause to be so proud of his good deeds towards me, for there were four houses where I could have had both board and lodging. The worthy man does not know that, if I had remained in Paris, I intended to have left him next month to go to a house that, unlike his, is neither stupid nor tiresome, and where a man has not constantly thrown in his face that a kindness has been done him. Such conduct is enough to cause me to forget a benefit, but I will be more generous than he is. I regret not remaining here only because I should have liked to show him that I do not require him, and that I can do as much as his Piccini, although I am only a German! The greatest service he has done me consists in fifteen louis-d'or which he lent me bit by bit during my mother's life and at her death. Is he afraid of losing them? If he has a doubt on the subject, then he deserves to be kicked, for in that case he must mistrust my honesty (which is the only thing that can rouse me to rage) and also my talents; but the latter, indeed, I know he does, for he once said to me that he did not believe I was capable of writing a French opera. I mean to repay him his fifteen louis-d'or, with thanks, when I go to take leave of him, accompanied by some polite expressions. My poor mother often said to me, "I don't know why, but he seems to me somehow changed." But I always took his part, though I secretly felt convinced of the very same thing. He seldom spoke of me to any one, and when he did, it was always in a stupid, injudicious, or disparaging way. He was constantly urging me to go to see Piccini, and also Caribaldi, — for there is a miserable opera buffa here, — but I always said, "No, I will not go a single step," &c. In short, he is of the Italian faction; he is insincere himself, and strives to crush me. This seems incredible, does it not? But still such is the fact, and I give you the proof of it. I opened my whole heart to

him as a true friend, and a pretty use he made of this! He always gave me bad advice, knowing that I would follow it; but he only succeeded in two or three instances, and latterly I never asked his opinion at all, and if he did advise me to do anything, I never did it, but always appeared to acquiesce, that I might not subject myself to further insolence on his part.

But enough of this; we can talk it over when we meet. At all events, Madame d'Epinay has a better heart. The room I inhabit belongs to her, not to him. It is the invalid's room — that is, if any one is ill in the house, he is put there; it has nothing to recommend it except the view, — only four bare walls, no chest of drawers — in fact, nothing. Now you may judge whether I could stand it any longer. I would have written this to you long ago, but feared you would not believe me. I can, however, no longer be silent, whether you believe me or not; but you do believe me, I feel sure. I have still sufficient credit with you to persuade you that I speak the truth. I board too with Madame d'Epinay, and you must not suppose that he pays anything towards it, but indeed I cost her next to nothing. They have the same dinner whether I am there or not, for they never know when I am to be at home, so they can make no difference for me; and at night I eat fruit and drink one glass of wine. All the time I have been in their house, now more than two months, I have not dined with them more than fourteen times at most, and with the exception of the fifteen louis-d'or, which I mean to repay with thanks, he has no outlay whatever on my account but candles, and I should really be ashamed of myself more than of him, were I to offer to supply these; in fact I could not bring myself to say such a thing. This is my nature. Recently, when he spoke to me in such a hard, senseless, and stupid way, I had not nerve to say that he need not be alarmed about his fifteen louis-d'or, because I was afraid of offending him; I only heard him calmly to the end, when I asked whether he had said all he wished — and then I was off! He presumes to say that I must leave this a week hence — IN

SUCH HASTE IS HE. I told him it was impossible, and my reasons for saying so. “Oh! that does not matter; it is your father’s wish.” “Excuse me, in his last letter he wrote that he would let me know in his next when I was to set off.” “At all events hold yourself in readiness for your journey.” But I must tell you plainly that it will be impossible for me to leave this before the beginning of next month, or at the soonest the end of the present one, for I have still six arias to write, which will be well paid. I must also first get my money from Le Gros and the Duc de Guines; and as the court goes to Munich the end of this month, I should like to be there at the same time to present my sonatas myself to the Electress, which perhaps might bring me a present. I mean to sell my three concertos to the man who has printed them, provided he gives me ready money for them; one is dedicated to Jenomy, another to Litzau; the third is in B. I shall do the same with my six difficult sonatas, if I can; even if not much, it is better than nothing. Money is much wanted on a journey. As for the symphonies, most of them are not according to the taste of the people here; if I have time, I mean to arrange some violin concertos from them, and curtail them; in Germany we rather like length, but after all it is better to be short and good. In your next letter I shall no doubt find instructions as to my journey; I only wish you had written to me alone, for I would rather have nothing more to do with Grimm. I hope so, and in fact it would be better, for no doubt our friends Geschwender and Heina can arrange things better than this upstart Baron. Indeed, I am under greater obligations to Heina than to him, look at it as you will by the light of a farthing-candle. I expect a speedy reply to this, and shall not leave Paris till it comes. I have no reason to hurry away, nor am I here either in vain or fruitlessly, because I shut myself up and work, in order to make as much money as possible. I have still a request, which I hope you will not refuse. If it should so happen, though I hope and believe it is not so, that the Webers are not in Munich, but still at Mannheim, I wish

to have the pleasure of going there to visit them. It takes me, I own, rather out of my way, but not much — at all events it does not appear much to me. I don't believe, after all, that it will be necessary, for I think I shall meet them in Munich; but I shall ascertain this to-morrow by a letter. If it is not the case, I feel beforehand that you will not deny me this happiness. My dear father, if the Archbishop wishes to have a new singer, I can, by heavens! find none better than her. He will never get a Teyberin or a De' Amicis, and the others are assuredly worse. I only lament that when people from Salzburg flock to the next Carnival, and "Rosamunde" is given, Madlle. Weber will not please, or at all events they will not be able to judge of her merits as they deserve, for she has a miserable part, almost that of a dumb personage, having only to sing some stanzas between the choruses. She has one aria where something might be expected from the ritournelle; the voice part is, however, alla Schweitzer, as if dogs were yelping. There is only one air, a kind of rondo in the second act, where she has an opportunity of sustaining her voice, and thus showing what she can do. Unhappy indeed is the singer who falls into Schweitzer's hands; for never while he lives will he learn how to write for the voice. When I go to Salzburg I shall certainly not fail to plead zealously for my dear friend; in the mean time you will not neglect doing all you can in her favor, for you cannot cause your son greater joy. I think of nothing now but the pleasure of soon embracing you. Pray see that everything the Archbishop promised you is made quite secure, and also what I stipulated, that my place should be at the piano. My kind regards to all my friends, and to Herr Bullinger in particular. How merry shall we be together! I have all this already in my thoughts, already before my eyes. Adieu!

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114. Nancy, Oct. 3, 1778.

PRAY excuse my not having told you of my journey previous to leaving Paris. But I really cannot describe to you the way in which the whole affair was hurried forward, contrary to my expectations, wish, or will. At the very last moment I wanted to send my luggage to Count Sickingen's, instead of to the bureau of the diligence, and to remain some days longer in Paris. This, I give you my honor, I should at once have done had I not thought of you, for I did not wish to displease you. We can talk of these matters better at Salzburg. But one thing more — only fancy how Herr Grimm deceived me, saying that I was going by the diligence, and should arrive at Strassburg in five days; and I did not find out till the last day that it was quite another carriage, which goes at a snail's pace, never changes horses, and is ten days on the journey. You may easily conceive my rage; but I only gave way to it when with my intimate friends, for in his presence I affected to be quite merry and pleased. When I got into the carriage, I received the agreeable information that we should be travelling for twelve days. So this is an instance of Grimm's good sense! It was entirely to save money that he sent me by this slow conveyance, not adverting to the fact that the expense would amount to the same thing from the constant living at inns. Well, it is now past. What vexed me most in the whole affair was his not being straightforward with me. He spared his own money, but not mine, as he paid for my journey, but not for my board. If I had stayed eight or ten days longer in Paris, I could have paid my own journey, and made it comfortably.

I submitted to this conveyance for eight days, but longer I could not stand it — not on account of the fatigue, for the carriage was well hung, but from want of sleep. We were off every morning at four o'clock, and thus obliged to rise at three. Twice I had the satisfaction of being forced to get up at one o'clock in the morning, as we were to set off at two. You know that I

cannot sleep in a carriage, so I really could not continue this without the risk of being ill. I would have taken the post, but it was not necessary, for I had the good fortune to meet with a person who quite suited me — a German merchant who resides in Paris, and deals in English wares. Before getting into the carriage we exchanged a few words, and from that moment we remained together. We did not take our meals with the other passengers, but in our own room, where we also slept. I was glad to meet this man, for, being a great traveller, he understands it well. He also was very much disgusted with our carriage; so we proceed to-morrow by a good conveyance, which does not cost us much, to Strassburg. You must excuse my not writing more, but when I am in a town where I know no one, I am never in a good humor; though I believe that if I had friends here I should like to remain, for the town is indeed charming — handsome houses, spacious streets, and superb squares.

I have one request to make, which is to give me a large chest in my room that I may have all my things within my reach. I should like also to have the little piano that Fischietti and Rust had, beside my writing-table, as it suits me better than the small one of Stein. I don’t bring many new things of my own with me, for I have not composed much. I have not yet got the three quartets and the flute concerto I wrote for M. de Jean; for when he went to Paris he packed them in the wrong trunk, so they are left at Mannheim. I can therefore bring nothing finished with me except my sonatas [with violin]; M. Le Gros purchased the two overtures from me and the sinfonie concertante, which he thinks exclusively his own; but this is not the case, for I have it still fresh in my head, and mean to write it out again as soon as I am at home.

The Munich company of comedians are, I conclude, now acting? [in Salzburg.] Do they give satisfaction? Do people go to see them? I suppose that, as for the operettas, the “Fischermadchen” (“La Pescatrice” of Piccini),

or “Das Bauernmadchen bei Hof” (“La Contadina in Corte,” by Sacchini), will be given first? The prima donna is, no doubt, Madlle. Keiserin, whom I wrote to you about from Munich. I have heard her, but do not know her. At that time it was only her third appearance on any stage, and she had only learned music three weeks [see No. 62]. Now farewell! I shall not have a moment’s peace till I once more see those I love.

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115. Strassburg, Oct. 15, 1778.

I GOT your three letters safely, but could not possibly answer them sooner. What you write about M. Grimm, I, of course, know better than you can do. That he was all courtesy and civility I do not deny; indeed, had this not been the case, I would not have stood on such ceremony with him. All that I owe M. Grimm is fifteen louis-d'or, and he has only himself to blame for their not being repaid, and this I told him. But what avails any discussion? We can talk it over at Salzburg. I am very much obliged to you for having put my case so strongly before Father Martini, and also for having written about me to M. Raaff. I never doubted your doing so, for I am well aware that it rejoices you to see your son happy and pleased, and you know that I could never be more so than in Munich; being so near Salzburg, I could constantly visit you. That Madlle. Weber, or rather MY DEAR WEBERIN, should now receive a salary, and justice be at last done to her merits, rejoices me to a degree natural in one who feels such deep interest in all that concerns her. I still warmly recommend her to you; though I must now, alas! give up all hope of what I so much wished, — her getting an engagement in Salzburg, — for the Archbishop would never give her the salary she now has. All we can now hope for is that she may sometimes come to Salzburg to sing in an opera. I had a hurried letter from her father the day before they went to Munich, in which he also mentions this news. These poor people were in the greatest distress about me, fearing that I must be dead, a whole month having elapsed without any letter from me, (owing to the last one being lost;) an idea that was confirmed by a report in Mannheim that my poor dear mother had died of a contagious disease. So they have been all praying for my soul. The poor girl went every day for this purpose into the Capuchin church. Perhaps you may laugh at this? I did not; on the contrary, I could not help being much touched by it.

To proceed. I think I shall certainly go by Stuttgart to Augsburg, because I see by your letter that nothing, or at least not much, is to be made in Donaueschingen; but I will apprise you of all this before leaving Strassburg. Dearest father, I do assure you that, were it not for the pleasure of soon embracing you, I would never come to Salzburg; for, with the exception of this commendable and delightful impulse, I am really committing the greatest folly in the world. Rest assured that these are my own thoughts, and not borrowed from others. When my resolution to leave Paris was known, certain facts were placed before me, and the sole weapons I had to contend against or to conquer these, were my true and tender love for my kind father, which could not be otherwise than laudable in their eyes, but with the remark that if my father had known my present circumstances and fair prospects, (and had not got different and false impressions by means of a kind friend,) he certainly would not have written to me in such a strain as to render me wholly incapable of offering the least resistance to his wish; and in my own mind I thought, that had I not been exposed to so much annoyance in the house where I lived, and the journey come on me like a sudden thunder-clap, leaving me no time to reflect coolly on the subject, I should have earnestly besought you to have patience for a time, and to let me remain a little longer in Paris. I do assure you that I should have succeeded in gaining fame, honor, and wealth, and been thus enabled to defray your debts. But now it is settled, and do not for a moment suppose that I regret it; but you alone, dearest father, you alone can sweeten the bitterness of Salzburg for me; and that you will do so, I feel convinced. I must also candidly say that I should arrive in Salzburg with a lighter heart were it not for my official capacity there, for this thought is to me the most intolerable of all. Reflect on it yourself, place yourself in my position. At Salzburg I never know how I stand; at one time I am everything, at another absolutely nothing. I neither desire SO MUCH nor SO LITTLE, but still I

wish to be SOMETHING — if indeed I am something! In every other place I know what my duties are. Elsewhere those who undertake the violin stick to it, — the same with the piano, &c., &c. I trust this will be regulated hereafter, so that all may turn out well and for my happiness and satisfaction. I rely wholly on you.

Things here are in a poor state; but the day after to-morrow, Saturday the 17th, I MYSELF ALONE, (to save expense,) to please some kind friends, amateurs, and connoisseurs, intend to give a subscription concert. If I engaged an orchestra, it would with the lighting cost me more than three louis-d'or, and who knows whether we shall get as much? My sonatas are not yet published, though promised for the end of September. Such is the effect of not looking after things yourself, for which that obstinate Grimm is also to blame. They will probably be full of mistakes, not being able to revise them myself, for I was obliged to devolve the task on another, and I shall be without my sonatas in Munich. Such an occurrence, though apparently a trifle, may often bring success, honor, and wealth, or, on the other hand, misfortune.

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116. Strassburg, Oct. 20, 1778.

You will perceive that I am still here, by the advice of Herr Frank and other Strassburg magnates, but I leave this to-morrow. In my last letter I mentioned that on the 17th I was to give a kind of sample of a concert, as concerts here fare worse than even at Salzburg. It is, of course, over. I played quite alone, having engaged no musicians, so that I might at least lose nothing; briefly, I took three louis-d'or. The chief receipts consisted in the shouts of Bravo! and Bravissimo! which echoed on every side. Prince Max of Zweibrucken also honored the concert by his presence. I need not tell you that every one was pleased. I intended then to pursue my journey, but was advised to stay till the following Saturday, in order to give a grand concert in the theatre. I did so, and, to the surprise, indignation, and disgrace of all the Strassburgers, my receipts were exactly the same. The Director, M. de Villeneuve, abused the inhabitants of this most detestable town in the most unmeasured terms. I took a little more money, certainly, but the cost of the band (which is very bad, but its pay very good), the lighting, printing, the guard at the door, and the check-takers at the entrances, &c., made up a considerable sum. Still I must tell you that the applause and clapping of hands almost deafened me, and made my ears ache; it was as if the whole theatre had gone crazy. Those who were present, loudly and publicly denounced their fellow-citizens, and I told them all that if I could have reasonably supposed so few people would have come, I would gladly have given the concert gratis, merely for the pleasure of seeing the theatre well filled. And in truth I should have preferred it, for, upon my word, I don't know a more desolate sight than a long table laid for fifty, and only three at dinner. Besides, it was so cold; but I soon warmed myself, for, to show the Strassburg gentlemen how little I cared, I played a very long time for my own amusement, giving a concerto more than I had

promised, and, at the close, extemporizing. It is now over, but at all events I gained honor and fame.

I have drawn on Herr Scherz for eight louis-d'or, as a precaution, for no one can tell what may happen on a journey; and I HAVE is better than I MIGHT HAVE HAD. I have read the fatherly well-meaning letter which you wrote to M. Frank when in such anxiety about me. [Footnote: "Your sister and I confessed, and took the Holy Communion," writes the father, "and prayed to God fervently for your recovery. Our excellent Bullinger prays daily for you also."] When I wrote to you from Nancy, not knowing myself, you of course could not know, that I should have to wait so long for a good opportunity. Your mind may be quite at ease about the merchant with whom I am travelling; he is the most upright man in the world, takes more care of me than of himself, and, entirely to oblige me, is to go with me to Augsburg and Munich, and possibly even to Salzburg. We actually shed tears when we think that we must separate. He is not a learned man, but a man of experience, and we live together like children. When he thinks of his wife and family whom he has left in Paris, I try to comfort him, and when I think of my own people he speaks comfort to me.

On the 31st of October, my name-day, I amused myself (and, better still, others) for a couple of hours. At the repeated entreaties of Herr Frank, de Berger, &c., &c., I gave another concert, by which, after paying the expenses, (not heavy this time,) I actually cleared a louis-d'or! Now you see what Strassburg is! I wrote at the beginning of this letter that I was to leave this on the 27th or 28th, but it proved impossible, owing to a sudden inundation here, when the floods caused great damage. You will probably see this in the papers. Of course travelling was out of the question, which was the only thing that induced me to consent to give another concert, being obliged to remain at all events.

To-morrow I go by the diligence to Mannheim. Do not be startled at this. In foreign countries it is expedient to follow the advice of those who know from experience what ought to be done. Most of the strangers who go to Stuttgart (N.B., by the diligence) do not object to this detour of eight hours, because the road is better and also the conveyance. I must now, dearest father, cordially wish you joy of your approaching name-day. My kind father, I wish you from my heart all that a son can wish for a good father, whom he so highly esteems and dearly loves. I thank the Almighty that He has permitted you again to pass this day in the enjoyment of perfect health, and implore from Him the boon, that during the whole of my life (and I hope to live for a good many years to come) I may be able to congratulate you every year. However strange, and perhaps ridiculous, this wish may seem to you, I do assure you it is both sincere and well-intended.

I hope you received my last letter from Strassburg. I wish to write nothing further of M. Grimm, but it is entirely owing to his stupidity in pressing forward my departure so much, that my sonatas are not yet engraved, or at all events that I have not got them, and when I do I shall probably find them full of mistakes. If I had only stayed three days longer in Paris, I could have revised them myself and brought them with me. The engraver was desperate when I told him that I could not correct them, but must commission someone else to do so. Why? Because, being resolved not to be three days longer in the same house with Grimm, I told him that on account of the sonatas I was going to stay with Count Sickingen, when he replied, his eyes sparkling with rage, “If you leave my house before you leave Paris, I will never in my life see you again. In that case do not presume ever to come near me, and look on me as your bitterest enemy.” Self-control was indeed very necessary. Had it not been for your sake, who knew nothing about the matter, I certainly should have replied, “Be my enemy; by all means be so. You are so already, or you would not have

prevented me putting my affairs in order here, which would have enabled me to keep my word, to preserve my honor and reputation, and also to make money, and probably a lucky hit; for if I present my sonatas to the Electress when I go to Munich, I shall thus keep my promise, probably receive a present, and make my fortune besides." But as it was, I only bowed, and left the room without saying a syllable. Before quitting Paris, however, I said all this to him, but he answered me like a man totally devoid of sense, or rather like a malicious man who affects to have none. I have written twice to Herr Heina, but have got no answer. The sonatas ought to have appeared by the end of September, and M. Grimm was to have forwarded the promised copies immediately to me, so I expected to have found them in Strassburg; but M. Grimm writes to me that he neither hears nor sees anything of them, but as soon as he does they are to be forwarded, and I hope to have them ere long.

Strassburg can scarcely do without me. You cannot think how much I am esteemed and beloved here. People say that I am disinterested as well as steady and polite, and praise my manners. Every one knows me. As soon as they heard my name, the two Herrn Silbermann and Herr Hepp (organist) came to call on me, and also Capellmeister Richter. He has now restricted himself very much; instead of forty bottles of wine a day, he only drinks twenty! I played publicly on the two best organs that Silbermann has here, in the Lutheran and New Churches, and in the Thomas Church. If the Cardinal had died, (and he was very ill when I arrived,) I might have got a good situation, for Herr Richter is seventy-eight years of age. Now farewell! Be cheerful and in good spirits, and remember that your son is, thank God! well, and rejoicing that his happiness daily draws nearer. Last Sunday I heard a new mass of Herr Richter's, which is charmingly written.

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117. Mannheim, November 12, 1778.

I arrived here safely on the 6th, agreeably surprising all my kind friends. God be praised that I am once more in my beloved Mannheim! I assure you, if you were here you would say the same. I am living at Madame Cannabich's, who, as well as her family and all my good friends here, was quite beside herself with joy at seeing me again. We have not yet done talking, for she tells me of all the events and changes that have taken place during my absence. I have not been able to dine once at home since I came, for people are fighting to have me; in a word, just as I love Mannheim, so Mannheim loves me; and, though of course I don't know it positively, still I do think it possible that I may get an appointment here. But HERE, not in Munich, for my own belief is that the Elector will soon once more take up his residence in Mannheim, for he surely cannot long submit to the coarseness of the Bavarian gentlemen. You know that the Mannheim company is in Munich. There they hissed the two best actresses, Madame Toscani and Madame Urban. There was such an uproar that the Elector himself leant over his box and called out, "Hush!" To this, however, no one paid any attention; so he sent down Count Seeau, who told some of the officers not to make such a noise, as the Elector did not like it; but the only answer he got was, that they had paid their money, and no man had a right to give them any orders. But what a simpleton I am! You no doubt have heard this long ago through our....

I have now something to say. I may PERHAPS make forty louis-d'or here. To be sure, I should have to stay six weeks, or at most two months, in Mannheim. Seiler's company is here, whom you no doubt already know by reputation. Herr von Dalberg is the director. He will not hear of my leaving this till I have written a duodrama for him, and indeed I did not long hesitate, for I have often wished to write this style of drama. I forget if I

wrote to you about it the first time that I was here. Twice at that time I saw a similar piece performed, which afforded me the greatest pleasure; in fact, nothing ever surprised me so much, for I had always imagined that a thing of this kind would make no effect. Of course you know that there is no singing in it, but merely recitation, to which the music is a sort of obligato recitativo. At intervals there is speaking while the music goes on, which produces the most striking effect. What I saw was Benda's "Medea." He also wrote another, "Ariadne auf Naxos," and both are truly admirable. You are aware that of all the Lutheran Capellmeisters Benda was always my favorite, and I like those two works of his so much that I constantly carry them about with me. Conceive my joy at now composing the very thing I so much wished! Do you know what my idea is? — that most operatic recitatives should be treated in this way, and the recitative only occasionally sung WHEN THE WORDS CAN BE THOROUGHLY EXPRESSED BY THE MUSIC. An Academie des Amateurs is about to be established here, like the one in Paris, where Herr Franzl is violin leader, and I am at this moment writing a concerto for violin and piano. I found my dear friend Raaff still here, but he leaves this on the 8th. He has sounded my praises here, and shown sincere interest in me, and I hope he will do the same in Munich. Do you know what that confounded fellow Seeau said here? — that my opera buffa had been hissed at Munich! Fortunately he said so in a place where I am well known; still, his audacity provokes me; but the people, when they go to Munich, will hear the exact reverse. A whole flock of Bavarians are here, among others Fraulein de Pauli (for I don't know her present name). I have been to see her because she sent for me immediately. Oh! what a difference there is between the people of the Palatinate and those of Bavaria! What a language it is! so coarse! and their whole mode of address! It quite annoys me to hear once more their hoben and olles (haben and alles), and their WORSHIPFUL SIR. Now good-bye! and pray write to

me soon. Put only my name, for they know where I am at the post-office. I am so well known here that it is impossible a letter for me can be lost. My cousin wrote to me, and by mistake put Franconian Hotel instead of Palatine Hotel. The landlord immediately sent the letter to M. Serrarius's, where I lodged when I was last here. What rejoices me most of all in the whole Mannheim and Munich story is that Weber has managed his affairs so well. They have now 1600 florins; for the daughter has 1000 florins and her father 400, and 200 more as prompter. Cannabich did the most for them. It is quite a history about Count Seeau; if you don't know it, I will write you the details next time.

I beg, dearest father, that you will make use of this affair at Salzburg, and speak so strongly and so decidedly, that the Archbishop may think it possible I may not come after all, and thus be induced to give me a better salary, for I declare I cannot think of it with composure. The Archbishop cannot pay me sufficiently for the slavery of Salzburg. As I said before, I feel the greatest pleasure at the thought of paying you a visit, but only annoyance and misery in seeing myself once more at that beggarly court. The Archbishop must no longer attempt to play the great man with me as he used to do, or I may possibly play him a trick, — this is by no means unlikely, — and I am sure that you would participate in my satisfaction.

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118. Mannheim, Nov. 24, 1778.

MY DEAR BARON VON DALBERG, —

I called on you twice, but had not the good fortune to find you at home; yesterday you were in the house, but engaged, so I could not see you. I hope you will therefore excuse my troubling you with these few lines, as it is very important to me to explain myself fully. Herr Baron, you are well aware that I am not an interested man, particularly when I know that it is in my power to do a service to so great a connoisseur and lover of music as yourself. On the other hand, I also know that you certainly would not wish that I should be a loser on this occasion; I therefore take the liberty to make my final stipulations on the subject, as it is impossible for me to remain here longer in uncertainty. I agree to write a monodrama for the sum of twenty-five louis-d'or, and to stay here for two months longer to complete everything, and to attend all the rehearsals, &c., but on this condition, that, happen what may, I am to be paid by the end of January. Of course I shall also expect free admission to the theatre. Now, my dear Baron, this is all that I can do, and if you consider, you will admit that I certainly am acting with great discretion. With regard to your opera, I do assure you I should rejoice to compose music for it, but you must yourself perceive that I could not undertake such a work for twenty-five louis-d'or, as it would be twice the labor of a monodrama (taken at the lowest rate). The chief obstacle would be your having told me that Gluck and Schweitzer are partially engaged to write this work. But were you even to give me fifty louis-d'or, I would still as an honest man dissuade you from it. An opera without any singers! what is to be done in such a case? Still, if on this occasion there is a prospect of its being performed, I will not hesitate to undertake the work to oblige you; but it is no trifling one — of that I pledge you my word. I have now set forth my ideas clearly and candidly, and request your decision.

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119. Mannheim, Dec. 3, 1778.

I MUST ask your forgiveness for two things, — first, that I have not written to you for so long; and secondly, that this time also I must be brief. My not having answered you sooner is the fault of no one but yourself, and your first letter to me at Mannheim. I really never could have believed — but silence! I will say no more on the subject. Lot us have done with it. Next Wednesday, the 9th, I leave this; I cannot do so sooner, because, thinking that I was to be here for a couple of months, I accepted some pupils, and of course wish to make out the twelve lessons. I assure you that you have no idea what kind and true friends I have here, which time will prove. Why must I be so brief? Because my hands are more than full. To please Herr Gemmingen and myself, I am writing the first act of the melodramatic opera (that I was commissioned to write), but now do so gratis; I shall bring it with me and finish it at home. You see how strong my inclination must be for this kind of composition. Of course Herr von Gemmingen is the poet. The duodrama is called “Semiramis.”

Next Wednesday I set off, and do you know how I travel? With the worthy prelate, the Bishop of Kaisersheim. When a kind friend of mine mentioned me to him, he at once knew my name, expressing the pleasure it would be to him to have me as a travelling companion. He is (though a priest and prelate) a most amiable man. I am therefore going by Kaisersheim and not by Stuttgart; but it is just the same to me, for I am very lucky in being able to spare my purse a little (as it is slender enough) on the journey. Be so good as to answer me the following questions. How do the comedians please at Salzburg? Is not the young lady who sings, Madlle. Keiserin? Does Herr Feiner play the English horn? Ah! if we had only clarionets too! You cannot imagine the splendid effect of a symphony with flutes, hautboys, and clarionets. At my first audience of the Archbishop I

shall tell him much that is new, and also make some suggestions. Oh, how much finer and better our orchestra might be if the Archbishop only chose! The chief cause why it is not so, is that there are far too many performances. I make no objection to the chamber-music, only to the concerts on a larger scale.

A propos, you say nothing of it, but I conclude you have received the trunk; if not, Herr von Grimm is responsible for it. You will find in it the aria I wrote for Madlle. Weber. You can have no idea of the effect of that aria with instruments; you may not think so when you see it, but it ought to be sung by a Madlle. Weber! Pray, give it to no one, for that would be most unfair, as it was written solely for her, and fits her like a well-fitting glove.

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120. Kaisersheim, Dec. 18, 1778.

I ARRIVED here safely on Sunday the 13th, God be praised! I travelled in the most agreeable way, and had likewise the inexpressible pleasure to find a letter from you here. The reason that I did not forthwith answer it was, because I wished to give you sure and precise information as to my departure, for which I had not fixed any time; but I have at length resolved, as the prelate goes to Munich on the 26th or 27th, to be again his companion. I must tell you, however, that he does not go by Augsburg. I lose nothing by this; but if you have anything to arrange or transact where my presence is wanted, I can at any time, if you wish it, (being so near,) make a little expedition from Munich. My journey from Mannheim to this place would have been most agreeable to a man, leaving a city with a light heart. The prelate and his Chancellor, an honest, upright, and amiable man, drove together in one carriage, and Herr Kellermeister, Father Daniel, Brother Anton, the Secretary, and I, preceded them always half an hour, or an hour. But for me, to whom nothing could be more painful than leaving Mannheim, this journey was only partly agreeable, and would not have been at all so, but rather very tiresome, if I had not from my early youth been so much accustomed to leave people, countries, and cities, and with no very sanguine hope of soon or ever again seeing the kind friends I left. I cannot deny, but at once admit, that not only I myself, but all my intimate friends, particularly the Cannabichs, were in the most pitiable distress during the last few days after my departure was finally settled. We felt as if it were not possible for us to part. I set off at half-past eight o’clock in the morning, and Madame Cannabich did not leave her room; she neither would nor could take leave of me. I did not wish to distress her, so left the house without seeing her. My very dear father, I can safely say that she is one of my best and truest friends, for I only call those friends who are so in every

situation, who, day and night, think how they can best serve the interests of their friend, applying to all influential persons, and toiling to secure his happiness. Now I do assure you such is the faithful portrait of Madame Cannabich. There may indeed be an alloy of self-interest in this, for where does anything take place — indeed, how can anything be done in this world — without some alloy of selfishness? What I like best in Madame Cannabich is, that she never attempts to deny this. I will tell you when we meet in what way she told me so, for when we are alone, which, I regret to say, is very seldom, we become quite confidential. Of all the intimate friends who frequent her house, I alone possess her entire confidence; for I alone know all her domestic and family troubles, concerns, secrets, and circumstances. We were not nearly so well acquainted the first time I was here, (we have agreed on this point,) nor did we mutually under stand each other so well; but living in the same house affords greater facilities to know a person. When in Paris I first began fully to appreciate the sincere friendship of the Cannabichs, having heard from a trustworthy source the interest both she and her husband took in me. I reserve many topics to explain and to discuss personally, for since my return from Paris the scene has undergone some remarkable changes, but not in all things. Now as to my cloister life. The monastery itself made no great impression on me, after having seen the celebrated Abbey of Kremsmunster. I speak of the exterior and what they call here the court square, for the most renowned part I have yet to see. What appears to me truly ridiculous is the formidable military. I should like to know of what use they are. At night I hear perpetual shouts of “Who goes there?” and I invariably reply, “Guess!” You know what a good and kind man the prelate is, but you do not know that I may class myself among his favorites, which, I believe, does me neither good nor harm, but it is always pleasant to have one more friend in the world. With regard to the monodrama, or duodrama, a voice part is by no means necessary, as not a

single note is sung, but entirely spoken; in short, it is a recitative with instruments, only the actor speaks the words instead of singing them. If you were to hear it even with the piano, it could not fail to please you, but properly performed, you would be quite transported. I can answer for this; but it requires a good actor or actress.

I shall really feel quite ashamed if I arrive in Munich without my sonatas. I cannot understand the delay; it was a stupid trick of Grimm's, and I have written to him to that effect. He will now see that he was in rather too great a hurry. Nothing ever provoked me so much. Just reflect on it. I know that my sonatas were published in the beginning of November, and I, the author, have not yet got them, therefore cannot present them to the Electress, to whom they are dedicated. I have, however, taken measures in the mean time which will insure my getting them. I hope that my cousin in Augsburg has received them, or that they are lying at Josef Killiau's for her; so I have written to beg her to send them to me at once.

Until I come myself, I commend to your good offices an organist, and also a good pianist, Herr Demmler, from Augsburg. I had entirely forgotten him, and was very glad when I heard of him here. He has considerable genius; a situation in Salzburg might be very useful in promoting his further success, for all he requires is a good leader in music; and I could not find him a better conductor than you, dear father, and it would really be a pity if he were to leave the right path. [See No. 68.] That melancholy "Alceste" of Schweitzer's is to be performed in Munich. The best part (besides some of the openings, middle passages, and the finales of some arias) is the beginning of the recitative "O Jugendzeit," and this was made what it is by Raaff's assistance; he punctuated it for Hartig (who plays Admet), and by so doing introduced the true expression into the aria. The worst of all, however, (as well as the greater part of the opera,) is certainly the overture.

As for the trifles that are not to be found in the trunk, it is quite natural that under such circumstances something should be lost, or even stolen. The little amethyst ring I felt I ought to give to the nurse who attended my dear mother, whose wedding-ring was left on her finger. [A large blot.] The ink-bottle is so full, and I am too hasty in dipping in my pen, as you will perceive. As for the watch, you have guessed rightly. I sold it, but only got five louis-d'or for it, and that in consideration of the works, which were good; for the shape, as you know, was old-fashioned and quite out of date. Speaking of watches, I must tell you that I am bringing one with me — a genuine Parisian. You know what sort of thing my jewelled watch was — how inferior all the so-called precious stones were, how clumsy and awkward its shape; but I would not have cared so much about that, had I not been obliged to spend so much money in repairing and regulating it, and after all the watch would one day gain a couple of hours, and next day lose in the same proportion. The one the Elector gave me did just the same, and, moreover, the works were even worse and more fragile. I exchanged these two watches and their chains for a Parisian one which is worth twenty louis-d'or. So now at last I know what o'clock it is; with my five watches I never got so far as that before! At present, out of four, I have, at all events, one on which I can depend.

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121. Kaisersheim, Dec. 23, 1778.

MA TRES-CHERE COUSINE, —

I write to you in the greatest haste, and in the deepest sorrow and remorse, and with the determined purpose to tell you that it is my intention to set off to-morrow to Munich. I would, I assure you, gladly have gone to Augsburg, but the prelate was resolved to claim me, for which you cannot blame me. It is my loss, so don’t be cross. I may perhaps make an escapade from Munich to Augsburg, but this is by no means certain. If you will be as glad to see me, as I shall be to see you, do come to the good town of Munich. Be sure you come by the new year, that I may see your face so dear, and escort you far and near. One thing I very much regret, which is that I cannot give you house-room, because I am not at an hotel, but am living with — whom do you think? I should like to know this myself [with the Webers]. But now Spassus apart. For that very reason, and for my sake, it would be advisable you should come; perhaps you may have a great part to play, but at all events come. I can then pay you in my own mighty person all proper compliments. Now adieu, angel of piety! I await you with anxiety. Your sincere cousin,

W. A. MOZART.

P.S. — Write to me forthwith to Munich, Poste Restante, a little note of twenty-four pages, but do not mention where you are to lodge, that I may not find you out nor you me.

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122. Munich, Dec. 29, 1778.

I WRITE from the house of M. Becke [flute-player; see No. 60]. I arrived here safely, God be praised! on the 25th, but have been unable to write to you till now. I reserve everything till our glad, joyous meeting, when I can once more have the happiness of conversing with you, for to-day I can only weep. I have far too sensitive a heart. In the mean time, I must tell you that the day before I left Kaisersheim I received the sonatas; so I shall be able to present them myself to the Electress. I only delay leaving this till the opera [Footnote: Schweitzer's "Alceste." (See No. 120.)] is given, when I intend immediately to leave Munich, unless I were to find that it would be very beneficial and useful to me to remain here for some time longer. In which case I feel convinced, quite convinced, that you would not only be satisfied I should do so, but would yourself advise it. I naturally write very badly, for I never learned to write; still, in my whole life I never wrote worse than this very day, for I really am unfit for anything — my heart is too full of tears. I hope you will soon write to me and comfort me. Address to me, Poste Restante, and then I can fetch the letter myself. I am staying with the Webers. I think, after all, it would be better, far better, to enclose your letter to me to our friend Becke.

I intend (I mention it to you in the strictest secrecy) to write a mass here; all my best friends advise my doing so. I cannot tell you what friends Cannabich and Raaff have been to me. Now farewell, my kindest and most beloved father! Write to me soon.

A happy new-year! More I cannot bring myself to write to-day. This letter is scrawled hurriedly, quite unlike the others, and betrays the most violent agitation of mind. During the whole journey there was nothing to which Mozart looked forward with such joy as once more seeing his beloved Madlle. Weber in Munich. He had even destined "a great part" for

the Basle (his cousin) in the affair; but he was now to learn that Aloysia had been faithless to him. Nissen relates: “Mozart, being in mourning for his mother, appeared dressed, according to the French custom, in a red coat with black buttons; but soon discovered that Aloysia’s feelings towards him had undergone a change. She seemed scarcely to recognize one for whose sake she had once shed so many tears. On which Mozart quickly seated himself at the piano and sang, “Ich lass das Madel gern das mich nicht will,” [“I gladly give up the girl who slights me.”] His father, moreover, was displeased in the highest degree by Wolfgang’s protracted absence, fearing that the Archbishop might recall his appointment; so Wolfgang became very uneasy lest he should not meet with a kind reception from his father on his return home.”

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123. Munich, Dec. 31, 1778.

I HAVE this instant received your latter from my friend Becke. I wrote to you from his house two days ago, but a letter such as I never wrote before; for this kind friend said so much to me about your tender paternal love, your indulgence towards me, your complaisance and discretion in the promotion of my future happiness, that my feelings were softened even to tears. But, from your letter of the 28th, I see only too clearly that Herr Becke, in his conversation with me, rather exaggerated. Now, distinctly, and once for all, as soon as the opera (“Alceste”) is given, I intend to leave this, whether the diligence goes the day after or the same night. If you had spoken to Madame Robinig, I might have travelled home with her. But be that as it may, the opera is to be given on the 11th, and on the 12th (if the diligence goes) I set off. It would be more for my interest to stay here a little longer, but I am willing to sacrifice this to you, in the hope that I shall have a twofold reward for it in Salzburg. I don’t think your idea about the sonatas at all good; even if I do not get them, I ought to leave Munich forthwith. Then you advise my not being seen at court; to a man so well known as I am here such a thing is impossible. But do not be uneasy. I received my sonatas at Kaisersheim; and, as soon as they are bound, I mean to present them to the Electress. A. propos, what do you mean by DREAMS OF PLEASURE? I do not wish to give up dreaming, for what mortal on the whole compass of the earth does not often dream? above all DREAMS OF PLEASURE — peaceful dreams, sweet, cheering dreams if you will — dreams which, if realized, would have rendered my life (now far rather sad than pleasurable) more endurable.

The 1st. — I have this moment received, through a Salzburg vetturino, a letter from you, which really at first quite startled me. For Heaven’s sake tell me, do you really think that I can at once fix a day for my journey; or is

it your belief that I don’t mean to come at all? When I am so very near, I do think you might be at ease on that point. When the fellow had explained his route to me, I felt a strong inclination to go with him, but at present I really cannot; to-morrow or next day I intend to present the sonatas to the Electress, and then (no matter how strongly I may be urged) I must wait a few days for a present. Of one thing I give you my word, that to please you I have resolved not to wait to see the opera, but intend to leave this the day after I receive the present I expect. At the same time I confess I feel this to be very hard on me; but if a few days more or less appear of such importance to you, so let it be. Write to me at once on this point. The 2d. — I rejoice at the thoughts of conversing with you, for then you will first comprehend how my matters stand here. You need have neither mistrust nor misgivings as to Raaff, for he is the most upright man in the world, though no lover of letter-writing. The chief cause of his silence, however, is no doubt that he is unwilling to make premature promises, and yet is glad to hold out some hope too; besides, like Cannabich, he has worked for me with might and main.

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124. Munich, Jan. 8, 1779.

[Footnote: The second grand aria that Mozart wrote for Aloysia, bears the same date.]

I HOPE you received my last letter, which I meant to have given to the vetturino, but having missed him I sent it by post. I have, in the mean time, got all your letters safely through Herr Becke. I gave him my letter to read, and he also showed me his. I assure you, my very dear father, that I am now full of joy at returning to you, (but not to Salzburg,) as your last letter shows that you know me better than formerly. There never was any other cause for my long delay in going home but this doubt, which gave rise to a feeling of sadness that I could no longer conceal; so I at last opened my heart to my friend Becke. What other cause could I possibly have? I have done nothing to cause me to dread reproach from you; I am guilty of no fault; (by a fault I mean that which does not become a Christian, and a man of honor;) in short, I now rejoice, and already look forward to the most agreeable and happy days, but only in the society of yourself and my dear sister. I give you my solemn word of honor that I cannot endure Salzburg or its inhabitants, (I speak of the natives of Salzburg.) Their language, their manners, are to me quite intolerable. You cannot think what I suffered during Madame Robinig's visit here, for it is long indeed since I met with such a fool; and, for my still further annoyance, that silly, deadly dull Mosmayer was also there.

But to proceed. I went yesterday, with my dear friend Cannabich, to the Electress to present my sonatas. Her apartments are exactly what I should like mine one day to be, very pretty and neat, just like those of a private individual, all except the view, which is miserable. We were there fully an hour and a half, and she was very gracious. I have managed to let her know that I must leave this in a few days, which will, I hope, expedite matters.

You have no cause to be uneasy about Count Seeau; I don’t believe the thing will come through his hands, and even if it does, he will not venture to say a word. Now, once for all, believe that I have the most eager longing to embrace you and my beloved sister. If it were only not in Salzburg! But as I have not hitherto been able to see you without going to Salzburg, I do so gladly. I must make haste, for the post is just going.

My cousin is here. Why? To please me, her cousin; this is, indeed, the ostensible cause. But — we can talk about it in Salzburg; and, on this account, I wished very much that she would come with me there. You will find a few lines, written by her own hand, attached to the fourth page of this letter. She is quite willing to go; so if it would really give you pleasure to see her, be so kind as to write immediately to her brother, that the thing may be arranged. When you see her and know her, she is certain to please you, for she is a favorite with every one.

Wolfgang’s pleasantries, in the following; letter to his cousin, show that his good humor was fully restored. He was received at home with very great rejoicings, and his cousin soon followed him.

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125. Salzburg, May 10, 1779.

DEAREST, sweetest, most beauteous, fascinating, and charming of all cousins, most basely maltreated by an unworthy kinsman! Allow me to strive to soften and appease your just wrath, which only heightens your charms and winning beauty, as high as the heel of your slipper! I hope to soften you, Nature having bestowed on me a large amount of softness, and to appease you, being fond of sweet pease. As to the Leipzig affair, I can't tell whether it may be worth stooping to pick up; were it a bag of ringing coin, it would be a very different thing, and nothing less do I mean to accept, so there is an end of it.

Sweetest cousin, such is life! One man has got a purse, but another has got the money, and he who has neither has nothing; and nothing is even less than little; while, on the other hand, much is a great deal more than nothing, and nothing can come of nothing. Thus has it been from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; and as I can make it neither worse nor better, I may as well conclude my letter. The gods know I am sincere. How does Probst get on with his wife? and do they live in bliss or in strife? most silly questions, upon my life! Adieu, angel! My father sends you his uncle's blessing, and a thousand cousinly kisses from my sister. Angel, adieu!

A TENDER ODE. [Footnote: A parody of Klopstock's "Dein susses Bild, Edone"]

TO MY COUSIN.

THY sweet image, cousin mine,
Hovers aye before me; Would the form indeed were thine!
How I would adore thee! I see it at the day's decline; I see it
through the pale moonshine, And linger o'er that form divine

By all the flowers of sweet perfume

I’ll gather for my cousin, — By all the wreaths of myrtle-bloom
I’ll wreathe her by the dozen, — I call upon that image there To
pity my immense despair, And be indeed my cousin fair
[Footnote: These words are written round the slightly sketched caricature of a face.]

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FOURTH PART. — MUNICH. — IDOMENEO. — NOVEMBER 1780 TO JANUARY 1781.

MOZART now remained stationary at Salzburg till the autumn of 1780, highly dissatisfied at being forced to waste his youthful days in inactivity, and in such an obscure place, but still as busy as ever. A succession of grand instrumental compositions were the fruits of this period: two masses, some vespers, the splendid music for “Konig Thamos,” and the operetta “Zaide” for Schikaneder. At length, however, to his very great joy, a proposal was made to him from Munich to write a grand opera for the Carnival of 1781. It was “Idomeneo, Konig von Greta.” At the beginning of November he once more set off to Munich in order to “prepare an exact fit,” on the spot, of the different songs in the opera for the singers, and to rehearse and practise everything with them. The Abbate Varesco in Salzburg was the author of the libretto, in which many an alteration had yet to be made, and these were all to be effected through the intervention of the father.

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126. Munich, Nov. 8, 1780.

FORTUNATE and pleasant was my arrival here, — fortunate, because no mishap occurred during the journey; and pleasant, because we had scarcely patience to wait for the moment that was to end this short but disagreeable journey. I do assure you it was impossible for us to sleep for a moment the whole night. The carriage jolted our very souls out, and the seats were as hard as stone! From Wasserburg I thought I never could arrive in Munich with whole bones, and during two stages I held on by the straps, suspended in the air and not venturing to sit down. But no matter; it is past now, though it will serve me as a warning in future rather to go on foot than drive in a diligence.

Now as to Munich. We arrived here at one o'clock in the forenoon, and the same evening I called on Count Seeau [the Theatre Intendant], but as he was not at home I left a note for him. Next morning I went there with Becke. Seeau has been moulded like wax by the Mannheim people. I have a request to make of the Abbate [Gianbattista Varesco]. The aria of Ilia in the second act and second scene must be a little altered for what I require,— "Se il padre perdei, in te lo ritrovo" This verse could not be better; but now comes what always appeared unnatural to me, — N.B. in an aria, — I mean, to speak aside. In a dialogue these things are natural enough, for a few words can be hurriedly said aside, but in an aria, where the words must be repeated, it has a bad effect; and even were this not the case, I should prefer an uninterrupted aria. The beginning may remain if he chooses, for it is charming and quite a natural flowing strain, where, not being fettered by the words, I can write on quite easily; for we agreed to bring in an aria andantino here in concert with four wind instruments, viz. flute, hautboy, horn, and bassoon; and I beg that you will let me have the air as soon as possible.

Now for a grievance. I have not, indeed, the honor of being acquainted with the hero Del Prato [the musico who was to sing Idamante], but from description I should say that Cecarelli is rather the better of the two, for often in the middle of an air our musico's breath entirely fails; nota bene, he never was on any stage, and Raaff is like a statue. Now only for a moment imagine the scene in the first act! But there is one good thing, which is, that Madame Dorothea Wendling is arci-contentissima with her scena, and insisted on hearing it played three times in succession. The Grand Master of the Teutonic Order arrived yesterday. "Essex" was given at the Court Theatre, and a magnificent ballet. The theatre was all illuminated. The beginning was an overture by Cannabich, which, as it is one of his last, I did not know. I am sure, if you had heard it you would have been as much pleased and excited as I was, and if you had not previously known the fact, you certainly could not have believed that it was by Cannabich. Do come soon to hear it, and to admire the orchestra. I have no more to say. There is to be a grand concert this evening, where Mara is to sing three airs. Tell me whether it snows as heavily in Salzburg as here. My kind regards to Herr Schikaneder [impresario in Salzburg], and beg him to excuse my not yet sending him the aria, for I have not been able to finish it entirely.

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127. Munich, Nov. 13, 1780.

I WRITE in the greatest haste, for I am not yet dressed, and must go off to Count Seeau's. Cannabich, Quaglio, and Le Grand, the ballet-master, also dine there to consult about what is necessary for the opera. Cannabich and I dined yesterday with Countess Baumgarten, [Footnote: He wrote an air for her, the original of which is now in the State Library at Munich.] nee Lerchenteld. My friend is all in all in that family, and now I am the same. It is the best and most serviceable house here to me, for owing to their kindness all has gone well with me, and, please God, will continue to do so. I am just going to dress, but must not omit the chief thing of all, and the principal object of my letter, — to wish you, my very dearest and kindest father, every possible good on this your name-day. I also entreat the continuance of your fatherly love, and assure you of my entire obedience to your wishes. Countess la Rose sends her compliments to you and my sister, so do all the Cannabichs and both Wendling families, Ramm, Eck father and son, Becke, and Herr del Prato, who happens to be with me. Yesterday Count Seeau presented me to the Elector, who was very gracious. If you were to speak to Count Seeau now, you would scarcely recognize him, so completely have the Mannheimers transformed him.

I am ex commissione to write a formal answer in his name to the Abbate Varesco, but I have no time, and was not born to be a secretary. In the first act (eighth scene) Herr Quaglio made the same objection that we did originally, — namely, that it is not fitting the king should be quite alone in the ship. If the Abbe thinks that he can be reasonably represented in the terrible storm forsaken by every one, WITHOUT A SHIP, exposed to the greatest peril, all may remain as it is; but, N. B., no ship — for he cannot be alone in one; so, if the other mode be adopted, some generals or confidants (mates) must land from the ship with him. Then the king might address a

few words to his trusty companions, and desire them to leave him alone, which in his melancholy situation would be quite natural.

The second duet is to be omitted altogether, and indeed with more profit than loss to the opera; for if you will read the scene it evidently becomes cold and insipid by the addition of an air or a duet, and very irksome to the other actors, who must stand, by all the time unoccupied; besides, the noble contest between Ilia and Idamante would become too long, and thus lose its whole interest.

Mara has not the good fortune to please me. She does too little to be compared to a Bastardella [see No. 8], (yet this is her peculiar style,) and too much to touch the heart like a Weber [Aloysia], or any judicious singer.

P.S. — A propos, as they translate so badly here, Count Seeau would like to have the opera translated in Salzburg, and the arias alone to be in verse. I am to make a contract that the payment of the poet and the translator should be made in one sum. Give me an answer soon about this. Adieu! What of the family portraits? Are they good likenesses? Is my sister’s begun yet? The opera is to be given for the first time on the 26th of January. Be so kind as to send me the two scores of the masses that I have with me, and also the mass in B. Count Seeau is to mention them soon to the Elector; I should like to be known here in this style also. I have just heard a mass of Gruan’s; it would be easy to compose half a dozen such in a day. Had I known that this singer, Del Prato, was so bad, I should certainly have recommended Cecarelli.

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128. Munich, Nov. 15, 1780.

The aria is now admirable, but there is still an alteration to be made recommended by Raaff; he is, however, right, and even were he not, some courtesy ought to be shown to his gray hairs. He was with me yesterday, and I played over his first aria to him, with which he was very much pleased. The man is old, and can no longer show off in an aria like that in the second art,— “Fuor del mar ho un mare in seno,” &c. As, moreover, in the third act he has no aria, (the one in the first act not being so cantabile as he would like, owing to the expression of the words,) he wishes after his last speech, “O Creta fortuinata, O me felice,” to have a pretty aria to sing instead of the quartet; in this way a superfluous air would be got rid of, and the third act produce a far better effect. In the last scene also of the second act, Idomeneo has an aria, or rather a kind of cavatina, to sing between the choruses. For this it would be better to substitute a mere recitative, well supported by the instruments. For in this scene, (owing to the action and grouping which have been recently settled with Le Grand,) the finest of the whole opera, there cannot fail to be such a noise and confusion in the theatre, that an aria, would make a very bad figure in this place, and moreover there is a thunderstorm which is not likely to subside during Raaff’s aria! The effect, therefore, of a recitative between the choruses must be infinitely better. Lisel Wendling has also sung through her two arias half a dozen times, and is much pleased with them. I heard from a third person that the two Wendlings highly praised their arias, and as for Raaff he is my best and dearest friend. I must teach the whole opera myself to Del Prato. He is incapable of singing even the introduction to any air of importance, and his voice is so uneven! He is only engaged for a year, and at the end of that time (next September) Count Seeau will get another. Cecarelli might try his chance then serieusement.

I nearly forgot the best of all. After mass last Sunday, Count Seeau presented me, en passant, to H.S.H. the Elector, who was very gracious. He said, “I am happy to see you here again;” and on my replying that I would strive to deserve the good opinion of His Serene Highness, he clapped me on the shoulder, saying, “Oh! I have no doubt whatever that all will go well — a piano piano si va lontano.”

Deuce take it! I cannot write everything I wish. Raaff has just left me; he sends you his compliments, and so do the Cannabichs, and Wendlings, and Ramm. My sister must not be idle, but practise steadily, for every one is looking forward with pleasure to her coming here. My lodging is in the Burggasse at M. Fiat’s [where the marble slab to his memory is now erected].

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129. Munich, Nov. 22, 1780.

I SEND herewith, at last, the long-promised aria for Herr Schikaneder. During the first week that I was here I could not entirely complete it, owing to the business that caused me to come here. Besides, Le Grand, the ballet-master, a terrible talker and bore, has just been with me, and by his endless chattering caused me to miss the diligence. I hope my sister is quite well. I have at this moment a bad cold, which in such weather is quite the fashion here. I hope and trust, however, that it will soon take its departure, — indeed, both phlegm and cough are gradually disappearing. In your last letter you write repeatedly, “Oh! my poor eyes! I du not wish to write myself blind — half-past eight at night, and no spectacles!” But why do you write at night, and without spectacles? I cannot understand it. I have not yet had an opportunity of speaking to Count Seeau, but hope to do so to-day, and shall give you any information I can gather by the next post. At present all will, no doubt, remain as it is. Herr Raaff paid me a visit yesterday morning, and I gave him your regards, which seemed to please him much. He is, indeed, a worthy and thoroughly respectable man. The day before yesterday Del Frato sang in the most disgraceful way at the concert. I would almost lay a wager that the man never manages to get through the rehearsals, far less the opera; he has some internal disease.

Come in! — Herr Panzacchi! [who was to sing Arbace]. He has already paid me three visits, and has just asked me to dine with him on Sunday. I hope the same thing won’t happen to me that happened to us with the coffee. He meekly asks if, instead of se la sa, he may sing se co la, or even ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la.

I am so glad when you often write to me, only not at night, and far less without spectacles. You must, however, forgive me if I do not say much in return, for every minute is precious; besides, I am obliged chiefly to write at

night, for the mornings are so very dark; then I have to dress, and the servant at the Weiser sometimes admits a troublesome visitor. When Del Prato comes I must sing to him, for I have to teach him his whole part like a child; his method is not worth a farthing. I will write more fully next time. What of the family portraits? My sister, if she has nothing better to do, might mark down the names of the best comedies that have been performed during my absence. Has Schikaneder still good receipts? My compliments to all my friends, and to Gilofsky's Katherl. Give a pinch of Spanish snuff from me to Pimperl [the dog], a good wine-sop, and three kisses. Do you not miss me at all? A thousand compliments to all — all! Adieu! I embrace you both from my heart, and hope my sister will soon recover. [Nannerl, partly owing to her grief in consequence of an unfortunate love-affair, was suffering from pains in the chest, which threatened to turn to consumption.]

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180. Munich, Nov. 24, 1780.

I beg you will convey to Madlle. Katharine Gilofsky de Urazowa my respectful homage. Wish her in my name every possible happiness on her name-day; above all, I wish that this may be the last time I congratulate her as Mademoiselle. What you write to me about Count Seinsheim is done long ago; they are all links of one chain. I have already dined with, him once, and with Baumgarten twice, and once with Lerchenfeld, father of Madlle. Baumgarten. Not a single day passes without some of these people being at Cannabich's. Do not be uneasy, dearest father, about my opera; I do hope that all will go well. No doubt it will be assailed by a petty cabal, which will in all probability be defeated with ridicule; for the most respected and influential families among the nobility are in my favor, and the first-class musicians are one and all for me. I cannot tell you what a good friend Cannabich is — so busy and active! In a word, he is always on the watch to serve a friend. I will tell you the whole story about Mara. I did not write to you before on the subject, because I thought that, even if you knew nothing of it, you would be sure to hear the particulars here; but now it is high time to tell you the whole truth, for probably additions have been made to the story, — at least, in this town, it has been told in all sorts of different ways. No one can know about it better than I do, as I was present, so I heard and witnessed the whole affair. When the first symphony was over, it was Madame Mara's turn to sing. I then saw her husband come sneaking in behind her with his violoncello in his hand; I thought she was going to sing an aria obligato with violoncello accompaniment. Old Danzi, the first violoncello, also accompanies well. All at once Toeschi (who is a director, but has no authority when Cannabich is present) said to Danzi (N. B., his son-in-law), "Rise, and give Mara your place." When Cannabich saw and heard this, he called out, "Danzi, stay where you are; the Elector prefers

his own people playing the accompaniments." Then the air began, Mara standing behind his wife, looking very sheepish, and still holding his violoncello. The instant they entered the concert-room, I took a dislike to both, for you could not well see two more insolent-looking people, and the sequel will convince you of this. The aria had a second part, but Madame Mara did not think proper to inform the orchestra of the fact previously, but after the last ritournelle came down into the room with her usual air of effrontery to pay her respects to the nobility. In the mean time her husband attacked Cannabich. I cannot write every detail, for it would be too long; but, in a word, he insulted both the orchestra and Cannabich's character, who, being naturally very much irritated, laid hold of his arm, saying, "This is not the place to answer you." Mara wished to reply, but Cannabich threatened that if he did not hold his tongue he would have him removed by force. All were indignant at Mara's impertinence. A concerto by Ramm was then given, when this amiable couple proceeded to lay their complaint before Count Seeau; but from him, also, as well as from every one else, they heard that they were in the wrong. At last Madame Mara was foolish enough to speak to the Elector himself on the subject, her husband in the mean time saying in an arrogant tone, "My wife is at this moment complaining to the Elector — an unlucky business for Cannabich; I am sorry for him." But people only burst out laughing in his face. The Elector, in reply to Madame Mara's complaint, said, "Madame, you sang like an angel, although your husband did not accompany you;" and when she wished to press her grievance, he said, "That is Count Seeau's affair, not mine." When they saw that nothing was to be done, they left the room, although she had still two airs to sing. This was nothing short of an insult to the Elector, and I know for certain that, had not the Archduke and other strangers been present, they would have been very differently treated; but on this account Count Seeau was annoyed, so he sent after them

immediately, and they came back. She sang her two arias, but was not accompanied by her husband. In the last one (and I shall always believe that Herr Mara did it on purpose) two bars were wanting — N. B., only in the copy from which Cannabich was playing. When this occurred, Mara seized Cannabich's arm, who quickly got right, but struck his bow on the desk, exclaiming audibly, "This copy is all wrong." When the aria was at an end, he said, "Herr Mara, I give you one piece of advice, and I hope you will profit by it: never seize the arm of the director of an orchestra, or lay your account with getting at least half a dozen sound boxes on the ear." Mara's tone was now, however, entirely lowered; he begged to be forgiven, and excused himself as he best could. The most shameful part of the affair was that Mara (a miserable violoncellist, all here declare) would never have been heard at court at all but for Cannabich, who had taken considerable trouble about it. At the first concert before my arrival he played a concerto, and accompanied his wife, taking Danzi's place without saying a word either to Danzi or any one else, which was allowed to pass. The Elector was by no means satisfied with his mode of accompanying, and said he preferred his own people. Cannabich, knowing this, mentioned to Count Seeau, before the concert began, that he had no objection to Mara's playing, but that Danzi must also play. When Mara came he was told this, and yet he was guilty of this insolence. If you knew these people, you would at once see pride, arrogance, and unblushing effrontery written on their faces.

My sister is now, I hope, quite recovered. Pray do not write me any more melancholy letters, for I require at this time a cheerful spirit, a clear head, and inclination to work, and these no one can have who is sad at heart. I know, and, believe me, deeply feel, how much you deserve rest and peace, but am I the obstacle to this? I would not willingly be so, and yet, alas! I fear I am. But if I attain my object, so that I can live respectably here, you must instantly leave Salzburg. You will say, that may never come to pass; at

all events, industry and exertion shall not be wanting on my part. Do try to come over soon to see me. We can all live together. I have a roomy alcove on my first room in which two beds stand. These would do capitally for you and me. As for my sister, all we can do is to put a stove into the next room, which will only be an affair of four or five florins; for in mine we might heat the stove till it is red-hot, and leave the stove-door open into the bargain, yet it would not make the room endurable — it is so frightfully cold in it. Ask the Abbate Varesco if we could not break off at the chorus in the second act, “Placido e il mare” after Elettra’s first verse, when the chorus is repeated, — at all events after the second, for it is really far too long. I have been confined to the house two days from my cold, and, luckily for me, I have very little appetite, for in the long run it would be inconvenient to pay for my board. I have, however, written a note to the Count on the subject, and received a message from him that he would speak to me about it shortly. By heavens! he ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. I won’t pay a single kreutzer.

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131. Munich, Dec. 1, 1780.

THE rehearsal went off with extraordinary success; there were only six violins in all, but the requisite wind-instruments. No one was admitted but Count Seeau's sister and young Count Seinsheim. This day week we are to have another rehearsal, with twelve violins for the first act, and then the second act will be rehearsed (like the first on the previous occasion). I cannot tell you how delighted and surprised all were; but I never expected anything else, for I declare I went to this rehearsal with as quiet a heart as if I had been going to a banquet. Count Seinsheim said to me, "I do assure you that though I expected a great deal from you, I can truly say this I did not expect."

The Cannabichs and all who frequent their house are true friends of mine. After the rehearsal, (for we had a great deal to discuss with the Count,) when I went home with Cannabich, Madame Cannabich came to meet me, and hugged me from joy at the rehearsal having passed off so admirably; then came Ramm and Lang, quite out of their wits with delight. My true friend the excellent lady, who was alone in the house with her invalid daughter Rose, had been full of solicitude on my account. When you know him, you will find Ramm a true German, saying exactly what he thinks to your face. He said to me, "I must honestly confess that no music ever made such an impression on me, and I assure you I thought of your father fifty times at least, and of the joy he will feel when he hears this opera." But enough of this subject. My cold is rather worse owing to this rehearsal, for it is impossible not to feel excited when honor and fame are at stake, however cool you may be at first. I did everything you prescribed for my cold, but it goes on very slowly, which is particularly inconvenient to me at present; but all my writing about it will not put an end to my cough, and yet write I must. To-day I have begun to take violet syrup and a little

almond oil, and already I feel relieved, and have again stayed two days in the house. Yesterday morning Herr Raaff came to me again to hear the aria in the second act. The man is as much enamored of his aria as a young passionate lover ever was of his fair one. He sings it the last thing before he goes to sleep, and the first thing in the morning when he awakes. I knew already, from a sure source, but now from himself, that he said to Herr von Viereck (Oberststallmeister) and to Herr von Kastel, “I am accustomed constantly to change my parts, to suit me better, in recitative as well as in arias, but this I have left just as it was, for every single note is in accordance with my voice.” In short, he is as happy as a king. He wishes the interpolated aria to be a little altered, and so do I. The part commencing with the word era he does not like, for what we want here is a calm tranquil aria; and if consisting of only one part, so much the better, for a second subject would have to be brought in about the middle, which leads me out of my way. In “Achill in Sciro” there is an air of this kind, “or che mio figlio sei.” I thank my sister very much for the list of comedies she sent me. It is singular enough about the comedy “Rache fur Rache”; it was frequently given here with much applause, and quite lately too, though I was not there myself. I beg you will present my devoted homage to Madlle. Therese von Barisani; if I had a brother, I would request him to kiss her hand in all humility, but having a sister only is still better, for I beg she will embrace her in the most affectionate manner in my name. A propos, do write a letter to Cannabich; he deserves it, and it will please him exceedingly. What does it matter if he does not answer you? You must not judge him from his manner; he is the same to every one, and means nothing. You must first know him well.

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132. Munich, Dec. 5, 1780.

The death of the Empress [Maria Theresa] does not at all affect my opera, for the theatrical performances are not suspended, and the plays go on as usual. The entire mourning is not to last more than six weeks, and my opera will not be given before the 20th of January. I wish you to get my black suit thoroughly brushed to make it as wearable as possible, and forward it to me by the first diligence; for next week every one must be in mourning, and I, though constantly on the move, must cry with the others.

With regard to Raaff's last aria, I already mentioned that we both wish to have more touching and pleasing words. The word era is constrained; the beginning good, but gelida massa is again hard. In short, far-fetched or pedantic expressions are always inappropriate in a pleasing aria. I should also like the air to express only peace and contentment; and one part would be quite as good — in fact, better, in my opinion. I also wrote about Panzacchi; we must do what we can to oblige the good old man. He wishes to have his recitative in the third act lengthened a couple of lines, which, owing to the chiaro oscuro and his being a good actor, will have a capital effect. For example, after the strophe, "Sei la citta del pianto, e questa reggia quella del duol," comes a slight glimmering of hope, and then, "Madman that I am! whither does my grief lead me?" "Ah! Creta tutta io vedo." The Abbato Varesco is not obliged to rewrite the act on account of these things, for they can easily be interpolated. I have also written that both I and others think the oracle's subterranean speech too long to make a good effect. Reflect on this. I must now conclude, having such a mass of writing to do. I have not seen Baron Lehrbach, and don't know whether he is here or not; and I have no time to run about. I may easily not know whether he is here, but he cannot fail to know positively that I am. Had I been a girl, no doubt he would have come to see me long ago. Now adieu!

I have this moment received your letter of the 4th December. You must begin to accustom yourself a little to the kissing system. You can meanwhile practise with Maresquelli, for each time that you come to Dorothea Wendling’s (where everything is rather in the French style) you will have to embrace both mother and daughter, but — N. B., on the chin, so that the paint may not be rubbed off. More of this next time. Adieu!

P.S. — Don’t forget about my black suit; I must have it, or I shall be laughed at, which is never agreeable.

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133. Munich, Dec. 13, 1780.

Your last letters seemed to me far too short, so I searched all the pockets in my black suit to see if I could not find something more. In Vienna and all the Imperial dominions, the gayeties are to be resumed six weeks hence, — a very sensible measure, for mourning too long is not productive of half as much good to the deceased as of injury to the living. Is Herr Schikaneder to remain in Salzburg? If so, he might still see and hear my opera. Here people, very properly, cannot comprehend why the mourning should last for three months, while that for our late Elector was only six weeks. The theatre, however, goes on as usual. You do not write to me how Herr Esser accompanied my sonatas — ill, or well? The comedy, "Wie man sich die Sache deutet," is charming, for I saw it — no, not saw it, but read it, for it has not yet been performed; besides, I have been only once in the theatre, having no leisure to go, the evening being the time I like best to work. If her Grace, the most sensible gracious Frau von Robinig, does not on this occasion change the period of her gracious journey to Munich, her Grace will be unable to hear one note of my opera. My opinion, however, is, that her Grace in her supreme wisdom, in order to oblige your excellent son, will graciously condescend to stay a little longer. I suppose your portrait is now begun, and my sister's also, no doubt. How is it likely to turn out? Have you any answer yet from our plenipotentiary at Wetzlar? I forget his name — Fuchs, I think. I mean, about the duets for two pianos. It is always satisfactory to explain a thing distinctly, and the arias of Esopus are, I suppose, still lying on the table? Send them to me by the diligence, that I may give them myself to Herr von Dummhoff, who will then remit them post-free. To whom? Why, to Heckmann — a charming man, is he not? and a passionate lover of music. My chief object comes to-day at the close of my letter, but this is always the case with me. One day lately, after dining

with Lisel Wendling, I drove with Le Grand to Cannabich's (as it was snowing heavily). Through the window they thought it was you, and that we had come together. I could not understand why both Karl and the children ran down the steps to meet us, and when they saw Le Grand, did not say a word, but looked quite discomposed, till they explained it when we went up-stairs. I shall write nothing more, because you write so seldom to me — nothing, except that Herr Eck, who has just crept into the room to fetch his sword which he forgot the last time he was here, sends his best wishes to Thresel, Pimperl, Jungfer Mitzerl, Gilofsky, Katherl, my sister, and, last of all, to yourself. Kiss Thresel for me; a thousand kisses to Pimperl.

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134. Munich, Dec. 16, 1780.

HERR ESSER came to call on me yesterday for the first time. Did he go about on foot in Salzburg, or always drive in a carriage, as he does here? I believe his small portion of Salzburg money will not remain long in his purse. On Sunday we are to dine together at Cannabich's, and there he is to let us hear his solos, clever and stupid. He says he will give no concert here, nor does he care to appear at court; he does not intend to seek it, but if the Elector wishes to hear him,— "Eh, bien! here am I; it would be a favor, but I shall not announce myself." But, after all, he may be a worthy fool — deuce take it! cavalier, I meant to say. He asked me why I did not wear my Order of the Spur. I said I had one in my head quite hard enough to carry. He was so obliging as to dust my coat a little for me, saying, "One cavalier may wait upon another." In spite of which, the same afternoon — from forgetfulness, I suppose — he left his spur at home, (I mean the outward and visible one,) or at all events contrived to hide it so effectually that not a vestige of it was to be seen. In case I forget it again, I must tell you that Madame and Madlle. Cannabich both complain that their throats are daily becoming larger owing to the air and water here, which might at last become regular goitres. Heaven forbid! They are indeed taking a certain powder — how do I know what? Not that this is its name; at all events, it seems to do them no good. For their sakes, therefore, I took the liberty to recommend what we call goitre pills, pretending (in order to enhance their value) that my sister had three goitres, each larger than the other, and yet at last, by means of these admirable pills, had got entirely rid of them! If they can be made up here, pray send me the prescription; but if only to be had at Salzburg, I beg you will pay ready money for them, and send a few cwt. of them by the next diligence. You know my address.

There is to be another rehearsal this afternoon of the first and second acts in the Count’s apartments; then we shall only have a chamber rehearsal of the third, and afterwards go straight to the theatre. The rehearsal has been put off owing to the copyist, which enraged Count Seinsheim to the uttermost. As for what is called the popular taste, do not be uneasy, for in my opera there is music for every class, except for the long-eared. A propos, how goes on the Archbishop? Next Monday I shall have been six weeks away from Salzburg. You know, dear father, that I only stay there to oblige you, for, by heavens! if I followed my own inclinations, before coming here I would have torn up my last diploma; for I give you my honor that not Salzburg itself, but the Prince and his proud nobility, become every day more intolerable to me. I should rejoice were I to be told that my services were no longer required, for with the great patronage that I have here, both my present and future circumstances would be secure, death excepted, which no one can guard against, though no great misfortune to a single man. But anything in the world to please you. It would be less trying to me if I could only occasionally escape from time to time, just to draw my breath. You know how difficult it was to get away on this occasion; and without some very urgent cause, there would not be the faintest hope of such a thing. It is enough to make one weep to think of it, so I say no more. Adieu! Come soon to see me at Munich and to hear my opera, and then tell me whether I have not a right to feel sad when I think of Salzburg. Adieu!

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135. Munich, Dec. 19, 1780.

THIS last rehearsal has been as successful as the first, and satisfactorily proved to the orchestra and all those who heard it, their mistake in thinking that the second act could not possibly excel the first in expression and novelty. Next Saturday both acts are again to be rehearsed, but in a spacious apartment in the palace, which I have long wished, as the room at Count Seeau's is far too small. The Elector is to be in an adjoining room (incognito) to hear the music. "It must be a life-and-death rehearsal," said Cannabich to me. At the last one he was bathed in perspiration.

Cannabich, whose name-day this is, has just left me, reproaching me for discontinuing this letter in his presence. As to Madame Duschek, the thing is impossible at present, but I will do what I can with pleasure after my opera is given. I beg you will write to her and say, with my compliments, that next time she comes to Salzburg we can square accounts. It would delight me if I could get a couple of cavaliers like old Czernin, — this would be a little yearly help; but certainly not for less than 100 florins a year, in which case it might be any style of music they pleased. I trust that you are now quite recovered; indeed, after the friction performed by a Barisani Theres, you cannot be otherwise. You have no doubt seen by my letters that I am well and happy. Who would not feel happy to have completed such a great and laborious work — and completed it, too, with honor and renown? Three arias alone are wanting — the last chorus in the third act, and the overture and ballet; and then — Adieu partie!

One more indispensable remark, and I have done. The scene between father and son in the first act, and the first scene in the second act between Idomenco and Arbace, are both too long, and sure to weary the audience, particularly as in the first the actors are both bad, and in the second one of them is also very inferior; besides, the whole details are only a narrative of

what the spectators have already seen with their own eyes. The scenes will be printed just as they are. I only wish the Abbate would point out to me how not only to curtail them, but very considerably to curtail them; otherwise I must do it myself, for the scenes cannot remain as they are — I mean, so far as the music is concerned. I have just got your letter, which, being begun by my sister, is without a date. A thousand compliments to Thresel — my future upper and under nursery-maid to be. I can easily believe that Katherl would gladly come to Munich, if (independent of the journey) you would allow her to take my place at meals. Eh! bien. I can contrive it, for she can occupy the same room with my sister.

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136. Munich, Dec 27, 1780.

I HAVE received the entire opera, Schachtner's letter, your note, and the pills. As for the two scenes to be curtailed, it was not my own suggestion, but one to which I consented — my reason being that Raaff and Del Prato spoil the recitative by singing it quite devoid of all spirit and fire, and so monotonously. They are the most miserable actors that ever trod the stage. I had a desperate battle royal with Seeau as to the inexpediency, unfitness, and almost impossibility of the omissions in question. However, all is to be printed as it is, which at first he positively refused to agree to, but at last, on rating him soundly, he gave way. The last rehearsal was splendid. It took place in a spacious apartment in the palace. The Elector was also within hearing. On this occasion it was rehearsed with the whole orchestra, (of course I mean those who belong to the opera.) After the first act the Elector called out Bravo! rather too audibly, and when I went into the next room to kiss his hand he said, "Your opera is quite charming, and cannot fail to do you honor." As he was not sure whether he could remain for the whole performance, we played the concerted aria and the thunderstorm at the beginning of the second act, by his desire, when he again testified his approbation in the kindest manner, and said, laughing, "Who could believe that such great things could be hidden in so small a head?" Next day, too, at his reception, he extolled my opera much. The ensuing rehearsal will probably take place in the theatre. A propos, Becke told me, a day or two ago, that he had written to you about the last rehearsal but one, and among other things had said that Raaff's aria in the second act is not composed in accordance with the sense of the words, adding, "So I am told, for I understand Italian too little to be able to judge." I replied, "If you had only asked me first and written afterwards! I must tell you that whoever said such a thing can understand very little Italian. The aria is quite adapted to

the words. You hear the mare, and the mare funesto; and the passages dwell on the minacciar, and entirely express minacciar (threatening). Moreover, it is the most superb aria in the opera, and has met with universal approbation."

Is it true that the Emperor is ill? Is it true that the Archbishop intends to come to Munich? Raaff is the best and most upright man alive, but — so addicted to old-fashioned routine that flesh and blood cannot stand it; so that it is very difficult to write for him, but very easy if you choose to compose commonplace arias, as for instance the first one, "Vedromi intorno." When you hear it, you will say that it is good and pretty, but had I written it for Zonca it would have suited the words better. Raaff likes everything according to rule, and does not regard expression. I have had a piece of work with him about the quartet. The more I think of the quartet as it will be on the stage, the more effective I consider it, and it has pleased all those who have heard it on the piano. Raaff alone maintains that it will not be successful. He said to me confidentially, "There is no opportunity to expand the voice; it is too confined." As if in a quartet the words should not far rather be spoken, as it were, than sung! He does not at all understand such things. I only replied, "My dear friend, if I were aware of one single note in this quartet which ought to be altered, I would change it at once; but there is no single thing in my opera with which I am so pleased as with this quartet, and when you have once heard it sung in concert you will speak very differently. I took every possible pains to conform to your taste in your two arias, and intend to do the same with the third, so I hope to be successful; but with regard to trios and quartets, they should be left to the composer's own discretion." On which he said that he was quite satisfied. The other day he was much annoyed by some words in his last aria — rinvigorir and ringiovenir, and especially vienmi a rinvigorir — five i's! It is true, this is very disagreeable at the close of an air.

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137. Munich, Dec. 30. 1780.

A HAPPY New-Year! Excuse my writing much, for I am over head and ears in my work. I have not quite finished the third act; and as there is no extra ballet, but only an appropriate divertissement in the opera, I have the honor to write that music also, but I am glad of it, for now the music will be all by the same master. The third act will prove at least as good as the two others, — in fact, I believe, infinitely better, and that it might fairly be said, finis coronat opus. The Elector was so pleased at the rehearsal that, as I already wrote to you, he praised it immensely next morning at his reception, and also in the evening at court. I likewise know from good authority that, on the same evening after the final rehearsal, he spoke of my music to every one he conversed with, saying, “I was quite surprised; no music ever had such an effect on me; it is magnificent music.” The day before yesterday we had a recitative rehearsal at Wendling’s, and tried over the quartet all together. We repeated it six times, and now it goes well. The stumbling-block was Del Prato; the wretch can literally do nothing. His voice is not so bad, if he did not sing from the back of the throat; besides, he has no intonation, no method, no feeling. He is only one of the best of the youths who sing in the hope of getting a place in the choir of the chapel. Raaff was glad to find himself mistaken about the quartet, and no longer doubts its effect. Now I am in a difficulty with regard to Raaff’s last air, and you must help me out of it. He cannot digest the rinvigorir and ringiovenir, and these two words make the whole air hateful to him. It is true that mostrami and vienmi are also not good, but the worst of all are the two final words; to avoid the shake on the i in the first word rinvigorir, I was forced to transfer it to the o. Raaff has now found, in the “Natal di Giove,” which is in truth very little known, an aria quite appropriate to this situation. I think it is the ad libitum aria, “Bell’ alme al ciel diletto” and he wishes me to write music

for these words. He says, “No one knows it, and we need say nothing.” He is quite aware that he cannot expect the Abbate to alter this aria a third time, and he will not sing it as it is written. I beg you will send me an immediate reply. I shall conclude, for I must now write with all speed; the composing is finished, but not the writing out.

My compliments to dear Thresel: the maid who waits on me here is also named Thresel, but, heavens! how inferior to the Linz Thresel in beauty, virtue, charms — and a thousand other merits! You probably know that the worthy musico Marquesi, the Marquessius di Milano, has been poisoned in Naples, but how? He was enamored of a Duchess, whose rightful lover became jealous, and sent three or four fellows to give him his choice between drinking poison out of a cup and being assassinated. He chose the former, but being an Italian poltroon he died ALONE, and allowed his murderers to live on in peace and quiet. I would at least (in my own room) have taken a couple with me into the next world, if absolutely obliged to die myself. Such an admirable singer is a great loss. Adieu!

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138. Munich, Jan. 3, 1780.

MY head and my hands are so fully occupied with my third act, that it would not be wonderful if I turned into a third act myself, for it alone has cost me more trouble than the entire opera; there is scarcely a scene in it which is not interesting to the greatest degree. The accompaniment of the underground music consists merely of five instruments, namely, three trombones and two French horns, which are placed on the spot whence the voice proceeds. The whole orchestra is silent at this part.

The grand rehearsal positively takes place on the 20th, and the first performance on the 22d. All you will both require is to bring one black dress, and another for every-day wear, when you are only visiting intimate friends where there is no ceremony, and thus save your black dress a little; and if my sister likes, one pretty dress also, that she may go to the ball and the Academie Masquee.

Herr von Robinig is already here, and sends his regards to you. I hear that the two Barisanis are also coming to Munich; is this true? Heaven be praised that the cut on the finger of the Archbishop was of no consequence! Good heavens! how dreadfully I was alarmed at first! Cannabich thanks you for your charming letter, and all his family beg their remembrances. He told me you had written very humorously. You must have been in a happy mood.

No doubt we shall have a good many corrections to make in the third act when on the stage; as for instance scene sixth, after Arbace’s aria, the personages are marked, “Idomeneo, Arbace, &c., &c.” How can the latter so instantly reappear on the spot? Fortunately he might stay away altogether. In order to make the matter practicable, I have written a somewhat longer introduction to the High Priest’s recitative. After the mourning chorus the King and his people all go away, and in the following scene the directions are, “Idomeneo kneels down in the Temple.” This is

impossible; he must come accompanied by his whole suite. A march must necessarily be introduced here, so I have composed a very simple one for two violins, tenor, bass, and two hautboys, to be played a mezza voce, and during this time the King appears, and the Priests prepare the offerings for the sacrifice. The King then kneels down and begins the prayer.

In Elettra's recitative, after the underground voice has spoken, there ought to be marked exeunt. I forgot to look at the copy written for the press to see whether it is there, and whereabouts it comes. It seems to me very silly that they should hurry away so quickly merely to allow Madlle. Elettra to be alone.

I have this moment received your few lines of January 1st. When I opened the letter I chanced to hold it in such a manner that nothing but a blank sheet met my eyes. At last I found the writing. I am heartily glad that I have got an aria for Raaff, as he was quite resolved to introduce the air he had discovered, and I could not possibly (N. B., with a Raaff) have arranged in any other way than by having Varesco's air printed, but Raaff's sung. I must stop, or I shall waste too much time. Thank my sister very much for her New-Year's wishes, which I heartily return. I hope we shall soon be right merry together. Adieu! Remembrances to friends, not forgetting Ruscherle. Young Eck sends her a kiss, a sugar one of course.

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139. Munich, Jan. 10, 1780.

My greatest piece of news is that the opera is put off for a week. The grand rehearsal is not to take place till the 27th — N. B., my birthday — and the opera itself on the 29th. Why? Probably to save Count Seeau two hundred gulden. I, indeed, am very glad, because we can now rehearse frequently and more carefully. You should have seen the faces of the Robinigs when I told them this news. Louisa and Sigmund are delighted to stay; but Lise, that SNEAKING MISERY, has such a spiteful Salzburg tongue that it really drives me distracted. Perhaps they may still remain, and I hope so on Louisa's account. In addition to many other little altercations with Count Seeau, I have had a sharp contention with him about the trombones. I call it so, because I was obliged to be downright rude, or I never should have carried my point. Next Saturday the three acts are to be rehearsed in private. I got your letter of the 8th, and read it with great pleasure; the burlesque, too, I like very much. Excuse my writing more at this time; for, in the first place, as you see, my pen and ink are bad, and, in the second, I have still a couple of airs to write for the last ballet. I hope you will send no more such letters as the last, of only three or four lines.

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140. Munich, Jan. 18, 1780.

PRAY forgive a short letter, for I must go this very moment, ten o'clock (in the forenoon of course), to the rehearsal. There is to be a recitative rehearsal for the first time to-day in the theatre. I could not write before, having been so incessantly occupied with those confounded dances. Laus Deo, I have got rid of them at last, but only of what was most pressing. The rehearsal of the third act went off admirably. It was considered very superior to the second act. The poetry is, however, thought far too long, and of course the music likewise, (which I always said it was.) On this account the aria of Idamante, "No la morte io non pavento" is to be omitted, which was, indeed, always out of place there; those who have heard it with the music deplore this. Raaff's last air, too, is still more regretted, but we must make a virtue of necessity. The prediction of the oracle is still far too long, so I have shortened it; but Varesco need know nothing of this, because it will all be printed just as he wrote it. Madame von Robinig will bring with her the payment both for him and Schachtner. Herr Geschwender declined taking any money with him. In the meantime say to Varesco in my name, that he will not get a farthing from Count Seeau beyond the contract, for all the alterations were made FOR ME and not for the Count, and he ought to be obliged to me into the bargain, as they were indispensable for his own reputation. There is a good deal that might still be altered; and I can tell him that he would not have come off so well with any other composer as with me. I have spared no trouble in defending him.

The stove is out of the question, for it costs too much. I will have another bed put up in the room that adjoins the alcove, and we must manage the best way we can. Do not forget to bring my little watch with you. We shall probably make an excursion to Augsburg, where we could have the little silly thing regulated. I wish you also to bring Schachtner's operetta. There

are people who frequent Cannabich's house, who might as well hear a thing of the kind. I must be off to the rehearsal. Adieu!

The father and sister arrived on the 25th of January, and the first performance of the opera took place a few days afterwards; then the family amused themselves for some little time with the gayeties of the Carnival. The Archbishop had gone to Vienna; and, desiring to appear in the Imperial city in the full splendor of a spiritual prince, he had taken with him, in addition to fine furniture and a large household, some of his most distinguished musicians. On this account, therefore, Mozart, in the middle of March, also received the command to go to Vienna. He set off immediately.

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FIFTH PART. VIENNA. — DIE ENTFÜHRUNG. — MARRIAGE. — MARCH 1781 TO AUGUST 1782.

THE members of his household whom the Archbishop took with him to Vienna were: The Master of the Household, Count Arco; the Director of the Archives, Th von Kleinmayrn; the Private Secretary, J. M. Bönike; the Prince’s valets, Angerbauer and Schlauka; the Comptroller, Kölnberger; the Court Messenger, Zezi; the *musico* Cecarelli; the erratic violinist Brunetti, &c., &c. This summons of Mozart to Vienna decided his future life, for it was fated that he should never more leave the Imperial city. He announces his arrival to his father as follows: —

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141. Vienna, March 17, 1781.

YESTERDAY, the 16th, I am happy to say I arrived here all alone in a post-chaise. I forgot to mention the hour — 9 o'clock in the morning; I reached St. Pölten on Thursday evening at seven o'clock, as tired as a dog, slept till two o'clock in the morning, and then proceeded direct to Vienna. Where do you think I am writing this? In Mesmer's garden in the Landstrasse [see page 3]. The old lady is not at home; but Fräulein Franzi is now Frau von Lensch. Upon my word, I should scarcely have known her, she is grown so stout and fat. She has three children, (two girls and a boy.) One of the girls is named Nannerl; she is four years old, but looks like six; the young gentleman is three, and looks like seven; and the child of nine months might be taken for two years old — they are all so strong, and robust, and well-grown. Now as to the Archbishop. I have a charming room in his house; Brunetti and Cecarelli lodge in another — ch*e distinzione!* My neighbor is Herr von Kleinmayrn, who, on my arrival, loaded me with all sorts of civilities, and really is a charming man. We dine at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, unluckily rather too early an hour for me. Our party consists of the two valets, the Comptroller, Herr Zetti the confectioner, the two cooks, Cecarelli, Brunetti, and my insignificant self. — N. B. The two valets sit at the head of the table. I have, at all events, the honor to be placed above the cooks; I almost believe I am back in Salzburg! At table all kinds of coarse silly joking go on; but no one jokes with me, for I never say a word, or, if I am obliged to speak, I do so with the utmost gravity, and when I have dined I go away. There is no supper-table at night, but we each receive three ducats, so we cannot be very prodigal. The Archbishop is so good as to add to his lustre by his household, whom he prevents earning their living, and yet never pays them an equivalent. Yesterday, at four o'clock, we had music; at least twenty persons of the highest rank were present. Cecarelli

had previously sung at Palfi's. We are to go to-day to Prince Gallitzin's, who was at the Archbishop's yesterday. I shall now wait to see whether I receive any remuneration; if not, I mean to go to the Archbishop and say to him, in a straightforward manner, that if he does not choose that I should gain my own livelihood, he must supply me with money, for I cannot live on my own means. I must now conclude, as I intend to post this letter myself in passing, for I am going now to Prince Gallitzin's.

P. S. — I went to see the Fischers; I cannot describe their joy. The whole family desire to be remembered to you. I hear that they are giving concerts at Salzburg. What a terrible loss for me! Adieu! My address is, "Im Deutschen Hause, Singerstrasse."

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142. Vienna, March 24, 1781.

I HAVE received your letter of the 20th, and hear with pleasure of your both being well and having arrived safely. You must blame my pen and ink if you are obliged to spell out this letter rather than to read it. *Basta!* it must be written, and my penmender, Herr von Lirzer, has on this occasion left me in the lurch. You probably know him better than I do; and I cannot describe him more appropriately than by saying that he is, I believe, a Salzburger, and that I never in my life saw him, except once or twice at Robinig's eleven-o'clock music. He, however, paid me a visit forthwith, and seems to me very civil (he mends my pens) and a most courteous gentleman. I think he is a secretary. I will tell you who surprised me by a visit — Gilofsky, Katherl's brother. Why surprised me? Because I had quite forgotten that he was in Vienna. How quickly a foreign city improves a man! Gilofsky will certainly become an upright, amiable person in his profession, as well as in his demeanor.

What you write as to my presence contributing to the vanity of the Archbishop is in so far just; but of what use is that to me? I cannot subsist on it. Believe me, I am right in saving that here he serves only as a *screen* to me. What distinction, pray, does he confer on me? Herr von Kleinmayrn and Bönike have a table apart with the illustrious Count Arco. It would be a distinction were I at this table; but not where I now am with the valets, who, when not occupying *the first seats at table*, light the lustres, open the doors, and wait in the anteroom *(when I am within*), and with cooks too! If we are summoned to any house where there is a concert, Herr Angerbauer has orders to watch outside, and when the Salzburg gentlemen arrive, he then calls a lacquey to precede them that they may enter. On hearing Brunetti mention this in the course of conversation, I thought to myself, only wait till it is my turn! So the other day, when we were desired to go to Prince

Gallitzin’s, Brunetti said to me, in his usual polite manner, “You must be here this evening at seven o’clock, that we may go together to Prince Gallitzin’s. Angerbauer will take us there.” I answered, “Very well; but if I am not here exactly at seven o’clock, pray proceed there yourself, and don’t wait for me. I know where to find you; and we are sure to see each other at the concert.” I purposely went alone, because I really feel ashamed to go about with him. When I arrived I found Angerbauer waiting to direct the lacquey to show me in. I, however, took no notice either of Angerbauer or the lacquey, but passed straight on through the rooms into the concert-room (all the doors being open), and going up at once to the Prince I made him my bow, and then remained standing and conversing with him. I had totally forgotten my friends Brunetti and Cecarelli, for they were nowhere to be seen, inasmuch as they were leaning on the wall hidden behind the orchestra, not daring to move a step in advance. If a lady or a gentleman speaks to Cecarelli, he always laughs; and if any one addresses Brunetti, he colors and gives the shortest possible reply. Oh! I should have plenty to write about, if I cared to describe all the scenes that have occurred since I came here with the Archbishop and Cecarelli and Brunetti. I only wonder that he is not ashamed of Brunetti; but I am, instead of him. The fellow, too, dislikes being here, for the whole thing is on too noble a scale for his taste, except at dinner, which is his happiest hour. Prince Gallitzin asked Cecarelli to sing to-day; next time, I suppose, my turn will come. I am going this evening with Herr von Kleinmayrn to one of his intimate friends, Councillor Braun, whom we all consider to be one of the greatest enthusiasts here for the piano. I have dined twice with Countess Thun and go to see her almost every day. I do think she is the most charming and lovely person I ever saw in my life; and she has also a high opinion of me. Her husband is just the same singular but well-meaning honorable man that he always was. I also dined with Count Cobenzl. I owe this to his aunt,

Countess von Rumbeck, sister of Cobenzl in the Pagerie, who was in Salzburg with her husband.

My chief object here is to find my way in a becoming manner into the presence of the Emperor, for I am quite resolved that he shall *know me.* It would be a great pleasure to me to play over my opera to him, and then a lot of fugues, for these are his chief favorites. [See No. 74.] Oh! if I had only known that I was to be in Vienna at Easter, I would have written a short oratorio, and had it performed in the theatre for my benefit, as this is what every one does here. I should have found no difficulty in writing it previously, as I know all the voices here. How gladly would I give a public concert, which is customary in Vienna; but I know, only too well, that I could not obtain permission to do so. For just imagine! You are aware that there is a society here which gives concerts for the benefit of the widows of musicians, where every professional musician plays *gratis.* The orchestra is a hundred and eighty strong. No virtuoso, with any love for his neighbor, refuses to give his services when the society applies to him; besides, in this way popularity is gained both with the Emperor and with the public. Starzer was commissioned to ask me to play, to which I at once agreed, but said I must first take the good pleasure of my Prince on the subject; but that I had no doubt whatever of his consent, as it was an occasion worthy the support of the Church, and I was not to receive money but merely to perform a good work. *He would not permit it.* All the nobility here have taken this highly amiss. I regret it, because I did not intend to have played any concerto, (as the Emperor was to be in the proscenium box,) but as Countess Thun was to lend me her fine Stein pianoforte, I would have first extemporized a fugue, and then played the variations on “Je suis Lin dor.” Whenever I have done so in public, I have gained the greatest applause, as there is such a contrast between each variation, and because each has its merit. But *pazienza!* Fiala stands at least two thousand times higher in my opinion for refusing to play

for less than a ducat. Has my sister not yet been asked to perform? I hope she will ask two ducats, for as we have always been so different from the rest of the court musicians, I trust we shall be so on this occasion also. If they don't want her they may let it alone; but if they do, they must pay the money. *A propos*, what of the present from the Elector? Has he sent anything yet? Were you at Baumgarten's before you left? [See No. 127.]

March 28th. — I could not finish my letter because Herr von Kleinmayrn called for me in a carriage, to take me to a concert at Baron Braun's. I now write to say that the Archbishop has given me permission to play in the concert for the widows. It seems Starzer went to Gallitzin's concert, and he and all the nobility continued to urge the Prince till he gave his consent. *I am so glad.* Since I have been here I have only dined three times at home; the dinner-hour is too early and the dinners too bad. It is merely when the weather is very detestable that I stay at home — as to-day for instance.

Write to me all that is going on in Salzburg, for I have been very closely cross-questioned on the subject. These gentlemen have far greater curiosity about Salzburg news than I have. Madame Mara is here, and gave a concert last Tuesday in the theatre. Her husband took care not to show himself, or else the orchestra would not have accompanied, because he published in the newspapers that in all Vienna there was not a single person capable of accompanying. Herr von Moll paid me a visit to-day; I am to breakfast with him to-morrow or next day, and to bring my opera with me.

I intend to call on Herr von Aurnhammer and his fat daughter, as soon as the weather improves. Old Prince Colloredo (where we had a concert) gave each of us five ducats. Countess Rumbeck is now my pupil. Herr von Mesmer (normal-school inspector) and his wife and son send you their remembrances. The son plays magnificently, but fancies that he knows quite enough already, so he is idle; he has also considerable genius for

composition, only he is too indolent to study it as he ought, which his father highly disapproves of. Adieu!

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143. Vienna, April 4, 1780.

You wish to know how we are getting on in Vienna — or rather, I hope, how *I* am getting on; for the other two, Cecarelli and Brunetti, I don’t count as having anything to do with me. I lately wrote to you that the Archbishop is a great drawback to me here — indeed, he injures me, at all events to the extent of one hundred ducats, which I could certainly realize by a concert in the theatre, for the ladies have already *offered* to distribute the tickets themselves. I have good cause to say that I was quite delighted with the Vienna public yesterday. I played in the Kärnthnerthor Theatre in the concert for the widows. I was obliged to begin all over again because there was no end of applause. Now that the public knows me, if I were to give a concert what a sum I should make! but our Archbishop will not allow it; he does not wish his people to have any profit — only loss. But this he cannot effect with regard to me; for if I have even two pupils here, I am better off than in Salzburg, and I don’t want his board and lodging. Well! Brunetti said to-day, at dinner, that Arco had announced to him, on the part of the Archbishop, we were to receive money for our travelling expenses by the diligence, and were to leave this next Sunday; but that those who wished to remain (oh! how judicious!) might do so, but must live at their own expense, as he would no longer supply them with food and lodging. Brunetti, *qui ne demanda pas mieux*, was in the highets glee; Cecarelli, who would like to stay, but who is not so well known here, or so well acquainted with the customs of the place as I am, means to make a push to get an allowance, and if he does not succeed he must depart in peace, for there is not a house in all Vienna where he can either dine or find a room without paying for it. When they asked me what I intended to do, I answered, “I entirely ignore as yet the idea of our going away, for until Count Arco tells me so himself I shall not believe it, and when he does so I will then let him

know my intentions.” Not a bad hit that? Bönike was there, and smiled. Oh! I certainly mean to play the Archbishop a nice little trick, to my great delight, and with the utmost politeness, for it seems he does not know me yet. In my next letter I will write further on the subject. Rest assured that unless I find my position a good one, and can see clearly that it is for my advantage, I shall not remain here. But if it be so, why should I not profit by it? You draw in the mean time two salaries, and I am not living at your expense. If I stay here, you may rely on my soon being able to send home money. I speak seriously, and if it be not so, I shall return. Now adieu! In my next letter more of this and all that may occur.

P. S. — I assure you this is a splendid place, and for my profession the best place in the world. Every one will tell you the same. I like being here, but of course I strive, so far as I can, to derive benefit from it also. Believe me that my sole purpose is to make as much money as possible, which, next to health, is best of all. Pray think no more of my folly, of which I have indeed long ago repented. Sorrow brings wisdom, and my thoughts are now turned in a very different direction. Adieu!

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144. Vienna, April 8, 1781.

I BEGAN an interesting long letter to you, but I wrote too much about Brunetti in it, and was afraid that his curiosity might tempt him to open the letter, because Cecarelli is with me. I will send it by the next post, and write more fully than I can to-day. I wrote to you about the applause in the theatre, but I must add that what most of all delighted and surprised me was the extraordinary silence, and also the cries of bravo! while I was playing. This is certainly honor enough in Vienna, where there are such numbers and numbers of good pianists. To-day (for I am writing at eleven at night) we had a concert, where three of my pieces were performed, — new ones, of course. The Rondo of a concerto for Brunetti, a sonata for myself, with violin accompaniment, which I composed last night between eleven and twelve o'clock, but in order to have it ready in time, I only wrote out the accompaniment for Brunetti, and retained my own part in my head. The third was a rondo for Cecarelli, which was encored. I must now beg you to send me a letter as soon as possible, and to give me your fatherly and friendly advice on the following point. It is reported that we are to return to Salzburg a fortnight hence; by remaining here, I not only do myself no injury, but must derive benefit from it. I have, therefore, some intention of asking the Archbishop's permission to stay on here. Dearest father, I love you truly, which is proved by my renouncing for your sake my every wish and desire; for, were it not on your account, I give you my honor that I would not hesitate for a moment to give up my situation. I would announce a grand concert, take pupils, and, in the course of a twelvemonth, prosper so much in Vienna that I could make an income of 1000 thalers. I assure you it often weighs on my mind heavily enough that I should thus throw away my luck. I am still young, as you say. True, but to squander one's youth away in such a beggarly place in inactivity is really too sad, besides being

unprofitable also. I therefore entreat your kind and paternal counsel about this, and soon too, for I must decide. Above all, place confidence in me, for I think more prudently now. Farewell!

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145. Vienna, April 11, 1781.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS! at last that coarse, mean Brunetti is off, who disgraces his master, himself, and all the musicians; so say Cecarelli and I. Not a word of truth in any of the Vienna news, except that Cecarelli is to sing at the opera in Venice during the ensuing Carnival. *Potz Himmel!* and all sorts of devils! I hope this is not swearing, for if so, I must at once go to confession again, from which I have just returned, because to-morrow (Maunday Thursday) the Archbishop is to administer the Sacrament to the whole court in his own gracious person.

Cecarelli and I went to the Theatine monastery to try to find Pater Froschauer, as he can speak Italian. A *pater* or *frater*, who was at the altar trimming the lights, assured us that the Pater, as well as another who perfectly knows Italian, were not at home, and would not return till four o'clock. So I resolved to take care of myself, and was shown up to a gentleman, while Cecarelli waited for me in the court below. What did please me was that, on my saying to the clerical candle-snuffer that eight years ago I had played a violin concerto in this very choir, he instantly named me. Now, so far as swearing goes, this letter is only a *pendant* to my former one, to which I hope to receive an answer by the next post. In short, next Sunday week, the 22d, Cecarelli and I must go home! When I think that I must leave Vienna without bringing home at least 1000 florins, I own it does go to my heart! So, for the sake of a malevolent Prince, who daily maltreats me for a pitiful salary of 400 gulden, I must actually throw away 1000! for I should make that sum at least if I were to give a concert. When we had our first grand concert here at home, the Archbishop sent us each four ducats. At the last, for which I composed a new rondo for Brunetti, a sonata for myself, and a rondo for Cecarelli, I received nothing. What, however, made me perfectly desperate was, that the very evening we had

this music at home, we were invited to Countess Thun's, but of course could not go; and who should be there but the Emperor! Adamberger and Madame Weigl sang, and each received fifty ducats. Besides, what an opportunity! I cannot, of course, suggest to the Emperor that if he wishes to hear me he must do so without delay, as I leave this in a few days. Such a thing must be waited for; and I neither can nor will remain unless I am to give a concert. Still, I am better off here with only two pupils than at Salzburg; but if I had 1000 or 1200 florins in my pocket, I could afford both to be a little more solicited and also to exact better terms. Yet that misanthrope will not allow it! I must call him thus, for he is so, and all the nobility say the same of him; but enough. Oh! I do hope to hear by the next post whether I am to bury my youthful days and talents in Salzburg, or to be permitted to follow up my good fortune, and not wait till it is too late. I have, to be sure, as little chance of insuring success in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, as I should have in a thousand years in Salzburg; still it is more agreeable to wait and hope with 1000 gulden a year than with 400; for that I am now certain of when I choose. I have only to say that I am to remain here; for what I may compose is not included. Then look at the contrast — Vienna and Salzburg! When Bono dies, [Capellmeister,] Salieri becomes Capellmeister, and then Starzer will take his place in conducting the practice; there is no one to do so but Starzer. *Basta!* I leave it all to you, my kind father.

Have I called on Bono? We tried over my symphony there for the second time. I quite forgot to let you know, by the by, that the symphony went magnificently, and had all possible success. There were forty violins, the wind instruments all doubled, ten tenors, ten double basses, eight violoncellos, and six bassoons. The Bono family send you their remembrances. They are sincerely glad to see me again; he is just the same as ever, a worthy honorable old man. Fräulein Nanette is married, and I

have dined with her twice; she lives near me. A thousand compliments from the Fischers, on whom I called on my way from the Theatines. Farewell, and remember that your son's sole object is to establish himself permanently; for he can get 400 florins anywhere. Adieu!

P. S. — Be so good as to say to M. d'Yppold [Nannerl's unlucky wooer] that I will answer his letter by next post, and that I duly received it from his friend. My compliments to all who are not quite too Salzburgisch. Councillor Gilofsky certainly played Katherl a regular Salzburg trick.

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146. Vienna, April 18, 1781.

I CAN'T write much to-day, because it is nearly six o'clock, and I must forthwith deliver my letter to Zetti. I have just come from the Aurnhammers, with whom I dined, and where we all drank your health. With regard to your long letter, I can only say that you are both right and wrong; but the points where you are wrong far outweigh those in which you are right. Still I shall certainly come, and with the greatest pleasure too, as I am fully convinced that you will never interfere to mar my fortune. Up to this moment I have not heard a word as to the day fixed for our journey. I positively will not go on Sunday, for from the first I declared that I would not travel by the diligence, but intend that my individual self shall go by the regular post-carriage. If Cecarelli will keep me company, so much the more agreeable for me, as then we might take extra post. The whole difference (so small as to be laughable) consists in a very few gulden; for we should travel day and night, in which case we should have to spend very little on the road. I make out that it is even dearer by the diligence, at all events about the same, as it is the custom to treat the conductor at all the inns. There is no hope of doing much at Linz, for Cecarelli tells me he only made forty florins, and had to pay more than forty for the orchestra. It would neither be creditable nor worth the trouble, to give anything in so small a town, for the sake of such a bagatelle; better go straight on, unless the nobility were to get up something to make it worth while. You can send me the addresses.

I must now close, or I shall miss the parcel. As for Schachtner's operetta ["Zaide": see first paragraph, Part IV.], nothing has come of it, from the same cause which I have so often told you. Stephanie junior [an actor] is to supply me with a new and, as he declares, good *libretto*, ["Die Entführung aus dem Serail,"] and if I am no longer here, he is to forward it to me. I

could not be ungracious to Stephanie; I only said that, with the exception of the long dialogues, which can, however, be easily altered, the piece is very good, but not suitable to Vienna, where they prefer comic pieces. Now adieu!

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147. Vienna, April 28, 1781.

You are joyfully expecting my return, dearest father, which is the only thing that could induce me to leave Vienna. I write this all in our native German tongue, for the whole world may know, and I hope will know, that the Archbishop of Salzburg has only you to thank, my excellent father, that he did not yesterday lose me forever — I mean as attached to his service. We had a grand concert yesterday, probably the last, which went off admirably, and, in spite of all the impediments thrown in the way by his Grace the Archbishop, I had a better orchestra than Brunetti; Cecarelli will tell you the same: though I have had no end of vexation about this arrangement. But it is better to talk than to write about it. If anything similar, however, should occur, (which I hope may not be the case,) I do not hesitate to say that I must infallibly lose all patience, and you must forgive me for doing so. I do entreat you, dearest father, to allow me to return to Vienna next Easter, towards the end of the Carnival. This depends on you alone, and not on the Archbishop, for whether he thinks fit to grant me permission or not, I shall certainly go; no fear of its doing me any injury — assuredly not. Oh! if he could only read this, it would be just what I should like! You must promise me what I ask, in your next letter, for it is only on this condition that I return to Salzburg; and it must be a *faithful promise*, so that I may pledge myself to the ladies here to return. Stephanie is to give me a German opera to compose. I shall eagerly expect your reply. I cannot yet say when or how I am to travel. It is so tiresome that nothing can ever be found out from this master of ours. All of a sudden we shall hear *allons!* and be off. At one time we hear that a carriage is at the coachmaker’s, in which the Comptroller, Cecarelli, and I are to travel home, and then we are told we are to go by the diligence, and again that each is to receive money for the diligence fare, and may travel as he likes best; and this last I should very much prefer.

Sometimes we hear that we are to go in a week, and then in a fortnight or three weeks, or perhaps sooner. It is so difficult to know either what to do or what to believe; we can, in fact, do nothing. I trust, however, by the next post to be able to write *à peu près* what day we start.

I must now conclude, for I must go to Countess Schonborn's. After the concert was over yesterday, the ladies detained me a whole hour at the piano; I believe that if I had not stolen away I should still be there. I thought I really had played quite enough for nothing!

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148.

Vienna, May 9, 1781.

I AM still filled with the gall of bitterness; and I feel sure that you, my good kind father, will sympathize with me. My patience has been so long tried that it has at last given way. I have no longer the misfortune to be in the Salzburg service, and to-day is a happy day for me.

Three times already has this — I know not what to call him — said the most insulting and impertinent things to my face, which I did not repeat to you, from the wish to spare your feelings, and I only refrained from taking my revenge on the spot because I always had you, my dear father, before my eyes. He called me a knave and a dissolute fellow, and told me to take myself off. And I endured it all, though I felt that not only my own honor but yours was aggrieved by this; but as you would have it so, I was silent. Now hear what passed. Eight days ago the messenger came to me quite unexpectedly, and said I must instantly leave my lodgings. Due notice had been given to the others, but not to me. I packed up my things hurriedly, and old Madame Weber was so kind as to take me into her house, where I have a pretty room, and am with obliging people, ready to supply me at once with all that I require, (not so easy to procure when quite alone.) I fixed my journey for Wednesday the 9th (this very day) with the post-carriage. Not being able, however, in the interim to collect the money I have yet to receive, I postponed my journey till Saturday. When I went to the Archbishop to-day, the valet told me that the Prince meant to give me a packet to take charge of. I asked whether it was pressing, on which he said yes, that it was of great importance. “Then I regret that I cannot have the honor of being of use to his Highness on this occasion; for, owing to particular reasons, (which I mentioned,) I am not to leave this till Saturday.

I am no longer living in this house, and must pay my own way, so it is evident that I cannot set off till I have the means of doing so; for surely no one can wish me to be a loser." Kleinmayrn, Moll, Brunetti, and the two valets, all said I was quite right. When I went in to the Archbishop, — N. B., I must tell you that Schlauka, one of the valets, advised me to make the excuse that the post-carriage was full, for that would be a valid reason in his eyes, — when I entered the room, the first thing he said was, "Well! when are you going, young fellow?" I replied, "I intended to have gone to-night, but every place in the post-carriage is already engaged." Then came all in a breath that I was the most dissipated fellow he knew, no man served him so badly as I did, and he recommended me to set off the same day, or else he would write home to stop my salary. It was impossible to get in a syllable, for his words blazed away like a fire. I heard it all with calmness; he actually told me to my face the deliberate falsehood, that I had a salary of 500 florins — called me a ragamuffin, a scamp, a rogue. Oh! I really cannot write all he said. At last my blood began to boil, and I said, "Your Grace does not appear to be satisfied with me."

"How! do you dare to threaten me, you rascal? There is the door, and I tell you I will have nothing more to do with such a low fellow!" At last I said, "Nor I with you."

"Begone!" said he; while I replied, as I left the room, "The thing is settled, and you shall have it to-morrow in writing." I put it to you, my dear father, if I was not rather too late in saying this than too soon. My honor is more precious to me than all else, and I know it is the same to you. Be under no anxiety on my account; I am so sure of success here, that for a much less cause I would have given up my situation. I have, besides, three different times had good reason to do so, till such treatment seemed to become quite a matter of course. I was twice called a cowardly fellow, so I was resolved not to deserve the name a third time.

So long as the Archbishop remains here, I will not give a concert. Your fear that this will bring me into bad odor with the Emperor and the nobility, is quite unfounded. The Archbishop is hated here, and most of all by the Emperor. In fact, not having been invited to Luxemburg is the very cause of his rage. By next post I mean to send you a little money, to show you that I am in no difficulty here. Moreover, I beg you to be cheerful, for my good fortune is now about to begin, and I hope my good fortune will always be yours also. Write to me by some private hand that you are satisfied, — and in truth you may well be so, — but publicly abuse me as much as you like, that none of the blame may fall on you. If, in spite of this, the Archbishop should be guilty of the smallest impertinence towards you, then I beg you and my sister will come straight to me at Vienna, for I give you my word of honor that we can all three live here perfectly well. Still I should be glad if you could endure it for a year. Don’t write to me again to the Deutsches Haus, nor enclose my letters in their parcel. I want to have nothing more to do with Salzburg. I hate the Archbishop to madness. Write to me at Peter’s “im Auge Gottes” on the second floor. Let me soon have your approval, for that alone is wanting to my present happiness.

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149. Vienna, May 12, 1781.

IN the letter I sent by post, I wrote as if we were in the presence of the Archbishop, but now I am going to talk to you, dearest father, quite confidentially. Let us say nothing whatever of all the injustice with which the Archbishop has treated me from the very beginning of his reign to the present moment, of his incessant abuse, of all the impertinences and insults which he lavished on me to my face, nor of the undeniable right I have to leave him, for it cannot be denied. But I wish to speak of what would have induced me to leave him, even without any cause of offence. I have here the best and most useful acquaintances in the world; I am beloved and esteemed by the highest families; I am treated with every possible consideration, and well paid into the bargain; and am I to pine away my life in Salzburg for the sake of 400 florins, to linger on without remuneration or encouragement, and unable to benefit you, which I shall certainly have it in my power to do here? What would be the result? Ever and always the same, — I must either fret myself to death, or again go away. I need say no more, for you know it yourself. But this I must tell you, that every one in Vienna has heard the story, and all the nobility take my part, and say that I ought no longer to allow myself to be defrauded in this manner. Dearest father, no doubt they will try to beguile you by many kind words, but these people are snakes and vipers; all base souls are so, — disgustingly proud, and yet always ready to crawl. How odious! The two valets know the whole obnoxious affair, and Schlauka in particular said to some one, “As for me, I really cannot say that I think Mozart wrong, — in fact, I think he is quite right. Only suppose the Archbishop had treated me in such a way! He spoke to him as if he had been some miserable beggar. I heard it all, — infamous!” The Archbishop acknowledges his injustice, but has he not had frequent cause to do so? and has he ever behaved better in consequence? Never! So let us have done with

it. If I had not been afraid of perhaps injuring you, things should long since have been on a very different footing; but, in fact, what can he do to you? — nothing! When you know that all is going well with me, you can easily dispense with the Archbishop’s favor. He cannot deprive you of your salary; besides, you always do your duty. I pledge myself to succeed, or I never would have taken this step, although I must confess to you that after such an insult I would have quitted his service, even if forced to beg my bread. For who would submit to he bullied, more especially when you can do far better? In the mean time, if you are afraid, pretend to he displeased with me, scold me well in your letters, and we two alone will know how the matter really stands; but do not allow yourself to he misled by flattery, — be on your guard. By the next opportunity I shall send you the portrait, the ribbons, and the lawn. Adieu!

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150. Vienna, May 15, 1781.

You know by my last letter that I have demanded a formal dismission from the Prince, as in fact he himself discharged me. Indeed, in my first two audiences he said to me, “If you can’t serve me better, you may go about your business.” He will no doubt deny it, but it is as true as that there is a Providence above. Is it then surprising that at last (irritated to madness by such respectable epithets in the month of a Prince as rogue, rascal, ragamuffin, base fellow) the “take yourself off” should have been accepted by me in its literal sense? Next day I brought Count Arco a memorial to present to the Archbishop, and also returned to him the money for my travelling expenses, consisting of 15 florins and 40 kreutzers for the diligence, and two ducats for my board. He refused to accept either, and declared that I had not the power to throw up my situation without your consent.

He said, “This is your duty.” I replied that I knew my duty towards my father as well, and perhaps better than he did, and I should very much regret were I obliged to learn it from him. “Very well,” he replied, “if he is satisfied, you can request your discharge, and if not — why, you can ask for it all the same.” A fine distinction! All the edifying things that the Archbishop had said to me in the last three audiences, especially in the last, and the pious epithets this admirable man of God applied to me afresh, had such an effect on my bodily frame, that the same evening at the opera I was obliged to go home in the middle of the first act in order to lie down, for I was very feverish, trembled in every limb, and staggered in the street like a drunken man. I stayed in the house both the following day and yesterday, and passed the whole forenoon in bed, having taken tamarind water. The Count was so friendly as to write all sorts of fine things about me to his father, which probably you have been obliged to gulp down. His letter no

doubt contains many fabulous passages, but those who write comedies must somewhat exaggerate if they wish to gain applause, and not adhere too closely to actual truth; and you cannot fail to appreciate the officiousness of this gentleman! Without flying into a passion, for I have too much regard for my health and life to do so, (it pains me enough when I am forced to it,) I will now tell you the chief reproach brought against my service. I did not know that I was a valet, and this was my ruin. I ought to have loitered every morning for a couple of hours in the anteroom. Indeed, I was often told that I ought to show myself more, but somehow I never could understand that it was part of my duty, so I only came punctually when the Archbishop summoned me.

I confide to you briefly my unalterable resolution, but still the whole world is welcome to hear it. If the Archbishop of Salzburg were to offer me a salary of 2000 florins and any other person 1000, I would accept the latter, because with the 1000 I should enjoy health and peace of mind. By all the fatherly love you have invariably shown me since my childhood, and for which I never through life can be sufficiently grateful, (though less so in Salzburg than elsewhere,) I adjure you, as you wish to see your son enjoy health and happiness, not to write to me any more on the subject, but to bury it in the most profound oblivion, for one word more would suffice to rouse both my spleen and yours. You must yourself own this. Now farewell!

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151. Vienna, May, 1781.

I COULD expect nothing else but that in your first burst of anger, (having felt so sure of seeing me,) the event having taken you quite by surprise, you would write in the very strain which I have been obliged to read. But by this time you must have thought better of the matter, and as a man of honor feel more strongly the insult, and must know and see that what you thought likely to occur had already occurred. To have got away from Salzburg would have become every day more difficult, for there *he* is lord and master, but here — a *nobody* — just as I am in his eyes; besides, believe me, such is my warm love for you that if the Archbishop had given me 100 gulden more, I would have accepted them, and then it would have been the old story over again.

I assure you, my good father, I need all my manly energy of mind to write to you what good sense dictates. God knows what a heavy blow it is to separate from you, but I would rather beg my bread than any longer serve such a master; so long as I live I can never forget the past. I implore you — I adjure you by all you hold dear in the world, to strengthen me in this resolution, instead of trying to dissuade me from it, for it only makes me miserable and idle. My wish and my hope is to gain honor, fame, and money, and I have every confidence that I shall be far more useful to you in Vienna than if I were still in Salzburg. What you write of the Webers, I do assure you, is not the fact. I was a fool about Madame Lange, I own, but what is a man *not* when he is in love? But I did love her truly, and even now I feel that she is not indifferent to me; it is perhaps, therefore, fortunate that her husband is a jealous booby, and never leaves her, so that I seldom have an opportunity of seeing her. Believe me when I say that old Madame Weber is a very obliging person, and I cannot serve her in return in proportion to her kindness to me, for indeed I have not time to do so.

I eagerly expect a letter from you, my good kind father. Cheer up your son, for the idea of displeasing you can alone make him unhappy under such promising circumstances. Adieu! A thousand good wishes. If you *can* believe that I have stayed here merely out of hatred to Salzburg and a foolish infatuation for Vienna, then make inquiry. Herr von Strack [in the service of the Emperor], who is a great friend of mine, will no doubt write you the truth.

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152. Vienna, May 19, 1781.

I REALLY don’t know how or what to write, my dearest father, for I have not yet recovered from my astonishment, and never shall if you persist in thinking and writing as you do. I must confess that I do not recognize one feature of my father in your letter! A father, indeed — but not a kind loving father, concerned for the honor of his children and his own, — in short, not *my* father. But it must have been a dream. You are now once more awake, and require no reply to your observations to be fully convinced that I shall *now more than ever* abide by my decision. Still, as my honor and my character are so grievously assailed in various quarters, I must allude to some points. “You can never approve of my having given up my situation while in Vienna.” I think, if I had so been disposed, (which I really was not at the time, or I would have taken this step previously,) it was the most judicious thing to do so in a place where I am liked, and have the finest prospects in the world. It is very possible that you could not sanction this in the presence of the Archbishop, but to me you cannot do otherwise than approve. “I can in no other way redeem my honor than by retracting my resolution.” How could you write such a fallacy? It did not occur to you when you did so, that such a revocation would prove me to be the most dastardly man living. All Vienna knows that I have left the Archbishop, and also knows why — from my honor having been attacked, and for the third time too, and I am publicly to prove the contrary; thus making myself out a pitiful sneak, and the Archbishop a worthy Prince! The former no man would like to do, and least of all would I. The latter God alone can accomplish, if it be His will to enlighten him. “I have never shown any love for you, and therefore ought to show it on this occasion.” Can you really say this? “I have never sacrificed my own pleasures to yours.” What pleasures have I here? To be in trouble and anxiety to fill my purse. It seems to me

that you really think I am revelling in pleasures and amusements. Oh! how completely are you mistaken — at all events, as matters now are! I have no more to spend than I absolutely require. The subscription for my six sonatas is going on, and then I shall get some money. It is all right, too, about the opera [“Die Entführung”], and in Advent I am to give a concert; after that, things will by degrees go on better, for a great deal is to he done here in winter. If pleasure means to have got away from a Prince who paid me badly and constantly bullied me, then it is true that my pleasure is great. If I were to do nothing but think and work from early dawn till night, I would gladly do so, rather than live on the favor of such a — but I will not trust myself to give him his right name. I was forced to take this step, and I will never deviate from it by a single hair’s-breadth — impossible! All that I can say to you is, how much I regret (for your sake — for yours alone, father) having been so badly treated; and I wish that the Archbishop had acted more judiciously, solely that I might have devoted my whole life to you. To please you, my kind father, I was prepared to sacrifice my health, my happiness, and my life; but honor is to me, and ought to he to you, beyond all else. You may show this to Count Arco, and to all Salzburg too. After such an insult — such a threefold insult — if the Archbishop *in propria persona* were to offer me 1200 florins, I would not accept them. I am no low fellow, no rascal; and had it not been for your sake, I would not have waited for him to say to me the third time, “Take yourself off,” without showing that I understood it to be final on both sides. What do I say — waited? I would have said it first myself, instead of him. I am only surprised that the Archbishop should behave so indiscreetly in such a place as Vienna; but be shall one day see how entirely he was mistaken. Prince Breiner and Count Arco stand in need of the Archbishop, but I do not; and if it comes to the worst, and be forgets all the duties of a prince — a *spiritual* prince — then come to me at Vienna. You can get 400 florins anywhere. Only think

how he would disgrace himself in the eyes of the Emperor, who already hates him, if he were to act thus. This place too would suit my sister far better than Salzburg; there are many distinguished families here who are reluctant to engage a male teacher, but would give handsome terms to a lady. This may all come to pass some day.

The next time that Herr von Kleinmayrn, Bönike, or Zetti is going to Salzburg, I will send payment by them for the matter in question. The Comptroller, who set off to-day, is to take the lawn to my sister. My dearest and kindest father, ask me what you will, only not *that* — anything but *that.* The very thoughts of it make me tremble with rage.

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153. Vienna, May 25, 1781.

I MUST really snatch a little time, that you may not wait too long for a letter. To-morrow our first concert takes place in the Augarten [Imperial pleasure grounds], and at half-past eight o'clock Martin is to come [Phil. Jac. Martin arranged the Augarten concerts with Mozart], and we have still six visits to make. I must get them over by eleven o'clock, as I then go to Countess Rumbeck's [his pupil]. Afterwards I dine with Countess Thun. — N. B., in her garden. The rehearsal of the music is to be in the evening; a symphony of Von Swieten's [Director of the Court Library], and one of mine, are to be given. A dilettante, Madlle. Berger, is to sing; a boy of the name of Türk is to play a violin concerto; and Fräulein von Aurnhammer and I are to play my concerto duet in E flat. [Constance Weber continues the letter.] "Your good son has just been summoned by Countess Thun, and he has not time to finish the letter to his dear father, which he much regrets, and requests me to let you know this, for, being post-day, he does not wish you to be without a letter from him. Next post he will write again. I hope you will excuse my P. S., which cannot be so agreeable to you as what your son would have written. I beg my compliments to your amiable daughter. I am your obedient friend, "CONSTANCE WEBER."

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154. Vienna, May 26, 1781.

You are quite right, and I am quite right too, dearest father. I know and admit all my faults, but why should not a man reform? May he indeed not have reformed already? Let me reflect as I will on this matter, I see that I can best serve you, my kind father, and my dear sister, by remaining in Vienna. It seems as if good fortune awaited me here, and as if I *must* stay. Indeed, such was my feeling before I left Munich; I always looked forward with delight to Vienna, without knowing why. You must have a little patience, for there is no doubt that I shall soon prove to you how beneficial Vienna is to us all. Be assured that I am entirely changed; next to health I think nothing so indispensable as money. I certainly am no miser, as it would be difficult for me to become stingy, yet the people here consider me more disposed to be a niggard than a spendthrift, — which is enough surely for a beginning. As for pupils, I can have as many as I choose, but I do not choose to take many. I intend to be better paid than others, and so I wish to have fewer scholars. It is advisable to hang back a little at first, or it is all over with you, and you must pursue the common highway with the rest. The subscription [for the sonatas] goes on well, and I don't know why I should make any difficulties about the opera. Count Rosenberg [Intendant of the Court Theatre] received me most politely when I twice called on him, and he heard my opera ["Idomeneo"] at Countess Thun's. Herr von Swieten and Herr von Sonnenfels were also present; and as Stephanie is one of my intimate friends, all will go smoothly. Believe me, I do not like idleness, but work. I must confess that in Salzburg it did cost me an effort, and I could scarcely force myself to it — but why? Because my mind was not cheerful, and you cannot deny that in Salzburg (for me at least) there is not the smallest recreation. With many there I do not choose to associate, and most of the others do not think me good enough. No encouragement besides for

my talent. When I play, or when any of my compositions are given, it is just as if the audience were all chairs and tables. If there was even a tolerable theatre — my sole amusement here! It is true that in Munich I involuntarily showed myself to you in a false light, for I had too much amusement there. But I pledge you my word that till my opera had been given, I had never been in any theatre, or gone anywhere but to the Cannabichs. It is true enough that at the last I had most severe and trying work to get through, though not from idleness or negligence, but from being fourteen days without writing a note, simply because I found it to be *impossible.* I did indeed write, but not a fair copy. Much time was of course lost by this; but I do not regret it. That I was afterwards too merry arose only from youthful folly. I thought to myself, where am I going? — to Salzburg! Let me enjoy myself till then! I admit that I longed for a hundred amusements in Salzburg, but here not for one. To be in Vienna is in itself pleasure enough. You may safely trust me; I am no longer a fool, and still less can you believe that I am either a godless or an ungrateful son. You must now entirely rely on my head and on my good heart, and you shall never repent it. “Where could I have learned the value of money, having had so little hitherto through my hands?” I know that at one time when I had twenty ducats I thought myself quite rich. Farewell, my dear kind father! My duty is, by my care and industry, to supply and to compensate what you believe you have lost by this occurrence. I shall certainly do so, and with great joy too.

P. S. — As soon as any of the Archbishop’s people go to Salzburg, I will send the portrait. *Ho fatto fare la sopra scritta d’ un altro, espresamente perche non si puó sapere.* You can be sure of no one.

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155. Vienna, end of May, 1781.

THE day before yesterday Count Arco sent me a message to call on him at twelve o’clock, at which hour he would expect to see me. He repeatedly let me know he wished to see me, and so did Schlauka, but as I hate discussions when almost every word to which I am forced to listen is a lie, I punctually — avoided going, and I should have continued to do the same, if he had not said that he had a letter from you. I went there accordingly. I cannot detail the whole conversation, but (at my urgent request) it passed off without irritation on either side. In short, he placed everything before me in so friendly a manner, that really one could have sworn it all came from his heart. I believe, however, that on his part he would not swear that it came from mine. In reply to his plausible speeches, I told him with perfect calmness and courtesy, and in the most good-humored way in the world, the simple truth; and he had not a word to say against it. The end of it all was, that I pressed him to take the memorial and the journey-money, (both of which I brought with me,) but he assured me that it would be too distressing to him to interfere in such matters, so I had better give the memorial to one of the valets, and as for the money, he would not take it till all was finally settled.

The Archbishop disparages me to every human being, and has not the sense to perceive that such a proceeding does him no credit; for I am more highly prized than he is in Vienna. He is only known as an arrogant, presumptuous priest, despising every one, whereas I am considered an obliging person. It is true that I am haughty when I see that any one wishes to treat me with contempt and *en bagatelle;* which is what the Archbishop invariably does towards me, while by kind words he could have made me do what he pleased. This is what I said to Count Arco also, and among other things that the Archbishop did not deserve you should think so highly of

him; and at the close I added, what good would it do were I now to agree to return home? In the course of a few months (without any fresh insult) I was resolved to demand my discharge, for I neither would nor could serve any longer for such a salary. “And pray why not?”

“Because,” said I, “I never could live happily or contentedly in a place where I am so badly paid that I should constantly be thinking, “Oh, if I were only there, or elsewhere!” But if I were to he paid in such a manner that I should not require to think of other places, then I should be perfectly satisfied; and if the Archbishop chooses to pay me at that rate, I am ready to set off to-day.” But how I rejoice that the Archbishop does not take me at my word! for there can be no doubt that my being here is both for your advantage and my own; and you will one day see that it is so. Now farewell, my dear kind father! all will yet go well. I am not writing in a dream, for my own welfare also depends on it. Adieu!

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156. Vienna, June 2, 1781.

MY last letter has told you that I had an interview with Count Arco, and, thank God! everything passed off well. Do not be uneasy; you have nothing whatever to fear from the Archbishop, for Count Arco did not say one word as to my weighing the matter well from the risk of injuring you, and when he told me that you had written to him complaining of my conduct, I interrupted him by saying, “And have I not heard from him also? He has written to me in such a manner that I thought it would drive me crazy; but, reflect as I will, I find it impossible, &c., &c.” On this he said, “Believe me, you allow yourself to be too easily dazzled; a man’s fame here is of very short duration. At first you will have praise enough, and make a great deal too, no doubt; but how long will this last? After some months have elapsed, the Viennese will want something new.”

“You are right, Count,” said I: “you don’t suppose that I mean to settle in Vienna? Quite the reverse — I know where to go. This occurrence having taken place in Vienna is the fault of the Archbishop and not mine, and if he had known how to conduct himself towards men of talent, it never would have happened at all. I am the best-tempered fellow in the world, Count Arco, when people are so with me.”

“Yet the Archbishop,” said he, “considers you to be a most self-sufficient young man.”

“I dare say he does,” rejoined I, “for I am so towards him; just as people behave to me, so do I behave to them. When I see that a person despises me and treats me with contempt, I can be as proud as any peacock.”

Among other things, he asked me whether I was not aware that he was himself often obliged to swallow very disagreeable words. I shrugged my shoulders, saying, “You have no doubt your own reasons for submitting to such a thing, but I have also mine for refusing to do so.” All the rest you

know from my last letter. Do not doubt, dearest father, that it is all for the best for me, and therefore for you also. The Viennese are certainly a fickle race, *but only at the theatre*, and my phase of art is so much liked here, that I feel I am on a sure basis. This is certainly the Pianoforte land! But even supposing they were to tire of me, it would certainly not be the case for some years, at all events.

By that time I shall have gained both renown and money; there are many other places, and who can tell what opportunities may occur before then? I have already spoken to Herr Zetti, who will be the bearer to you of a small sum; you must be satisfied with a little money this time, for I cannot send you more than thirty ducats. If I could have foreseen this event, I would have accepted the pupils formerly offered to me, but at that time I thought I was to leave Vienna in a week, and now they are all in the country. The portrait shall follow.

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157. Vienna, June 9, 1781.

A PRETTY business Count Arco has now made of it! So this is the way to persuade me to follow his advice, — to refuse to present a memorial through inborn stupidity, — not to venture to say one word to his master from want of spirit and love of toadyism, — to keep me in suspense for four weeks, and at last compel me to present the memorial myself, and instead of *at least* giving me free access to the Prince, to turn me out of doors with a kick! Such then is Count Arco, who (according to your last letter) has my interest so much at heart; such is the court I serve! When I arrive with a written document to present, instead of my wish being facilitated, I am maltreated! The scene took place in the anteroom. Of course there was nothing to be done but to be gone with all speed, not wishing to show disrespect for the Prince's apartments, though Arco had not scrupled to do so. I have written three different memorials; and which I five times endeavored to present, and each time they have been refused. I have carefully preserved them, and whoever wishes to read them may do so, to convince himself that they do not contain anything at all offensive. At last, on receiving back my memorial from Herr von Kleinmayrn in the evening, (for this is his office,) and the Archbishop's departure being fixed for the following day, I was perfectly frantic with rage; I could not possibly allow him to set off thus, and as I was told by Arco (at least so he assured me) that the Prince knew nothing of it, I felt how angry the Archbishop would be with me for being so long here, and then at the last moment coming with such a document. I therefore wrote another, in which I mentioned that it was now five weeks since I had prepared a similar paper, but finding myself, why I did not know, always put off, I was now forced to present it myself, though at the very last moment. This memorial procured me my discharge in the pleasant way I have above described, and who knows whether it was

not done by command of the Archbishop himself? Herr von Kleinmayrn, if he still wishes to maintain the character of an honest man, and also the Archbishop's servants, can testify that his commands were fulfilled. I need forward no petition; the thing is at an end. I shall write no more on the subject, and if the Archbishop were now to offer me 1200 florins of salary, I would never serve him again after such treatment. How easily I might have been persuaded to remain! — by kindness, but not by insolence and violence. I sent a message to Count Arco, that *I would have nothing to sag to him,* because he spoke so harshly, behaving to me as if I had been a rogue, which he had no right to do; and, by heavens! as I already wrote to you, I never would have gone near him, if he had not sent me a message that he had a letter from you; but it is the last time. What is it to him if I wish to get my discharge? And if he had really been disposed to do me a good turn, he ought to have reasoned quietly with me, and allowed the affair to take its course, but not to bandy such words with me as clown and saucy fellow, and turn me out of the room with a kick; but I forget that this was probably by archiepiscopal command.

I shall now very briefly reply to your letter, for I am so sick of the whole affair that I never wish to hear a word more about it. As for the *original cause* of my leaving, (which you know well,) no father could possibly be displeased with his son for what I did; on the contrary, he must have been so *had I acted, otherwise.* Moreover, you are well aware that even without any particular cause I had every inclination to leave. You cannot be in earnest, so I conclude you dissemble your real sentiments on account of the court, but I beg you, my dear father, not to be too obsequious, for the Archbishop can do you no harm; but let him do his worst. I almost wish he would; for this would be a scandal, a fresh scandal, which would he his finishing stroke in the Emperor's estimation, who at this moment not only does not like him, but positively hates him. If you were to come to Vienna after such

conduct towards you, and relate the story to the Emperor, you would at all events receive from him the same salary you now have, for in such cases the Emperor is much to be admired. Your comparing me to Madame Lange [Aloysia] causes me much surprise, and made me feel sad all day. This girl was a burden to her parents, when she could as yet earn nothing. Scarcely had the time arrived when she could show her gratitude to her parents, (N. B., her father died before she could make anything here,) when she deserted her poor mother, became attached to an actor, married him, and the mother never received a farthing from her. God knows my only aim is to assist you and us all. Must I repeat it a hundred times that I can be of more use to you here than in Salzburg? I do beg, my dear good father, that you will spare me such letters in future. I conjure you to do so, for they only serve to irritate my mind, and to disturb my heart and spirit; and as I am now constantly occupied in composing, I require both a cheerful mind and a heart at rest. The Emperor is not here, nor is Count Rosenberg. The latter has commissioned Schröder [the celebrated actor] to look out for a good libretto, and to give it to me to compose.

Herr von Zetti was unexpectedly obliged, by command, to set off so very early that I could neither send the portrait nor the ribbons for my sister, and *what you know of*, till to-morrow week by the diligence.

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158. Vienna, June 13, 1781.

MY kindest of all fathers! How gladly would I still further sacrifice my best years to you in a place where I am so badly paid, if that were the only evil! But to be badly paid and scoffed at into the bargain, is really rather too much. For the Archbishop's concert I wrote a sonata for myself, a rondo for Brunetti, and one for Cecarelli. I played at each of the concerts twice, and the last time when all was over, I played variations for a whole hour (the Archbishop gave me the thema) with such universal applause, that if the Archbishop had any vestige of kindly feeling, he certainly must have been gratified; whereas, instead of expressing (or not expressing, if he thought fit) his satisfaction and pleasure, he treats me like a scamp, tells me to my face to take myself off, for that he could get a hundred to serve him better than I, — and why? because I could not set off *the very day* he wished. I was obliged to leave his house, to live at my own expense, and not even be at liberty to delay my journey till my means admitted of travelling. Besides, I was not required in Salzburg, and the whole difference was only two days. The Archbishop twice said the most insulting things to me, and I never said a word to him in return; nay, more, I played for him with the same zeal and assiduity as if nothing had occurred; and instead of acknowledging my exertions and my endeavors to please him, at the very moment when I might have expected very different conduct, he behaves to me for the *third* time in the most revolting manner imaginable. Still, to remove as it were even the least appearance of wrong on my part, they act as if resolved to get rid of me by force. Well, if they do not want me, that is exactly what I wish. Instead of Count Arco taking my memorial, or procuring me an audience, or advising me to forward the document afterwards, or persuading me to leave the matter as it was, and to reflect upon it, — *enfin*, whatever he chose, — he sends me off with a kick! I think this was a pretty broad hint that

Salzburg was no longer a place for me, except to give me some favorable opportunity to return Count Arco's kick with interest, even should I meet him in the public street. I do not demand any satisfaction for such an insult from the Archbishop; he cannot procure it for me as well as I can for myself, but I intend to write to the Count to tell him what he may confidently expect as soon as fortune favors me by allowing me to meet him, wherever it may he — if not in a place that I am hound to respect.

Do not be uneasy, dear father, about the state of my soul. I am a fallible young man, like others, but I can safely say that I wish all were as little so as myself. You perhaps believe things of me which I am not guilty of. My chief fault is that I sometimes act *apparently* as I ought not to act. It is not true that I boasted of eating meat on fast-days; but I did say that I cared little about it, and considered it no sin, for by fasting I understand short allowance, and eating less than usual. I attend mass every Sunday and every festival, and on week-days also, when I can; and you know, dear father, that such is the case. My whole acquaintance with the person you mention was confined to the ball, and I talked to her long before I knew her character, solely with a view to securing a partner for the *contredanse*; and I could not afterwards suddenly avoid her without giving any reason, and who could give the real one to a person's face? Did I not at last pass her by, and dance with others? — on which account I also sincerely rejoiced when the Carnival was at an end. At all events, no one can say that I ever saw her elsewhere, or went to her house, without uttering a vile falsehood. Moreover, rest assured that I have certainly a real sense of religion; and if I ever have the misfortune (which may God forbid!) to fall into evil courses, I shall always absolve you, dearest father, from all responsibility. For, in such a case, I alone should be to blame; as I have to thank you for all the good that is in me, and for your care of my spiritual as well as temporal welfare.

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159 Vienna, June 16, 1781.

TO-MORROW the portrait and the ribbons for my sister are to be dispatched. I don’t know whether the ribbons will suit her taste, but they are in the very last fashion. If she wishes to have some more, or perhaps some plain ones, she has only to let me know, and if there is anything else that she thinks may be got better in Vienna, she must write to me. I hope she did not pay for the cloth, as it is already paid for. I forgot to mention this, for I had so much to write about that scandalous affair. I will remit the money as you direct.

I can at length write you something about Vienna, for hitherto I have been obliged to fill my letters with that vile history; but it is now over, God be praised! This present season is, as you know, the worst for any one who wishes to make money. The most distinguished families are in the country, so all I can do at this moment is to work, to be in readiness for the winter, when there is less time to do so. As soon as the sonatas are finished, I will look out for a short Italian cantata and write it, so that it may be given at the theatre during Advent, of course for my own benefit. There is a little cunning in this, for then I can give it twice, and with double profit, for when performed the second time I shall also perform on the piano. I have only one pupil at present — Countess Rumbeck, Cobenzl’s cousin. I could indeed have had many more if I had chosen to lower my terms, but by doing so I should have injured my credit. My terms are six ducats for twelve lessons, and I also make it understood that I do even this from complaisance. I would rather have three pupils who pay me well than six who pay badly. *I can just get on* by means of this one pupil, and that is enough for the present. I mention this that you may not think me guilty of selfishness in sending you only thirty ducats. Believe me, I would gladly

deprive myself of everything, if I only had it; but it is sure to come in time, and it is best never to let people know how one really stands.

About the theatre. I think I wrote to you lately that Count Rosenberg, before his departure, requested Schröder to hunt out a libretto for me. It is now come, and Stephanie [junior] has it in his hands as supervisor of the opera. Bergobzoomer, a true and kind friend both of mine and Schroder's, gave me an immediate hint of the fact. So I went to Stephanie at once, as if for a mere visit, for we thought it possible that his partiality for Umlauf [court musician] might induce him to play me false; this suspicion proved, however, quite unfounded, for I afterwards heard by chance that he had begged some one to ask me to call on him, as he wished to speak to me; and the moment I came in he said, "Here you come in the very nick of time!" The opera is in four acts, and he tells me the first act is incomparable, but that it falls off very much. If Schröder will allow it to be altered as we think advisable, a good libretto may be made out of it. Stephanie does not like to give it to the directors as it now is, before having talked to Schröder on the subject, knowing beforehand that it would be rejected; so these two may settle the matter between them. After what Stephanie said, I did not express any desire to read it, for if it does not please me, I must say so plainly, or I should be the victim, and I do not wish to make Schröder unfriendly towards me, as he has great esteem for me at present; and as it is, I can always make the excuse that I have not read it.

I must explain why we were suspicious of Stephanie. I regret to say that he bears the worst reputation in Vienna, as a rude, false, calumnious person, not scrupling to commit the grossest injustice towards any one; but I don't mix myself up with such matters. There may be some truth in it, as he is found fault with by every one, but he is in great favor with the Emperor, and towards myself he was most friendly the very first time I saw him, saying, "We are already old friends, and I shall be very glad if it be in my power to

serve you in any way." I believe and hope that he may write the libretto of an opera himself for me. Whether he wrote his own comedies, or did so with the aid of others, whether he plagiarized or originated, still he understands the stage, and his plays are invariably popular. I have lately seen two new pieces of his, which are certainly excellent, "Das Loch in der Thure," and "Der Oberamtmann und die Soldaten." In the mean time, I will compose the cantata, for even if I had a libretto, I would not put pen to paper, as Count Rosenberg is not here; and if at the last moment he did not approve of the book, I should have had the honor of writing for nothing, so I mean to steer clear of it at present. I don't care what the subject is, provided the libretto be only good. Do you really suppose that I am likely to write an *opera comique* in the same style as an *opera seria?* There should be as little sprightliness in an *opera seria*, and as much learning and solidity, as there should be little learning in an *opera buffa*, but all the more sprightliness and gayety. That people like to have a little comic music in an *opera seria* I cannot help; but here they draw the proper distinction on this point. I do certainly find that in music the merry-andrew is not yet got rid of, and in this respect the French are right.

I hope to receive my clothes safely by the next diligence. I don't know when it goes, but I think this letter will reach you first, so I beg you will keep the cane to oblige me. Canes are used here, but why? — to walk with, and for that purpose any one will do. So pray lean on the cane instead of on me, and always take it with you when you can. Who knows whether it may not by your hand avenge its former master on Arco? — of course I mean accidentally, by mere chance! My *very practical* reply shall not fail that arrogant jackass, were it twenty years hence; for to see him and to return his kick without an instant's delay, will he one and the same thing, unless I am so unlucky as to see him first in some sacred place.

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160. Vienna, June 20, 1781.

THAT the court minions look at you askance I can easily believe, but what have you to do with such miserable menials? the more inimical they are to you, the more proudly and contemptuously ought you to look down on them. As for Arco, I take counsel solely from my own heart and good sense, and require no interference on the part of any lady or person of rank, to make me do what is right and fitting; neither too much nor too little. *It is the heart that ennobles a man;* and though I am no Count, I have perhaps more honorable feeling than many a Count. But whether a man be a house-porter or a Count, from the moment that he insults me I consider him to be a scoundrel. Though I intend at first to represent to him quite coolly how badly and basely he managed the affair, yet I shall feel bound to add both a kick and a couple of boxes on the ear from me; for if any one offends me I must have my revenge; and if I did no more to him than he has done to me, it would only be retaliation and not punishment, and I should moreover thus place myself on a level with him; but I really am too proud to measure myself with such a stupid oaf.

Unless something very pressing occurs, I shall now only write to you once a week, being at present so very much occupied. I must stop, as I have some variations to finish for my pupil. Adieu!

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161. Vienna, June 27, 1781.

As for Madame Rosa, I must tell you that I called on her three times, till at length I was so fortunate as to find her at home. You would scarcely know her again, she is grown so thin. When I inquired about the portrait, she offered to make me a present of it, and would send it the following day. Three weeks however passed, and no portrait came. I went three times in vain, but one day so very early that I found her and her plebeian husband at breakfast. Instead of making me a present of the portrait, she had suddenly resolved not to let me have it at all. It occurred to me that in similar cases the best plan with Italians is to be very plain-spoken, so I told her that her defects were the same as ever, but that I did not choose to play the part of a fool in my father's eyes, owing to her inborn failings, one day saying white and the next black, and that I could assure her I did not in the least want the portrait. She then spoke very civilly, and promised to send it the next day, which she did; but you must return it by the first opportunity.

I have just come from Herr von Hippe, Prince Kaunitz's private secretary, who is a thoroughly amiable man, and a very good friend of mine. He first came to visit me, when I played to him. We have two grand pianos in the house where I lodge, — one for florid pieces, the other a machine which is tuned throughout to the low octave, like the on? we had in London, consequently like an organ, so I played fugues, and extemporized on it. I am almost every afternoon with Herr von Aurnhammer. The young lady is a fright, but plays enchantingly, though in the *cantabile* she loses sight of true refined expression; she does not play smoothly. She (privately) told me her plan, which is, to study music steadily for two or three years, and then to go to Paris and make it her profession. She says, "I am not handsome; on the contrary, I am ugly. I have no wish to marry some clerk with 300 or 400 florins, and I have no chance of any one else, so I prefer remaining as I am,

and gaining my livelihood by my talents." And there she is right. She begged me to assist her in carrying out her project, but she will not mention it to any one as yet.

I will send you the opera ["Idomeneo"] as soon as possible. Countess Thun still has it, and she is in the country at present. Pray have copied for me the sonata in B flat, *à quatre mains*, and the two concertos for two pianos, and send them here without delay; I shall be very glad, too, to receive my masses by-and-by. Gluck has had a paralytic stroke, and his health seems to be in a precarious state. Write to me whether it is true that a dog in Munich has nearly bitten Becke to death? I must now conclude, for I am going to dine with the Aurnhammers. Adieu!

Madame Bernasconi is here [a prima donna who was a particular favorite with Gluck. — See No. 168.] She has 500 ducats of salary, from being able to sing all arias an interval higher than others. This is really a talent, for she is always in tune. She has now promised to sing a quarter of a tone higher still, but she expects to be paid extra for that.

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162. Vienna, July 4, 1781.

I HAVE not written to Count Arco, and shall not do so, as you beg me to desist on account of your peace of mind. It is just as I suspected; you really are too timid, and yet have nothing whatever to fear; but you are as much insulted as myself. I do not ask you to make a piece of work on the subject, or at all to inconvenience yourself, but the Archbishop and his minions must, dread speaking to you on the subject. You need have no scruples, my dear father, in saying boldly (if you are driven to it) that you would have felt ashamed of having educated a son who would have permitted such an infamous scoundrel as Arco to insult him so grossly with impunity; and you may assure every one that, when I have the good fortune to meet him, I will treat him as he deserves, and he shall have cause to remember me as long as he lives. All I desire is, that the whole world should see that you have no cause for fear. Be silent if you choose; but when necessary I wish you to speak, and to speak to the purpose too. The Archbishop has privately offered Kozeluch [a favorite composer and pianist in Vienna, subsequently a zealous opponent of Mozart's] 1000 florins; he, however, declined, saying that he was better off here, and unless he could improve his condition he would never leave Vienna. But to his friends he added, "It is the affair with Mozart that chiefly deters me. When the Archbishop allows such a man as that to leave him, what might not I expect?" So you see how he knows me and appreciates my talents.

If M. Marchai or the Syndic of the Chapter come to Vienna, pray send me my favorite watch by them; I will return yours if you will let me have the small one, which I should particularly like. I wrote to you lately about the masses. I absolutely require the three divertimentos, as I only have those in F and B; you had better have the one in D copied, and forwarded to me by some opportunity, the charge for copying here being so very heavy;

besides, they do write music too atrociously. I must say a few words of Marchand, so far as I know about him. The youngest boy, when his father one day corrected him at dinner, seized a knife and said, “Look here, papa, if you say another word I will cut the joints of my fingers, and then I shall be a cripple on your hands, and you will have to feed me.” Both have repeatedly spoken ill of their father to different people. You no doubt well remember Madlle. Boudet, who is in their house? The old gentleman is rather partial to her, so these two youths speak most unbecomingly of her. When Hennerle was eight years old, he made a formal declaration of love and proposal of marriage to a girl, saying, “I cannot exactly marry you at present, but when my father dies I shall have money, for he has plenty, and then we can live merrily together.” I know, too, that in Mannheim no one ever allowed their boys to go where the Marchands were. It is very sad, too, for the sake of the lad himself; but I believe, my dear father, that you might entirely reform him. Their father and mother being actors, they hear nothing all day but rhapsodies about love, despair, murder, and death. The father is too indiscreet for his age, and sets the boys no good example.

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163. Vienna, July 13, 1781.

I CANNOT write much, for Count Cobenzl is just going to drive to the town, and I must give him this letter if I wish it to be posted. I am writing to you at an hour's distance from Vienna, at a place called Reisenberg. I was once before here for a night, and now I am to stay some days. The house is no great things, but nothing can be more charming or more splendid than the landscape, and the forest, where a grotto has been made, which looks just as if placed there by Nature. I got your last letter. I have long intended to leave the Webers, and I shall now certainly do so. But I give you my honor that it is quite news to me to hear that I am to live with Herr von Aurnhammer. It is the feet that I did think of lodging with Mesmer, the writing-master, but rather than do so I would continue with the Webers. Mesmer has Righini in his house, [formerly an opera *buffo* singer, and at that time a composer,] and is his great friend and patron, but still more so of his lady. Until I can find a good, reasonable, and comfortable lodging, I shall not leave my present one; and even then I shall have to invent some plausible pretext to satisfy the excellent woman, for I really have no cause to go away. Herr von Moll [a Salzburg acquaintance] has, I know not why, a very malicious tongue, which surprises me in him. He said that he hoped I would reflect, and soon return to Salzburg, for I should scarcely find things so agreeable here; but that I only stayed on account of the ladies. Fräulein von Aurnhammer repeated this to me, but the answers he everywhere receives on this point are very plain. I can pretty well guess why he talks in this strain; he is a very great patron of Kozeluch's. Oh! how silly! The story of Herr von Molk caused me the most profound astonishment; I thought him capable of much, but I never could have believed him to be a rogue; I pity the poor family from my heart.

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164. Vienna, July 25, 1781.

I REPEAT that I have long had it in my head to remove to another lodging, solely from people’s gossip, and very much do I regret being obliged to go on account of such nonsense, in which there is not a word of truth. I should really be glad to know why certain people take pleasure in spreading groundless reports. Because I live with them, I am to marry the daughter. Nothing was said as to my being in love with her; that was entirely passed over — merely that I lodge in their house and am to be married! If ever there was a time when I thought less of marriage in my life, it is at the present moment. I have no wish whatever to have a rich wife, but even if I could make my fortune by marriage, I could not pay my court to any one at present, having very different things in my head. God has not bestowed talents on me to invest them in a rich wife, and to waste my youth in idleness. I am just beginning to live, and shall I myself embitter my life? I certainly have nothing to say against matrimony, but it would be a misfortune to me at this time. To avoid then even the appearance of such a thing, (false as it is,) I must leave them; though even the appearance rests on nothing but the tact that I live there, for those who do not frequent the house cannot even say that I have as much intercourse with her as with the rest of God’s creatures. The girls seldom go out, indeed never, except to the theatre, and I never escort them there, because generally I am not at home when the play begins. We went together twice to the Prater, but her mother was with us, and as I chanced to be in the house I could not well refuse to accompany them; besides, at that time I had heard none of these foolish rumors. I must also tell you that I was only allowed to pay *my own share*; and the mother having since then heard these reports from others, as well as from myself, does not wish us to go anywhere together, and herself advised me to remove to another house, in order to avoid any further

unpleasantness. She says it would grieve her to be the innocent cause of annoyance to me. This is the sole reason why I have for some little time (since people began to gossip) thought of changing my residence. So far as truth goes, I have as yet no other. These gossiping people are the only cause of the change; were it not for these reports, I should hardly think of going; for though I might easily procure a better room, I can scarcely expect so much comfort, and to meet with such friendly, obliging people. I will not say that, living in the same house with the young lady to whom people have married me, I am ill-bred and do not speak to her, but I am not in love with her. I banter and jest with her when time permits, (which is only in the evenings when I chance to be at home, for in the morning I write in my room, and in the afternoon am rarely in the house,) but nothing more. If I were obliged to many all those with whom I have jested, I should have at least two hundred wives.

Now as to money. My pupil remained three weeks in the country, so I received nothing, while my own expenses went on; so I could not send you the thirty ducats — only twenty. But as I was very sanguine about the subscription, I thought I would wait till I could make up the promised sum. Countess Thun, however, tells me that it is in vain to think of any subscription till the autumn, for all moneyed people are in the country: she has only got ten names for me as yet, and my pupil seven. In the mean time I am having six sonatas engraved. Arataria, the music publisher, has already undertaken them, and as soon as their sale brings me any money I will send it to you.

I must now beg my sister to forgive me for not having written to congratulate her on her name-day, but the letter is lying half finished in my desk. After I had begun it on Saturday, Countess Rumbeck sent her servant to say that they were all going to the country, and to ask whether T would not also go. As I do not like to refuse any wish of Cobenzl’s, I left my letter

lying, got together my things hurriedly, and went with them. I thought to myself my sister will not take it amiss. I now wish her, before the festive week has passed away, all the possible good and advantage that a sincere and loving brother can from his heart desire for his sister, and embrace her most tenderly. I drove back here to-day with the Count, and I return with him to-morrow. Farewell, dear father! Have faith and trust in your son, who certainly has the most kindly feelings towards all good people, so why should he not have the same sentiments for his dear father and sister? Believe in him, and rely on him, more than on certain individuals who have no better occupation than to slander honest people.

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165. Vienna, August 1, 1781.

I WENT at once to get the sonatas arranged as duets, as Frau von Schindl lives just opposite the Auge Gottes [the Webers' house]. If Madame Duschek [a singer and friend of Mozart's] happens to be in Salzburg, I beg you will give her my very kind regards, and ask whether, before she left Prague, a gentleman called on her, the bearer of a letter from me; if not, I shall write to him forthwith to forward it to Salzburg. I mean Rossi, of Munich, who begged me to assist him by a letter of introduction; he took some good letters with him from here to Prague. If my letter only concerned his introduction, I should certainly leave it at his disposal, but I asked Madame Duschek in it to assist me in my subscription for the six sonatas. I was glad to do this little service to Rossi, as he wrote the poetry of the cantata which I am to give for my benefit in Advent.

Stephanie brought me a libretto the day before yesterday to compose. I must say that if he does behave badly to other people, about which I know nothing, he is at all events a very kind friend to me. The libretto is very good indeed; the subject Turkish, and the title "Belmont und Konstanze, oder die Verführung aus dem Serail." I intend to write the symphony, the chorus in the first act, and the final chorus, with Turkish instrumentation. Madame Cavalieri, Madlle. Teyber, M. Fischer, M. Adamberger, and M. Walter, are to sing in it. I am so delighted to write the opera, that I have already finished Cavalieri's first air, and that of Adamberger, as well as the terzett which closes the first act. No doubt the time is short, for it is to be performed in the middle of September; but the circumstances connected with the period when it is to be given, and in fact every other prospect, gladden my spirit to such an extent, that I eagerly hurry off to my writing-table, and remain seated there in the greatest delight. The GrandDuke of Russia is coming here; so Stephanie entreated me, if possible, to complete

the opera in that short space of time, for the Emperor and Count Rosenberg are soon expected, and their first question will be whether anything new is in preparation; when he can have the satisfaction of being able to reply that Umlauf will by that time have finished his opera, (on which he has been long engaged,) and that I am writing one for the occasion. No doubt, too, he will make it a merit on my part to have undertaken on this account to write it in so short a time. No one knows of this except Adam-berger and Fischer; for Stephanie begged us to say nothing, inasmuch as, Rosenberg not being here, it might give rise to a great deal of gossip. Stephanie does not wish it to be thought that he has done this from being so very kind a friend of mine, but rather because Count Rosenberg desires it, who certainly, at the time he left this, charged him to look out for a libretto.

I have nothing more to write about, for I have no news to give you. The lodging to which I am about to move is now ready, and I am going out to hire a piano, for until it is in my room I cannot live in it, having so much to write that I cannot afford a moment's delay. I shall miss a great many comforts in my new apartment, especially as to eating. When I had anything very urgent to finish, the Webers always waited dinner for me as long as I chose, and I could go on writing w*ithout dressing*, and also go to dinner and supper through an inner door; whereas now, unless I pay additional, and have dinner served in my own room, I lose at least half an hour by dressing, (which was usually my afternoon's task,) and must go out, particularly for supper. You know that writing usually makes me very hungry, and the kind friends with whom I could sup do so at eight o'clock, or half-past eight at latest. Where I now am we have no supper till ten o'clock. Adieu! I must conclude, as I have to go in search of a piano.

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166. Vienna, August 8, 1781.

I MUST write quickly, for I have only this instant finished the Janissary chorus; it is past twelve o’clock, and I have promised to drive with the Aurnhammers and Cavalieri, at two o’clock precisely, to Mingendorf, near Luxemburg, where the camp is. Adamberger, Cavalieri, and Fischer are exceedingly pleased with their arias. I dined yesterday with Countess Thun, and am to do so again to-morrow. I played to her the portions I have completed, and at the end she said she would stake her life that what I have written so far cannot *fail to please*. In a point of this kind I *place no value on any mans praise or censure*, before people hear and see it as a whole, and I continue simply to follow my own feelings. You may, however, see from this how pleased people must be to speak in such a manner.

As I have nothing of any consequence to write about, I will tell you a dreadful history; but perhaps you have heard it. It is called the Tyrolese story; it particularly interests me because I knew the unfortunate person to whom it occurred when I was in Munich, and he is also in the habit of coming to see us here every day. His name is Herr you Wiedmer, and he is a nobleman. Whether owing to misfortunes or to a natural inclination for the stage I know not, but some months ago he collected a company, with whom he went to Innspruck. One Sunday afternoon this worthy man was going quietly along the street, and some gentlemen were walking close behind him; one of these, a Baron Buffa, began to abuse the Director, saying, “That impostor ought to teach his dancer to walk before he produces her on the stage,” using all sorts of epithets. Herr von Wiedmer, having heard this for some time, at last naturally looked round; on which Buffa asked him what he was looking at. The former answered quite good-humoredly, “Why, you are also looking at me; the street is free, any one can look round who chooses,” and went on his way. Baron Buffa, however, persisted in his

abuse, which at last proving too much for the good man's patience, he asked him to whom he applied such terms. "To you, you rascal!" was the reply, accompanied by a violent box on the ear, which Herr von Wiedmer instantly returned with interest. Neither had a sword, or Wiedmer would not have given blow for blow. Wiedmer went quietly home to arrange his hair, (as Baron Buffa had seized him by it,) intending to bring the case before the President, (Count Wolkenstein.) But he found his house filled with soldiers, who carried him off to the guard-house, and say what he would it was of no avail, he was condemned to receive twenty-five lashes on his back. At last he said, "I am a nobleman, and will not submit to be struck when I am guiltless; I would rather enlist as a soldier that I may revenge myself." For in Innsprack the stupid Tyrolese custom is, that no man can with impunity strike a privileged person, whatever provocation he may have received. On this they took him to the house of correction, where he received not only the twenty-five lashes, but fifty. Before they were inflicted he said, "I am innocent, and I shall appeal publicly to the Emperor." But the corporal answered with a sneer, "The gentleman must first receive his fifty lashes, and he can appeal afterwards." The whole affair was over in two hours — that is, by two o'clock. It was a marvel that he was able to endure such a punishment, and indeed, when conveyed away, he was in a fainting state, and afterwards three weeks confined to bed. As soon as he was cured he went off straight to Vienna, where he now is, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Emperor, who has already been informed of the whole case, not only by people here, but by his sister the Archduchess Elizabeth in Innspruck. Wiedmer is himself the bearer of a letter from her to the Emperor. The day previous to this occurrence, the President had received orders to punish no one, be they who and what they might, without first apprising the authorities here, — which makes the case still worse. The President must indeed be a stupid, malicious dolt. But how can this poor man ever procure

adequate compensation? The lashes must always remain. If I were Wiedmer, I would demand the following satisfaction from the Emperor: that the President should receive fifty lashes while I was present, and likewise pay me 6000 ducats; and if I could not obtain this demand in full, I would accept no other, and stab him to the heart at the very first opportunity. — (N. B. Wiedmer has already been offered 3000 ducats to stay away from Vienna and to hush up the affair.) No soul can bear the President, and his house has been guarded the whole time. There is a pamphlet out about him, and nothing is talked of but this affair.

I pity poor Wiedmer very much, for he is never well now, and complains of constant headaches and pains in his breast.

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167. Vienna, August 22, 1781.

I CANNOT send you the address of my new lodging, because I have not yet got one. I have heard of two, but am at issue about the price; one of these I must take, as I cannot stay here next month, and shall certainly have to move. It appears that Herr von Aurnhammer wrote to you that I had actually engaged his lodging. I certainly did take it, but such a one it was — fit for rats and mice, but not for human beings. At twelve o'clock at noon a lantern was required to light me up-stairs. The room might be called a closet, and to get at it I had to pass through the kitchen, and above my door there was a small window; they, indeed, promised to put up a curtain, at the same time requesting me to draw it aside again as soon as I was dressed, otherwise they could not see at all, either in the kitchen or in the adjoining rooms. The woman herself called the house a rat's nest, — in short, it was miserable to behold. This would have been a fine place for me to live in, when so many people of distinction come to see me. The worthy man certainly thought of nothing but himself and his daughter, who is the most tiresome creature I ever knew. As in your last letter you pass such a eulogium (in Count Daun's style) on this family, I must really give you further particulars of it. I would have passed over in silence all you are about to read as a matter of indifference, and only a private and personal annoyance, but as your letter shows me that you place reliance on this family, I think myself bound to tell you honestly both its good and bad aspect. He is the best-tempered man in the world — indeed, only too much so, for his wife, the most stupid, gossiping woman imaginable, has quite the upper hand, so that when she speaks he does not venture to say a word. As we often went out to walk together, he begged me not to say before his wife that we had taken a *fiacre*, or gone to drink a glass of beer. Now really I can place no confidence in a man so utterly insignificant in his own family. He is a worthy creature and a

kind friend of mine, and I could constantly dine with him, but I am always averse to my obligingness being paid for; though, indeed, I think it would be no payment. Such people, however, always make a marvel of what they do. I do not go to see them for my own benefit, but *for theirs*, for I can discover no good that it does me, and I never met one single person there worth even naming on this paper. In other respects, worthy people, but nothing more, and who have sufficient shrewdness to see how useful my acquaintance is to their daughter, for all those who heard her play formerly declare that since I have taught her, her playing is quite changed. I give no description of the mother; let it suffice to say that at dinner it is hard work not to burst out laughing in her face. *Basta!* You know Frau Adlgasserin? [See No. 78.] Well, this woman is still more aggravating, for she is slanderous into the bargain, so that she is both stupid and malicious. As for the daughter, if a painter wished to depict the devil according to nature, he could not do better than have recourse to her face. She is as clumsy as a peasant-girl, revolting to look at, dirty and untidy. I wrote to you how she plays the piano, and why she asked me to give her my assistance. I am happy to oblige people, but not to be plagued incessantly. She is not satisfied with my being two hours every day with her, — I am to sit there the livelong day while she tries to be agreeable. But, worse still, she is seriously smitten with me. I thought at first it was a joke, but now I know it to be the fact. When I first observed it — by her beginning to take liberties, such as reproaching me tenderly if I came later than usual, or could not stay long, and similar things — I was obliged, to prevent her making a fool of herself, to tell her the truth in a civil manner. This, however, did no good, and she became more loving than ever. At last I was always very polite, except when she began any of her pranks, and then I snubbed her bluntly; but one day she took my hand and said, “Dear Mozart, don’t be so cross; you may say what you please, but I shall always like you.” All the people

here say that we are to be married, and great surprise is expressed at my choosing such a face. She told me that when she heard anything of the sort she always laughed at it. I know, however, from a third person, that she confirms it, adding that we are to travel immediately afterwards. This, did enrage me. I told her my opinion pretty plainly, and warned her not to take advantage of my good nature. Now I no longer go there every day, but only every two days, so the report will gradually die away. She is nothing but an amorous fool; for, before she was acquainted with me, on hearing me play in the theatre, she said, “He is to call on me to-morrow, and then I will play his variations for him in the very same style.” On this account I did not go, for it was not only a conceited speech, but utterly untrue, as I never had heard a word about calling on her next day. Adieu! my paper is full. The first act of the opera is finished.

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168. Vienna, August 29, 1781.

I WILL now answer your questions. Madame Bernasconi [see No. 161] receives 500 ducats from the directors, or, so far as I can tell, from the Emperor, but only for one year. — N. B. She grumbles, and has long been wishing herself away, but that is all her Italian duplicity; no doubt she thinks that the more she grumbles the more they will want her to stay here, or she would scarcely have left London to come to Vienna, for no one could guess why or how she came. I believe that Count Dietrichstein, (Master of the Horse,) her patron, knew about it previously, and Gluck also (wishing to have his French operas performed in German) lent her a helping hand. There is no doubt that she was in some degree forced on the Emperor. Most of the nobility are very well disposed towards her, but not the Emperor in his heart, as little as to Gluck. Nor is she a favorite with the public. It is true that in grand tragic parts she will always remain Bernasconi, but in small operettas she is a failure, (for they no longer suit her;) and then, as she herself admits, she is more an Italian than a German, and her accent on the stage is as thoroughly Viennese, as in the intercourse of daily life, — so now you can picture her to yourself, — and when she occasionally strives to counteract this, it is like hearing a Princess declaim in a puppet-show. Her singing, too, is now so bad that no one will write anything for her. But in order to do something for her 500 ducats, she has (with much difficulty) prevailed on the Emperor to have Gluck's "Iphigenie" and "Alceste" performed, — the former in German, the latter in Italian. I know nothing of Signor Righini's circumstances; he makes a great deal by teaching, and last Easter his cantata was successful, for he gave it twice in succession, and had good receipts on both occasions. He writes very prettily, though not very deep, and is a monstrous thief; he offers his stolen things again and again to the public in such profusion, and to such an extent, that people can

really scarcely digest them. The Grand-Duke of Russia does not come till November, so I can write my opera more deliberately. I am delighted at this. I will not have it performed before All Saints Day, for that is the best time, as so many people come in from the country then.

I have now engaged a very prettily furnished apartment in the Graben, and shall be in it when you receive this. I purposely chose one not looking on the street, on account of its quietness. As for Duschek, I already named in my letter the price of the sonatas — three ducats.

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169. Vienna, Sept. 1781.

I AM writing to you in my new room “auf den Graben,” No. 1175, third floor. I can unhappily discover from your answer to my last letter that (just as if I were an arch-reprobate, or blockhead, or both combined) you place entire faith in the written gossip of others, and thus show no confidence in me. But I do assure you such things do not disturb me; people may write till they are blind, and you may approve of it as much as you please, but it will not make me alter one hairs-breadth: I shall remain the same honest fellow that I have ever been. I give you my honor, that if you had not insisted on my engaging another apartment, I would never have left my former one; I feel just like a person who leaves his own comfortable travelling-carriage for the diligence. But not another word, as it is all of no use, for the nonsense that God knows who put into your head, always outweighs my assurances. One thing I must beg: when you find fault with me, and when I write you my ideas in return, (as I shall always think that any discussion between father and son ought to be private, and not be made known to others,) I beg you will consider such matters as sacred to ourselves, and do not discuss them with others; for, by heavens! I would not give the smallest account of my actions to others — no, not if it were the Emperor himself! Always place confidence in me, for I deserve it; I have anxiety and worry enough here to maintain myself, and to read vexatious letters besides is very hard upon me. From the first moment I came here I have been obliged to live entirely on my own means, that is, by what I could make through my own exertions; my companions invariably drew their salary in addition. Cecarelli made more money than I did, but spent it all freely here; had I done the same, I could not possibly have given up my situation. It is certainly not my fault, dearest father, that you have not hitherto got any

money from me, but that of the present unproductive season. Only have patience, which

I must also have, and trust me I never will forget you.

At the time of my affair with the Archbishop I wrote for clothes, having nothing with me but my black suit. The mourning was over, the weather hot, and no clothes came; so I was obliged to order some here, for I could not go about Vienna like a pauper, particularly at that time. My linen, too, was pitiful to see; no house-porter had shirts so coarse as mine, which is certainly the most unseemly thing of all in a man; so this was a fresh expense. I had only one pupil, and she stayed away three weeks, so there I lost again. The grand principle here is not to make one's self too cheap, for that is utter ruin. The most pretentious always obtain the preference. From all your letters I see that you believe I do nothing but amuse myself, but in this you are utterly mistaken. I can with truth say that I have no pleasures, not one except that of being no longer in Salzburg. I hope that all will go well in winter, and then, dearest father, I shall certainly not forget you. If I see that any good is to be done, I shall remain longer here; if not, I have some idea of going straight to Paris, and I hope you will give me your opinion on this point. P. S. — My compliments to the Duscheks. I beg you will send me by the first opportunity the aria that I wrote for Madame Baumgarten [see No. 127], the rondo for Madame Duschek, and Cecarelli's also.

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170. Vienna, Sept. 12, 1781.

THE serenata of Rust [a Salzburg musician] must have had a fine effect in the Rock Theatre [in Heilbrunn], especially as all the singers were seated, and sang from the music, which would not have been practicable in a hall or in a large room. I cannot help laughing when I hear the projects of concerts to be given in honor of the Grand-Duke, and no doubt the Grand-Duke will arrive here all of a sudden, and then we shall have no Rock Theatre. Herr Lipp [organist in Salzburg] must have made a fine exhibition before all the great dignitaries, a degree worse than even Haydn [Michael] if possible. The valor that Haydn displayed in the Lazareth grove was of no little benefit to my health. I pity the poor sufferers in Redstatt from my heart. Speaking of fire, I must tell you that the Magdalen Chapel in Stephan's Church has been blazing throughout the whole night. The smoke awoke the watchmen of the town at five o'clock in the morning, but till half-past five no one came to try to extinguish it, and it was fully six o'clock before they brought water and engines where it was blazing most fiercely; the whole altar with all its decorations, and the chairs, and everything in the chapel, is burnt. They were obliged to drive the people with blows to assist in putting out the fire, and as no one seemed willing to help, gentlemen in laced coats and embroidered waistcoats volunteered their aid. It is said that since Vienna was a city, there never was seen such a disgraceful want of regulation as on this occasion. Of course the Emperor is not here. I do wish that Daubrawaick may soon arrive, so that I may get my music. Fräulein von Aurnhammer torments me incessantly about the double concerto. We have now rehearsals on rehearsals in the theatre; the ballet-master Antoine has been summoned from Munich, and *figurantes* are sought in all Vienna and its suburbs, for there is now only a melancholy residuum left of Noverre's troop [see No. 101]; besides, during the last eight years they have

never danced a step, so their legs are now like actual sticks. I think I wrote to you lately that Gluck's "Iphigénie" is to be given in German, and his "Alceste" in Italian. If one of the two is performed, I shall think it all right, but *both* would annoy me, and I will tell you why: the person who has translated "Iphigénie" into German is an admirable poet, and I would fain have given him my Munich opera to translate. I meant to have entirely rewritten the part of Idomeneo, and altered it to a bass part for Fischer, and would have made many other alterations, and arranged it more in the French style. Bernasconi, Adamberger, and Fischer would all have been glad to sing in it, but as they have now two operas to study, and most difficult operas they are, I must give up this idea; besides, a third opera would be too much.

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171. Vienna, Sept. 19,1781.

MA TRES-CHERE SŒUR, —

By my dear father’s last letter I find that you are ill, which causes me no little sorrow and anxiety; indeed, as you have been drinking mineral waters for the last fortnight, you must have been unwell for some time, and yet I never heard a word of it. Your frequently recurring indisposition induces me to write to you in all sincerity. Believe me, dearest sister, that I am quite in earnest when I say that I wish you had a good husband, for your state of mind influences your health very much; so I hope you may soon be married. You let me off only too easily in your last letter, and did not scold me as I deserved. I am ashamed when I think of my neglect, and can allege no single excuse, except that the last time I heard from you I began to write to you, but left the letter lying unfinished till I tore it up; for the time is not arrived when I may be able to give you more sure comfort; but I hope, and do not doubt, that it will come. Now listen to my suggestions.

You are aware that I am writing an opera; those portions that are already finished have met with universal praise. I know the nation, and I hope it will prove successful. If this be the case, I shall be as much esteemed here for my compositions as for my pianoforte-playing. When I have got through this winter, I shall know better what my circumstances really are, and I do not doubt that they will be good. I think it hardly possible that anything should turn up in Salzburg for you and D’Yppold [her lover], — indeed, I feel certain of this. Could not D’Yppold manage to get something here? I suppose he has *some* means? Ask him about this, and if he thinks the thing might be brought about, he has only to point out to me what steps to take, and I will do my utmost, feeling so deeply interested in the result. If this were accomplished, you might marry at once, for I have no doubt that you would make a good deal of money here by playing, for instance, at private

concerts, and be solicited to give lessons, and be well paid for them. In that case my father must also leave Salzburg and come with you, and then we might once more live happily together. I see no other expedient; and before I was aware that your affair with D'Yppold was serious, I had always this scheme in my head for you. Our dear father was the only obstacle, for I am anxious that he should enjoy rest and tranquillity, and no longer plague and torment himself; but I think in this 'way it might be managed, for by your husband's earnings, your own, and mine, we could surely gain a livelihood, and procure for our father rest and an agreeable life. Do speak to D'Yppold about this at once, and send me your instructions without delay, for the sooner I begin to press forward the matter the better. I can do most by means of the Cobenzls, but D'Yppold must write how and what.

M. Marchai sends you his compliments, and more particularly to D'Yppold, and begs again to return him his grateful thanks for his friendly services at the time he left. I must conclude, for I have still to write to papa. Farewell, dearest sister! I hope to have better accounts of your health in papa's next letter, and to see them confirmed soon by your own hand. Adieu! I embrace you a thousand times, and am ever your unalterably attached and loving brother.

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172. Vienna, Sept. 26, 1781.

THE opera began with my monologue, so I asked Herr Stephanie to write an arietta for it, and then, after Osmin's little song, when the two talk together, to substitute a duet. We intend the part of Osmin for Herr Fischer, who certainly has a grand bass voice, (although the Archbishop once assured me that he sang too low for a bass, and I in return promised that he should sing higher next time,) so we must take advantage of this, especially as he has the whole public in his favor here. In the original libretto Osmin has only one song, and nothing else to sing except in the terzetto and finale; so now he has an aria in the first act, and also one in the second. I have already indicated to Stephanie the words that I require for that air, the chief part of the music being finished before Stephanie heard a word on the subject. There is only a beginning and an end, which must have a good effect, and Osmin's rage is made comical by the accompaniment of the Turkish music. In working out the aria, I have given full scope to Fischer's fine deep tones to vibrate. The "D'rum beim Barte des Propheten" is indeed in the same time, but with quick notes, and as his wrath gradually increases, (when the aria appears to be at an end,) the *allegro assai* follows in quite another measure and key, which must insure the best effect; for as a man in such a violent fit of passion transgresses all the bounds of order and propriety, and forgets himself in his fury, the same must be the case with the music too. But as the passions, whether violent or not, must never be expressed so as to become revolting, and the music even in the most appalling situations never offend the ear, but continue to please and be melodious, I did not go from F, in which the air is written, into a remote key, but into an analogous one, not however into its nearest relative D minor, but into the more remote A minor. Do you know how I have expressed Belmonte's aria in A major, "O wie ängstlich, o wie feurig," and

the “throbbing heart”? — by octaves on the violins. This is the favorite aria of all those who have heard it, and mine also, and written expressly to suit Adamberger’s voice. You hear the trembling, throbbing, swelling breast expressed by a crescendo; while the whispers and sighs are rendered by the first violins with *sordini*, and a flute in unison. The Janissary chorus is, as such, all that can be desired — short and lively, and written entirely to please the Viennese. I have rather sacrificed Constanze’s aria to the flexible throat of Madlle. Cavalieri, “Trennung war mein banges Loos” I have endeavored to express so far as an Italian bravura air will admit of it. I have changed the *Hui* into *schnell*, so it now stands thus, “Doch wie schnell schwand meine Freude!” I don’t know what our German poets think; even if they do not understand the theatre, or at all events operas, still they should not make their personages talk as if they were addressing a herd of swine.

Now about the terzetto at the close of the first act. Pedrillo has passed off his master as an architect, to give him an opportunity to meet his Constanze in the garden. The Pacha has taken him into his service. Osmin the superintendent knows nothing of this, and being a rude churl and a sworn foe to all strangers, he is insolent, and refuses to let them enter the garden. This beginning is very short, and as the words admitted of it I wrote it very passably for the three voices; then comes the major at once *pianissimo;* it must go very quick, and wind up noisily at the close, which is always appropriate at the conclusion of an act; the more noise the better, the shorter the better, so that the people may not have time to cool in their applause. The overture is quite short, with alternate *pianos* and *fortes*, the Turkish music always coming in at the *fortes.* It is modulated through different keys, and I think no one can well go to sleep over it, even if his previous night has been a sleepless one.

Now comes the rub! The first act has been ready for three weeks past, and likewise an aria in the second act, and the drunken duet, which in fact

consists entirely of my Turkish tatoo, but I cannot go on with it just now, as the whole story is being altered, and by my own desire. At the beginning of the third act there is a charming quintet, or rather finale, but I should prefer having it at the end of the second act. In order to make this practicable, great changes must be made, and in fact an entirely new plot introduced; but Stephanie is already over head and ears in other work.

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173. Vienna, Oct. 6, 1781.

THERE was a rumor that the Archbishop intended to come here this month, (with a numerous suite, too,) but it is now contradicted. As for Cecarelli, I believe there is no doubt that he will get his appointment, and indeed I don't know where a better singer could be had *for the money.* You perhaps already know what occurred to two of the Salzburg travelling students on their arrival at Strassburg? They were actually refused permission to pass through the gates, because they looked not only like beggars, but scamps. Herr von Aurnhammer told me that a cousin of one of these youths (who brought him a letter of introduction) related this to him, adding that he said to them, "My good young men, you must stay in the house for four or five days with me, that I may have you decently dressed, for you cannot go out as you are, without the risk of the boys in the street mobbing you and pelting you with mud." A flattering testimonial to his illustrious Highness! I must now *ex commissione* ask you a question just as it was put to me: Who are the Counts of Klesheim? and what is become of them? Schmidt, (my cousin's poor unfortunate adorer,) who is now with Trattner the bookseller, begged me very urgently to obtain information for him on the point.

I have now lost all patience at not being able to continue my opera. I am, indeed, in the interim writing other things, but my passion is fixed on it, and what would at other times require fourteen days to write, I could now do in four. I composed in one day Adamberger's aria in A, that of Cavalieri in B, and the terzett, and wrote them out in a day and a half. It would, however, be of no avail if the whole opera were finished, for it would only be left on the shelf till Gluck has brought out his two operas, and the singers have a vast deal *yet* to study in them. Umlauf is also obliged to wait with his opera, "Die Bergknappen," — which is completed, and which took him a whole year to write, you need not take it for granted, however, that having taken a

whole year it must be good, *(entre nous.)* I should have supposed (between ourselves) that this opera had been the fruits of fourteen or fifteen days' work, especially as the man has evidently learnt so many operas *by heart*, so all he had to do was to write out the music, which is precisely what he did, — you can hear at once that it is so. You must know that he invited me to visit him in the most polite manner *(c'est à dire*, in his own fashion) that I might hear his opera, saying, "You must not think that it is worth your hearing; I am not so far advanced as that, but I make it as good as I can." I heard he afterwards said, "That Mozart is the very devil, both in head, body, and fingers; he played my opera (which is so wretchedly transcribed that I myself cannot read it) as if he had composed it himself." Now adieu! I hope my dear sister, whom I cordially embrace, may speedily recover. As for you, my dear father, take some cart-grease, wrap it in paper, and wear it on your chest. Bruise the bone of a leg of veal, and add a kreutzer's worth of leopard's-bane in paper, and carry it in your pocket. I hope this will certainly cure you. Adieu!

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174. Vienna, Oct. 13, 1781.

BOTH Fräulein von Aurnhammer and I thank you for the concertos. M. Marchai brought young Herr von Mayer to my room yesterday morning, and in the afternoon I drove to his house and fetched my things. M. Marchai is in hopes of being placed as tutor in Count Jean Esterhazy's family. Count Cobenzl gave him a written recommendation to Count Esterhazy. He said to me, "I gave a letter to your protégé," and when he next saw Marchai he said, "As soon as I have an answer, I will mention it to your friend M. Mozart."

Now as to the libretto of the opera. So far as regards Stephanie's work, you are quite right; still the poetry is strictly in keeping with the character of the stupid, surly, malicious Osmin. I am well aware that this species of verse is not the best, but it chimed in so admirably with my musical ideas (previously rambling about in my head) that it could not fail to please me, and I would lay a wager that when it is performed no deficiencies will be found. As for the poetry in the piece itself, I really do not consider it at all despicable. The aria of Belmonte, "O wie ängstlich!" could not possibly be better written for the music. The "Hui" and "Kummer ruht in meinem Schooss" excepted, (as grief and repose are incompatible,) the air is not badly written, particularly the first part, and I should say that in an opera the poetry must necessarily be the obedient daughter of the music. Why do the Italian comic operas everywhere please, — with all their wretched poetry, — even in Paris, where I myself witnessed the fact? Because music rules there supreme, and all else is forgotten. An opera is certain to become popular when the plot is well worked out, the verse written expressly for the music, and not merely to suit some miserable rhyme, (which never enhances the value of any theatrical performance, be it what it may, but

rather detracts from it,) bringing in words, or even entire verses, which completely ruin the whole ideas of the composer. Versification is, indeed, indispensable for music, but rhyme, solely for rhyming's sake, most pernicious. Those gentlemen who set to work in this pedantic fashion will always insure the failure both of their book and of the music. It would be well if a good composer could be found who understood the stage, with talent enough to make suggestions, and combined with that true Phoenix — an intellectual poet; then no misgivings would be entertained about the applause even of the unlearned. Poets seem to me somewhat like trumpeters with their mechanical tricks! If we musical composers were to adhere as faithfully to our rules, (which were very good at a time when no one knew any better,) we should compose music as worthless as their libretti. But I think I have given you a pretty long digression, so I must now inquire about what I have always most at heart — your health, dearest father. I proposed in my last letter two remedies for your vertigo, which, if you do not know them, you may not value, but I have been assured that they are certain to have a good effect; and the pleasure of thinking you might get quite well made me so entirely believe this assurance that I could not resist naming them to you at once. My most sincere wish is that you may not require them; but, on the other hand, they might contribute to your entire recovery. I trust my sister is now daily improving in health.

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175. Vienna, Nov. 3, 1781.

PRAY forgive my not having acknowledged by the last post the receipt of the cadenzas, for which I thank you much. It was my name-day, so I performed my religious duties very early in the morning, and just as I was going to write to you, a number of congratulating friends besieged me. At twelve o'clock I drove to Baroness Waldstädten, in the Leopold Stadt, where I spent my name-day. At eleven o'clock at night I was treated to a serenade of two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons, and indeed it was a composition of my own which I wrote for the Theresa-day, for Frau von Hickl, sister-in-law of Herr von Hickl, (court painter,) where it was produced for the first time. The six men who executed it are poor fellows, but play right well together, particularly the first clarionet-player and two of the horn-players. The chief reason why I composed it was that I wished Herr von Strack [one of the Emperor's gentlemen] (who goes there daily) to hear something of mine; so I wrote it rather carefully. It met with great applause, and was played in three different places on the Theresa-day; for after having finished in one place, they were paid to proceed to another and play it again. The musicians begged that the gates might be thrown open, and, placing themselves in the centre of the court-yard, surprised me (just about to undress) in the most agreeable way in the world by the first chord in E fiat.

It would be a good thing if my opera were ready, for Umlauf cannot give his at present, Madlle. Weiss and Madlle. Schindler being both indisposed. I must go off to Stephanie at once, as he says that he has at last something ready for me. I have nothing new to write about, for trifles are not likely to interest you, and more important matters you know quite as well as we do in Vienna. It is striking three, so I must hurry off to Stephanie, or I may

miss him, and then have to wait again. I hope you every day feel yourself better, and my dear sister also, whom I fondly embrace.

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176. Vienna, Nov. 16, 1781.

I THANK you a thousand times for your congratulations on my name-day, and send you mine for Leopold-day. My dearest and kindest father, I wish you every imaginable good that can be devised, and indeed I do so for my own sake, even more than for yours. So I wish (for *my own sake*) that you may continue in health, and live for countless years to the increase of my peace and happiness. I wish that all I do and undertake may be in accordance with your desire and pleasure, or rather that I may never do anything which does not ultimately cause you happiness. I hope it may be so, for whatever contributes to your son's happiness must of course be welcome to you also. Herr von Aurnhammer, (in whose house I am now writing,) his wife, and the two young ladies, also send you their best wishes. The Duke of Wurtemberg is expected to-day, so to-morrow there is to be a masked ball, and on the 25th a *public* Redoute at Schönbrunn. A considerable *embarras* has arisen about this, for according to general report the Grand-Duke is to remain here only ten days, whereas St. Catharine's day, (for which the ball has been fixed,) according to the Greek calendar, falls on the 6th of December. No one knows yet what will be done. I must tell you a diverting incident. The actors were commanded by the Emperor each to select a part to perform before the Grand-Duke. Lange [Aloysia's husband] applied for that of Hamlet, but Count Rosenberg, who does not like Lange, said that could not be, because Brockmann had always played the part here. When this was repeated to Brockmann, he went to Rosenberg, and told him that he could not appear in the part, and that the play could not be performed at all. And why? Because the Grand-Duke himself had all along *played the part of Hamlet too well!* The Emperor (they say — they say — they say) sent Brockmann fifty ducats on hearing it. Now I have no more news.

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177. Vienna, Nov. 17, 1781.

As for Cecarelli, it is quite out of the question. I cannot offer him a bed even for a single night; for I have only one room, which is not large, and so crammed with a chest of drawers, a table, and a piano, that I really don't know where a bed could be placed, but I could find a cheap lodging for him if I only knew precisely when he was to arrive.

All this time I have never seen Countess Schönborn [the Archbishop's sister]. I had no inclination to go to her, and I still feel just the same. *I know her well*; she would (to a certainty) say something that I could not digest or leave unanswered, and it is always better to avoid such things. At all events, she knows that I am here, and if she wishes to see me she can send for me. Czernin could not refrain from alluding to the Molk affair [see No. 163], and asked Molk publicly at table what news he had of his brother the Councillor. Molk was taken aback, and could not reply. I should certainly have given him some answer. He was corrupted in a house which the two brothers often frequented.

I have at last got something to work at for my opera. If we were always to trust and believe talebearers, how often should we injure ourselves! I cannot tell you how eagerly people strove to prejudice me against Stephanie. I really became quite uneasy on the subject, and if I had acted as I was advised, I should have converted a good friend into an enemy, who might have done me a great deal of harm, and certainly without any just cause.

Yesterday the Archduke Maximilian sent for me at three o'clock in the afternoon. When I went in, he was standing beside the stove in the inner room, waiting for me. He came straight up to me and asked if I had anything particular to do. "Nothing, your Royal Highness, nothing

whatever; and if I had, I should always esteem it a favor to be allowed to wait on your Royal Highness.”

“No, I never wish to inconvenience any man.” He then told me that he purposed giving a concert the same evening to the illustrious Wurtemberg visitors, so he wished me to play and also to accompany the singing; that I was to come back at six o’clock, when all the others would be assembled. I therefore played there yesterday. When God gives a man a sacred office, He generally gives him understanding, and so it will be, I hope, in the case of the Archduke; but before he became a priest he was far wittier and more intellectual, and spoke less, but more to the purpose. You should see him now! Stupidity peers out of his eyes, he talks and holds forth incessantly, and always in falsetto, — he has an enlarged throat, — in short, the whole man seems entirely transformed. The Duke of Wurtemberg is most charming, and so are the Duchess and the Princess; the Prince is a stick of eighteen, a regular calf. I must now conclude. Farewell, and be as cheerful as you can.

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178. Vienna, Nov. 24, 1781.

I WAS at a concert yesterday at Aurnhammer's, when Cecarelli called at my lodgings with the letter, but as he did not find me he left it with the Webers, who sent it to me directly. Countess Thun was at the concert, (invited by me,) Baron von Swieten, Baron Godenus, the rich converted Jew, Wetzlar, Count Firmian, and Herr von Daubrawaick and his son. We played the concerto *a due*, and a sonata *a due*, which I composed expressly for the occasion, and it was very successful [the short one in D major, Köchel, No. 381]. I will send you this sonata by Herr von Daubrawaick, who said he would be proud to place it in his portmanteau. It was the son who said so, and, *nota bene*, a Salzburger! The father, however, when he was going away, said aloud to me, "I am proud of being your countryman. You are doing Salzburg great honor, and I hope the times may change so that we may have you among us again, when we certainly shall not allow you to leave us." I merely replied, "My own country will always have the first claim upon me." The Grand-Duke is now here, as large as life. To-morrow "Alceste" is to be given (in Italian) at Schönbrunn, and a public ball. I have looked out some favorite Russian airs, and intend to play variations on them. My sonatas are published, and I will send them to you by the first opportunity [Kôchel, Nos. 376-380].

Cecarelli will probably wish to give a concert with me; but that must not be, for I do not admire going shares with any one. All that I can do, as I shall give a concert in Easter, is to let him sing in it, and also to play for him *gratis* in his own. I must conclude, as I have to go to Fräulein von Trattner [his pupil].

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179. Vienna, Dec. 5, 1781.

I HAVE no letter from you to-day, but I will write you all the news I have heard, which is, indeed, little enough, and that little consists chiefly of lies, — and so I do not write you any, fearing to bring myself into disgrace, — as, for instance, that General Laudon was really dead, but (happily for the House of Austria) is now resuscitated. The GrandDuke is to remain here till the new year, and the Emperor is concerned as to how he is to be amused for such a long period; so, to avoid all tribulation, he does not amuse him at all. He thinks it quite enough if he can amuse the Grand-Duchess; and for that purpose he himself suffices. There was a horrible confusion at the Schönbrunn ball. As such a result of the admirable arrangements could be easily foreseen without any witchcraft, *Herr Ego* did not go at all, not being partial to crowds, pushing, and blows, even if they chance to be Imperial ones. The court messenger, Strobel, had the distribution of the tickets; there were 3000 applications. It was publicly announced that any one could be placed on the list by applying to Strobel. Everybody went, and Strobel wrote, down the names, and all people had to do was to send for their tickets. Some, who were too well known, had their tickets sent to their own houses, this commission being intrusted to any boys loitering about. It so happened that a boy on the stairs asked a passer-by whether his name was *so-and-so*, who, in fun, said that it was, so he got the ticket. I know two families who, owing to this want of proper regulation, did not get any tickets; they were on the list, but, on sending for them, Strobel replied that they had long since been sent. In this way the ball was full of hairdressers and housemaids. Now, however, comes the finest thing of all, at which the nobility are very indignant. The Emperor, the whole of the time, had the Grand-Duchess on his arm; there were two sets of *contredanses* of the nobility — Romans and Tartars. Into one of these the Vienna populace, who

are never over-civil, pushed forward so rudely that they forced the Grand-Duchess to let go the Emperor's arm, shoving her forward among the dancers. The Emperor began to stamp furiously, swore like a lazzarone, drove back a crowd of people, and struck out right and left. Some of the Hungarian guards wished to go with him to clear a space, but he sent them off. He is very properly served, for it could not be otherwise, — a mob will always be a mob.

I have this moment received your letter of the 27th November. It is quite true that the Emperor drove to meet the Duke of Wurtemberg, out of love for the Princess. No soul here affects to make a mystery of this, but no one knows whether she is to be a prize for himself or for a Tuscan prince. The latter is the most probable. The Emperor is really too absurdly loving towards her, kissing her hands constantly, first one and then the other, and often both at once. This surprises me much, as she is still in fact a mere child; but if it be true, and what people predict takes place, (and I suspect that with him "charity begins at home,") that she is to reside in a convent here for two years, probably if no evil spell intervenes she will become my pupil on the piano.

I know the bassoon-player well whom they wish to foist on the Archbishop. He plays second to Ritter at the opera. You write that I must not forget you. That you rejoice to think I do not, gives me great pleasure; but if you could believe it possible I should forget you, it would indeed cause me the greatest pain. I am to remember that I have an immortal soul? Not only do I think of this, but I firmly believe in it. Were it not so, in what would consist the distinction between men and animals? Just because I both know and believe in this, have I been unable to fulfil all your wishes in the way you expected. Now farewell!

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180. Vienna, Dec. 15, 1781.

I HAVE this moment received yours of the 12th. Herr von Daubrawaick will convey this letter to you, the watch, the Munich opera, the six published sonatas, the sonata for two pianos, and the cadenzas. All is over, so far as my hopes are concerned, as to the Princess of Wurtemberg. The Emperor has entirely put an end to them, for he thinks Salieri allin-all. The Archduke Maximilian suggested me as teacher to the Princess, and she replied that, had it depended on her, she would have engaged no other, master, but the Emperor had recommended her to take Salieri on account of her singing, which she very much regretted. What you write about the House of Wurtemberg and yourself might possibly be of use to me.

My very dearest father, you demand an explanation of the words in the closing sentence of my last letter. Oh! how gladly would I long ago have opened my heart to you, but I was deterred by the reproaches I dreaded for even thinking of such a thing at so unseasonable a time, although merely *thinking* can never be unseasonable. My endeavors are directed at present to securing a small but certain income, which, together with what chance may put in my way, may enable me to live and — to marry! You are alarmed at this idea; but I entreat you, my dearest, kindest father, to listen to me. I have been obliged to disclose to you my purpose; you must therefore allow me to disclose to you my reasons also, and very well-grounded reasons they are. My feelings are strong, but I cannot live as many other young men do. In the first place, I have too great a sense of religion, too much love for my neighbor to do so, and too high a feeling of honor to deceive any innocent girl. [See No. 109.] My disposition has always inclined me more to domestic life than to excitement; I never from my youth upwards have been in the habit of taking any charge of my linen or clothes, &c., and I think nothing is more desirable for me than a wife. I assure you I am forced to

spend a good deal owing to the want of proper care of what I possess. I am quite convinced that I should be far better off with a wife, (and the same income I now have,) for how many other superfluous expenses would it save! Others come, to be sure, in their place, but I know what they are, and can regulate accordingly, and, in short, lead orderly life. An unmarried man, in my opinion, enjoys only half a life. Such are my views, and such they will always remain. I have thought and reflected sufficiently, and I shall ever continue to think the same. But now, who is the object of my love? Do not be startled, I entreat. Not one of the Webers, surely? Yes, one of the Webers, — not Josepha, not Sophie, but the third daughter, Constanze. I never met with such diversity of dispositions in any family. The eldest is idle, coarse, and deceitful — crafty and cunning as a fox; Madame Lange (Aloysia) is false and unprincipled, and a coquette; the youngest is still too childish to have her character defined, — she is merely a good-humored, frivolous girl; may God guard her from temptation! The third, however, namely, my good and beloved Constanze, is the martyr of the family, and probably on this very account the kindest-hearted, the cleverest, and, in short, the best of them all; she takes charge of the whole house, and yet does nothing right in their eyes. Oh! my dear father, I could write you pages were I to describe to you all the scenes that I have witnessed in that house; but if you wish it I will do so in my next letter. Before, however, releasing you from this subject, I must make you better acquainted with the character of my Constanze. She is not plain, but at the same time far from being handsome; her whole beauty consists in a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty figure. She is not witty, but has enough sound good sense to enable her to fulfil her duties as a wife and mother. It is utterly false that she is inclined to be extravagant; on the contrary, she is invariably very plainly dressed, for the little her mother can spend on her children she gives to the two others, but to Constanze nothing. It is true that her dress is always neat

and nice, however simple, and she can herself make most of the things requisite for a young lady. She dresses her own hair, understands housekeeping, and has the best heart in the world. I love her with my whole soul, as she does me. Tell me if I could wish for a better wife. I must add that, at the time I gave up my situation, my love had not begun; it first arose (while living with them) from her tender care and attentions. All I now wish is, that I may procure some permanent situation, (and this, thank God, I have good hopes of,) and then I shall never cease entreating your consent to my rescuing this poor girl, and thus making, I may say, all of us quite happy, as well as Constanze and myself; for, if I am happy, you are sure to be so, dearest father, and one half of the proceeds of my situation shall be yours.

I have thus opened my heart to you, and fully explained my words. I in turn beg you to explain those in your last letter: “You do not believe that I was aware of a proposal made to you, but to which you have given no answer?” I don’t understand one word of this. I know of no proposal. Pray, have compassion on your son. Ever your dutiful son.

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181. Vienna, Dec. 15-22, 1781.

MA TRES-CHERE SŒUR, —

I thank you for all the news you have written to me. I send you my six sonatas, but only four of these are unknown to you. It was impossible to send you the variations, for the copyist had too much to do, but as soon as I can manage it I will forward them to you.

22d. — You no doubt received the envelope in which I enclosed my letter to my father. Herr von Daubrawaick has sent me back the opera, so I must look out for some other opportunity. Cecarelli would have been not a little perplexed had you accepted his offer, for when I spoke to him about it he replied, “Oh! certainly; I would have brought her with me gladly.” So, when I asked him why then he did not do so, he could give no better reason than “Where could I have deposited her here?”— “Oh! as to that,” said I, “there would have been no difficulty, for I know plenty of houses where she would have been joyfully received.” And indeed it is quite true. If you can meet with a good opportunity to come here for a time, let me know a little beforehand. Is not “Das Loch in der Thür” [by Stephanie] a good comedy? But you ought to see it acted here. “Die Gefahren der Verführung” is also a capital piece. “Das öffentliche Geheimniss” ought only to be regarded as an Italian play, for the condescension of the Princess to her servant is both unseemly and unnatural. The best part of the play is the öffentliche Geheimniss” itself [“the public secret”] — I mean the way in which the two lovers, though preserving their secret, still contrive openly to communicate with each other.

I cannot write you any news, dear sister, because I don’t know any. I must tell you, as to some of our old acquaintances, that I have only been once at Frau von Mesmer’s; the house is no longer what it was. If my object were only to dine free of expense, I need not drive out to the Landstrasse for

that purpose; there are plenty of places in the town where I am urged to go. The Fischers [also old friends of the year 1766] live in the *tiefen Graben*, where I scarcely ever chance to be, but when my way does lead me there I pay them a visit of a few minutes, for longer I could not endure the small over-heated room, and the wine on the table. I am well aware that people of that class consider this as the greatest possible compliment, but I am no admirer of such compliments, and still less of such people. As for my shooting fund [for the Salzburg Crossbow Club] I don't know what is to be done; the money, no doubt, must be the interest of the 100 gulden. Perhaps next year I may be more fortunate. What of the target?

Good heavens! I have this instant received such a letter from my dear good father! What monsters there are in the world in the shape of men! But patience! My anger and fury are such that I can write no more, except that I will answer the letter by the next post, and prove to my father that there are men who are worse than devils. He may in the mean time be easy in his mind; his son is perhaps more worthy of him than he thinks.

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182. Vienna, Dec. 22, 1781.

I AM still full of wrath and indignation at the shameless lies of that arch-villain Winter. At the same time I feel calm and composed, because they do not affect me, and I am pleased and satisfied with you, my dearest and kindest of fathers. I never could expect anything else, however, from your good sense, and your kindness and love towards me. You have no doubt by this time received my last letter, with the confession of my love and my intentions, and you will see by it that I am not such a fool as at the age of five-and-twenty to marry rashly without possessing any certain income. My reasons for wishing to marry soon are well grounded, and the picture I have drawn of my dear Constanze must show you how well fitted she is to become my wife, for she is just as I have described her, neither an atom better nor worse. As for the contract of marriage, I will make the most candid confession about it, thoroughly persuaded that you will forgive me this step, for had you been in my place you would most assuredly have done the same. For one thing alone I entreat your pardon, — that is, for not having long ago written to you on the subject. In my last letter I apologized for the delay, and told you the cause that deterred me from writing. I do hope you will grant me your forgiveness, especially as no one was made more miserable by it than myself. Indeed, if you had not by your last letter given me an inducement to enter on the subject, I intended to have written to you and confessed everything; for no longer, no longer, by heavens! could I bear it.

But now in reference to the marriage contract, or rather to the written pledge of my honorable intentions with regard to the girl. You are well aware that, her father being no longer alive, (unhappily for the whole family as well as for Constanze and myself,) a guardian stands in his place. To him (who is not acquainted with me) busy-bodies and officious gentlemen like

Winter and others must have no doubt brought all sorts of reports, such as, that he must beware of me, that I had no fixed income, that I frequented her society too much, that I would perhaps leave her in the lurch, and thus make the girl miserable, &c., &c. The guardian became very uneasy at these insinuations. The mother, however, who knows me and my integrity, was perfectly satisfied, and never said a word to him. My whole intercourse consisted in living in the same house with her, and afterwards calling every day. No one ever saw me with her elsewhere. The guardian besieged the mother with his remonstrances till she told me of them, and begged me to speak to him myself, as he was to be there shortly. He came, and we conversed together, and the result was (as I did not explain myself so clearly as he desired) that he insisted on the mother putting an end to all intercourse between her daughter and myself until I had settled the affair with him in writing. The mother said, “His whole intercourse consists in his calling here; I cannot forbid him my house; he is too good a friend of ours, and one to whom I am under great obligations. I am satisfied; I trust him. Settle it with him yourself.” So he forbade my seeing her at all, unless I gave him a written engagement. What could I do? I was forced either to give a contract in writing or renounce the girl. Who that sincerely and truly loves can forsake his beloved? Would not the mother of the girl herself have placed the worst interpretation on such conduct? Such was my position. The contract was in this form: “I bind myself to marry Madlle. Constanze Weber in the course of three years, and if it should so happen, which I consider impossible, that I change my mind, she shall be entitled to draw on me every year for 300 florins.” Nothing in the world could be easier than to write this, for I knew that the payment of the 300 florins never would be exacted, because I could never forsake her; and if unhappily I altered my views, I would only be too glad to get rid of her by paying the 300 florins; and Constanze, as I know her, would be too proud to let herself be sold in

this way. But what did the angelic girl do when her guardian was gone? She desired her mother to give her the written paper, and saying to me, “Dear Mozart, I require no written contract from you, I rely on your promise,” she tore up the paper. This trait endeared Constanze still more to me, and by the destruction of the contract, and the faithful promise of the guardian to keep the affair secret, I was in so far at ease about you, dearest father. I was not uneasy about your consent to my marriage when the proper time arrived, (as the girl has everything but money,) for I know your rational ideas on these subjects. Will you then forgive me? I hope so. I do not doubt it.

I must now (however repugnant to me) speak of those vile slanderers. I believe Herr Reiner’s sole malady must have consisted in having gone wrong in the head. I saw him by chance in the theatre, where he gave me a letter from Ramm [formerly hautboy-player in Mannheim, and now in Munich]. I asked him where he lodged, but he could neither tell me the street nor the house, and grumbled at having been over-persuaded to come here. I offered to present him to the Countess and wherever I had the *entrée*, and told him that if he found he could not give a concert, I would present him to the Grand-Duke. He said, “Pooh! nothing is to be done here; I shall go away at once.”

“Only have a little patience,” said I; “as you can’t tell me where your lodging is, I shall at all events tell you mine, which is easily found.” He never came to see me; I inquired where to find him, but when I at last discovered his address, he was gone. So much for this gentleman! As for Winter, I can with truth say that on account of Vogler he has always been my greatest enemy. In his manners he resembles the brutes, and in the rest of his conduct and actions he is a mere child; so I really feel ashamed to write a single word about him, for he thoroughly deserves the contempt of every man of honor. I shall not, therefore, tell infamous truths of him in

return for the infamous lies he told about me, but rather give you an account of my general mode of life.

Every morning at six o'clock comes my hairdresser and wakes me. I have finished dressing by seven, when I write till ten; I then give a lesson to Frau von Trattner. At eleven I go to Countess Rumbeck; each of these pupils gives me six ducats for twelve lessons, and I go there every day, unless they send to put me off, which always annoys me. I have settled with the Countess that she is never to put me off, — that is, if she cannot receive me, I am to count the lesson all the same, — but Frau von Trattner is too economical to do so. I don't owe any man a farthing. I never heard a word of any amateur concert where two persons played the piano beautifully, and I must frankly say that I do not think it worth while to answer all the trash repeated by such a miserable blockhead and gossip. If you can believe that I am hated at court and by all the nobility, or any part of them, you have only to write to Herr von Strack, Countess Thun, Countess Rumbeck, Baroness Waldstädten, Herr von Sonnenfels, Frau von Trattner, — in short, to whom you choose. For the present I shall only say that recently during dinner the Emperor praised me to the highest degree, adding these words, "*c'est un talent décidé;*" and the day before yesterday, the 14th, I played at court. Another pianist has arrived here, an Italian, whose name is Clementi, and he was also engaged to play. I received fifty ducats yesterday for this, which I at present stand greatly in need of. My dear kind father, you will see that things now daily go better with me. What avails a great excitement? Sudden success is never lasting — *chi va piano va sano.* Let each cut his coat according to his cloth. Among all the shameful calumnies of Winter, the only thing that enrages me is that he disparages my Constanze! I have described her to you as she really is, and if you wish to know the opinion of others, write to Herr von Aurnhammer, where she occasionally visits; she once dined there. Write to Baroness Waldstädten, with whom she was

(unluckily) only one month, the Baroness being ill, and now her mother refuses to part with her. God grant I may soon be able to marry her! Cecarelli sends you his regards; he sang at court yesterday. Adieu!

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183. Vienna, Jan. 9, 1782.

I HAVE as yet no answer to my last letter, which is the reason I did not write to you by the last post. I still hope to hear from you to-day. In my letter of the 28th I had partly answered yours beforehand, (without being aware of it,) so I must wait for your reply. I must inform you that the Pope is coming here, and the whole town is full of the news. I, however, don't believe it, for Count Cobenzl told me that the Emperor meant to decline his visit. The Bavarian court left this on the 5th. I have just been myself to Peisser's to see if there was any letter from you, and have sent again; it is nearly five o'clock. I cannot understand why I do not hear from you. Can it be that you are too angry with me to write? You have a right to be displeased at my having so long concealed the affair from you — a perfect right; but if you have read my justification, I do think you might forgive me. My wish to marry, surely cannot cause you displeasure? I believe that you appreciate my religious feelings and proper mode of thinking on this subject. Oh! I could still say a great deal in reply to your last letter, and make many remonstrances, but my maxim is not to take the trouble to allude to anything that does not in the least apply to me; I cannot help it — such is my disposition. I feel quite ashamed to defend myself when I am falsely accused. I always think that the truth is sure to come to light one day. I shall now write no more on the subject, not having yet an answer to my last letter. I have no news. Farewell! I once more ask your forgiveness, and beg you to be indulgent and merciful towards me. I never can be happy or contented without my beloved Constanze, but without your cordial consent I shall only be partly happy. Make me wholly so, my clearest and best father, I entreat.

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184. Vienna, Jan. 12, 1782.

I HAD begun an answer to your letter of the 7th, but I cannot possibly finish it, as a servant of Countess Rumbeck's has just come to invite me to a small musical party at her house. I must have my hair dressed, and change my dress; but although I did not like to leave you entirely without any tidings of me, I cannot write much.

Clementi plays well, so far as execution with the right hand goes. His greatest strength is his passages in thirds, but he has not an atom of feeling or taste, — in short, he is a mere machine. The hairdresser is come, so I must conclude. I implore you to make me happy by your consent, — I *implore* it of you. I am quite convinced that you will love my dearest Constanze. Farewell!

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185. Vienna, Jan. 12, 1782.

I THANK you for your long affectionate letter. If I were to give detailed answers on every point, I must fill a quire of paper. As this is impossible, I shall only reply to what is most necessary. The guardian's name is Herr von Thorwarth; he is inspector of theatrical properties; in short, everything connected with the theatre must pass through his hands; the fifty ducats the Emperor gave me were sent through him; I applied to him also about my concert in the theatre, as all this chiefly depends on him, and he is highly considered by Count Rosenberg and Baron Kleinmayrn. I own that I thought he would have informed you of the whole affair, without saying a word to me on the subject. That he did not do so, but (notwithstanding his promise) told the fact to the whole of Vienna, has very much shaken the good opinion I once had of him. I quite agree with you in thinking that Madame Weber and Herr von Thorwarth have been to blame in showing too much regard for their own interests, though Madame Weber is no longer her own mistress, above all in such matters, but must submit entirely to the guardian, who (not knowing me) was by no means bound to place any confidence in me. But that he was too hasty in demanding from me a written obligation is undeniable, especially when I told him that as yet you knew nothing of the affair, and I could not possibly acquaint you with it then. I begged him to have a little patience for a short time till my circumstances took another turn, when I would at once write to you, and the whole matter would be settled. Still the thing is over now, and love must plead my excuse. Herr von Thorwarth did not behave well, but not so badly that he and Madame Weber "should sweep the streets in irons like criminals, and a tablet round their necks with the words *Seducers of Youth*" This would really be rather too severe; and even if what you write were true, that for my sake the house was always open to me, thus giving me

every opportunity, &c., &c., the punishment even in that case would be rather startling. But I need scarcely tell you such is not the fact, and the very suspicion is grievous to me. How could you believe your son capable of frequenting a house where such things went on? This much only will I say, that you may believe precisely the *reverse* of all you have been told. But enough of this.

As to Clementi, he is a good player, and when this is said, all is said. He has great facility with his right hand; his principal passages are thirds; but in other respects he has not an atom of taste or feeling — all is mere mechanism. The Emperor (after we had stood on ceremony long enough) commanded him to begin. "The Holy Catholic Church first!" said he, Clementi being a Roman. He played a prelude and then a sonata, when the Emperor said to me, "*Allons, d'rauf los!*" ["Come, fire away!"] I also played a prelude and some variations. The Grand-Duchess handed us some sonatas by Paesiello, (wretchedly written out by himself,) of which I was to play the *allegro,* and Clementi the *andante* and *rondo.* We then selected a theme from them and executed it on two pianos. It is rather remarkable that though I had borrowed Countess Thun's piano, I only played my *solos* on it by the Emperor's desire. — N. B. The other was out of tune, and three of the keys stuck fast. "*No matter,*" said the Emperor. I take it in this light, which is indeed its best aspect, that the Emperor, knowing now my skill and science in music, only wished to have a little sport with the foreigner. I know from good authority that he was much pleased with me. He was very gracious, spoke to me a great deal privately, and even alluded to my marriage. Who knows? Perhaps — what do you think? — at all events I might make the attempt. More as to this next time.

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186. Vienna, Jan. 23, 1782.

NOTHING more disagreeable than to be obliged to live in uncertainty, not knowing what is to happen. Such is my case with regard to the concert, and it is the same with every one who wishes to give one. Last year the Emperor was strongly disposed to continue the plays all through Lent; perhaps it may be so this year. *Basta!* At all events I have secured the days for my concerts, (if there is no acting,) viz., the three Sundays in Lent. If I know it a fortnight beforehand, it will be sufficient; otherwise my whole programme would be deranged, or I should be obliged to incur needless expense. Countess Thitn, Adamberger, and other good friends of mine, advise me to select the best things out of my Munich opera [“Idomeneo and to have them performed in the theatre, to play only one concerto, and to extemporize at the close. I had this already in my head, and now I have made up my mind to do so, particularly as Clementi means also to give a concert, and this gives me a little advantage over him, the more so that I can perhaps give mine twice.

I must give you my opinion as to the probable sources I may look to for a small income. My eyes are directed to three things. The first is not certain, and, even if it were, probably would not be much; the second would be the best, but God knows whether it may ever come to pass; and the third would be far from despicable, but unluckily it applies to the future, and not to the present. The first is young Prince Lichtenstein, (who wishes it to be kept secret as yet.) He intends to establish a military band, for which I am to write the music; this might prove no great things, but it would be at least something *certain*, and I would not sign the contract unless it were to be for life. The second (the first, however, in my estimation) is the Emperor himself. Who knows? I intend to speak to Herr von Strack, and I don’t doubt that he will do all he can, for he has shown himself to be a good friend of mine; but courtiers are never to be trusted. The manner in which

the Emperor speaks of me inspires me with some hope. Great gentlemen about court do not relish hearing such speeches, much less do they usually make them; they are always in expectation of attacks themselves, and are great adepts in eluding these. The third is the Archduke Maximilian. I may boldly say that he esteems me highly; he takes every opportunity of praising me, and I think I may safely assert that if he were actually Elector of Cologne, I should be at this moment his Capellmeister. It is a pity that these grandees will make no arrangements beforehand. I could easily manage to extract a simple promise from him, but how would that benefit me at present? Ready money is better. My dear good father, if I knew for certain that a kind Providence would ordain that I should continue to enjoy good health, and exempt me from illness, oh! then I would marry my dear faithful Constanze this very day. I have now three pupils, which brings me eighteen ducats a month; for I no longer count by twelve lessons, but by the month. I have learned, to my own loss, that my pupils often suspend their lessons for whole weeks; now, however, they may learn or not, but each of them must pay me six ducats. I could get several more on these terms, but I only want one other, four being quite enough, which would make twenty-four ducats, or 102 florins 24 kreutzers. With this sum a man and his wife (in the retired quiet way we wish to live) might contrive to get on; only, if I were to be ill, we should receive nothing. I can write, it is true, at least one opera every year, give an annual concert, and publish my works, bringing out some by subscription; there are also other concerts, where they pay, particularly if you are established long in a place and have a certain reputation. But then I should like to look on such things merely as accessories, and not as essentials; but if the bow will not bend, it must break, and I will rather make the venture than continue to wait for a long period. Things cannot go worse with me, and will no doubt every day gradually go better. My reason for

wishing to avoid delay is not so much on my own account as on hers. I must rescue her as soon as possible; but more of this in my next letter.

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187. Vienna, Jan. 30, 1782.

I WRITE hurriedly, and at half-past ten at night, as I intended to have delayed writing till Saturday, but having an urgent request to make to you, I hope you will not take it amiss if I even now write very briefly. I wish you, along with your next letter, to send me the libretto of “Idomeneo,” either in German or untranslated. I sent one to Countess Thun, who has since removed and cannot find it, so probably it is lost. Madame Aurnhammer had the other, but though she has searched she cannot find it; perhaps she may still do so, but if it is not forthcoming, especially at this moment when I absolutely require it, I shall be left in the lurch. To make quite sure of the matter, therefore, I beg you will forward it to me at once, whatever the cost may be, for I must have it instantly to arrange my concert, which is to take place the third Sunday in Lent; so don’t fail to send it off directly. The sonatas are to be dispatched on the next post-day. My opera is not gone to sleep, but is deferred on account of Gluck’s great operas and the various alterations in the poetry, but it is to be given immediately after Easter. I must now conclude. One thing more, (for without it I could not sleep in peace:) do not suspect my Constanze of so base a disposition. Believe me, if she was capable of such sentiments, I could not possibly love her. She and I long ago were aware of her mother’s designs, but she will discover her mistake, for she wishes us (when we are married) to live with her, as she has apartments to let; but this shall never be, for on no account would I consent to it, and my Constanze still less; on the contrary, she does not wish to be much with her mother, and I shall do all I can to prevent it, — we know her too well. My kind father, my dearest wish is that we may soon meet, and that you may see her and love her, for you love those who have good hearts — that I know.

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188. Vienna, Feb. 13, 1782.

MA TRES-CHERE SŒUR, —

Thank you for the little book, which I eagerly expected. I conclude, as you got my letter, that our dear good father is now with you again. You must not suppose, from my not answering you, that you and your letters are troublesome. I shall always, dearest sister, with the utmost delight receive a letter from you; and if indispensable business (in pursuit of my livelihood) permitted it, God knows I would answer you at once. Did I then never reply to your letters, my silence cannot proceed either from forgetfulness or negligence, but from positive hinderances — from actual impossibility! Do I not write seldom enough to my father? and very wrong, too, you will say! But you both know Vienna. Is not a man (who has not a farthing of settled income) obliged in such a place to think and to work day and night? Our father when he has finished his duties in church, and you when you have done with your few pupils, can both do as you please for the rest of the day, and write letters full of doleful litanies; but not so with me. I lately described my course of life to my father, and now I will repeat it to you: — At six o'clock in the morning I have my hair dressed, and have finished my toilet by seven o'clock. I write till nine. From nine to one I give lessons. I then dine, unless I am invited out, when dinner is usually at two o'clock, sometimes at three, as it was to-day, and will be to-morrow at Countess Zichi's and Countess Thun's. I cannot begin to work before five or six o'clock in the evening, and I am often prevented doing so by some concert; otherwise I write till nine o'clock. I then go to my dear Constanze, though our pleasure in meeting is frequently embittered by the unkind speeches of her mother, which I will explain to my father in my next letter. Thence comes my wish to liberate and rescue her as soon as possible. At half-past ten or eleven I go home, but this depends on the mother's humor, or on my

patience in bearing it. Owing to the number of concerts, and also the uncertainty whether I may not be summoned to one place or another, I cannot rely on my evening writing, so it is my custom (especially when I come home early) to write for a time before going to bed. I often sit up writing till one, and rise again at six. Dearest sister, if you believe that I can ever forget you and my beloved father, then — but I say no more; God knows my heart, which ought to tranquillize me, and He would punish me were I to do so. Adieu! —

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189. Vienna, March 23, 1782.

I REGRET very much having only yesterday heard that a son of Leitgeb's was going to Salzburg in the diligence, which would have been a capital opportunity of sending you many things, (free of expense,) but in these two days it was hopeless to get the variations copied, so I could only forward by him two copies of my sonatas. I send you also the *last* rondo — I mean the one composed for the concerto in D, and which makes quite a sensation here; but I beg you to guard it like a jewel; and not to give it to a soul — not even to Marchand and his sister [see No. 162]. I have composed it *specially* for myself, and no one else but my darling sister must play it. I also take the liberty of presenting you with a snuff-box and a couple of watch-ribbons. The box is very pretty; the painting represents an English scene. The watch-ribbons are of no great value, but quite the fashion at present. I send my dear sister two caps of the newest Vienna make; both are the work of my beloved Constanze's hands.

She begs her regards to you, and affectionately embraces my sister. She hopes to be excused if the caps are not as pretty as she could have wished, but the time was too short. Pray return the bandbox by the next diligence, for I borrowed it; but that the foolish thing may not make the journey all alone, be so good as to put the rondo into it, (after you have had it transcribed,) and the last *scena*, if possible, for Countess Baumgarten [see No. 127], also some of the scores of my masses, — in short, whatever you may find or think would be welcome to me. I must now conclude. I must not forget to say that the Pope arrived here yesterday afternoon at half-past three o'clock, — an agreeable piece of news; but now for a sad one. Frau von Aurnhammer has at last, with her bigotry, succeeded in worrying her good husband to death. He died yesterday at half-past six o'clock. He had been ailing for some time, but his death was not expected so soon. He

passed away in a moment. May God have mercy on his soul! He was a kind, friendly man. I must conclude, for Leitgeb is waiting for my letter. I recommend the lad particularly to you, dear father; he wishes to get into some shop, or into a printer's. Pray lend him a helping hand.

My dear Constanze has just asked me whether she may venture to send my sister a little souvenir. At the same time I am to apologize for her, and to say that, being poor, she has nothing worth sending, but she hopes my sister may take the will for the deed. The little cross is of no value, but quite the fashion in Vienna. The heart transfixed by an arrow is sometimes like *my sister s heart with the arrow*, and will please her the more on that account. Farewell!

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190. Vienna, April 10, 1782.

I SEE from your letter of the 2d that you have received everything safely, and I rejoice to find that you are so pleased with the watch-ribbons and the box, and my sister also with the caps. I gave both your messages to my dear Constanze, who kisses your hand, dear father, in return, and warmly embraces my sister, and hopes she will be her friend. She was delighted to hear that she liked the caps, for she wished it so much. The report about her mother is only so far well founded that she rather likes wine, and perhaps more than a woman ought. Still, I never saw her at all intoxicated; it would be false were I to say so. The children drink nothing but water, and although the mother always insists on their taking wine, she never succeeds; so there is often great wrangling on the subject. Can any one conceive a mother quarrelling with her children on such a point?

I observe what you write as to the report of my being certainly taken into the Emperor’s service. The reason why I never named it to you is, that I know nothing of it myself, though it is the fact that the whole town talks of it, and a number of people have already congratulated me. It has also been mentioned in the Emperor’s presence. I would fain hope that he may possibly intend such a thing, but up to this moment I have not heard one syllable about it. At all events, matters are so far advanced that the Emperor has it in his head, and this without my taking a single step towards it. I have gone occasionally to Herr von Strack, (who is certainly my kind friend,) merely to see him, and because I like his society, but still not too often, from the fear of being in his way, or suggesting in his mind the idea of my having my own views in these visits. If he speaks like an honest man, he must say that he never heard a word from me which would give him reason to think that I wished to remain here, far less to enter the Emperor’s service. We talked of nothing but music. In praising me, therefore, so highly to the

Emperor, he does it of his own free will, and without any interested motives. As the affair has gone so far without any application on my part, it may probably be concluded in the same way. If I were to stir in the matter, I should only get a smaller salary, for the Emperor is known to be a niggard. If he wants to have me, he must pay me well, for in my opinion the honor of being in the Imperial service does not suffice. Indeed, if the Emperor were to offer me 1000 florins, and a Count 2000, I should decline the former proposal with thanks, and close with the Count, — that is, of course, on a *certain* engagement. By the by, I must ask you, when you return me the rondo, to send me also the six fugues of Handel, and Eberlin's toccatas and fugues. I go every Sunday at twelve o'clock to Baron von Swieten, where nothing is played but Handel and Bach. I am now making a collection of the Bach fugues (Sebastian's), and also those of Emmanuel and Friedemann Bach, and likewise of Handel; but those I mentioned are still wanting. I should like the Baron to hear Eberlin's. I suppose you know that the English Bach is dead? He is a sad loss to the musical world.

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191. Vienna, April 20, 1782.

MY DEAREST SISTER, —

My darling Constanze has at last summoned up courage to follow the impulse of her kind heart, and to write to you. If you are so good, dear sister, as to answer her, (which I hope you will, that I may see the joy in this dear creature's face,) I beg you will enclose your letter to me. I mention this as a precaution, to warn you that her mother and sisters are not aware that she has written to you. I enclose a prelude and a three-part fugue [Kochel, No. 394]. The reason that I did not write to you before was not being able to finish the music sooner, owing to the great trouble of writing out such small notes. It is awkwardly done, for the prelude ought to come first and the fugue to follow, — the cause being that I composed the fugue first, and while writing it out I devised the prelude. I only hope you may be able to read it, as it is written so very small, but above all that it may please you. Another time I will send you something better for the piano. My dear Constanze is, in fact, the origin of this fugue coming into the world. Baron von Swieten, to whom I go every Sunday, gives me all Handel's and Sebastian Bach's fugues (after I have played them to him) to take home with me. When Constanze heard these, she fell in love with them at once; she will listen to nothing but fugues, and particularly the works (in this style) of Handel and Bach. As she had often heard me play fugues out of my head, she asked me if I never wrote them down; and when I said I never did, she reproached me for not having composed this most artistic and beautiful style of music, and never ceased her entreaties till I wrote a fugue for her. So this is its origin. I have purposely timed it *andante maestoso*, that it may not be played too quick; for if a fugue is not rather slowly played, the subject as it comes in cannot be distinctly and clearly heard, and thus naturally produces no effect. In the course of time, and when I have a

favorable opportunity, I intend to write five others, and present them to Baron von Swieten, whose collection of music, though small in numbers, is great in value. So on this account I beg you to adhere to your promise not to show it to a soul. Learn it by heart and play it. A fugue is not easily caught by another person from merely hearing it. If papa has not yet had Eberlin's works transcribed, so much the better, for I got them from a friend, (as I could not quite remember them,) and now, unhappily, I see that they are too trivial to deserve a place beside Handel and Bach. I would speak with all due respect of his four-part writings, but his pianoforte fugues are nothing but interludes drawn out to a great length. Good-bye! I am glad you find the two caps suit you.

MY DEAR AND VALUED FRIEND, —

"I never should have been so bold as to yield to my wish and longing to write to you direct, if your brother had not assured me that you would not take amiss this step on my part. I do so from my earnest desire to make acquaintance, by writing at least, with a person who, though as yet unknown to me, bears the name of Mozart, a name so precious to me. May I venture to say, that, though I have not had the pleasure of seeing you, I already love and esteem you as the sister of so excellent a brother? I therefore presume to ask for your friendship. Without undue pride I think I may say that I partly deserve it, and shall strive wholly to do so. I venture to offer you mine, which, indeed, has long been yours in my secret heart. I trust I may do so, and in this hope I remain your faithful friend, — CONSTANZE WEBER.

"My compliments to your papa."

Not only his father and his future mother-in-law, but Constanze herself, by her thoughtless conduct, and scornful hasty passion, such as young girls are apt to give way to, frequently caused Mozart sorrow and vexation, which gave rise to the following letter: —

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192. Vienna, April 29, 1782.

MY DEAR AND BELOVED FRIEND, —

You still, I hope, allow me to give you this name? Surely you do not hate me so much that I may no longer be your friend, nor you mine? And even if you do not choose henceforth to be called my friend, you cannot prevent my thinking of you as tenderly as I have always done. Reflect well on what you said to me to-day. In spite of all my entreaties, you have met me on three occasions with a flat refusal, and told me plainly that you wished to have no more to do with me. It is not, however, a matter of the same indifference to me that it seems to be to you, to lose the object of my love; I am not, therefore, so passionate, so rash, or so reckless, as to accept your refusal. I love you too dearly for such a step. I beg you then once more to weigh well and calmly the cause of our quarrel, which arose from my being displeased at your telling your sisters (N. B., in my presence) that at a game of forfeits you had allowed the size of your leg to be measured by a gentleman. No girl with becoming modesty would have permitted such a thing. The maxim to do as others do is well enough, but there are many things to be considered besides, — whether only intimate friends and acquaintances are present, — whether you are a child, or a girl old enough to be married, — more especially whether you are already betrothed, — but, above all, whether you are with people of much higher rank than yourself. If it be true that the Baroness [Waldstädten] did the same, still it is quite another thing, because she is a *passée* elderly woman, (who cannot possibly any longer charm,) and is always rather flighty. I hope, my dear friend, that you will never lead a life like hers, even should you resolve never to become my wife. But the thing is past, and a candid avowal of your heedless conduct would have made me at once overlook it, and allow me to say, if you will not be offended, my dearest friend, will still make me do so. This will show you

how truly I love you. I *do not fly into a passion like you.* I think, I reflect, and I feel. *If you feel, and have feeling*, then I know I shall be able this very day to say with a tranquil mind: My Constanze is the virtuous, honorable, discreet, and faithful darling of her honest and kindly-disposed Mozart.

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193. Vienna, May 8, 1782.

I RECEIVED your letter of the 30th of April, and likewise my sister's with the enclosure to my beloved Constanze, which I gave to her at once. It caused her sincere pleasure, and she will write again soon; in the mean time, as I cannot possibly write to my sister to-day, I must ask her a question from Constanze, which is, whether fringe is worn in Salzburg? and does my sister wear it? and can she make it herself? Constanze has just trimmed two quilted dresses with it, for it is the height of the fashion here. As she knows how to make it, she would send my sister some, if she would say what color she prefers, for they are worn in every shade, white, black, green, blue, purple, &c. A satin or *gros de turc* silk dress must have silk fringe, like one of Constanze's; but an ordinary dress, of pretty Saxon quilting, is trimmed with thread fringe, (which, unless you touch it, can scarcely be distinguished from silk;) it sits well, and has one advantage, that it can be washed on the dress.

Pray, do write to me how Salieri's opera in Munich went off. Probably you heard it yourself; but, if not, you are sure to know how it was received. I called twice at Count Daun's, but did not find him at home, but I sent for the music; he is only to be found in the forenoon, when I can never go out, — indeed, I do not dress till later in the day, having so very much to write, — but I shall try to see him next Sunday. Perhaps he will take with him not only the variations, but the Munich opera.

I was yesterday Countess Thun's, and played over my second act to her, with which she seems no less pleased than with the first. I had Raaff's aria transcribed long ago and gave it to Fischer, whom he desired to get it for him. You once wrote to me that you wished to have Robinig's music [No. 123]. Who has it? I have not. I think Eck gave it back to you. I asked you for it, and also those in F and B, in one of my letters. Pray, let me have

Baumgarten’s scena soon. There is to be music daily in the Augarten this summer. A certain Martin [see No. 153] established a set of dilettante concerts this winter, which took place every Friday in the Mehlgrube [a hall in the Meal Market, now the New Market]. You are aware that there are a great many dilettanti here, and some very good ones too, both ladies and gentlemen; but these concerts have never yet been properly regulated. This Martin has now received a license from the Emperor, granting him permission (with the assurance of his gracious approbation) to give twelve concerts in the Augarten and four grand evening performances in the most beautiful localities of the city. The subscription for the whole summer is two ducats. You may therefore imagine that we shall have plenty of subscribers, and the more so, because I am forwarding the project, and am associated with it. Let us suppose that we have only a hundred subscribers, then each of us (calculating the expenses at 200 florins, which they cannot possibly amount to) will have a profit of 300 florins. Baron von Swieten and Countess Thun are very much interested about this. This orchestra is entirely composed of dilettanti, with the exception of the bassoons, trumpets, and kettledrums. I hear that Clementi is to leave this tomorrow. Have you seen his sonatas? Pray, have a little patience with poor Leitgeb; if you knew his circumstances and the straits he is often reduced to, you would be sorry for him. I will speak to him, and feel sure that he will pay you by instalments. Now farewell! — P. S. I send my sister a thousand kisses. My remembrances to Katherl and to Thresel, who is to be my nursery-maid, but she must practise her singing industriously. A pinch of Spanish snuff to Pimperl.

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194. Vienna, May 29, 1782.

BEING prevented finishing my letter the other day, I begged my dear Constanze to make my apologies to you: she hesitated for some time, fearing that you might laugh at her orthography and style; so she gives me no peace till I write to you and make her excuses.

The first dilettante concert went off famously. The Archduke Maximilian was there, Countess Thun, Wallenstein, Baron von Swieten, and many others. I eagerly long for the arrival of the diligence which is to bring me some music. As for Robinig's music, I can faithfully assure you that I never took it with me, and that Eck must still have it, for he had not given it back when I left Munich. The *entrepreneur* of these dilettante concerts, Martin, is well acquainted with the Abbé Bullinger, being a student in Munich in his day. He is a very worthy young man, who, by his music, good writing, and, above all, by his talents, clever head, and good sense, strives to make his way. When he arrived here he had much to contend with, as, for fourteen days, he had only half a gulden to spend. Adamberger (who knew him in Munich) has been of great service to him here. He is a native of Ratisbon, and his father was physician to the Prince of Taxis. To-morrow my dear Constanze and I are to dine with Countess Thun, when I am to play over my third act. I have now only the disagreeable task of correcting; on Monday next we are to have our first rehearsal. I must confess that I look forward with much pleasure to this opera.

By the by, some days ago I got a letter — from whom? From Herr von Fügele; and the contents? That he was in love; with whom? With my sister? Not at all — with my cousin! But he must wait some time before getting an answer from me, for you know how little time I have for writing. I am rather curious to know how long this whim will last.

Now for something that I heard by mere chance, and which displeases me exceedingly in Count Kunburg. Fräulein von Aurnhammer told me yesterday that Herr von Moll asked her if she was disposed to enter a nobleman's family in Salzburg, with a salary of 300 florins a year. The name was Kumburg. What do you think of that? So it seems my sister is to be considered as nobody! Make your own use of this. He was here only for a day, but if he returns I shall find an opportunity to speak to him on the subject. Now good-bye! I send a couple of kisses to Madlle. Marchand (with my dear Constanze's permission). Ever yours.

P. S. — My Constanze kisses your hand, and embraces my sister as her true friend and future sister-in-law.

Mozart had to contend against a very powerful cabal about the production of the "Entführung," and it required the positive command of the Emperor to bring about at last the performance of the opera on the 12th of July. Unluckily, we only possess the second report of its reception from the pen of Mozart himself.

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195. Vienna, July 20, 1782.

I HOPE you safely received my last letter, in which I gave you an account of the good reception of my opera. It was given yesterday for the second time, when perhaps you will scarcely believe that there was even a stronger cabal against it than on the first evening. The whole of the first act was scrambled through, which, however, could not prevent the loud shouts of bravo during the airs. My hopes rested on the closing terzett, but my evil star permitted Fischer to go wrong, which made Dauer (Pedrillo) go wrong also; and Adamberger alone could not sustain the whole, so that all the effect was lost, and this time it was *not encored*. I was in such a rage (and so was Adamberger) that my blood boiled, and I said that I never again would allow the opera to be given without a previous rehearsal for the singers. In the second act both the duets were encored the same as the first night, and also Belmonte's rondo, "Wenn der Freude Thränen fliessen." The theatre was almost more crowded than on the previous evening. Not a stall was to be had the day before, either in the pit or in the third gallery, nor a box of any kind. The opera has brought 1200 florins in the two days. I send you herewith the original and two of the little books, in which you will find a great many erasures, knowing that the score would be instantly copied out here; I therefore gave free course to my thoughts, and before allowing it to be transcribed, I first marked the different alterations and curtailments, and it was performed just as you now have it. I have missed out here and there the trumpets and kettle-drums, the flutes, clarionets, and Turkish music, because I could not get any music-paper with a sufficient number of lines; so they are written on extra paper, which the copyist has no doubt lost; at all events, he could not find them. The first act (when I was taking it to some one, I forget who) unluckily fell into the mud, which causes it to be so dirty.

I have now no little trouble in arranging my opera for a band by Sunday week, or some one will anticipate me and secure the profits instead of me; and yet you propose to me to compose a new symphony!How is such a thing possible? You have no idea of the difficulty of arranging a work of this kind for a band, — to adapt it to the wind instruments, yet without detracting from the effect. Well, all I can do is to devote the night to the task, for it cannot be managed otherwise; and to you, dear father, I sacrifice it. You may rely on having something from me by every post, and I will write it as quickly as I can, and as well as haste will permit.

Count Zichi has this moment sent to me to say that he wishes me to drive with him to Saxenburg, that he may present me to Prince Kaunitz. I must therefore conclude, as I have yet to dress, for, when I have no intention of going out, I always remain *en négligé*. The copyist has this moment sent me the other parts. Adieu! — P. S. My dear Constanze's love to both.

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196. Vienna, July 27, 1782.

You will be disappointed to see only the first *allegro,* but more it was impossible to send, for I was obliged to write a serenade in the greatest haste, but only for a band, (or I could have made use of it for you.) On the 31st will send you the two minuets, the andante, and the last movement, and, if possible, a march also; otherwise you must make use of the one in the Hafner music [Köchel, No. 249], (which is very little known.)

I wrote it in D because you prefer that key.

My opera was given yesterday [St. Anne’s Day] with all possible applause, in honor of all the Nannerls, for the third time; and, in spite of the frightful heat, the theatre was again crowded to suffocation. It is to be repeated next Friday; I have, however, protested against this, for I do not wish it to be worn threadbare at such a rate. I may really say that people are quite wild about this opera. It is very gratifying to receive such approbation. I hope you duly received the original.

My dear kind father, I do implore you, by all you hold dear in the world, to give me your consent to my marrying my beloved Constanze. Do not suppose that it is marriage alone I think of, — in that case I would gladly submit to wait, — but I see that it is absolutely necessary for my own honor and also that of my Constanze, as well as for my health and peace of mind; my heart is troubled, my head confused; in such a state how is it possible either to think or to work to any good purpose? And whence does this arise?

Most people think we are already married, which irritates the mother, and the poor girl (as well as myself) is tormented to death. This can easily be obviated. Believe me, it is as practicable to live in expensive Vienna as anywhere else; everything depends upon proper housekeeping and management, which never can be expected from a young man, especially when in love. The man who gets such a wife as I shall may well be happy. We intend to live in a most private and retired manner. Do not be uneasy. If I were this very day to be taken ill, which may God forbid! I may venture to assert that (especially if married) the very highest of the nobility here would take me under their protection. I can say this with entire confidence. I know the way in which Prince Kaunitz spoke of me to the Emperor, and to the Archduke Maximilian. I shall anxiously expect your consent, my kind father. I feel sure that I shall receive it, for my honor and my reputation are at stake. Do not too long defer the pleasure of welcoming your son and his wife.

P. S. — I embrace my dear sister. Constanze's love to you both.

The following note fully proves the difficulties in which Mozart was placed, owing to the perverse conduct of his future mother-in-law. It is written in real "anguish of soul" to Baroness Waldstädten. The mother, however, owing to the reputation of this lady, had at least a semblance of right, of which she made the most malignant use, perceiving that Constanze's prolonged stay with the Baroness was intended to withdraw her daughter entirely from her control.

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197. To Baroness Waldstädten.

HIGHLY ESTEEMED LADY, —

I received my music by a maid-servant of Madame Weber’s, and was obliged to give a written receipt for it. The maid confided to me something which I can scarcely believe, as it would entail such disgrace on the family; yet as, to those who know the folly of Madame Weber, nothing seems impossible, I feel very uneasy. Sophie came out in tears, and when the maid asked her what was the matter, she said, “Tell Mozart privately to manage to send Constanze home; otherwise my mother is quite determined to make the police fetch her.” Have the police really the power to enter any house they please? Perhaps this may only be a snare to lure her home. But if it could be so, our only resource is that Constanze should marry me early tomorrow, or this very day, if possible; for I will not expose my darling to such an insult, from which as my wife she is secure. Another thing. Herr von Thorwarth is to be at the Webers’ to-day. Pray give me your kind advice, and lend a helping hand to us poor creatures. I shall wait all day at home. In the greatest haste. Constanze knows nothing as yet of this. Did Herr von Thorwarth call on you? Is it necessary that we should both go to see him after dinner to-day?

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198. Vienna, July 31, 1782.

You see how willing I am to do as you wish, but no one can do more than he *can* do! I do not choose to write music helter-skelter, so I cannot send you the entire symphony till next post. I could have sent you the last movement, but prefer its being complete, and then it will cost only one postage. What you have received cost me already three florins.

I to-day received your letter of the 26th. How little did I anticipate such a cold indifferent letter in return for the one in which I informed you of the brilliant reception of my opera! I thought (judging by my own feelings) that, from your eagerness to see your son's work as quickly as possible, you would scarcely have had patience to tear open the parcel; — a work which does not merely "please," but makes such a commotion in Vienna that the public will listen to nothing else, and the theatre swarms with people. It was given yesterday for the fourth time, and is to be repeated on Friday; — but — you had not sufficient time to spare! You say that the world declares I have made enemies of all the professors of music, and many others, by my boasting and criticisms. What world? Probably the Salzburg world, for people here cannot fail to see and to know the exact reverse; and this shall be my reply. You have no doubt in the mean time received my last letter, and I feel confident that you will give your consent to my marriage in your next letter. You can have no possible objection to offer, nor can there be any, and this you admit in your letters. Constanze is a well-conducted, good girl of respectable parentage, and I am in a position to earn at least *daily bread* for her. We love each other, and we are resolved to marry. All that you have written or may possibly write on this subject can be nothing but well-meant advice, which, however good and sensible, can no longer apply to a man who has gone so far with a girl. There can therefore be no question of further delay. Honesty is the best policy, and cannot fail to insure the

blessing of Providence. I am resolved to have no cause for self-reproach. Now farewell!

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199. Vienna, August 7, 1782.

You are very much mistaken in your son if you can believe him capable of base conduct. My beloved Constanze, now, thank God, at last my wife, knew my circumstances long ago, and heard from me that I had nothing whatever to expect from you; but her attachment and love for me were so great that she gladly and joyfully sacrificed her future life to share my fate. I thank you, with all the tender affection a son must always feel towards a father, for your kind consent and blessing. I felt I could rely on it; and you knew that I was myself only too well aware of all — all that could be said against such a step; but without injury to my conscience and my honor I could not act otherwise, and I knew I could place implicit confidence in your consent. After waiting two posts in vain for your answer, the day of our wedding having been finally settled, (by which time your reply ought to have arrived,) being quite assured of your consent, I was married, by the blessing of God, to my beloved Constanze. Next day I received both your letters at once. Now the event has taken place, and I entreat your forgiveness for my perhaps too hasty trust in your fatherly love. This candid confession gives you a fresh proof of my regard for truth, and my detestation of falsehood. My dear wife will herself by the next post write to her kind father-in-law to entreat his blessing, and to her beloved sister-in-law to solicit the continuance of her valued friendship. No one attended the marriage but Constanze's mother and youngest sister, Herr von Thorwarth in his capacity of guardian, Herr von Zetto (Landrath) who gave away the bride, and Gilofsky [of Salzburg] as my best man. When the ceremony was over, both my wife and I shed tears; all present (even the priest) were touched on seeing the emotion of our hearts. Our sole wedding festivities consisted of a supper, which Baroness Waldstädten gave us, and indeed it was more princely than baronial. My darling is now a hundred times more

joyful at the idea of going to Salzburg; and I am willing to stake — ay, my very life, that you will rejoice still more in my happiness when you really know her; if, indeed, in your estimation, as in mine, a high-principled, honest, virtuous, and pleasing wife ought to make a man happy.

I send you herewith a short march. I hope that all will arrive in due time, and be to your taste. The first *allegro* must be played with much fire, the last as *prestissimo* as possible. My opera (by Gluck's desire) was given again yesterday. Gluck was very complimentary to me about it. I dine with him to-morrow. You see in what haste I write. My dear wife and I kiss your hands a thousand times.

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SIXTH PART. FIGARO, DON GIOVANNI. — FLAUTO MAGICO. — AUGUST 1782 TO DECEMBER 1791.

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200. Vienna, August 17, 1782.

I FORGOT, when I wrote to you lately, to say that on the feast of Portiuncula, my wife and I performed our devotions at the Theatines. Even if a sense of piety had not induced us to do so, we were obliged to go on account of the certificate, without which we could not have been married. Indeed, previous to our marriage we had for some time past attended mass together, as well as confessed and taken the Holy Communion; and I found that I never prayed so fervently, nor confessed so piously, as by her side, and she felt the same. In short, we are made for each other, and God, who orders all things, and consequently this also, will not forsake us. We both thank you truly for your fatherly blessing. I hope you have now received my wife's letter.

With regard to Gluck, my ideas are precisely the same as yours, dear father; but I have something I wish to say to you. The Viennese gentlemen (I more particularly allude to the Emperor) must not believe that Vienna is my only resource.

There is no monarch whom I would be more glad to serve than the Emperor, but I cannot humbly solicit an appointment. I believe that I am fully capable of doing honor to any court. If Germany, my beloved fatherland, of which I am (as you know) so proud, will not accept me, then in God's name let France or England be enriched by one more German of talent, to the disgrace of the German nation. You know well that the Germans are the people who have always excelled most in all the fine arts; but where have they laid the foundation of their success and their fame? not in Germany, certainly. Even Gluck — did Germany make him the great man he is? Alas! no. Countess Thun, Count Zichi, Baron von Swieten, even Prince Kaunitz, are all much dissatisfied with the Emperor for not more

highly prizing men of genius, and for allowing them to leave his dominions. The latter, in speaking of me to the Archduke Maximilian, said, “Such people only come into the world once in a hundred years, and must not be driven away from Germany, more particularly when we are so fortunate as actually to enjoy their presence in the capital.” You cannot think how kind and courteous Prince Kaunitz was to me when I was with him, and before I left he said, “I am much indebted to you, dear Mozart, for having taken the trouble to pay me a visit.” I can’t tell you what anxiety persons of rank, such as Countess Thun, Baron von Swieten, and others show to retain me here; but I cannot afford to wait longer, and *I do not choose* to keep hanging on here till they think fit to take pity on me. Moreover, it is my opinion that (even as regards the Emperor) I need not so entirely depend on the favor of others. My idea is to go to Paris next Easter, but of course not at haphazard. I have therefore already written to Le Gros [see No. 101], and daily expect his answer. I have mentioned it in the course of conversation with any of the nobility. It is, as you know, often possible to throw out a hint of the kind in speaking, which makes a greater impression than when dictatorially announced. I hope to get engagements at the *Concert Spirituel* and the *Concert des Amateurs*; and in that event pupils will not fail me; and having now a wife, I can superintend them more easily and assiduously; then I have my compositions, but I think chiefly of an opera. During my stay here I have constantly spoken French, and have now taken three lessons in English. I hope, in the course of three months, to be able to read and understand English books very tolerably.

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201. Vienna, August 24, 1782.

You have only suggested what I myself really intended, and still intend. I must likewise confess that my wife and I waited from day to day for some *sure* information as to the arrival of the Russian visitors, to decide whether to hasten our journey or to delay it. Up to this hour we know nothing positive, so I could not write to you on the subject.

Some say they are to arrive on the 7th of September; others again, that they will not come at all. If the latter be the case, we shall be in Salzburg by the beginning of October. If, however, they do come, it is not only very expedient that I should be here, (according to the advice of my best friends,) but my absence would be a great triumph to my enemies, and therefore highly detrimental to me. If I were to be appointed music-master to the Princess of Wurtemberg, (which is extremely probable,) I could easily obtain permission to visit my father for a time. If our project must be delayed, no one will be more grieved than my wife and I, for we are counting the hours till we can embrace our kind beloved father and dear sister.

You are quite right about France and England, but it is a step I can take when I please; it is certainly better to wait here for a little. In the interim, too, things may change in those countries. Last Tuesday (after, thank heavens! an intermission of a fortnight) my opera was again given with great applause. I am glad that the symphony [Kochel, No. 385] is to your taste. *A propos*, you have no idea (but perhaps you do know?) where I live, — where do you think? in the same house in which we lodged fourteen years ago, on the Hohen Brücke in Grünwald’s house, No. 387. Stephanie junior arrived yesterday, and I went to see him today. Elizabeth Wendling [see Nos. 76 and 96] is also here. Forgive my writing any more, but I wasted my time talking to Herr von Strack. I wish from my heart that those

Russian people may not come, that I may soon have the pleasure of embracing you. My wife sheds tears of joy when she thinks of our Salzburg journey. Farewell! Your dutiful children, — W. A. MOZART.

P. S. — Man and wife are one.

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202. Vienna, Aug. 31, 1782.

You don’t know why I should flatter myself that I am to be the Princess’s *maestro?* Salieri is not capable of giving her instructions on the piano. He might, to be sure, recommend some one else in order to injure me, which is quite possible. Still, the Emperor knows me; on a previous occasion the Princess said she wished to learn from me, and I know that in the book where the names of all those who are to be employed by her are entered, my name is included.

You say I have not told you on what floor we live. I intended to have done so, but will tell you now, — on the second; but how the idea could enter your head that my highly honored mother-inlaw also lived there, I cannot conceive. I certainly did not press forward my marriage to live in strife and discord, but to enjoy rest and peace; and the only way to insure this was to leave that house at once. We have paid her two visits since our marriage. On the second, quarrelling and wrangling began again, so that my poor wife at last burst into tears; but I put a stop to the thing at once by saying it was time to go, and we have not gone back since, and do not intend to do so, except for a birthday or name-day of the mother or sisters. You write that I did not say on what day our wedding took place; but in this you are mistaken. Your memory on this occasion has deceived you; so you must take the trouble to refer to my letter of the 7th August, and you will find in it clearly and distinctly mentioned that on the Friday, Portiunculaday, we confessed, and were married on the ensuing Sunday, the 4th. Perhaps you never got that letter. Yet this is not at all likely, because you got the one I wrote in March, and answered me on various points mentioned in it. I have a request to make to you. Baron Waldstädten is going to leave this, and wishes to get a good small pianoforte. I cannot remember the name of the pianoforte-maker in Zweibrucken, so I wish to ask you to order one for him

from there. It must, however, be ready in a month or six weeks at latest, the price to be the same as that of the Archbishop. Will you also let me have some Salzburg tongues by the first opportunity, or by the diligence (if this can be done without first going through the custom-house)? I have received much courtesy from the Baroness, and as we chanced to speak of tongues, she said she should like to try those of Salzburg, so I offered to procure her some. Should there be anything else likely to be a rarity to her, if you would send it, I should be particularly obliged, being so glad to give her any pleasure. I can repay you the money through Peisser, or give it to you when we meet. Can I get any Schwarzreuter? When you write to my cousin [in Augsburg], pray give her our kind regards. Addio!

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203.

Vienna, Sept. 11, 1782.

MANY thanks for the tongues you sent; I gave two to the Baroness, and kept two for myself, ope of which we are to have to-morrow. Be so good as to let me know how you wish the payment to be made. If you can also succeed in procuring me some Schwarzreuter, you will oblige me exceedingly.

The Jewess Eskeles has no doubt proved a very good and useful tool in breaking up the friendship between the Emperor and the Russian court, for the day before yesterday she was escorted to Berlin in order that the King might enjoy the felicity of her society. She is indeed a precious adventuress, for she was the sole cause of Gunther's misfortune also, if he could deem it a misfortune to be arrested and confined for a couple of months in a charming apartment, (retaining all his books and his piano,) to lose his former post, but to be appointed to another with a salary of 1200 florins, for he set off to Hermannstadt yesterday. Still, such an occurrence distresses an honorable man, and nothing in the world can compensate for it. Only this will show you that he has not committed any great crime, his whole fault being thoughtlessness — the absence, in short, of absolute discretion, which is certainly a serious defect in a privy councillor. Although he did not divulge anything of importance, still his enemies (one of the worst being the ex-Stadtholder, Gr von Herberstein) cunningly contrived to place his conduct in so suspicious a light that the Emperor, who had such confidence in him that he was to be seen for hours walking arm in arm with him, on that very account distrusted him now all the more. In addition to all this came the Jewess Eskeles, (a former love of Gunther's,) and accused him in the most violent terms. When the matter, however, was investigated, the

gentlemen looked very foolish, but a great commotion had already been made about the affair. Great people never like to admit that they have been in the wrong, and this was the cause of poor Gunther's downfall, which I lament from my heart, as he was an intimate friend of mine, and (had he maintained his former position) might have done me good service with the Emperor. Only think how strange and unexpected it was to us, and how closely concerned in it we were; for Stephanie, Adamberger, and I were supping with him at night, and next morning he was placed under arrest. I must now close for fear of missing the post. My wife is in her nineteenth year.

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204. Vienna, Sept. 25, 1782.

I HAVE received your letter of the 20th, and hope you got the few lines I wrote you, merely saying that we were well. A most singular occurrence, — who can foresee the strange coincidences that come to pass? Herr Gabel, who arrived here some days ago, is actually with me, and waiting till this letter is finished to accompany my sonatas on the violin, which, according to his own account, he plays well. He played already to me on the horn, and could do really nothing on it. But what I can do for him I will; it is enough that I am your son. He sends his compliments to you both. That the superfluous pictures, the many sacrificial tables, and the instrumental music which are to be done away with in our churches, have already been abolished in yours, was quite news to me. Probably the Archbishop hopes by this to please the Emperor, but I doubt much whether such policy will be of much service to him. I can't bear to see any one waiting for me, as I dislike so much being myself made to wait; so I must delay till my next letter the description of Baroness von Waldstädten, and now ask you to do me a favor; but I beg you not to divulge what I am about to say, on account of the place where I now am. The Prussian Ambassador Riedesel has sent to tell me that he is commissioned by the Berlin court to send my opera there, "Die Entführung," — so I wish it to be transcribed, and payment for the music will be made in due time. I promised to have it copied out forthwith, but as I have not got the opera myself, I should have to borrow it from the copyist, which would be inconvenient, as I could not be certain of keeping it for three days in succession, as the Emperor often sends for it, (he did so only yesterday,) and it is repeatedly given; in fact, it has been performed ten times since the 16th of August. So my notion is to have it copied in Salzburg, where it could be done more privately and at a cheaper rate. I beg, therefore, you will have the score fairly written out as soon as possible; and

as you are to get it done, let me know the cost of copying, and I will transmit you the money at once through Herr Peisser.

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205. To Baroness von Waldstädten.

Vienna, Oct. 2, 1782.

Dearest, best, and fairest,
Golden, silver, and sugared,
Most perfect, and precious, highly esteemed Baroness!

I HAVE the honor to send your Ladyship the rondo, the two volumes of plays, and the little book of stories. I committed a great blunder yesterday. I thought I had something particular to say, but it went fairly out of my stupid head; — it was to thank your Ladyship for having taken so much trouble about the handsome dress-coat, and for your goodness in promising me one; but I omitted doing so, which is, indeed, too often the case with me. I may well say that I am both a most fortunate and unfortunate man, — unfortunate from the time when I saw your ladyship so charmingly *frisée* at the ball, for my peace of mind is now gone! I do nothing but sigh and groan. During the remainder of the ball I could dance no more, — I could only skip about. When supper came, I could not eat, — I could only gobble. At night, instead of slumbering softly and sweetly, I slept like a dormouse, and snored like a bear; and (without presumption) I think I may venture to lay a wager that with your Ladyship it was pretty much the same *à proportion.* You smile? You blush? I am indeed happy; my felicity is secured. But, alas! alas! who taps me on the shoulder? Who glares at my writing? My wife! Well! it is a fact that, having got her at last, I must keep her. What is to be done? I must praise her, and try to imagine that it is all true. My wife, who is an angel of a woman, and I, who am a pattern husband, send you 1000 kind wishes, and remain your Ladyship’s faithful vassals,

MOZART Magnus corpore parvus, et CONSTANTIA omnium uxorum pulcherrima et prudentissima.

Vienna, Oct. 2, 1782.

P. S. — We beg you will *not* give our kind regards to the Aurnhammers.

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206. Vienna, Oct. 5, 1782.

HAVING but this moment got your letter, I can only allude to its chief points, from which I can unluckily gather the exact reverse of what I expected. I went myself to the Baron von Riedesel, who is a most agreeable person, and I promised (in the full confidence that my opera was already in the hands of the copyist) that he should have it by the end of this month, or at all events the beginning of November. I beg, therefore, that you will take care that it is finished by that time. But to relieve you of all care and anxiety on the subject, — which, however, I consider as a proof of your fatherly love, — I can say nothing more convincing, than that I am very much indebted to the Baron for having ordered the copy from me, and not from the copyist, from whom he could have got it at once by paying a certain sum down; besides, it would mortify me very much if my work were to be thought sufficiently remunerated by one payment once for all, especially with 100 ducats. At present (being unnecessary) I shall say nothing to any one. When it is given in Berlin, of which there can be no doubt, (and which will be to me the most agreeable of all,) people must then know it; but on this occasion my enemies will not laugh at me, nor treat me like a contemptible fellow, but will be only too glad to give me an opera to write if I choose; but very likely I shall by no means choose. That is, I am willing to write an opera, but not for 100 ducats, seeing that the theatre in the course of a fortnight has made a profit of four times that amount. I intend to have my next opera performed at my own expense. The receipts will be at least 1200 florins clear in three representations, and the director may then have it for fifty ducats; but if not, I am repaid, and can dispose of the work when I please. On the other hand, I trust that you never observed the smallest tendency or inclination on my part towards shabby dealing. No man ought to be a niggard, but neither ought he to be such a simpleton as to

allow other people to derive the profits of his own work, which has cost so much study and labor, by giving up all further claim on it.

The Grand-Duke arrived yesterday. At last the distinguished pianoforte teacher of the Princess is appointed. I need only mention his salary to enable you to judge of his merits, — 400 gulden. His name is Summerer. Even if I were mortified by this, I should do my utmost not to let it be seen; but, I am thankful to say, I do not require to dissemble, for it would only have been my appointment that would have vexed me, as I must of course have declined it, which is always disagreeable when a great personage is in question. I must urge you once more to hurry forward the copying of the opera.

P. S. — My dear wife sends her love. We saw the cross that my sister got from Baroness Wald-

Städten, the day before she sent it. I forwarded to-day, by the diligence, five books of music-paper ruled in twelve divisions. We do not yet know, nor indeed does the Baroness herself, when she goes into the country. As soon as I hear I will write to you.

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207. Vienna, Oct. 12, 1782.

IF I could have anticipated that the copyist would have so much to do in Salzburg, I should have had the opera transcribed here. I must call on the Ambassador and tell him the truth, but pray do what you can to expedite the matter. The sooner I receive the copy, the better. You think I should not have got it in a shorter time from a Vienna copyist? I could have got it from the theatrical copyist here easily in a week or ten days. That ass, Gatti [writer of libretti; see No. 118], having asked permission from the Archbishop to *presume* to compose a serenata, makes him quite worthy of that appellation, and leads me to think that it is equally applicable to his knowledge of music. You say that 400 florins a year *certain* are not to be despised. If I could work myself into a good position, and could look on these 400 florins as a mere adjunct, then what you say would be quite true, but unluckily such is not the case. I should have to consider the 400 florins as my chief income, and everything I could earn besides as mere accessories, and very uncertain and consequently poor accessories, too! For you may easily understand that you cannot be as independent with such a pupil as the Princess, as with other ladies. If it does not chance to suit the inclinations of the royal lady, you have the honor to wait! She resides with the Salesian Sisters of Mercy, “auf der Wieden.” If I disliked going so far on foot, I should have the satisfaction of paying a *Zwanziger* to go there and come back; so only 804 florins would remain out of my salary, — N. B., giving even three lessons a week; and if obliged to wait, I must put off my other scholars or other occupations (by which I can easily make more than 400 florins). If I wish to go back to Vienna, I must pay for a double conveyance, as I must return again. If I stay “auf der Wieden,” and no doubt I should have to go there in the forenoon, then comes the hour for dinner, when I should have the satisfaction of dining badly, and paying

extravagantly. By all this delay I cannot fail to lose many other pupils, as each considers her money quite as good as that of the Princess. I also waste both my time and mood for composition, by which I could gain a great deal more. A sufficient salary should be attached to the service of a great person (be the office what it may) to enable a man to devote himself *exclusively to the service he is in*, without being obliged to avoid poverty by having recourse to other expedients. A man must provide against want. Don't think that I am so stupid as to say this to any one else. Rely on it, the Emperor is himself quite conscious of his own stinginess, and he has passed me over solely on that account. No doubt, if I had applied for the appointment, I should have got it, but with more than 400 florins, though probably with a less sum than would have been fair and just. I do not seek pupils, for I can have as many as I please; and two of these give me, devoid of the smallest drawback or inconvenience, as much as the Princess gives her master, who would thus have no other prospect than that of avoiding starvation for the rest of his life. You know well how services are usually rewarded by great people. But I must close, for the post is going.

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208. Vienna, Oct. 19, 1782.

I MUST again write in a hurry. I don’t understand how it is, but I formerly used to get your letters on Fridays after dinner, but now, send as I will, I never get them till the Saturday evenings. I regret that you have had so much trouble about my opera. I did indeed hear, and with the greatest joy, (for you know that I am thoroughly English at heart,) of England’s victory. The Russian court left this to-day. My opera was recently given for them, when I thought it advisable to take my place at the piano and to direct. I did so partly to rouse the drowsy orchestra, and partly (as I do chance to be here) to appear before the royal guests as the father of my own bantling. Dearest father, I am counting the hours till I see you again, and would fain be with you in Salzburg on the 15th of November, your name-day, but unluckily the best time here begins then. The nobility come in from the country and take lessons. The concerts also commence; so I should be obliged to be back in Vienna the very beginning of December. How hard it would be on my wife and me to be obliged to leave you so soon! We should like to enjoy for a far longer period the society of our dear father and sister. So it depends on you whether you prefer having us for a longer or shorter time. We thought of going to you in spring. The moment I name Salzburg, my wife is wild with joy. Balbier of Salzburg (not of Seville) called on me, and brought me kind messages from you both, and from Katherl.

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209. Vienna, Oct. 26, 1782.

How gladly would we take the post-carriage, and, alla Wolfgang Mozart, fly to Salzburg! But this is quite out of the question (without ruining my prospects). I cannot leave this before the 3d of November, as Fräulein Aurnhammer (whom I placed with Baroness Waldstädten, and who gives her board and lodging) has a concert in the theatre on that day, and I have promised to play for her. My wife's eagerness and my own to embrace you, will make us do all in our power to enjoy this pleasure and happiness as soon as possible. In short, I can only say as yet, that the month of November is not at all favorable to the Salzburgers, as they cannot tolerate my presence. I have many things connected with music on which I wish to consult you, dear father. It does not matter whether the opera be stitched together or bound; I think blue paper would be the best binding. You will see by my writing what a desperate hurry I am in. It is now seven o'clock, and in spite of all my sending I have only this moment got your letter. Now adieu! My dear wife and I send you both much love.

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210.

Vienna, Nov. 13, 1782.

WE are in considerable perplexity. I did not write to you last Saturday, because I thought we were certain to leave this on Monday, but on Sunday the weather became so dreadful that carriages could scarcely make their way through the town. I wished to set off on Monday afternoon, but was told at the post that it would not only take four or five hours from one stage to another, but that probably we could not get on at all, and should be obliged to turn back. The diligence, with eight horses, did not even reach the first stage, but was forced to return. I then intended to have left today, but my wife has so severe a headache, that, although she insists on setting out, I dare not allow her to run such a risk in this odious weather. I shall expect another letter from you, but I think it is perhaps best to go to you at once, though we must leave you sooner; for the pleasure of again seeing you, dearest father, is my first consideration. My pupils may quite well wait three or four weeks for me, as Countess Zichi and Countess Rumbeck are now returned from the country, and have already sent for me, so it is not at all likely that they will engage another master in the interim. As I was not so fortunate as to be able in person to wish you all happiness, I now do so in writing, from my wife and myself, and your future grandson or granddaughter. We wish you a long happy life, health and peace, and all you wish for yourself.

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211. Vienna, Nov. 20, 1782.

I SEE, alas! that the happiness of embracing you must be delayed till the spring, for my pupils positively refuse to let me go; and, indeed, the weather is at present far too cold for my wife. Every one advises me not to run such a risk. In spring, then, (for I call March spring, or the beginning of April at the latest, and calculating according to circumstances,) we can certainly go to Salzburg, for my wife does not expect her confinement before the month of June. I shall cause our trunks to be unpacked to-day, for I had left everything packed till I heard from you; for had you desired us to come, then we should have been off at once, without saying a word to any one, in order to show you that we were not to blame in the matter. M. and Madame Fischer, as well as the old lady, can best tell you my regret at not being able to make the journey at present. Yesterday Princess Elizabeth (it being her name-day) received from the Emperor a present of 90,000 florins, and a gold watch set with brilliants. She was also proclaimed an Archduchess of Austria, so she has now the title of Royal Highness. The Emperor has had another sharp attack of fever. I fear he will not live long, but I sincerely hope that I am mistaken. Madame Zeisig, *née* de Luca, who visited Salzburg with her husband, and played the Salterium in the theatre there, is about to give a concert here. She sent me a written invitation, and begged me to speak well of her, saying that she highly valued my friendship.

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212. Vienna, Nov. 20, 1782.

HOWEVER glad I was to get a letter from you again after a silence of three weeks, still I was quite startled by its contents; in short, we have both been in an equal state of anxiety. You must know that I answered your last letter on the 4th of December, and expected your reply in eight days. It never came. No matter, — I thought you had not time to write, and from an agreeable hint in your previous letter, we half hoped you might arrive yourself. The next post again brought us nothing, when I meant to have written, but was prevented by being unexpectedly sent for by Countess Thun, and then our anxiety began; but we consoled ourselves by the thought that if anything had been wrong, one of you would have written. At last your letter came to-day, by which I perceive that you have never got my last letter. I can scarcely think it was lost at the post; so no doubt the maid pocketed the money for the postage. I would far rather have made her a present of six kreutzers than have lost my letter so *mal à propos;* and yet it is not always possible to post a letter one's self. We have now got another maid, whom I have lectured well on the subject. What vexes me most of all is, that it has caused you both so much anxiety, and also that I can no longer remember what I wrote. I know that I was at a concert the same evening; at Gallitzin's, and mentioned, among other things, that my poor dear wife was obliged to content herself for the present with a little *silhouette* of you, which she carries about in her bag, and kisses twenty times a day at least. I also asked you to send me by the first good opportunity the new symphony, which I wrote for Hafner at your request. I hope to get it before Lent, for I am desirous to have it played in my concert. Perhaps you would like to know what *silhouette* of you I allude to. Oh! I also asked what you wished to say to me that was so urgent, &c.; and then about our visit in spring. This is all I can remember. Confound that woman! for I really can't tell whether

there was anything in that letter which I should dislike falling into other hands. I think not, however, and heartily rejoice to hear at last that you are both so well. My wife and I, thank God! are also as well as possible.

Is it true that the Archbishop is coming to Vienna after the new year? Countess Litzau has been here for three weeks, but I only knew this yesterday; Prince Gallitzin told me so. I am engaged for all his concerts. He always sends his carriage for me, and I am treated nobly in his house. On the 10th my opera was performed for the fourteenth time, and with the greatest applause, the house equally crowded as at first, or rather as it has invariably been. Count Rosenberg spoke to me at Gallitzin's about writing an Italian opera. I have already sent a commission to procure for me from Italy the newest libretti of *opere buffe* that I may choose one, but as yet I have not received any, though I wrote myself about it to Ignaz Hagenauer. A company of Italian singers came here at Easter. Pray let me have Lugiati's address at Verona [see No. 91], for I should like to try this channel also.

A new opera, or rather *vaudeville*, of Umlaufs, has been lately given here, called "Welche ist die beste Nation?" — a miserable piece, which was offered to me, but I would not accept it, saying that whoever composed music for it without changing it entirely, ran a great risk of being hooted off the stage; and had it not been Umlaufs, it would have been hooted, but being his it was merely hissed. This was not surprising, for even with the finest music no one could have tolerated such a piece; but in addition the music was so bad also, that I don't know whether the author of the poetry or the music should carry off the prize of inanity. It is shameful to give it twice more, but I think we may now say *punctum satis.*

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213. Vienna, Dec. 28, 1782.

I MUST write quickly, as it is now half-past five o’clock, and I asked some people to come here at six to try over some music. Besides, I have so much to do, that I scarcely know whether my head is still on my shoulders. I pass my forenoons in giving lessons till two o’clock, when we dine, and I consider it but fair to give my poor stomach an hour for digestion. The evening is therefore the only time I have for composing, and even that is by no means certain, as I am often invited to concerts. There are still two concertos to be written for my subscription concerts. These concertos are a happy medium between being too easy and too difficult; they are very brilliant, pleasant to the ear, and natural, without being vapid. There are particular passages from which connoisseurs alone can derive satisfaction, but still the less learned cannot, I believe, fail to be pleased, even without knowing why. I distribute the tickets at six ducats each. I am now also completing the pianoforte arrangement of my opera, which is about to be published, and I am likewise engaged on a very laborious work, “The Bard’s Song” of Denis on Gibraltar [see No. 208]. But this is a secret, for it is a Hungarian lady who wishes to pay a compliment to Denis. The ode is sublime, beautiful, &c., &c., but too exaggerated and pompous for my fastidious ears. But what is to be done? The happy medium — truth in all things — is no longer either known or valued; to gain applause, one must write things so inane that they might be played on barrel-organs, or so unintelligible that no rational being can comprehend them, though on that very account they are likely to please. This is not what I intended to discuss with you, but I should like to write a book, a short criticism of music, illustrated by examples, but, N. B., not under my own name. I send you an enclosure from Baroness Waldstädten, who fears her letter to you must also have been lost, for you make no allusion to it.

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214. Vienna, Jan. 4, 1783.

You have, no doubt, safely received my last letter, and the enclosure from the Baroness. She did not say what she had written to you, only that she had made you some request about music; she will probably tell me all about it when I next go to see her, though she knows that I am by no means inquisitive; for she is a most flighty person. I heard, however, from another source that she wants a musician, as she is about to travel. But I may as well warn you, if this be the case, to be on your guard, for she is as variable as the wind, and probably, whatever she may think at this moment, will not quit Vienna at all, for she has been on the point of leaving it ever since I have had the honor of her acquaintance. We both thank you much for your new-year's wishes, and we acknowledge ourselves to be as stupid as owls for having forgot all about it, and having been so remiss in our duty in this respect; so being now quite behindhand with our congratulations, we only send you our everyday good wishes.

Before his marriage, Mozart "had vowed in his heart" that when he should bring Constanze to Salzburg as his wife, he would compose a mass for the occasion, and have it performed there. "As a proof of the fulfilment of this vow, the score of half a mass is now lying by, in hopes of some day being finished." In the same letter he writes that Countess Palfy has become his pupil, (a daughter of the Archbishop's sister,) but begs it may not be mentioned, as he was not sure whether it might not be desired to be kept quiet.

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215. Vienna, Jan. 8, 1783.

WERE it not on account of poor Fink, I would really ask you to forgive me, and put off writing till next post, as I have a rondo to finish this evening [Kochel, No. 416] for my sister-in-law, Madame Lange, which she is to sing on Saturday at a grand concert in the Mehlgrube. No doubt you have by this time got my last letter, and seen from it that I knew nothing from the Baroness as to her commission, but partly guessed it, and learned it by a hint from another quarter; so, knowing the lady well, I cautioned you to beware. In the first place, I must tell you that Fink would not at all suit her, for she wants a musical performer for herself, and not for her children. You see, therefore, that taste, feeling, and a brilliant style of playing would be more appropriate than a knowledge of thorough bass and playing preludes in the organ style, which would be utterly useless. She has often had a person of the kind in her house, but never for long. These are the things which cause her to be lightly spoken of. She is weak, but I say no more, and even thus much only to you, for I have received great kindness from her, so it is my duty to defend her if possible, or at least to be silent. She says that she means to set off to Pressburg in the course of a few days, and to remain there; and yet I only half believe this. Were I in your place, I should politely decline having anything to do with the matter. I must conclude, or my aria will not be ready. My opera was given again yesterday in a crowded theatre, and with enthusiasm. Don’t forget the symphonies. Adieu! We both send you our love.

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216. Vienna, Jan. 22, 1783.

You need not fear that the concertos are too dear; I expect to make a ducat by each, and I should like to know what chance I have of one being copied for a ducat. They cannot be transcribed, for I shall not deliver them till I have secured a certain number of subscribers. They have been already three times advertised in the “Vienna Diarium” [now the “Vienna Zeitung”]. I have given out tickets since the 20th at four ducats, and in April concert-tickets will be supplied by me in exchange for the others when returned. The cadenzas and introductions I hope soon to send to my sister; I have not altered the introduction to the rondo, for when I perform this concerto, I always play whatever comes into my head at the moment. Pray send the symphonies as soon as possible for indeed I require them very much. One request more, for my wife will not give me a moment’s peace on the subject. Of course you know that this is Carnival time, and that dancing is as much the rage here as at Salzburg and Munich. I should like to go as a harlequin, (unknown to any one,) because there are so many silly jackanapes at these masked balls, so I wish you to send me your harlequin’s dress; but it must come without a day’s delay, for we shall not attend the Redoute till I get it, although they are in full swing just now. In fact, we prefer private balls. I gave a ball last week in my own house, but of course the gentlemen each paid two florins. We began at six o’clock in the evening, and finished at seven. What! only one hour? No, no, at seven o’clock next morning. I suppose you are puzzled to know how I had sufficient space. That just reminds me that I have always forgotten to write to you that six weeks ago we moved into another lodging, also on the Hohen Brücke, a few doors from our previous one. We now live in the lesser Herberstein Haus, No. 412, on the third floor, with Herr von Wetzlar, a rich Jew, where I have a room immensely long and very narrow, a bedroom, an anteroom, and a

large kitchen; there are two good-sized apartments adjoining ours still unfurnished, so I made use of these for our dance. Baron and Baroness Wetzlar were with us, Baroness Waldstädten, Herr von Edelbach, that humbug Gilofsky [see No. 142], Stephanie junior *et uxor*, M. and Madame Adamberger, the Langes, &c. I cannot possibly name them all. I must conclude, as I have still a letter to write to Wendling in Mannheim about my concertos. Pray do remind that ever facile composer of operas, Gatti, about the libretti, — I wish they were come.

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217. Vienna, Feb. 5, 1783.

I HAVE got your last letter, and hope you have also got mine with the request about the harlequin costume. I now repeat it, and beg you will send it off' at once. With regard to the symphonies, especially the last, pray let me have them soon, for my concert is fixed for the third Sunday in Lent, (March 23d,) and I must have a number of parts copied out yet. If they are not already written out, you had better send them back to me in score, just as I sent them to you; let me have the minuets also. Is Cecarelli no longer in Salzburg? or did Gatti refuse to give him a part in his cantata? for you do not mention him among the disputants and belligerents. My opera was performed yesterday for the seventeenth time with the usual applause, and crowded audience. Next Friday a new opera is to be given, the music (a *galimathias)* by a young man here, a pupil of Wagenseil's. The title is "Gallus cantans, in arbore sedens gigerigi faciens." It will probably not please much, but better than its predecessor at all events, an old opera of Gassmann's (La *notte critica*), which with difficulty struggled through three representations. Before this, we had that execrable opera of Umlaufs that I already wrote to you about [see No. 212], which never got the length of a third performance. It really looks as if they wished to sound the knell of the German opera before its time arrives, for it dies at any rate at Easter; and this is done by Germans — shame on them!

I asked you in my last to remind Gatti about the Italian libretti, and I again repeat the request. Let me now tell you my idea. I do not believe that the Italian opera will be long carried on; for my part I prefer the German; even though it may cost me more trouble, still I like it best. Every nation has an opera of its own; why should not the Germans have one also? Is not German as well adapted for singing as French or English [see No. 110], and more so than the Russian? I am at present writing a German opera *for*

myself. I have selected Goldoni's comedy, "II Servitore di due Padroni," — and the first act is already translated. Baron Binder is the translator; but I keep it a profound secret till it is quite finished. What is your opinion about this? Don't you think I shall be able to make a good thing of it? I must conclude. Fischer is with me; he has requested me to write to Le Gros in Paris [No. 100] about him, as he intends to go there in Lent. They commit a folly in allowing a man to leave them whom they can never replace.

[On the outside is written] G*aetano majorani* (*Caffarello*), *Amphion Theba ego Domum.*

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218. To Baroness von Waldstädten.

Chez moi, Feb. 15, 1783.

HIGHLY ESTEEMED LADY, —

I am now in a fine dilemma! Herr von Tranner and I lately agreed to ask for a renewal of our bill for fourteen days. As every merchant does this kind of thing, unless he is the most disobliging man in the world, I was quite at ease, hoping by that time to have been able to borrow the sum if I could not manage to pay it myself, and now Herr von Tranner to-day sends to let me know that the person in question absolutely refuses to wait, and that if I do not pay the money before to-morrow he will *sue me at law.* Only think, dear lady, what a distressing occurrence this would be for me! I have no means of paying the money at present, nor even so much as one half. If I could have had the least idea that the subscriptions for my concert would proceed so slowly, I would have got the money at a longer date. I do entreat you, honored lady, for heaven's sake to assist in preserving my reputation and my good name. My poor little wife is so unwell that I cannot leave her, or I would have gone to you myself to entreat your good offices in person. We kiss your hands 1000 times, and remain your dutiful children, W. A. and C. MOZART.

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219. Vienna, Feb. 15, 1783.

I THANK you extremely for the music you have sent me. I regret much not being able to make use of the music for “Thamos” [see Vol. I. p. 297], for not having pleased here, it is included among the tabooed pieces, no longer to be performed. For the sake of the music alone it might possibly be given again, but it is not likely. It is really a pity. I herewith send my sister the three cadenzas for the concerto in D, and the two introductions for the one in E flat. Pray send me immediately the little book containing the hautboy concerto I wrote for Ramm, or rather for Ferlendi [see No. 93]. Prince Esterhazy’s hautboy-player is to give me three ducats for it, and has offered me six to write a new concerto for him. I wish I could have been in some snug corner in Strassburg when my opera was given, but in that case I don’t think I should have passed a quiet night. My new Hafner symphony surprised me exceedingly on seeing it again, for I had forgotten all about it; surely it must make a good effect? [See No. 195.] I think that on the last day of the Carnival we shall collect a small set of masqueraders, and perform a pantomime; but pray don’t betray us. I was at last so fortunate as to meet the Chevalier Hipolity, who had never found me at home; he is most agreeable, and has been once with me, and is to come again soon, to bring an aria that I may have an opportunity of hearing him. I must conclude, as I am going to the theatre. We both send our love.

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220. Vienna, March 12, 1783.

I HOPE you have not been uneasy, but guessed the cause of my silence, which was, that, not knowing how long you were to stay at Munich, I delayed writing till now, when I trust my letter will reach you in Salzburg. My sister-in-law, Madame Lange, gave her concert yesterday in the theatre, where I played a concerto. The theatre was very full, and I was again received in so handsome a manner by the public, that it caused me the most heartfelt pleasure. I had gone off the stage, but the clapping of hands was so incessant that I was obliged to come back and repeat my rondo; it was a perfect storm! This is a good omen for my own concert, which is to be on Sunday the 23d of March. I also played the symphony I wrote for the *Concert Spirituel.* My sister-in-law sang the aria, "*Non so onde viene*" [see No. 96]. Gluck had a box next to the Langes, in which my wife was; he was vehement in his praise of the symphony and the aria, and invited us all four to dine with him next Sunday. It is possible that the German opera may be continued, but nothing is yet known on the subject. One thing is certain, that Fischer [the celebrated bass] goes to Paris a week hence. Pray don't forget about the concerto I wrote for Ramm. By the same opportunity you might send me some other things, — viz., the score of my mass, and those of my two vespers. This is solely with a view to Baron von Swieten hearing them. He sings treble, and I counter-tenor (and play besides), Starzer is our tenor [see No. 8], and our bass is Teyber junior from Italy. Meanwhile let me have the *Très sunt* of Haydn [Michael] till you can send me something else of his. I should of all things like the *Lauda Sion* to be heard here. The *Très sunt* must be somewhere at home transcribed *by myself.* The fugue, "*In te Domine speravi,*" has had great success, as well as the *Ave Maria* and the *Tenebroe.* Pray do enliven our Sunday music practice soon with something new.

On Easter Monday our company of masks went to the Redoute, where we performed a pantomime which occupied exactly the half-hour intervening between the dances. My sister-in-law [Aloysia] was Columbine; I, harlequin; my brother-in-law, Pierrot; an old dancing-master (Merk), pantaloon; a painter (Grassi), the doctor. Both the plot and the music of the pantomime were mine. The dancing-master was so kind as to train us, and I really must say we played very nicely. I enclose the programme, which was distributed to the company by a mask, in the dress of a courier. The verses, though intended only to be doggerel rhymes, might be better. This production is not mine, but the actor Muller's, who dashed them off. I must conclude, as I am going to a concert at Prince Esterhazy's. So farewell; and pray don't forget about the music.

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221. Vienna, March 29, 1783.

I NEED not tell you much about the success of my concert, for no doubt you have already heard of it. Suffice it to say that the theatre could not have been more crowded, and every box was full. What gratified me most was the Emperor being present, who gave me great applause. It is his usual custom to send the money to the box-office of the theatre before going there; otherwise I might have justly hoped for a larger sum, for his delight was beyond all bounds. He sent twenty-five ducats. The programme was as follows: — 1. My new symphony for the Hafner festival. 2. Madame Lange sang the aria, "*Se il padre perdei*," from my Munich opera, accompanied by four instruments. 8. I played the third of my subscription concertos. 4. Adamberger sang the scena written for Baumgarten. 5. The short symphony concertante from my last *final-musik.* 6. I played my concerto in D, so great a favorite here, and of which I sent you the rondo [see No. 189]. — 7.

Madlle. Teyber sang the scena, "*Parto*, in *affretto* from my last Milan opera. 8. I played alone a short fugue, (the Emperor being present,) and variations on an air from an opera called "Die Philosophen," which was encored, so I played variations on the aria, "*Unser dummer Pöbel meint*" from the "*Pilgrimme von Mekka*" [by Gluck]. 9. Madame Lange sang my new rondo. 10. The last movement of my first symphony. To-morrow Madlle. Teyber gives a concert, where I am also to play. I have received the music safely, and thank you for it. Pray don't forget about the "*Lauda Sion*" and we should also be glad to have some of your best sacred pieces, dearest father, for we like to amuse ourselves with all kinds of composers, ancient and modern; so I hope you will soon send us some *of your own.*

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222. Vienna, April 3, 1783.

I SEND you with this my Munich opera, and the two copies of my sonatas. The variations I promised shall be forwarded to you by the next opportunity, for the copyist could not finish them in time.

I also send the two portraits, and only hope you will be pleased with them. I think they are both good likenesses, and all who have seen them are of the same opinion.

I told you an untruth in the first paragraph of this letter, — I mean about the copies of the sonatas, — but I am not to blame. When I went to buy them, I was told that there was not a single copy remaining, but that I could have them next day or the day after; but this is too late for the present opportunity, so I must send them along with the variations. I enclose my debt for the copying of my opera [see No. 204], and the remainder of the sum may, I hope, he of some little use to you. I cannot spare more at present, as I foresee many expenses when my wife is confined, which she expects to be towards the end of May or beginning of June. I must finish, as Herr von Daubrawaick sets off at an early hour to-morrow, and I have still to send him this letter.

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223. Vienna, April 12, 1783.

I AM sorry to say that the diligence does not go for a week to come, so I cannot send you the two copies of the sonatas or the other pieces till then. You shall also have by the same opportunity the varied voice part of "*Non so d' onde viene*." The first time you send me a parcel let me have the counter-tenor rondo, (the one I wrote for the *musico* in the Italian company at Salzburg,) and also let the rondo I composed for Cecarelli [see No. 144] in Vienna take the trip with the rest. When the weather is warmer, make a search in the attics, and send ns some of your own church-music; you certainly have no reason to be ashamed of it.

Baron von Swieten and Starzer know just as well as you and I do, that taste is constantly changing, and that the same variability extends to church-music, which ought not to be the case; but hence it is that genuine church-music is to be found worm-eaten in attics. When I come to Salzburg with my wife in July, as I hope to do, we can discuss this point together. When Herr von Daubrawaick left this, I really could scarcely resist my wife's entreaties that we should follow him. She thought we might arrive in Salzburg before him, and had it not been for the very short time we could have stayed, (I do assure you she had even set her heart on being confined in Salzburg,) which made this idea impossible, our most ardent wish to embrace you and my dear sister would by this time have been fulfilled, for I should have had no fears about the journey. She is so well in health, and so strong, that any woman may well thank God who is as fortunate as she has been in her situation. As soon as my wife has sufficiently recovered from her confinement, we shall go, beyond all doubt, direct to Salzburg. You would see by my last letter that I was to play again in Madlle. Teyber's concert. The Emperor was there also. I played the first concerto, the same that I played at my own concert. I was encored in the rondo; so when I

again seated myself at the piano, instead of repeating the rondo, I had the desk removed, and played extempore. You should have seen how this little surprise delighted the public; they not only applauded vehemently, but shouted Bravo! and Bravissimo! The Emperor listened to me till the end, and when I left the piano, he left his box; so he evidently had remained only to hear me. Pray send me, if possible, the published report of my concert. I rejoice that the trifle I sent you came so *à propos*. I have a great deal to write about, but fear missing the post, as it is a quarter to eight o’clock; so good-bye for the present!

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224. Vienna, May 7, 1783.

ANOTHER short letter. I intended to delay writing till Saturday, as I am obliged to go to a concert to-day; but as I have something to say which is of considerable importance to myself, I must steal time to write a few lines. I have not yet received the music I wanted, nor can I conceive what is become of it. The Italian *opera buffa* has recommenced here, and is very popular. The *buffo* is particularly good, — his name is Benucci. I have looked through a hundred libretti, and more, but have not been able to find even one with which I am satisfied; at least, so many alterations would be required, that even if the poet were to consent to this, it would be easier for him to write an entirely new one, — in fact, it is always the best plan. A certain Abbate da Ponte is our poet here; he has at present a vast deal to do in theatrical revision, and must *per obbligo* write a new libretto for Salieri, which cannot be ready for a couple of months, and then he promises to write one for me; but who can tell whether he will or can keep this promise? You are aware that these Italian gentlemen are very civil to your face. Well, we know them! If he is in league with Salieri, I shall never while I live get a libretto from him. I should so like to show what I can do in an Italian opera! In the mean time it occurred to me that if Varesco's indignation about the Munich opera is now subdued [see Vol. I. p. 297], he might write me a new one for seven characters. *Basta!* You must know best whether this can be managed. At all events he could in the mean time sketch out a plot, and when we come to Salzburg we could work it out together. The most essential of all is, that as a whole it should be genuinely comic, and, if possible, two equally good female parts be introduced in it, — one of these to be *seria*, the other *mezzo carattere*, but both parts equal in importance. The third female character may be entirely *buffa*, and all the male ones if necessary. If you think you have any chance with Varesco, pray apply to

him at once. You must not tell him, however, that you expect me in July, or he will not begin to work, for I should like so much to see some part of it while still in Vienna. His share would certainly amount to not less than 400 or 500 florins, for the custom here is that the poet receives one third of the receipts.

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225. Vienna, May 21, 1783.

I MADE every inquiry at the banker Scheffler's for a person of the name of Rosa as well as Rossi, but he has now called on me, so at last I have got the music all right. I have also received Cecarelli's rondo from Gilofsky, for which I have to thank you. I send you the voice part of "*Non so d'onde viene*," and only hope you may be able to read it. I lament from my heart the worthy Frau von Robinig; my wife and I also lately very nearly lost a kind friend of ours, Baron Raimund Wetzlar, with whom we lodged. I just remember I forgot to write to you we had again twice changed our residence. Baron Wetzlar had got a lady lodger; so, to oblige him, we removed before the time to a very bad apartment in the Kohlmarkt, in return for which he refused to take any rent for the three months we had lived in his house, and also paid the expenses of our moving. We looked out for a good apartment, and at last found one in the Juden Platz, where we now are; he also paid everything for us in the Kohlmarkt. Our address is, "Auf dem Juden Platz, im Burgischen Hause, No. 244, first floor." Our sole wish is soon to have the happiness of embracing you, but whether this will be in Salzburg I can scarcely tell. An idea has frequently haunted me, but as it never seemed to occur to you, dearest father, I tried to drive it away. Herr von Edelbach and Baron Wetzlar, however, confirm my view, which is the fear that when I come to Salzburg the Archbishop may cause me to be arrested, or at all events — *Basta!* What chiefly causes my alarm is, that I have never yet received my formal dismission. Perhaps it is withheld purposely, to entrap me afterwards; but you are the best judge as to this. If your opinion is contrary to ours, we shall assuredly come; but if you agree with us, we must then choose some third place for our meeting — perhaps Munich. A priest is capable of anything. *A propos*, have you heard of the famous quarrel between the Archbishop and Count Daun, and that the

Archbishop received a most cutting letter from the Chapter of Passau? I beg you will persevere in keeping Varesco up to the mark in the matter I wrote to you about. The chief thing must be the comic element in it, for I know the taste of the Viennese.

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226. Vienna, June 7, 1783.

I DULY received my dear sister’s letter. My wife’s name-day is neither in March nor in May, but on the 16th of February; nor is it to be found in any calendar; but she gratefully thanks you for your kind good wishes, which are always acceptable, even though not on a name-day. She would like to write to my sister herself, but in her present circumstances she must be excused if she is inclined to be rather lazy. I do not think the event will take place before the 15th or 16th. She wishes now it would occur, and the sooner the better, as she would sooner have the happiness of embracing you and my dear sister in Salzburg. As I did not so soon anticipate this event, I delayed entreating you, dearest father, most earnestly to be godfather; but I hope it is still time, I therefore do so now. In the mean time (in the sure hope that you will not refuse) I have arranged that some one shall present the child in your name, whether *generis masculini* or *foeminini.* The name is to be either Leopold or Leopoldine.

Do you know nothing more about Varesco? Pray don’t forget, because when I am in Salzburg we could get on so well if the plot were sketched. Thank God! I am quite well again, except that my attack [a prevailing influenza] has left me a memento in the shape of a catarrh — which is very amiable on its part.

I must here say a few words to my sister about the Clementi sonatas. Every one who either hears them or plays them, must feel that as compositions they are poor enough. They contain no remarkable or striking passages, except those in sixths and octaves, and I beg my sister not to practise these *too much*, that she may not disturb her quiet even touch, nor injure the natural lightness, facility, and smooth rapidity of her fingers. For, after all, what is to be gained by it? Supposing that you do play the sixths and octaves with the utmost velocity, (which no man, not even Clementi,

can thoroughly accomplish,) you produce an unpleasant scramble, but nothing else in the world. Clementi is a *charlatan*, like *all Italians.* He writes *presto* over a sonata, and often *prestissimo* and *alla breve*, and plays it himself *allegro* in 4/4 time. I know this to be the case, for I heard him do so [see No. 185]. What he really does well are his passages in thirds, but he labored at these day and night in London. Except these he can do nothing, absolutely nothing, for he has not the slightest taste or execution, far less feeling.

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227. Vienna, July 2, 1783.

ANFOSSI'S opera was given the day before yesterday, Monday, for the first time. Nothing was well received but my two arias [Kôchel, Nos. 448 and 449]; the second of them, a bravura, was encored. Now you must know that my enemies were so malicious as to spread a report that I had thought fit to improve upon Anfossi's opera. I heard of this, so I desired Count Rosenberg [the Intendant] to be informed that I would not allow my arias to be given at all, unless the following announcement was appended to the libretto in German as well as in Italian.

"ANNOUNCEMENT.

"The two arias, pages 86 and 102, are set to music by the Herr Maestro Mozart for Madame Lange, and are not written by the Maestro Anfossi. This is made known in justice to the former, but without the slightest intention of detracting from the fame and merits of the renowned Neapolitan."

This was published in the book of the opera, and I gave them the airs, which did great honor both to my sister-in-law and to myself. So my enemies were quite confounded. Now for a trick of Salieri's, which injures Adamberger more than me. I think I mentioned that I had written a rondo for Adamberger [Kochel, No. 420]. At a private rehearsal, before the rondo was written out, Salieri took Adamberger aside and said to him, that Count Rosenberg was averse to his introducing an aria, so as his good friend he advised him not to do so. Adamberger, provoked by Rosenberg's objection, and not knowing how otherwise to retaliate, was so foolish as to say, with ill-timed pride, "Well, to show that Adamberger's reputation in Vienna is already made, and that he has no occasion to sing music expressly written for him to insure fame, he will sing only what is in the opera, and never so long as he lives introduce any aria." What was the result? — that he had no

success; which, indeed, was sure to be the case. Now he repents, but it is too late; for if he were to ask me now to give him the rondo I would not do so. I can very easily find a placé for it in one of my own operas. The worst part is, that his wife's prophecy and mine has been fulfilled, namely, that Count Rosenberg and the Direction knew nothing about it, so that it was only a cunning device of Salieri's.

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228. Vienna, July 12, 1783.

MON TRES-CHER PERE, —

I have got your letter of the 8th, and am thankful to find that you are both well. If you choose to call what really are obstacles mere humbug, I can't prevent your doing so; any one may call a thing by a wrong name if he pleases, but whether it be just is a very different affair. Did you ever observe in me that I had no wish or yearning to see you? Certainly never; but as certainly that I had no desire whatever to see Salzburg or the Archbishop. If we were to meet in some third place [Mozart had proposed Munich], who would then be humbugged? The Archbishop, and not you. I suppose I need not say that I care very little for Salzburg, and not at all for the Archbishop, and it never would enter my head to make a journey thither on purpose, were it not that you and my sister lived there. The whole affair arose from the well-meant caution of my good friends, who certainly are not devoid of sound practical good sense, and I did not think I was acting foolishly in asking your opinion on the subject, in order to follow your advice. The sole apprehension of my friends was that I might be arrested, not having got my discharge. From what you say I am now quite at ease; so we shall be with you the end of August, or certainly the beginning of September at latest. Herr von Babius met me in the street and came home with me; he is gone to-day, and if he had not been previously engaged he would have dined with me yesterday.

Dearest father, you must not suppose that because this is summer I have nothing to do. Every one is not in the country, and I have still some pupils to look after. I have also got one in composition. He will look rather blank when I tell him of my journey.

I must conclude, having so much to write. In the mean time, pray prepare the skittle-ground in the garden, for my wife is very partial to that game.

She has always a lurking fear that she may not please you, because she is not pretty, but I do my best to console her by assuring her that my dearest father thinks more of inward than of outward beauty. Now farewell! We embrace you both tenderly. Your loving children, W. and C. MOZART.

At the end of this month the long talked-of journey at last took place. During his stay in Salzburg of nearly three months, Mozart was chiefly occupied in discussing with the Abbate Varesco the plot of a comic opera, “L’ Oca del Cairo” [the goose of Cairo], and in sketching some portions of the music. They returned home the end of October, and on the journey Mozart wrote the following letter to his father: —

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229. Linz, Oct. 31, 1783.

WE arrived here safely yesterday morning at nine o'clock, having passed the first night in Vöcklabruck. Next day we arrived in the forenoon at Lambach, just in time for me to accompany the "Agnus Dei" on the organ. The worthy prelate was quite overjoyed to see me again, and told me the anecdote about himself and you in Salzburg. We remained there the whole day, and I played both on the organ and on a clavichord. I heard that an opera was to be given next day at the Warden's at Ebersberg, (whose wife is a sister of Frau von Barisani,) and that all Linz was to be assembled. I therefore resolved also to be present, and drove there. Then young Count Thun (brother of the Thun in Vienna) came up as soon as he saw me, and said that his father had been expecting me for the last fortnight, and I must drive straight to his door, for I was to live in his house. I said that I intended to have gone to an inn. When we arrived at Linz next day, we found a servant waiting for us at the gate of the town to conduct us to old Count Thun's, in whose house we are now staying. I cannot tell you all the politeness we receive from this family. On Tuesday, the 4th of November, I intend to give a concert here in the theatre, and as I have not a single symphony with me, I am working as hard as I can at a new one, which must he finished by that time. I now conclude, because I must positively continue my work. My wife and I unite in kind love. I must apologize for the great length of our visit, and thank you once more heartily for all your kindness. Now farewell! We send cordial greetings to Grethel, to Heinrich [Marchand: see No. 162], of whom we often speak here, and to Hanni; but say to Grethel in particular, she is not to be all honey when she sings, for this sweetness and nothing but kisses are apt to be cloying and not always palatable — in fact, none but stupid blockheads are taken in by them.

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230. Vienna, Dec. 6, 1783.

As I had no idea that you would write to me till I announced our arrival, I did not go to Peisser's till to-day, to inquire about a letter, when I found yours of the 21st, which has been lying here for twelve days.

No doubt you remember that when you came to Munich at the time I wrote the grand opera [see No. 140], you reproached me with the debt of twelve louis-d'or that I had got from Herr Scherz in Strassburg [see No. 116], adding these words, "What vexes me is your want of confidence in me; at all events, I have now the honor to pay twelve louis-d'or on your account." I set off to Vienna, and you to Salzburg. Your words led me to believe that I had no further occasion to concern myself on the subject; and further, that were it not so, you would have written to me, or told me of it when we were together lately. Imagine therefore my perplexity and astonishment, when the day before yesterday a clerk of the banker, Herr Oechser, brought me a letter from Herr Hafner in Salzburg [see No. 195], with an enclosure from Herr Scherz. As it is now fully five years ago, the interest on the money is also demanded, to which I however at once replied, that they could not enforce that, as the bill was due in six weeks from the date, so that it had lapsed. Still, in consideration of Herr Scherz's friendship, I would pay the original sum, but no interest being named I was not liable for any. All I ask of you, dear father, is to become my security for one month with Herr Hafner, or rather Triendl. As a man of experience, you may easily imagine that it would be very inconvenient to divest myself entirely of ready money. The most painful part to me of this business is, that Herr Scherz is not likely to have any good opinion of me, — a proof that chance, accident, circumstances, and misapprehensions, may often sully the honor of an innocent man. Why, during this long period, did Herr Scherz never once allude to the matter? My name is not so obscure! My opera

[“Die Entführung”], which was performed in Strassburg, must at all events have given him some idea that I was in Vienna. And then his corresponding with Hafner in Salzburg! If he had applied to me the first year, I. would have paid him on the spot with pleasure; I mean to pay it still, but at this moment I cannot do so. Now let us talk of something else. There are only three arias wanting to finish the first act of my opera [“L’ Oca del Cairo”]. I can really say that I am quite satisfied with the aria buffa, the quartet, and the finale, and take great pleasure in them; so I should much regret if I had written such music to no purpose, — I mean if we cannot agree on what is absolutely necessary. It did not occur either to you, or to the Abbate Varesco, or to me, that it would have a bad effect, and even cause the entire failure of the opera, if the two principal female singers do not appear on the stage till the last moment, but walk about in the fortress and on the bastions and ramparts. The patience of the audience might hold out for one act, but certainly not a second, — it could not be expected. This reflection first occurred to me at Linz, and it seems to me that the only remedy is to contrive that some of the scenes in the second act should take place inside the fortress — *camera della fortezza.* The scenery can be arranged so that when Don Pippo commands the goose (Biondello thus disguised) to be taken into the fortress, it should represent a room where Celidora and Lavina are. Panteo brings in the goose, Biondello slips off his disguise; Don Pippo is heard coming, Biondello acrain becomes a choose. This will admit of the introduction of a good quintet, all the more comic from the goose singing along with the others. I must, however, candidly confess that my only reason for not objecting to this goose story altogether was because two men of greater experience and judgment than myself did not disapprove of it. I allude to yourself and Varesco. There is time yet to think what changes would be advisable.

Biondello has vowed to make his way into the fortress; how he contrives to do so, whether in the form of a goose or by any other artifice, is immaterial. I thought that other, equally comic, and more natural effects might be produced, even though. Biondello were to retain the human form. For instance, the intelligence that Biondello, in despair at the impossibility of making his way into the fortress, had thrown himself into the sea, should be given at the very beginning of the second act. He might then disguise himself as a Turk, or anything he chose, and bring Panteo with him as his slave, (a negress, of course.) Don Pippo wishes to purchase the slave for his bride; so the slavedealer and the negro girl enter the fortress that she may be inspected. In this way Panteo has an opportunity to tease her husband, and to address all sorts of impertinences to him, which would improve her part, for the more comic an Italian opera is the better. I beg you will tell the Abbate Varesco very distinctly my opinion. I do hope he will write busily. I have worked hard enough in this short time; indeed I should have entirely completed the first act if I did not require a few alterations in the words of some of the airs; *but say nothing of this to him at present.*

My German opera, “Die Entführung aus dem Serail,” was given with great applause, both in Prague and Leipzig. Pray send me my “Idomeneo” as soon as possible, the two violin duets [which he had written for M. Haydn; Kochel, No. 423], and Sebastian Bach’s fugues. I require “Idomeneo,” because next Lent (besides my concert in the theatre) I am to give six subscription concerts, when I should like to produce this opera also.

Now farewell! Pray do urge on Varesco, and send me the music I want. We send kisses to Grethel, Heinrich, and Hanni. I will write to Grethel one of these days. Tell Heinrich that I have spoken much in his favor in Linz and here. He must practise his staccatos assiduously, for this is a point in which the Viennese cannot forget La Motte. Adieu!

On the 10th of December Mozart informs his father that Madame Lange has selected “Die Entführung aus dem Serail” for her first appearance, and adds, “Do your best to see that the libretto turns out good. I wish it could be contrived to bring the two *prima donnas* out of the fortress on the stage in the first act when they sing the aria, and then indeed I would gladly consent to their singing the whole of the finale on the bastion.” In the following hitherto unpublished letter, a copy of which I owe to the kindness of Dr. Faust Pachler, the matter is again closely discussed.

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231. Vienna, Dec. 24, 1783.

I HAVE received in due course your letter of the 19th and the opera. Now about the opera, which is the most pressing. The Abbate Varesco has written on Lavina's cavatina, "The music to be the same as the previous cavatina," that is, Celidora's cavatina; but this must not be, for in Celidora's cavatina the words are very sad and hopeless, whereas in Lavina's they are consolatory and hopeful. Besides, it is a practice quite out of date, and no longer in fashion, for one person to echo the song of another. At all events, it could only be employed in the *ultime parti*, such as a *soubrette* and her lover. My opinion is that the scene should begin with a fine duet, which might answer very well with the same text by a small addition for the coda. After the duet the conversation to be resumed; and when the bell of the jailer is heard, Madlle. Lavina will be so good as to take herself off, instead of Celidora, so that, as prima donna, Celidora may have the opportunity of singing a grand bravura air. I think this will be better, both for the composer and the singer, as well as for the audience, and the whole scene will certainly thus become far more interesting. Further, the audience could scarcely be expected to tolerate the same aria from the *second* singer, after having already heard it from the *first.* In the next place, I do not know what you are both driving at by the following arrangement. At the end of the newly inserted scene of the two prima donnas in the first act, the Abbate writes, "Now comes scene 8th, formerly scene 7th, and all the numbers are to be changed accordingly." According to these directions, I must conclude that, contrary to my wish, the scene after the quartet, where the two ladies sing in turn from the window, is to remain; but this is impossible. Not only would the act be very much prolonged, and to no purpose, but also rendered very vapid. It always seemed to me very ridiculous to read: — (Celidora) "Wait here for me, my dear friend; I wish the jailer to see me; you can

follow," &c. (Lavina) "Yes; sweet friend, adieu!" (exit Celidora.) Lavina sings her aria; Celidora enters and says, "Here I am; now depart!" (exit Lavina, and Celidora sings her air,) — relieving each other like soldiers on guard. Besides, it is far more natural, as they all agree in the quartet to carry out their proposed scheme, that the men should leave them, in order to seek out the people required for this purpose, while the two ladies retire quietly to their cells. All that may be permitted is a few lines of recitative. Indeed, I have not the smallest doubt that it never was intended the scene should remain, and it has been retained simply by mistake. I am anxious to see how you carry out your capital idea of bringing Biondello into the tower. If it be only diverting, I shall have no objection to its being rather unnatural. I am not at all alarmed at the notion of a few fireworks, for that kind of thing is so well regulated here that there is no cause for uneasiness about theatrical fireworks. For instance, "Medea" is constantly given, in which one half of the palace is demolished, while the other half is blazing on the stage. To-morrow I shall endeavor to procure the libretto of the "Rauchfangkehrer" [by Salieri]. I have not yet been able to meet with the "Contessina"; if it is not to be had, would any of the following ones be suitable?—" Das Irrlicht," by Umlauf; "Die schöne Schäferin," by Umlauf, or "Die Pilgrimme von Mekka" [by Gluck], The two latter especially would be very easy to perform. Kühne probably has them already. Pray give our united kind regards to him and his wife. You have no doubt received my last short letter. Let me remind you once more to send me the two duets, Bach's fugues, and *above all* "Idomeneo," — you know why. It is very important for me to go through this opera on the piano with Count Sickingen [see No. 100, &c.]. Pray have Emmanuel Bach's fugues transcribed also, (I think six in number,) and send them to me by the first opportunity. I forgot to ask you for them when I was in Salzburg. Now good-bye! Last Monday we had another grand concert of the society, where I played a concerto, and

Adamberger sang a rondo of mine [Kochel, No. 481]. It was repeated yesterday, only a violinist played a concerto instead of me. On Monday the theatre was crowded. Yesterday it was empty, — N. B., first appearance of the violin-player.

In spite of all these suggestions on the part of the composer, Varesco seems to have objected to such a total change in the text, and so the “Oca del Cairo,” of which only the outlines of a few fragments in score are extant, was given up. Mozart was thus obliged to devote himself afresh to music for publishers and concerts. We learn what concerts he gave during this Easter, and how brilliant was the circle that he assembled round him. In addition to his well-known patrons and patronesses, such as Countess Thun, Baroness Waldstädten, Count Zichi, and You Swieten, he had further the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Prince of Mecklenburg, the Princes L. Liechtenstein, Auersperg, Kaunitz, Lichnowsky, Lobkowitz, Paar, Palm, Schwarzenberg, and also the families Bathiany, Dietrichstein, Erdödy, Esterhazy, Harrach, Herberstein, Keglewicz, Nostitz, Palfy, Schafgotsch, Stahremberg, Waldstein, and others, as well as the various ambassadors, and the highly respectable families of bankers, statesmen, and men of science, &c.

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232. Vienna, March 20, 1783.

February 26, Gallitzin.
March 1, J. Esterhazy.
" 4, Gallitzin.
" 5, Esterhazy.
" 8, Esterhazy.
" 11, Gallitzin.
" 12, Esterhazy.
" 15, Esterhazy.
" 17, my first private concert.
" 18, Gallitzin.
" 19, Esterhazy.
" 20, Richter.
" 21, my first concert in the theatre.
" 22, Esterhazy.
" 24, my second private concert.
" 25, Gallitzin.
" 26, Esterhazy.
" 27, Richter.
" 29, Esterhazy.
" 31, my third private concert.
April 1, my second concert in the theatre.
" 3, Richter.

I SEND you the list of my 174 subscribers. I have myself thirty more than Richter and Fischer together. I begin on the 17th of March, and give three subscriptions in the Trattner Hall on the last three Wednesdays in Lent. The three concerts cost six florins. I intend to give two concerts this year in the theatre; you will at once see that it is absolutely necessary for me to play new things, so I must set to work to write them. The whole of the

forenoon is occupied by my pupils, and I have to play almost every evening. I send you a list of all the concerts at which I am to play.

Have I not enough to do? I don’t think that in this way I shall get out of practice! I must now tell you briefly how it happens that I have been giving concerts in a private hall. The pianoforte teacher Richter announced six Saturday concerts in this same locality. The nobility subscribed; but, remarking that they did not care much about going unless I played, Herr Richter requested me to do so. I promised him to play three times, and claimed three subscription concerts for my own benefit, to which every one put down their names. The first concert on the 17th of March went off well; the hall was quite crammed, and the new concerto that I played pleased immensely, and everywhere you hear this concert praised. My first concert in the theatre was to have taken place to-morrow; but as Prince Louis Liechtenstein has an opera at his house, which not only deprives me of the highest nobility, but likewise of the best orchestral players, I have issued a printed notice that my concert is put off till the first of April.

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233. Vienna, April 10, 1784.

I HAVE had great success with my three subscription concerts, and my concert in the theatre has also won me great honors. I have written two grand concertos [No. 236], and also a quintet for hautboy, clarionet, corno, bassoon, and pianoforte, which was received with extraordinary applause [Kochel, No. 452]. I consider it myself to be the best thing I ever wrote in my life. How I wish you could have heard it; and how beautifully it was executed! But, to tell you the truth, towards the close I was quite worn out from incessant playing, and I think it is much to my honor that my audience were not so also.

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234. Vienna, April 24, 1784.

WE have the celebrated Mantua violin-player here, Madame Strinasacchi, who plays very well, and with much taste and feeling. I am now writing a sonata that we are to play together [Kochel, No. 454] at her concert on Thursday in the theatre. Some quartets have just come out by a certain Pleyel, a pupil of Joseph Haydn’s. If you do not yet know them, you ought to try to get them, for they are worth the trouble, being very well composed and pleasing; you will at once recognize his master by the style of the music. It will be a good and happy thing for music if Pleyel in his day is able to supply Haydn’s place for us.

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235. Vienna, April 28, 1784.

I WRITE in haste. Herr Richter, a pianist [see No. 232], is making a tour on his way to Holland, his native country. I gave him a letter to Countess Thun at Linz; and as he wishes also to visit Salzburg, I gave him a few lines to you, dearest father.

I write to tell you so, as he will arrive soon after you get this. So far as execution goes, he can do a great deal; but, as you will perceive, he is too coarse and labored in his style of playing, and totally devoid of all taste and feeling. He is the most goodnatured man possible, without any pride. He looked steadily at my fingers when I was playing to him, and then suddenly exclaimed, “Good heavens! how I do labor and overheat myself without getting any applause, while to you, my dear friend, it seems all child’s play!” I replied, “I once took trouble enough in order *no longer* to require to do so.” He is a man who may be included among our good pianists, at all events, and I dare say the Archbishop will like to hear him, out of spite to me, — which said spite I am very willing to incur. It is all settled about Menzl the violinist, and he probably leaves this on Sunday. You shall have some music from me by him. Adieu!

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236. Vienna, May 28, 1784.

I SHOULD be puzzled to choose between the two concertos in B and D, composed on the 15th and 22d of March, 1784 [Kôchel, Nos. 450 and 451]. I consider both concertos to be tough work to play, but the one in B exceeds in difficulty that in D. I am very anxious to know which of the three concertos, in B, D, and G major, the latter written on the 12th April [Kochel, No. 453], pleases you and my sister most; the one in E flat, written on February 9th, 1784 [Kochel, No. 449], does not belong to these, for it is a concerto of a very peculiar kind, and written more for a small orchestra than for a grand one. So I at present refer only to the three concertos, and I am curious to learn whether your verdict corresponds with that of the *whole public* here, and also *my own.* It is, of course, requisite that they should be performed with all the parts, and well performed too. I shall wait with patience till you return them to me; but be cautious to show them to no one, for this, very day I was offered twenty-four ducats for one; I think, however, that it will be more profitable to me to keep them a couple of years, and then make them known by publishing them.

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287. Vienna, June 9, 1784.

You no doubt got my last letter. I received the buckles and also your letter of the 1st. The buckles are very handsome, but much too large, so I shall try to dispose of them to advantage. Next Friday the court goes to Laxenburg for two or perhaps three months. I went to Baden last week with his Excellency Count Thun, to visit his father who had come from Linz to use the baths. On our way home we passed through Laxenburg, where we visited Seeman, who is now governor of the castle there; the daughter was not at home, but his wife and he were quite enchanted to see me again.

12th June. — I was prevented finishing this letter by visitors, so I have now received your letter of the 8th. My wife's love to my sister; she means to send her a pretty shawl next post-day. She is to make it herself, for in this way it will be both cheaper and better. Tell her from me that there must be no *adagio* in any of these concertos — only *andantes.* It is quite true that there is something incomplete in the andante of the concerto in D in the solo passage in C to which you refer, and I will supply the deficiency as soon as possible, and send it with the cadenzas.

To-morrow Herr Ployer has a concert in the country, at Döbling, where Madlle. Babette is to play her new concerto in G [Kochel, No. 453], and I the quintet [with wind instruments], and then we are both to play the grand sonata for two pianos. I am to bring Paesiello in my carriage, to give him an opportunity of hearing both my pupil and my composition. If Maestro Sarti [the composer of "Fra due litiganti il terzo gode," from which one of the melodies of the table-music in the second finale of "Don Juan" is taken] had not been obliged to leave this to-day, he would have come with us. Sarti is an upright worthy man [he was the exact reverse, being a most perfidious intriguer]. I have played a great deal to him, and lately I composed variations on an air of his which pleased him exceedingly. Menzl [see No.

235] is, and always will be, an ass. The whole affair is as follows: — Herr von Ployer asked me if I could recommend a violin-player to him. I spoke to Menzl, who was much gratified. You may conceive that, as an honest man, I advised him not to accept anything except a certainty; but he never came to see me till the last moment, and Herr von Plover told me that he was to go *on trial* to Salzburg for 400 florins — N. B. and his official suit. But Menzl declared to me that he was regularly appointed, and said the same to every one here. Moreover, it now comes out that he is a married man, which no one here ever suspected. His wife has been three or four times at Herr Ployer's.

I have given Arataria for publication three sonatas for the pianoforte alone, (I once sent these to my sister,) the first in C, one in A, and one in F; and three others to Toricella, the last of which in D is the one I composed for Dürnitz in Munich. Further, of my six symphonies I am going to publish three, which I intend to dedicate to the Prince of Fürstenberg.

Nannerl was married this summer, 1784, her affair with D'Yppold [see No. 145] having been broken off, from the very remote prospect of the lovers ever being able to marry. Her husband was a widower — Reichsfreiherr von Berchthold zu Sonnenburg, a Salzburg Hofrath, and Warden of the Convent of St. Gilgen, of which Mozart's mother was a foster-child. Mozart writes the following letter to his sister on the occasion, the original of which the Chorregent Anton Jähndl in Salzburg received from Frau von Sonnenburg's own hands, and *he* eventually bequeathed it to his old housekeeper Thérèse Wagner, who deposited it in the Court Dispensary in Salzburg, where it is now for sale.

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238. Vienna, August 18, 1784.

MA TRES-CHERE SŒUR, —

Potz Sapperment! It is high time I should write, if I wish my letter to reach you before you become a married woman. My wife and I wish you all possible happiness in your change of state, and sincerely lament that we cannot be so fortunate as to be present at your wedding; but we hope certainly to embrace you as Frau von Sonnenburg, and your husband, next spring, in Salzburg as well as in St. Gilgen. Our only regret is our dear father, who must now live quite alone. To be sure, you are not far from him, and he can often walk out to see you, but he is once more tied to that detestable Capellhaus. Were I in my father's place, I would act thus. I would apply to the Archbishop (as a man who had served so long) to allow me to have a retiring pension, and on receipt of it, I would go to my daughter at St. Gilgen, and live there in peace and quiet. If the Archbishop refused this application, I would then demand my discharge, and join my son in Vienna, which is the plan that I am chiefly anxious you should persuade him to adopt, and I have written the same to him to-day. I now send you 1000 kind wishes from Vienna to Salzburg, and particularly that you may both live as happily together as we do.

On the 14th of September, 1784, the elder Mozart writes to his daughter: — "My son has been very ill in Vienna; he got into a state of violent perspiration at Paesiello's new opera [" Rè Teodoro," August 23], and exposed himself to the cold night-air in looking for his servant who had his great-coat; an order having been issued that no servant was to be admitted to the usual place of exit from the theatre. Owing to this, he not only caught a rheumatic fever, but as proper attention was not paid to it at once, it turned to putrid fever. He writes to me: 'For the last fortnight, every day at the same hour, I have had the most horrible spasms, attended with violent

sickness, and I am still obliged to take the greatest care of myself. My doctor is Herr Sigmund Barisani [son of the Archbishop's physician at Salzburg, and an intimate friend of Mozart's]. All the time that he was here, he came to see me almost every day. He is very popular and also very clever, and you will see that he will very soon get on in his profession.'"

The father visited his son in the ensuing winter, and stayed with him from the 10th of February to the 25th of April, fully occupied by the many musical enjoyments of the imperial city, among which the performances of his own son, who assisted at almost every concert, were by far the most remarkable. Mozart at that time, too, persuaded his father to become a Freemason like himself, and we probably owe the destruction of the letters connected with this period to the allusions to various points connected with Freemasonry, for from this date there is only one letter from Mozart to his father preserved, or at least known.

Mozart, as we saw more particularly in his letter of February 5th, 1783, always cherished the greatest wish to write another German opera. The "Entführung," having been performed at Mannheim, again attracted attention to him; so he now received from the dramatist, Anton Klein, the libretto of an opera — no doubt "Rudolf von Hapsburg." To this he replies, in these days of most pressing occupation, as follows: —

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HIGHLY ESTEEMED HERR GEHEIMER RATH, —

I own that I have been much to blame in not having sooner acknowledged the receipt of your letter and parcel. You presume that I have in the interim received two more letters from you, but this is not the case; for, indeed, one would have been sufficient to awake me out of my lethargy, and to rouse me to answer you, as I now do. I got your two letters together last post-day, and I felt that I was remiss in not having at once written to you. But so far as regards the opera, I could have told you as little on the subject then as now. Dear sir, my hands are so full that I have scarcely a minute I can call my own. A man of such good judgment and great experience as yourself must know quite as well as I do that a thing of this kind must be read over again and again, not merely once, but repeatedly, and with all possible attention and deliberation; and up to this moment I have not even had time to read it through without interruptions. All I can say at present is, that I don’t wish to return it to you, and that I beg you will intrust the piece to me for some little time. In case I feel disposed to set it to music, I should like to know beforehand if it is intended to be performed at any particular place. Such a work well deserves, both as regards the poetry and the music, not to have been written in vain. I hope for information from you on this point.

I can give you very little intelligence as to the proposed German operatic stage, as everything is progressing very slowly, (except, indeed, the building in the Kärnthnerthor theatre, which is set apart for this purpose.) It is to be opened the beginning of October. For my part I don’t anticipate its being very successful. To judge from the preliminaries, it would seem as if it were intended to deal a death-blow to the German opera altogether, (which has

for some time been in a languishing condition,) rather than to restore and cultivate it. My sister-in-law, Madame Lange, is the only one who has got permission to sing at the German opera. Cavalieri, Adamberger, Teyber, all Germans, of whom Germany may well be proud, must remain at the Italian opera, and are thus compelled to enter the lists against their own countrymen. It is easy to count up the German singers at present; and supposing that any were to be found as good, or even better than those I have named, (which I greatly doubt,) still I think the directors of the theatre here are too economical, and too little patriotic, to tempt strangers to come here by the offer of large sums of money, having already on the spot better singers, or at all events quite as good, and who, by the terms of their engagement, are bound to sing at the German opera, and cost them nothing. The Italian company do not require them, for, so far as numbers go, they can play without any foreign aid. The idea at present is to make use of actors and actresses in the German opera, who only sing when absolutely required. Most unhappily the directors of the theatre, as well as of the orchestra, are to be continued in office, who by their ignorance and inefficiency have most of all contributed to the destruction of their own work. If there were even one good patriot on the same raft, the affair would soon assume another aspect. In that case, perhaps, the fair budding national theatre might one day burst into blossom. It would be thought an everlasting blot on Germany, if we Germans were ever really to begin to think in German, and to act like Germans, to speak German, and above all to sing in German!!! Do not take it amiss, dear sir, if in my zeal I may have gone perhaps rather too far. Fully persuaded that I am addressing *a true German*, I have allowed my tongue free course, which I can, alas! so very seldom do, that after each such outpouring of my heart I might boldly venture on an extra libation without injury to my health.

The composition of this opera came to nothing, but Mozart occupied himself all the more busily this summer with his chamber-music. He finished the six celebrated quartets for stringed instruments, which he had begun in the year 1782. They were published by Arataria (who paid 100 ducats for them) with the following dedication to Joseph Haydn.

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AL MTO CAEO AMICO HAYDN, —

Un padre avendo risolto di mandare i suoi figi; nel gran mondo, stimô doverli affidare alia protezzione e condotta d’ un uomo molto célébré in allora, il quale, per buona sorte, era di più il suo megliore amico. — Eccoli del pari, uom celebre ed amico mio carissimo, i sei miei figli. — Essi sono, è vero, il frutto di una lunga e laboriosa fatica, pur la speranza fatta mi da più amici di vederla almeno in parte compensita m’ incorragisce e mi lusinga, che questi parti siano per essermi un giorno di qual che consolazione. Tu stesso, amico carissimo, nell’ ultimo tuo soggiorno in questa capitale, me ne dimostrasti la tua soddisfazione. — Questo tuo suffragio mi anima sopra tntto, perché io le ti raccommandi e mi fa sperare, che non ti sembreranno del tutto indegni del tuo favore. — Piacciati dunque accoglierli benignamente ed esser loro Padre, Guida ed Amico. Da questo momento io ti cedo i miei diritti sopra di essi, ti supplico perô di guardare con indulgenza i difetti, chel’ occhio parziale di Padre mi puo aver celati, e di continuai’, loro malgrado, la generosa tua amicizia a chi tanto l’ apprezza, mentre sono di tutto cuore il suo sincerissimo amico.

Vienna il pmo Settembre 1785.

W. A. MOZART.

At that time the composition of “Figaro” was in full activity, and on the 11th of November the father writes to his daughter:—” At length I have received a letter of twelve lines from your brother. He apologizes, owing to being over head and ears at work finishing the ‘Nozze di Figaro.’ In order

to have the forenoons free, he has put off all his pupils till the afternoons. I have no doubts about the music, but it will cost him much controversy and discussion before he can get the libretto altered to suit his purposes, for the original comedy really must undergo a great many changes. Hitherto he has no doubt put it off in his usual easy manner, and taken his own time, but now he must be in earnest, as the Oberstkämmerer is urging him on." The author of the libretto was the same Da Ponte Lorenzo who became acquainted with Mozart through Baron Wetzlar [see No. 225]. This work so entirely caused' the *maestro* to withdraw from all those other occupations which brought him in ready money, that he got into great pecuniary difficulty. This induced him to apply to the composer and music publisher, Franz Anton Hoffmeister, in Vienna, with whom he had made an agreement for a series of chamber-music, to begin with the two beautiful pianoforte quartets in G minor and E flat major. He wrote him the following note, on the outside of which Hoffmeister has marked "20th November, 1785 — two ducats."

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DEAR HOFFMEISTER, —

I have recourse to you to beg that you will advance me some money, of which I stand in great need at this moment. I beg further that you will be so good as to try to obtain the money for me as soon as possible [see No. 258]. Forgive my importunity, but as you know me, and are well aware how anxious I am that what I write for you should be good, I feel convinced that you will pardon me for plaguing you, and that you will gladly be of as much service to me as I wish to be to you.

In the February of the ensuing year, Mozart, by the express command of the Emperor, wrote music for the “Schauspiel Director” for a garden fête in Schönbrunn. At length, in the same manner, only by the positive command of the Emperor, after many cabals, “Figaro” was performed on the first of May. The father writes to his daughter: “On the 28th of April ‘Le Nozze di Figaro’ is to be produced on the stage for the first time. It will say much for the work if it be successful, for I know that some very strong cabals have been formed against it. Salieri and all his satellites will again move heaven and earth to insure its failure. Duschek [who had just come from Prague to Vienna] recently told me that your brother was the object of so many hostile intrigues, solely owing to his remarkable talents and genius obtaining for him so great a reputation.” He writes again on May 18th: “At the second performance of the ‘Nozze di Figaro’ there were five encores, and at the third seven encores; one of these, a short duet, being encored three times.”

The opera was constantly performed in the course of this summer, but Martin’s “Una Cosa rara” having extraordinary success in November, Mozart’s adversaries seized the opportunity to exclude his work for a time from the *répertoire*. This circumstance, and many other cares, as well as his

daily increasing anxiety about providing for his livelihood, very much embittered this autumn to Mozart. On the 27th of October, 1786, his third child Leopold was born, and his wife's recovery on these occasions was always very tedious. This caused him to form a plan to go to England in spring; so it was doubly welcome to him when in January, 1787, he received an invitation from his friends in Prague (where "Die Entführung" and "Figaro" were idolized) to give some concerts there. The following letter describes his visit. It is addressed to Gottfried von Jacquin in Vienna, (with whose family Mozart was on the most intimate terms.)

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242. To Herr Gottfried von Jacquin.

Prague, Jan. 15, 1787.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, —

At last I find a moment to write to you. Soon after my arrival I intended to have written four letters to Vienna, but in vain! — one only (to my mother-in-law) I did contrive partly to accomplish, for I could only write one half, and my wife and Hofer [the husband of his sister-in-law Josepha] were obliged to finish it for me. The moment we arrived (Thursday, the 11th, at twelve o'clock in the forenoon) we had hard work to get ready for dinner, which was at one o'clock. After dinner old Count Thun entertained us with some music, executed by his own people, which lasted about an hour and a half. This is a *real amusement*, and one which I can enjoy every day. At six o'clock I went with Count Canal to what is called the Breitfeld Ball, where the flower of the Prague beauties assemble. You ought to have been there, my dear friend; I think I see you running, or rather limping, after all those pretty creatures, married and single. I neither danced nor flirted with any of them, — the former because I was too tired, and the latter from my natural bashfulness. I saw, however, with the greatest pleasure, all these people flying about with such delight to the music of my "Figaro," transformed into quadrilles and waltzes; for here nothing is talked of but "Figaro," nothing played but "Figaro," nothing whistled or sung but "Figaro," no opera so crowded as "Figaro," nothing but "Figaro," — very flattering to me, certainly. As I came home very late from the ball, and very tired and sleepy from my journey besides, nothing could be more natural than my sleeping very late next day, which was just what I did; so the whole of the next morning was again *sine linea.* After dinner the Count's music was to be listened to, and as on the same day I got an excellent piano in my

room, you may easily imagine that I could not leave it untouched for a whole evening; so I played, and, as a matter of course, we performed a little *Quatuor in caritatis camera* (“*und das schöne Bandl hammer a*”), and in this way the whole evening was likely to pass again *sine linea*, and so it actually did. You must chide Morpheus, not me, — a deity who is only too kind to us in Prague. What the cause may be I know not, but at any rate we both went to sleep very quickly. Still we managed to be at Father Unger’s by eleven o’clock, and to make a thorough inspection of the Imperial Library and the public Theological Seminary. After we had almost stared our eyes out of our heads, we listened to a little remonstrance from within, so we considered it advisable to drive to Count Canal’s to dinner. The evening surprised us sooner than you could believe, when it was time to go to the opera. We heard “*Le Gare generose*” [of Paesiello]. I can give no positive opinion about the performance of this opera, because I talked so much; perhaps the reason of my being so loquacious, quite contrary to my usual custom, might be — well, never mind! the evening was, *at solito*, frittered away. To-day I have at last been so fortunate as to find a moment to inquire after the health of your excellent parents, and all the Jacquin family. I hope and trust you may all be as well as we are. I must candidly confess (though I meet with all possible politeness and courtesy here, and Prague is indeed a very beautiful and agreeable place) that I very much long to return to Vienna, and I do assure you the chief cause of this is certainly *your family.* When I think that after my return I shall only have so short an enjoyment of your valued society, and then be so long, perhaps indeed forever, deprived of this happiness, I thoroughly feel the extent of the friendship and esteem I cherish for your whole family.

And now, my dearest friend, adieu! My concert is to take place in the theatre next Friday, the 19th, which will, alas! prolong my stay here. I send my kind regards to your worthy parents, and best wishes to your brother

[Joseph, his father's successor]. I beg also a thousand compliments to your sister [Franziska, one of Mozart's best scholars]; tell her I hope she will practise very assiduously on her new piano, though such an admonition is unnecessary, for I must say that I never had so industrious a pupil, or one who showed so much zeal as herself, and indeed I quite rejoice at the thoughts of giving her further instructions, according to my ability.

I suppose it is high time now to conclude — is it not? You probably have thought so some time since. Farewell, my dear friend! I hope you will always feel the same friendship for me. Write to me soon — really *soon;* or if you are too idle to do so yourself, send for Salzmann and dictate a letter to him, though no letter seems to come really from the heart unless written by your own hand. Well, I shall see whether you are as truly my friend as I am, and ever shall be, yours, — MOZART.

P. S. — Address the letter you may *possibly* write to me, "im Graf Thunischen Palais." My wife sends her love to all the Jacquin family, and also to Herr Hofer. On Wednesday next I am to see and hear "Figaro," unless I become blind and deaf before then. Perhaps I may not become so till *after* the opera!

Mozart also received while in Prague a commission from the *impresario* Bondini, to write an opera buffa for the ensuing autumn. He suggested Da Ponte as the poet, and "Don Giovanni" was selected. Mozart's whole soul was absorbed in this "prolific and sublime subject," as Da Ponte calls it, when he received intelligence that his father, who had been for some months in failing health, was now seriously ill. On which he writes the following *last* letter to the beloved faithful parent, who had sacrificed his whole life to him, and who, though he had latterly shown perhaps less sympathy for his son, was tenderly and unchangeably beloved by him.

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243. Vienna, April 4, 1787.

MON TRES-CHER PERE, —

I have this moment heard tidings which distress me exceedingly, and the more so that your last letter led me to suppose you were so well; but I now hear that you are really ill. I need not say how anxiously I shall long for a better report of you to comfort me, and I do hope to receive it, though I am always prone to anticipate the worst. As death (when closely considered) is the true goal of our life, I have made myself so thoroughly acquainted with this good and faithful friend of man, that not only has its image no longer anything alarming to me, but rather something most peaceful and consolatory; and I thank my heavenly Father that He has vouchsafed to grant me the happiness, and has given me the opportunity, (you understand me,) to learn that it is the *key* to our true felicity. I never lie down at night without thinking that (young as I am) I may be no more before the next morning dawns. And yet not one of all those who know me can say that I ever was morose or melancholy in my intercourse with them. I daily thank my Creator for such a happy frame of mind, and wish from my heart that every one of my fellow-creatures may enjoy the same. In the letter that Storace took charge of [but never could subsequently find] I explained my sentiments on this point, at the time of the death of my dearest and best friend, Count von Hatzfeld. He was only one-and-thirty, just the same age as myself. I do not grieve for *him,* but deeply for myself, and all those who knew him as well as I did. I hope and trust that even while I am writing this you may be recovering; if, however, contrary to my expectation, you do not feel better, I implore you, by all you hold sacred, not to conceal it from me, but either to write me the exact truth yourself, or cause some one else to do so, that I may be in your arms with as much speed as possible. I entreat you to do this by all that is holy in our eyes. But I hope soon to have a

consolatory letter from you, and in this agreeable hope my wife and Carl and I kiss your hands a thousand times, and I am ever your dutiful son.

It appears that the father did rally for a time, but on the 28th of May, 1787, sudden death cut short the life of this active-minded man. Mozart announced the melancholy event immediately to his friend Gottfried von Jacquin thus:—" I must inform you that on my return home to-day I received the mournful tidings of the death of my excellent father. You may conceive the state I am in." And to his sister, on the 16th of June, 1787, he writes as follows: —

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DEAREST AND BEST OF SISTERS, —

I was not at all surprised that you did not yourself announce to me the most unexpected death of our beloved father, for I could easily guess the reason. I trust he is safe with God. Be assured, my darling sister, that if you wish for a loving brother as a protector, you will always find such a brother in me. My dear good sister, if you were still unprovided for, I should not have to say one word, further than what I have said and thought a thousand times before, that I would gladly leave you everything I had; but this is now unnecessary for you, and an advantage for me, on the other hand, to retain it, as it is my duty to provide for my wife and child.

Another event occurred in the course of this summer, which reminded Mozart forcibly of the uncertainty of all earthly things. This was the death of his friend Barisani [a physician and dear friend]. Mozart wrote under the verses that Barisani had written in his album (now preserved in the *Mozarteum*) the following words:—" To-day, the 3d of September, I have been so unfortunate as to lose forever in this world, by sudden death, this high-minded man, my dearest and best of all friends, and the preserver of my life. For him all is well; but for me, for us, and for all who knew him intimately, it never will be well, till we are so happy as to meet him again in a better world, to part no more." In the course of the same month Mozart went to Prague to finish "Don Giovanni," and to put it on the stage. The first performance took place on October 29th, and Gottfried Jacquin forthwith received a report of it from Mozart.

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245. Prague, Nov. 4, 1787.

MY DEAREST AND BEST FRIEND, —

I hope you received my letter. My opera, “Don Giovanni,” was given here on the 29th of October, with the most brilliant success. Yesterday it was performed for the fourth time, (for my benefit.) I think of leaving this on the 12th or 13th. When I return, you shall have the aria to sing. — N. B. *Entre nous*, I do wish that some of my good friends (particularly Bridi and you) could be here even for one evening to share my pleasure. *Perhaps it may yet be given in Vienna* — I wish it may. Every effort has been made here to persuade me to remain for a couple of months, and to write another opera, but however flattering the proposal may be, I cannot accept it. Now tell me, my dear friend, how you are. I hope you are all as well as we are. You cannot fail to be happy, for you possess everything that you can wish for at your age, and in your position, — especially as you now seem to have entirely given up your former excited mode of life. Do you not every day become more convinced of the truth of the little lectures I used to inflict on you? Are not the pleasures of a transient capricious passion widely different from the happiness produced by rational and true love? I feel sure that you often in your heart thank me for my admonitions. I shall feel quite proud if you do. But, jesting apart, you do really owe me some little gratitude if you are become worthy of Fräulein N — , for I certainly played no insignificant part in your improvement or reform.

My great-grandfather used to say to his wife, my great-grandmother, who in turn told her daughter, my mother, who repeated it to her daughter, my own sister, that it was a very great art to talk eloquently and well, but an equally great one to know the right moment to stop. I, therefore, shall follow the advice of my sister, thanks to our mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, and thus end not only my moral ebullition, but my letter.

W. A. MOZART.

9th November. — It was quite an unexpected pleasure to me to receive your letter of the 2d. If the song in question be required to prove my friendship for you, you have no further cause to doubt it, for here it is. [Köchel, No. 530.] But I trust that, even *without the song*, you are convinced of my true friendship, and in this hope I remain ever your sincere friend, P. S. — How is it that neither your parents nor your brother and sister have sent me any remembrances? I cannot understand it. I attribute it, however, my dear friend, to your own forgetfulness, and I flatter myself that I am not mistaken as to this. The double seal was owing to this: the red wax was good for nothing, so I put black wax on the top of it. And as for my usual seal, I forgot to bring it from Vienna. Adieu! I hope soon to embrace you. Our united regards to your whole family and to the Nattorps.

The brilliant reception of “Don Giovanni,” and the death of the Court Capellmeister Gluck, (November 15th, 1787,) as well as the widely diffused report of Mozart’s intention to settle in England, were probably the cause of his being, on the 7th December of this year, appointed Imperial Chamber Musician. His salary was 800 gulden. When obliged one day to make a return of his income, he wrote, in bitter dissatisfaction at being so sparingly occupied, “Too much for what I do, and too little for what I could do.” This sum was not sufficient to remedy his daily increasing pecuniary difficulties; and, in spite of all his industry in the ensuing summer, though “Don Giovanni” had been put on the stage in Vienna, and brought him several hundred gulden, he was obliged repeatedly to apply to his friend and brother Freemason, (O. B., OrdensBruder,) the merchant Puchberg in Vienna, for loans of money.

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246. To Herr Puchberg.

MY DEAR ESTEEMED FRIEND AND O. B., —

The conviction that you are a true friend of mine, and that you know me to he an honorable man, gives me courage to open my whole heart to you, and to make the following request. Without any further preamble, and with my natural straightforwardness, I proceed at once to state the case. If you have sufficient regard and friendship for me to succor me by the loan of one or two thousand gulden for a couple of years, at the usual rate of interest, you would extricate me from a mass of troubles. You, no doubt, yourself know how difficult — nay, impossible — it is to pay your way when obliged to wait for the receipt of various sums, without a certain, or, at all events, the most needful, amount of cash in hand; without this there can be no regulation in one’s affairs; nothing can come of nothing. If you do me this friendly service, having then some money to go on with, I can, in the first place, more easily manage the necessary outlay at the proper time, the payment of which I am now obliged to defer, and thus am often forced to pay away all I receive at the most inconvenient time; secondly, I can also work with a mind more free from care and with a lighter heart, and thus earn more. I do not believe that you can have any doubts of your safety in making this loan.

You know pretty well how I stand, and also my principles. You need not be uneasy about the subscription; I am only prolonging the time for a few months, in the hope of finding more lovers of music elsewhere than here. I have now opened my whole heart to you on a matter of the greatest importance to me. I shall anxiously expect your reply, which I do hope may be favorable. I don’t know, still I take you to be a man who, like myself, will, if possible, succor a friend — a true friend.

If it should so happen that you find it inconvenient to part with so large a sum at once, I beg you, at all events, to lend me a couple of hundred gulden, because my landlord in the Landstrasse was so pressing that I was obliged to pay him on the spot, (in order to avoid anything unpleasant,) which has caused me great embarrassment.

We sleep to-night in our new apartments for the first time, and we mean to remain there both summer and winter. I think this, after all, quite as well, if not better, for I have not much to do in the town, and shall not be exposed to so many visits; so I can work harder; and if business compels me to go into the town, which is not likely often to be the case, any fiacre will take me there for ten kreutzers. This apartment is not only cheaper, but far more agreeable in spring, summer, and autumn, especially as I have a garden. My house is in the Währinger Gasse, bei den 5 Sternen, No. 135. Pray consider my letter as a proof of my sincere reliance on you, and believe me, till death, your true and attached friend, — W. A. MOZART.

P. S. — When are you likely to have a little music again in your house? I have written a new trio [in E major: Kochel, No. 542].

[Puchberg has marked on this letter, “17th June, 1788, sent 200 florins.”]

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247. To Herr Puchberg.

Vienna, June 27, 1788.

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND AND ESTEEMED O. B., —

‘I have every day been in hopes of being able to go into the town myself, to thank you in person for the friendly service you have rendered me; but I had not the heart to appear before you, as I am obliged to confess that I cannot as yet repay your loan, and must entreat you to have patience with me. That your circumstances are such as to prevent you from assisting me to the extent I wish, distresses me much, for in my painful position I am unavoidably obliged to borrow money; but, good heavens! to whom can I apply but to you, my best friend? If you would only be so good as to devise some other way of procuring the money for me! I would gladly pay the interest; and whoever lends it to me has, I believe, sufficient security in my character, and in my salary. It distresses me enough to be in such an extremity, but on this very account I should like to have a considerable sum at a longer date, to avoid a similar difficulty. If you, my dear friend, cannot assist me in this emergency, I shall lose both my honor and my credit, the only two things I am anxious to preserve. I rely entirely on your kind friendship and brotherly love, and confidently hope that you will give me a helping hand both by word and deed. If my wish be fulfilled, I shall be able to breathe again, for I should then be able to put my affairs into good order and to keep them so. Come here and pay me a visit; I am always at home. I have worked more during the ten days I have lived here than in two months in my former apartment; and if dismal thoughts did not so often intrude, (which I strive forcibly to dismiss,) I should be very well off here, for I live agreeably, comfortably, and, above all, cheaply. I need no longer detain you

by my idle talk, but be silent and hope. Always your obliged servant and true friend and O. B., W. A. MOZART.

The following letter to his sister — the last he wrote to her which has been preserved — seems also to refer to money matters: —

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248. Vienna, August, 1788.

WITH regard to your question about my service here, the Emperor has named me one of his private band, so I am formally appointed, but for the present with a salary of only 800 florins; still no one in the hand receives as much. In the announcement of my Prague opera, “Don Giovanni,” (which is to be given again this very day,) where *too much* is certainly never said, being published by the directors of the theatre, there is the following paragraph:—” The music is by Herr Mozart, Capellmeister in the service of His Imperial Majesty.”

In the course of this summer, Mozart “wrote the grand symphonies in C major, G minor, and E flat major. But the Emperor gave him nothing to do, except to compose dance-music for the masked balls in the Imperial Redoute Hall. As his sources of income were so very limited, he resolved, for the purpose of gaining fresh fame and money, to make an artistic tour. On this occasion his destination was North-east Germany. His friend and pupil, Prince Carl Lichnowsky, was about to visit his Silesian property, and to proceed afterwards to Berlin, and he offered to take Mozart with him in his comfortable travelling carriage.

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249. Prague, Good Friday, April 10, 1789.

MY DEAREST AND SWEETEST WIFE, —

We arrived here safely at half-past one o’clock this forenoon, and I hope you got my note from Budwitz. Now for my account of Prague. We drove up to the “Unicorn,” and after being shaved, frisé, and dressed, I drove to Canal’s, intending to dine with him, but as I was obliged to pass Duschek’s door, I called there first, where I was told that Madame had set off for Dresden yesterday; so I shall meet her there. Duschek was dining with Leliborn, where I too used often to dine; so I drove there straight. I desired them to call out Duschek, and to say that some one wished to speak to him, and you may imagine his delight; so I also dined with Leliborn. After dinner I drove to call on Canal and Pachta, but found neither at home; so I went to see Guardassoni *[impresario],* who almost agreed to give me 200 ducats next autumn for an opera, and fifty ducats for travelling expenses; and then I came home to write all this to my dearest wife. By the by, Ramin left this about a week ago to return home; he came from Berlin, and said that the King had frequently and eagerly inquired from him whether I was quite certain to come there, and as I never did come, he again said, “I fear he won’t be here at all.” Ramm became very uneasy, and tried to persuade him of the contrary. Judging by this, my affairs are likely to do well. I am now going to take the Prince [Lichnowsky] to Duschek’s, who is expecting us. At nine o’clock at night we start for Dresden, where we hope to arrive to-morrow. My darling wife, I do so long for news of you! Perhaps I may find a letter from you in Dresden. May Providence realize this wish! After receiving my letter, you must write to me, Poste Restante, Leipzig. Adieu, love! I must conclude, or I shall miss the post. Kiss our Carl a thousand times from me, and I am ever, with kisses innumerable, your faithful — MOZART.

P. S. — All kind remembrances to Herr and Frau von Puchberg. I must delay writing to him till I get to Berlin, to thank him in writing also. *Adieu! aimez-moi et gardez voire santé, si précieuse â votre épour.*

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250. Dresden, April 13, 1789, 7 A.M.

WE expected to be in Dresden on Saturday after dinner, but did not arrive till yesterday — the roads were so bad. I went to Neumann's yesterday [one of the secretaries at the War Office], where Madame Duschek lives, to give her Duschek's letter. Her lodging is on the third floor in an alley, and from her room you can see all who are coming. When I arrived at the door, Herr Neumann was already there, and asked me whom he had the honor to address. I replied, "I will tell you presently who I am, but first be so good as to call out Madame Duschek," (in order not to spoil my fun,) but at the same moment Madame Duschek stood before me, having recognized me from her window, when she at once said, "I see some one coming who looks very like Mozart." All was now joy. The party was large, and consisted entirely of ladies, most of whom were very plain, but they made up for their want of beauty by their amiability. The Prince and I are going to breakfast there to-day; we then visit Naumann [Capellmeister], and afterwards hear the Elector's private band. We leave this for Leipzig to-morrow or next day. After getting this letter, address to me, Poste Restante, Berlin. I hope you got my letter from Prague. The Neumanns and the Duscheks send you their regards, and also to Lange and your sister.

My darling wife, would that I had a letter from you! If I were to tell you all my follies about your dear portrait, it would make you laugh. For instance, when I take it out of its case, I say to it, God bless you, my Stanzerl! God bless you, Spitzbub, Krallerballer, Spitzignas, Bagatellerl, schluck und druck! and when I put it away again, I let it slip gently into its hiding-place, saying, Now, now, now! but with an appropriate emphasis on this significant word; and at the last one I say quickly, Good night, darling mouse, sleep soundly! I know I have written something very foolish, (for the world at all events,) but not in the least foolish for us, who love each

other so fondly. This is the sixth day that I have been absent from you, and, by heavens! it seems to me a year. You may often have some difficulty in reading my letters, because, writing hurriedly, I write badly. Adieu, my only love! The carriage is waiting, but on this occasion I cannot say, “Well done! the carriage is here;” but *male.* Farewell! and love me as I shall ever love you. I send you a million of the most tender kisses, and am ever your fondly loving husband, — W. A. MOZART.

P. S. — How is our Carl? well, I hope? Kiss him for me. Kind regards to the Puchbergs. — N. B. You must not take my letters as patterns for yours; the only reason mine are so short is because I am so hurried, or I would cover a whole sheet of paper; but you have more leisure. Adieu!

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251. Dresden, April 16, 1789, 11.30 P.M.

MY DARLING SWEET LITTLE WIFE, —

How? still in Dresden? Yes, my love. I will tell you everything as minutely as possible. On Monday last, after breakfasting at Neumann's, we all went to the Elector's private chapel; the mass was by Naumann, (who himself conducted,) and a very indifferent one it was. We were in an oratory opposite the music; suddenly Neumann touched me, and presented me to Herr von König, who is the *Directeur des plaisirs*, (and melancholy these Electoral *plaisirs* are!) He was exceedingly polite, and on his asking me whether I did not wish the Elector to hear me, I replied that it would certainly be most gratifying to me, but that, as I depended on others, I could not remain. This was all that passed. My princely travelling companion invited the Neumanns and Duschek to dinner; during dinner a message was sent that I was to play the following day (Tuesday, 14th) at court at half-past five in the evening. This is something quite extraordinary, for it appears that it is very difficult to obtain a hearing in this town, and you know that I had no thoughts whatever of playing here. We had arranged a quartet at l'Hôtel de Boulogne, in the private court orchestra, with Antoine Teyber, (the organist, as you know,) and with Herr Kraft, (Prince Esterhazy's violoncellist,) who is here with his son. On this occasion I introduced the trio [No. 246] which I wrote for Herr von Puchberg, and it was very fairly executed. Duschek sang a variety of airs from "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." Next day, at court, I played my new concerto in D; and the day after, Wednesday the 15th, I received in the forenoon a very beautiful snuffbox. We dined with the Russian minister, where I played a great deal. After dinner we agreed to have some organ-playing; so at four o'clock we drove to the church; Naumann was also there. You must know that a certain Hässler (the Erfurt organist) was present; he is the pupil of a scholar of

Bach’s, and has talent both on the organ and the piano. Now people here think that because I come from Vienna I must be utterly unacquainted with this style and mode of playing, so I sat down to the organ and played. Prince Lichnowsky, (who knows Hässler well,) after some difficulty, persuaded him to play also. His chief excellence consists in his pedal-playing, which, as the pedals here are arranged in stages, is no very great art; moreover, he has only committed to memory the harmony and modulations of old Sebastian Bach. He is not capable of executing a fugue thoroughly, nor has he a solid style of playing; so he is very far from being an Albrechtsberger. After this we resolved to go once more to the Russian Ambassador’s, that Hässler might hear me on the pianoforte. Hässler also played. I consider Fräulein Aurnhammer [see No. 161, &c.] quite as good; so you may imagine that he stands rather low in the scale. We afterwards went to the opera, which is truly miserable. Do you know who is one of the singers? Rosa Manservisi. You may conceive her delight at seeing me. Still the prima donna, Madame Allegrandi, is far better than Ferrarese [the prima donna in Vienna], but that is not saying much. After the opera we went home. Then came the happiest of all moments for me; I found the long and ardently wished-for letter from you, my darling, my beloved! Duschek and Neumann were with me as usual; I carried off the letter in triumph to my room, and kissed it over and over again before I broke it open, and then rather devoured than read it. I stayed a long time in my room, for I could not read over your letter often enough, or kiss it often enough. When I rejoined the party, Neumann asked me if I had received a letter from you, and on my saying that I had, they cordially congratulated me, because I had been daily lamenting that I had heard nothing from you. The Neumanns are admirable people. Now for your dear letter. You shall receive by the next post the account of my visit here till we leave this.

Darling wife, I have a number of requests to make to you: —

1st. I beg you will not be melancholy.

2d. That you will take care of yourself, and not expose yourself to the spring breezes.

3d. That you will not go out to walk alone, — indeed, it would be better not to walk at all.

4th. That you will feel entirely assured of my love. I have not written you a single letter without placing your dear portrait before me.

5th. I beg you not only to be careful of your honor and mine in your conduct, but to be equally guarded as to *appearances.* Do not be angry at this request; indeed, it ought to make you love me still better, from seeing the regard I have for my honor [see No. 192].

6th. Lastly, I wish you would enter more into details in your letters. I should like to know whether my brother-in-law, Hofer, arrived the day that I set off; whether he comes often, as he promised he would; whether the Langes call on you; whether the portrait is progressing; what your mode of life is, — all things which naturally interest me much. Now farewell, my best beloved! Remember that every night before going to bed I converse with your portrait for a good half-hour, and the same when I awake. We set off on the 18th, the day after to-morrow. Continue to write to me, Roste Restante, Berlin. I kiss and embrace you 1,095,060,437,082 times, (this will give you a fine opportunity to exercise yourself in counting,) and am ever your most faithful husband and friend, W. A. MOZART.

The account of the close of our Dresden visit shall follow next time. Good night!

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252. Berlin, May 23, 1789.

MY SWEETEST, BEST, AND DEAREST WIFE, —

I received with the most extreme pleasure your dear letter of the 13th, but only this moment your previous one of the 9th, because it came round by Leipzig to Berlin. The first thing is to reckon up all the letters I have written to you, and those I have had from you.

I wrote to you —

April 8th. From the post-station, Budwitz.
" 10th. From Prague.
April 13th. } From Dresden.
" 17th. }
" 22d. A letter in French from Leipzig.
" 25th. } From Potsdam.
May 5th. }
" 9th, } From Leipzig.
" 16th. }
" 19th. From Berlin.
" 23d. Now again from Berlin.

This makes eleven letters. I have only got six from you. Between the 13th and 24th of April — a blank; so a letter from you must surely Have been lost. Owing to this, I was actually seventeen days without a letter! If you were equally obliged to live seventeen days under similar circumstances, one of my letters to you must also have been lost. Thank God! we have got over these mischances, and when once more clasping you in my arms, I will describe to you all I felt at that time; but you know all my love for you.

Where do you think I am writing this? in my room at an hotel? No, at an inn in the Thiergarten (a garden pavilion with a lovely view) where I am to-day dining quite alone, that I may devote my thoughts wholly to you. 1st.

The Queen wishes to hear me on Tuesday, *but this will be no great profit*. I only mentioned my arrival because such is the custom here, for had I not done so it might have given offence. My darling little wife, when I return, you must rejoice more in *me* than in the money I bring. 100 Friedrichs-d'or don't make 900, but 700, florins, — at least so I am told here. 2d. Lichnowsky being in haste left me here, so I was obliged to pay for my own board (in that expensive place, Potsdam). 3d. — borrowed 100 florins from me, his purse being at so low an ebb. I really could not refuse his request — you know why. 4th. My concert at Leipzig turned out badly, as I always predicted it would; so I went out of my way nearly a hundred miles almost for nothing. Lichnowsky alone is to blame for this, for he gave me no rest, entreating me to go back to Leipzig; but more of all this when we meet. There is not much to be got by a concert here, for the King would not like me to play publicly. You must be satisfied w*ith me*, and with hearing that I am so fortunate as to be in favor with the King. What I have written to you must rest between ourselves. I leave this on the 28th for Dresden, where I shall stay the night. On the first of June I intend to sleep at Prague, and the 4th — *the 4th* — return to my darling wife. I hope you will drive out to meet me at the first stage, where I shall arrive on the 4th in the forenoon. Hofer (to whom I send my kind regards) will, I trust, come with you; and if the Puchbergs are also of the party, then I shall see all those together whom I would wish to see. Don't forget to bring our Carl too. Be sure to have Salzmann with you, or some confidential person who can drive straight in my carriage to the custom-house with the luggage to save me needless trouble, so that I may go home at once with you all. Now remember this. Adieu! I send you a million of kisses, and am your ever-faithful husband, — W. A. MOZART.

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253. Prague, May 31, 1789.

MY DARLING SWEETEST WIFE, —

I am this moment arrived here. I hope you got my last letter of the 23d. My plans remain the same. I intend to arrive at the first post-station from Vienna, on the 4th of June, (next Thursday,) at twelve o'clock, where I hope you will meet me. Be sure you bring some one to drive to the customhouse in my place. Adieu! Heavens! how I do rejoice at the idea of seeing you again! In haste, MOZART.

Immediately after his return, Mozart set to work on the composition of the stringed quartets, commissioned by King Frederick William II. in Berlin. He had by no means gained the large sums he had hoped for as the fruits of his artistic journey. And although in this month of June his charming quartet in D major was remunerated by 100 Friedrichs-d'or and a gold snuff-box, his position still continued very distressing, especially as Constanze again became seriously ill.

On such days, when he sometimes went out riding at five o'clock in the morning, he used to leave notes in the form of prescription beside her bed, with directions like the following:—" Good morning, my darling wife! I hope that you slept well, that you were undisturbed, that you will not rise too early, that you will not catch cold, nor stoop too much, nor overstrain yourself, nor scold your servants, nor stumble over the threshold of the adjoining room. Spare yourself all household worries till I come back. May no evil befall you! I shall be home at — o'clock punctually."

The expenses caused by these illnesses placed him in difficulties which led to the most serious distress, so he had recourse once more to the faithful Puchberg. The hope he expressed "soon to be in better circumstances" was grounded on an offer from the King of Prussia to appoint him to the situation of Capellmeister, with a salary of 3000 thalers.

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254. Vienna, July 17, 1789.

MY KIND FRIEND, AND ESTEEMED O. B., —

I fear you are displeased with me, for you do not answer me. When I compare the proofs of your friendship with the demands I have made on it, I cannot but admit that you have a good right to be so. But when I compare my misfortunes (for which I am not to blame) with your kindly disposition towards me, I think that at all events there is some excuse for me. As in my last letter to you, my dear friend, I wrote to you openly, I can only repeat what I then said; so I shall merely add — 1st. That I should not have required so considerable a sum if I did not anticipate such heavy expenses to enable my wife to have resort to the baths recommended for her, particularly if she goes to Baden. 2dly. As I am certain of shortly being in better circumstances, the amount of the sum I shall have to repay is a matter of indifference to me, but a large one would be both more agreeable and more useful to me at this moment. 3dly. I entreat you, if it is impossible for you to assist me with this sum yourself, to show your kindness and brotherly love by supplying me at once with what you can spare, for I stand in great need of it. You certainly cannot doubt my integrity, — you know me too well for that, — nor can you mistrust my assurances, my conduct, or my mode of life, because you are acquainted with my conduct and with my life; so you will forgive my reliance on you.

I feel quite convinced that impossibility alone will prevent your succoring your friend. If you can and will entirely relieve me, I shall look upon you as my savior on this side of the grave, for you will enable me to enjoy good fortune hereafter on earth. If you cannot do so, I implore you in God’s name for temporary aid, be it what it may, and also for counsel and comfort.

Your obliged servant, W. A. MOZART.

P. S. — My wife was again very ailing yesterday. To-day, thank God! leeches have relieved her. I am indeed very unhappy, in alternate hope and fear. Dr. Closset [their family physician] was here again yesterday.

Mozart, after a conversation with the Emperor, refused the offer from Berlin; so the court in return, wishing to pay him a compliment, caused “Figaro” once more to be put on the stage in August, and in addition the Imperial “Chamber Composer” received an order from the Emperor to write a comic opera. It was “Cosi fan tutte,” and performed in January, 1790. Unhappily Joseph II. died before hearing it, and without providing for the future welfare of the composer. This increased the disorder of his affairs, and forced him once more to apply to Puchberg in the spring of the year.

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255. To Herr Puchberg.

You are right, my dear friend, if you do not think me worthy of an answer. My importunity is too great. I only beg you to view well my position on every side, to compassionate me, and to pardon my sincere friendship and trust in you. If you can or will, however, extricate me from a *momentary difficulty*, pray do so for the love of God! Whatever you can spare will be welcome. Pray forget, if possible, my troublesome importunities, and forgive them.

To-morrow, Friday, Count Haddick [Field-Marshal] has asked me to let him hear Stadler's quintet [the clarionet quintet] and the trio that I wrote for you; so I take the liberty to invite you to be present. Haring is to play it. I would have come myself to speak to you, but my head is racked with rheumatic pains, which make me feel my situation still more keenly. Once more assist me according to your ability, only for this *one* time, and forgive me. Ever and always your MOZART.

In order to put an end at once and forever to this constant state of distress, Mozart, on the accèssion of Leopold IL, applied for a second situation as Hofcapellmeister. The hurriedly written and much corrected sketch of this memorial is still extant in the *Mozarteum.* It is probably addressed to Archduke Francis (afterwards Emperor), as Leopold II. was not yet crowned Emperor. That it was presented is evident from a letter of the same date to Puchberg; but it was not successful.

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256. To H. R. H. the Archduke Francis.

[MEMORIAL.]

Vienna, May, 1790.

I AM so bold as to entreat your Royal Highness to present to his Majesty, with your sanction, this humble petition. Desire of fame, love of work, and the conviction of my capabilities, all embolden me to presume to apply for a second situation as Capellmeister, especially as that very able Capell-meister, Salieri, has never devoted himself to church music, whereas I from my youth have carefully acquired this style. The reputation I enjoy in the world for my pianoforte-playing makes me venture to solicit also the honor of being appointed musical instructor to the Royal Family.

Persuaded that I have applied to a most kind and gracious patron, I shall live in the hope of a favorable result, and shall assuredly strive by my industry, zeal, fidelity, and integrity, always to, &c., &c.

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257. To Herr Puchberg.

DEAREST FRIEND AND O. B., —

You no doubt heard from your servant that I was at your door yesterday, intending (according to your permission) to dine with you uninvited. You know my situation, — in short, not being able to find any true friend, I shall be obliged to *get* money from usurers; but as it requires time, with that unchristian race of men, to seek and find the most Christian among them, I am at this moment in such a state of destitution that I must entreat you, my dear friend, for Heaven's sake to supply me with what you can spare. If I receive the money that I expect eight or fourteen days hence, I will then at once repay whatever you may lend me now. As to my debt to you, of such long standing, I can only beg you to have patience. If you could only know all the sorrow and care it causes me! I am entirely prevented by it from finishing my quartets.

I have sanguine hopes now from the court, for I know to a certainty that the Emperor has not sent back my memorial like the others, either granted or rejected, but has kept it, which is a good sign. Next Saturday I intend to play the quartets in my own house, and have great pleasure in inviting you and your wife. My dear kind friend and brother, do not let my importunity deprive me of your friendship, and do not desert me. I rely entirely on you, and am ever your most grateful MOZART.

P. S. — I have now two pupils; I should like to have eight; so pray endeavor to make it known that I do not object to giving lessons.

In the July of this year Mozart arranged Handel's "Cecilia" and "Alexander's Feast" for You Swieten's musical performances in the great hall of the Imperial Court Library. In September the King of Naples came to

Vienna, and Mozart hoped that, at the festivities consequent on the marriage of the Archdukes Francis and Ferdinand with Neapolitan princesses, he might acquire both money and fame at court. But Leopold II. was not favorable to him; and while J. Haydn, Salieri, and even Weigl, and also Cavalieri, and the brothers Stadler, were all allowed to produce their works and performances to the best advantage, Mozart was not even desired to play at court. This made him resolve once more to seek for necessary aid from foreign countries, but as the coronation of the Emperor collected a vast multitude in Frankfort, he settled to go there first. As “Imperial Chamber Composer” he expected to be included among the court musicians appointed to attend the court festivities at the Emperor’s expense. But even this was denied him, so he pawned a portion of his silver plate, bought a carriage, and set off on the 24th of September. His brother-in-law Hofer, a violinist, whose circumstances were also not very flourishing, he took with him, in his usual kind-hearted way, that he might participate in the supposed advantages of the expedition.

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258. Frankfort-on-Maine, Sept. 29, 1790.

MY SWEET DARLING BELOVED WIFE, —

We are this moment arrived — one o’clock in the forenoon; so we have only been six days on the road. We might have made the journey even quicker if we had not rested a little on three different nights. We took up our quarters at the inn in the suburb of Sachsenhausen, delighted beyond measure to have secured a room. We do not yet know our destination, whether we shall remain together or be separated. If I am not offered a room somewhere *gratis*, and do not find the inns too dear, I shall certainly stay where I am. I hope you duly received my letter from Efferding; I could not write to you again on the journey, because we seldom halted anywhere, and then only to have a little rest. Our travelling was very agreeable, for we had fine weather, with the exception of one day, and even that day did not cause us any discomfort, for my carriage (to my great comfort) is first-rate. We had a capital dinner at Ratisbon, divine music, English cheer, and splendid Moselle. We breakfasted at Nürnberg, an ugly town. In Würzburg we refreshed our precious selves with coffee, — a grand fine city. The charges were everywhere very moderate, but at the third station from here the landlord thought fit to cheat us famously. I anxiously look forward to news of you, of your health, of our affairs, &c., &c. I am quite determined to do the best I can for myself here, and shall then be heartily glad to return to you. What a delightful life we shall lead! I will work, and work in such a manner that I may never | again be placed by unforeseen events in so distressing a position. I wish you, through Stadler, to get — to call on you about all this. His last intimation was that some one was willing to supply the money on Hofmeister’s sole signature [see No. 241] — 1000 florins down, and the rest in cloth. By this means all could be paid, and leave a surplus, and on my return I should have nothing to do but to work. By my

giving *carte blanche* to any friend of ours, the whole thing might be settled at once. Adieu! I send you a thousand kisses. Ever your — MOZART.

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259. Frankfort-on-Maine, Sept. 30, 1790.

MY BEST BELOVED WIFE, —

If I only had a letter from you, then all would be right. I hope you received mine from Efferding and Frankfort. In my last I told you to speak to — . I should feel more secure, and it would be more satisfactory to me to get 2000 florins on Hofmeister's signature. You must, however, make some pretext, — that I had, for instance, a speculation in my head, though you did not know what. My love, there is no doubt whatever that I shall make something here, but certainly not so much as you and some of my friends expect. That I am both known and respected here is undeniable; still — well, we shall see. I like, however, in every case to make sure; so I should be glad to close the affair with Hofmeister, as in that case I receive money instead of being obliged to pay it away, and shall hereafter be able to devote myself entirely to work, and that I shall willingly do from love for my darling wife.

Where do you think I am living? At Bohm's, in the same house, and Hofer too. We pay thirty florins a month, which is wonderfully cheap, and we also board with them. Whom do you think I met here? The girl who so often played at hide-and-seek with us in the Auge Gottes [Constanze's former residence: see No. 148]. I think her name was Buchner; she is now Madame Porsch, and is married for the second time. She requested me to send you very kind messages from her.

As I do not know whether you are in Baden or Vienna, I enclose this letter again to Madame Hofer. I am as happy as a child at the thoughts of returning to you. If people could see into my heart, I should almost feel ashamed — all there is cold, cold as ice. Were you with me, I should possibly take more pleasure in the kindness of those I meet here, but all seems to me so empty. Adieu, my love! I am ever your loving MOZART.

P. S. — While writing the last page, many a tear has fallen on it. But now let us be merry. Look! Swarms of kisses are flying about — quick! catch some! I have caught three, and delicious they are. You have still time to reply to this letter, but it is safer to address to me at Linz, Poste Pestante, as I am not yet certain whether I go to Ratisbon or not, for I can fix nothing at present. Write on the letter, “to be left till called for.” Adieu, my dearest sweetest wife! Be careful of your health, and do not go into the town on foot. Write to me how you like your new quarters. Adieu! I send you a million kisses.

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260. Munich, Nov, 1790.

MY OWN DARLING WIFE, —

It does vex me to think that I must wait till I get to Linz to hear from you. I must have patience. Without knowing precisely the length of one's stay in a place, it is impossible to make better arrangements. I intended (though I should have liked to remain longer with my old Mannheim friends) only to have been here for one day, and now I am obliged to remain till the 5th or 6th, the Elector having requested me to attend the concert he is to give to the King of Naples. This is really a distinction. It is highly to the honor of the court at Vienna that the King should hear me first in a foreign country! [July, 1790, he was not asked to play at court.] You can easily imagine how happy I have been with the Cannabichs, the worthy Ramm, Marchand, and Borchard, and how much, my love, we talked *about you*. I look forward with joy to our meeting, and I have a great deal to say to you. My idea is to make this same journey with you, my darling, towards the end of next summer, that you may try some other waters; besides, amusement, change of scene and air, and moving about will do you good, for it has agreed famously with me. I am delighted with this scheme, and so are all my friends.

Forgive my not writing as much as I could wish, but you cannot conceive the piece of work they make about me here. I must now be off to Cannabich's, where a concerto is to be tried over. Adieu, my darling wife! According to my calculation, I can receive no answer to this letter. Farewell, my own love! I send you a million of kisses, and am ever, till death, your loving MOZART.

P. S. — Grethel [Margarethe Marchand: see No. 162, &c.] has married Madlle. Lebrun's brother, so her name now is Madame Danzi. Borchard's Hannah [also a pupil of Leopold Mozart's] is now sixteen, and jalas!

disfigured by smallpox. What a pity! She is constantly speaking of you, and plays the piano very nicely.

Mozart returned from this journey also without, as he had hoped, his pockets full of money. A few weeks afterwards he saw with a heavy heart his most sincere friend among the artists, Joseph Haydn, leave Vienna, and it was fated that they never were to meet again. Salomon, who had engaged Haydn for his London concerts, made some preliminary arrangements with Mozart also, to the effect that after Haydirs return he should come to England on similar conditions, and in this year, the last of his life, we see our *maestro* busy beyond all conception, in order to satisfy the claims of every-day life, and also the demands of several of his friends. No year is so fruitful in compositions of the most important kind as this. It may suffice to name “Titus,” the “Flauto Magico,” and the “Requiem.” In the beginning of May he made a fresh attempt to obtain a permanent situation as Capellmeister of the Stephan Church, and in taking this step he was considerably influenced by his inclination for church music. The young assistant was indeed appointed, but the old Capellmeister survived his assistant of six-and-thirty.

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261. To the most worshipful magistrates of the city of Vienna.

Vienna, May, 1791.

MOST HONORED GENTLEMEN, —

When the Herr Capellmeister Hofmann was ill, I thought of taking the liberty to propose myself in his place, as my musical talents and works, as well as my skill in composition, are well known in foreign countries. My name is everywhere held in consideration, and having been some years ago appointed composer to this court, I thought I was not unworthy of the situation, and deserved the approbation of the enlightened magistrates of this city. Capellmeister Hofmann, however, entirely recovered his health, and wishing him, as I do from my heart, a long life, I still think it might be for the advantage of the servive in the Dom Kirche, and also meet the views of the respected gentlemen I now address, if I were to be appointed assistant to the aged Capellmeister, without any salary, that I may thus assist the worthy man in his office, and gain the approbation of the magistracy by my services, which, owing to my cultivated knowledge of church music, I am more capable of performing satisfactorily than many others.

Your obedient servant, WOLFGANG AMADE MOZART, Imperial Court Composer.

Shortly afterwards Constanze was again obliged to resort to Baden on account of her health. Mozart therefore wrote for good lodgings to his kind friend Joseph Stoll, schoolmaster and leader of the choir there, whom he often assisted by his compositions, and for whom he wrote the splendid *Ave verum*, on the 18th of June, during one of his wife’s visits.

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262.

MY DEAR STOLL! DON’T BE A MOLE, —

1st. I should like to know whether Stadler called on you yesterday to ask you for this mass, —

[of the year 1779: Kochel, No. 317]. If so, I hope to get it to-day; if not, I hope you will be so kind as to send it to me at once, — N. B., with all the parts, and I will soon send them back. 3d. I beg you will engage a small apartment for my wife; she only requires two rooms, or a bedroom and dressing-room. These must be on the ground floor. The rooms I should prefer are what Goldbahn had at the butcher’s. My wife is to arrive on Saturday, or Monday at latest. If you cannot get these, at all events see that her rooms are near the baths, and, above all, on the ground floor. The town actuary’s lodgings, where Herr von Alt lived, would do very well, but the butcher’s are preferable. 3d. I wish to know whether there is now a theatre at Baden. I beg for a speedy answer and information on these three points. My address is Rauhenstein Gasse, im Kaiserhaus No. 970, first floor.

P. S. — This is the most stupid letter I ever wrote in my life, but just the thing for you.

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263. June 6, 1791.

MA TRES-CHERE EPOUSE, —

J’écris cette lettre dans la petite chambre au Jardin chez Leitgeb [the Salzburg horn-player: see Nos. 46 and 194], où j’ai couché cette nuit excellement — et j’espère que ma chère épouse aura passé cette nuit aussi bien que moi. J’y passerai cette nuit aussi, puisque j’ai congédié Léonore, et je serai tout seul à la maison, ce que n’est pas agréable. J’attend avec beaucoup d’impatience une lettre que m’apprendra comme vous avez passé le jour d’hier; je tremble quand je pense au baigne de St. Antoine; car je crains toujours le risque de tomber sur l’escalier en sortant — et je me trouve entre l’espérance et la crainte — une situation bien desagréable! Si vous n’étiez pas grosse, je craignerais moins — mais abandonnons cette idée triste! — Le ciel aura eù certainement soin de ma chère Stanzi Marini!

Madame de Schwingenscha m’a priée de leur procurer une loge pour ce soir au Théâtre de Wieden, où l’on donnera la cinquième part d’Anlain, et j’étais si heureux de pouvoir les servir. J’aurai donc le plaisir de voir cette opéra dans leur compagnie.

I have this moment received your dear letter, and find that you are well and in good spirits. Madame Leitgeb tied my neckcloth for me today — but how? Good heavens! I told her repeatedly, “This is the way my wife does it,” but it was all in vain. I rejoice to hear that you have so good an appetite; you must walk a great deal, but I don’t like your taking such long walks without me. Pray do all I tell you, for it comes from my heart. Adieu, my darling, my only love! I send you 2999 kisses flying about in the air till you catch them. Adieu! Ever your MOZART.

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264. To Herr Puchberg.

June 25, 1791.

DEAREST AND BEST FRIEND AND BROTHER, —

Business prevented my having the pleasure of calling on you to-day. I have a request to make. My wife writes to me that she can see (although he has no right yet to demand it) that her landlord would be glad to receive some money for her lodgings as well as for her board, and she begs me to send her some. Supposing that it would be time enough to provide for this at the moment of her departure, I am not a little perplexed. I do not wish to expose my wife to anything at all disagreeable, and yet I must not leave myself entirely without money. If you, my dear friend, can supply me with a small sum to send to her immediately, you will exceedingly oblige me. I only require the loan for a few days, when you shall receive 2000 florins in my name, from which you can at once repay yourself. Ever your — MOZART.

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265. July 8, 1791.

MY DARLING SWEET WIFE, —

I have received your letter of the 7th, enclosing a proper acknowledgment of value received. For your better security I could have wished to see the signature of a witness to the paper, for if N. N. chose to he dishonest, he might any day prefer a claim against you for short weight or short measure; then you would have to pay him at once, which is not always convenient. The receipt merely sets forth that he has received *a box on the ear*, without specifying its character, its force, or its duration; and if he be a person inclined to quibble, he may proceed against you, and claim immediate payment of any balance still due to him. If I may tender my advice, I would say anticipate him in that, and give him at once a couple of sound ones, or three well-aimed, and one into the bargain, and a few more to follow if he should not declare himself satisfied. For I always say that kindness can do all things; generous and forbearing conduct has often reconciled the bitterest enemies! And if at this moment you are unable to pay the whole debt, still you have friends; and I do not doubt that if you apply for assistance to Madame N. she would undertake to pay part, if not the whole, for you!

Dearest wife, I hope you received my letter of yesterday. The time, the happy time of our meeting draws nearer. Have patience, and be as cheerful as possible. I felt quite depressed on reading your last letter, so much so that I almost resolved at once to drive out to see you, even before matters had been arranged here, but what good would that have done? I must only have driven straight back again, and instead of my mind being more easy I should have been in still greater anxiety. The affair must be concluded in the course of a few days. L. has solemnly and faithfully promised me this, and then I shall go straight to you. If you choose, however, I will send you

the money, when you can pay everything and rejoin me here; nothing I should like better. At the same time I do think that Baden in this fine weather must be very pleasant, and most beneficial to your health, having such charming walks there. But you are the best judge of this; if you find that the air and exercise are of service to you, then stay where you are, and I will come to fetch you, or remain a few days with you, if you wish it. But, as I have already said, if you like you can return here to-morrow. Write to me frankly which you prefer. Now farewell, dearest *Stanze Marini!* I send you a million of kisses, and am ever your — MOZART.

At this time Mozart was occupied with the composition of the "Flauto Magico," which he had undertaken this spring, from motives of friendship, *gratis*, for the benefit of the theatre director Schikaneder, who was in very reduced circumstances. He had at this time proceeded so far with it that he put it down in his catalogue as essentially completed, and the rehearsals from the score commenced. During this busy time he also received (certainly in a rather mysterious manner) the commission to compose a Requiem for the sum of 100 ducats, (some say 50,) which were shortly afterwards paid. He set to work at once with great ardor, not only to perform his promise to his wife by working hard to earn money, but also from his natural inclination for that style of composition, which was augmented by the circumstances of his life, but, above all, by his daily increasing tendency to gravity, fast growing into melancholy. But he was soon to be disturbed in his occupation, for in the middle of August the Bohemian Estates summoned him to the ceremony of the Emperor Leopold's coronation in their capital, and commissioned him to compose the festal opera of "La Clemenza di Tito" for the occasion. Mozart immediately set off with his wife, and even during the journey he went on writing this music, which was completed and rehearsed in nineteen days. He returned to Vienna the middle of September. It was in these days of hard

work at the “Flauto Magico,” (the Masonic text of which particularly interested him,) the principal airs being finished towards the end of September, that, in my opinion, the following note, which bears no date, was written. It is addressed to M. M. de Hofdämmel, *chez lui*, and is interesting owing to this name, more than from its contents; Hofdämmel being the name of an unfortunate lady, a pupil of Mozart’s, who was severely wounded with a razor in the throat and face by her husband in a fit of jealousy. The husband, after this murderous assault, committed suicide, and a slanderous rumor, which Jahn adopted in his work (iii. 175), indicated Mozart as the more or less guilty cause of this dreadful deed. Happily, Herr von Köchel’s zealous researches have succeeded in satisfactorily proving from the judicial proceedings, that Herr Hofdämmel did not commit suicide till the 10th of December, 1791, five days after Mozart’s death. O. Jahn has therefore, in the new edition of his work, 1863, No. 10, recalled, or rather rectified, the account previously given. Nothing whatever has been hitherto known as to Mozart’s connection with Herr Hofdämmel. The following note, now first given to the public, — the gentleman to whom it belongs having obligingly transmitted me a copy written on transparent paper, — only shows that these two were on intimate terms, and that Hofdämmel was about to become a Freemason, to which Mozart was evidently lending his assistance, as he so highly prized this order. The concluding words of the note can indeed refer to nothing else. The 100 ducats to which he alludes are no doubt the sum to be paid for “Titus,” for which the Bohemian Estates were liable; and probably Mozart was most unwilling again to apply to his friend Puchberg.

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266. To Here Hofdammel.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I take the liberty, without further preface, to ask you to do me a favor; if you can or will lend me 100 florins till the 20th of this month, you will exceedingly oblige me. On the 20th my quarter's salary falls due, when I shall be able to return your loan with thanks.

I relied too much on the receipt of 100 ducats (which I expected from another quarter), but not having yet received them, though daily hoping to do so, I have left myself no ready cash, and as I am in *immediate* want of money, I have recourse to you, being quite convinced of your friendship. We shall soon be able to call each other by a *better name*. Your affair is now near a close. — MOZART.

On the 28th of September Mozart finished the overture to the "Flauto Magico," and the fine march that forms the introduction to the second act. The first performance took place on the 80th of September, Mozart himself conducting at the piano. The representations of the opera, which daily increased in popularity, followed each other in rapid succession, of which Mozart informs his wife (who was again in Baden) with evident joy on the 14th of October.

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267. To his Wife.

Oct. 14, 1791.

Mr DARLING SWEET WIFE, —

Hofer drove with me yesterday to see our Carl [Mozart's eldest son, who was at school]. We dined there, and then drove home together. At six o'clock I called for Salieri and Cavalieri in the carriage, and took them to my box. (I then went quickly back to fetch mamma and Carl, whom we had left at Hofer's.) You can't conceive how polite both were, and how much pleased, not only with my music, but with the libretto, and in short with everything. They said this was a work worthy of being performed at the greatest festivities, and before the greatest monarchs, and that they would certainly go very often to hear it, as they had never seen a finer or a more charming opera. Salieri both listened and looked attentively at everything, and from the symphony to the last chorus there was not a single piece that did not call forth from him a *bravo!* or *hello!* It seemed as if they really could not thank me enough for the gratification I had procured them. They had intended at all events to have gone to the theatre yesterday. They must, however, have been in their places by four o'clock, and in my box they saw and heard everything quietly. After the theatre I sent them home in a carriage, while I supped at Hofer's with Carl; we drove home together afterwards, and both slept soundly. My taking Carl to the opera caused him no small joy. He looks so well; so far as health is concerned, he could not be in a better place, but all else is unluckily wretchedly bad. The education there may succeed in producing a good peasant; but — enough! As his serious studies (Heaven save the mark!) do not begin till Monday, I have begged to keep him till next Sunday after dinner. I said I thought you would like to see him. To-morrow (Sunday) I shall drive out with him to you,

when you can either keep him altogether, or I will take him back to Hecker's after dinner. Reflect on this. I think one month cannot do him much harm. In the mean time the plan with the Piarists can be carried out, and it is now in progress. At all events Carl is not worse, though not an atom better than he always was; he is as riotous as ever, chatters away as usual, and is even *less willing* to learn than before, because all he does at this school is to run about the garden for five hours in the forenoon, and the same after dinner. This he owned to me himself; in short, the children do nothing but eat and drink, sleep, and run about.

Leitgeb and Hofer are with me at this moment, and the former stays to dine with me; so I have just sent my faithful comrade Primus to order dinner from the Burgerspital. I am very much pleased with the fellow. He only once left me in the lurch, so that I was obliged to sleep at Hofer's, which I disliked because they do not rise early enough for me. I prefer being at home, because there I am accustomed to a regular routine, and this one occasion when I was away made me feel very much out of humor. Yesterday was wholly taken up with the expedition to Bernsdorf, so I could not write to you; but your not having written to me for two days is unpardonable. But to-day I hope certainly to hear from you, and to-morrow to see you myself, and to embrace you from my heart. Farewell! Ever your — MOZART.

I send Sophie [his youngest sister-in-law: see No. 180] many kisses. Do what you choose with N. N.

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268. To his Wife.

Saturday night, half-past 10 o’clock.

MY DARLING SWEET WIFE, —

On my return from the opera, to my great joy and delight, I found your letter. Although Saturday, being post-day, is never a good opera night, still mine was crowded this evening, and performed with the customary applause and encores. It is to be repeated to-morrow, but suspended on Monday; so Stoll [see No. 262] must manage to come on Tuesday, when it will be given for the *first time* again; I say for the *first time*, because it will probably be performed again a number of times in succession. I have just eaten a capital slice of hare, which *Dr*. Primus (my faithful valet) catered for me; and as my appetite is very good to-day, I sent him off again to try to get me something more, if possible, and I am writing to you meanwhile. Early this morning I set to work so busily [at the Requiem] that I did not stop till half-past one o’clock; so I went off in a great hurry to Hofer’s, (not wishing to dine quite alone,) where I met your mamma. Immediately after dinner I went home, and wrote again till it was time to go to the opera. Leitgeb asked me to take him, which I did. To-morrow your mamma is to go with me; Hofer has given her the libretto to read previously. We may well say of mamma that she *sees* the opera, but not that she *hears* it!

The N. N.’s had a box this evening, and heartily applauded everything; but he, the stupid booby, showed himself such a thorough Bavarian, that I could not stay with him, or I must have called him an ass to his face. Unluckily I was in their box when the second act began, with a very solemn scene. He laughed all through it. At first I had the patience to attract his attention to various passages, but he persisted in laughing. This was rather too much, so I called him Papageno, and took myself off; but I don’t believe

the thickheaded oaf understood the allusion. I went into another box where Hamm and his wife were. I had the greatest pleasure in being with them, and stayed there till the end. I went behind the scenes when Papageno's air accompanied by bells began, feeling such a strong impulse to play the bells myself for once. I played them a capital trick, for at Schikaneder's pause I made an arpeggio; he started, looked behind the scenes, and saw me. The second time the pause came, I did nothing, when he paused and would not proceed. I guessed his thoughts, and played a chord. He then struck the bells and said *Halt's Maul!* (hold your tongue!) which made everybody laugh. I believe it was owing to this joke that many learned for the first time that Schikaneder did not himself play the instrument. You cannot think what a charming effect the music has from a box close to the orchestra, far better than from the gallery; as soon as you return you must try this.

Sunday, 7 o'clock A. M. — I have slept as soundly as possible, and hope that you have done the same. I thoroughly enjoyed the half capon that friend Primus brought me. At ten o'clock I am going to hear mass at the monastery of the Piarists, because Leitgeb told me that I could then speak to the director [about Carl], and I shall also stay to dine there. Primus told me yesterday that a great many people were ill in Baden. Is this true? Be very careful not to expose yourself to this stormy weather. Now comes Primus with the tiresome news that the post-carriage drove off at seven o'clock this morning, and no other goes till the afternoon; so my writing late at night, and early in the morning, has been of no use. You cannot get this letter till to-night, which vexes me very much. I shall positively come to see you next Sunday, when we can all go together to the Casino, and home on Monday. Lechleitner was again at the opera; though no great connoisseur, he is at all events a real lover of music, and this N. N. is not. He is a mere *nonentity*, and much prefers a dinner. Farewell, my darling! I send you a million of kisses. Ever your — MOZART.

P. S. — Kiss Sophie from me. To Siesmag I send two good fillips on the nose, and a hearty pull at his hair. A thousand compliments to Stoll. Adieu! — “The hour strikes! Farewell! We shall meet again!”

These words, taken from the grand trio of the “Flauto Magico,” are the last written words of Mozart which have been preserved, or are known to exist. His wife soon returned to Vienna, but she was not destined long to enjoy the society of her husband. While working with eager zeal and haste at the completion of “Titus” when in Prague, Mozart, who so delighted in being with his friends, and was always so cheerful in that city, lived chiefly in seclusion. He looked pale, took medicine, and on taking leave of his friends told them, with tears in his eyes, that they should never meet again. On returning to Vienna, he worked incessantly at the completion of the “Flanto Magico”; and the various airs composed at that time indicate how grave was his strain of thought, and how exclusively devoted to high and lofty subjects. Not only did he imagine that his reputation had been damaged in Prague, where, being accustomed to the “Entführung,”

“Figaro,” and “Don Giovanni,” they did not receive “Titus” with such inordinate enthusiasm as his previous works, but there was a peculiar circumstance which tended to solemnize his mood, and still further to elevate his soul beyond the things of daily life, than had been the case with him for years. Thoughts of death incessantly haunted him. It is quite easy to comprehend how the delicate organization of an artist who works with such a strain on his thoughts as Mozart had done from his youth upwards, and more especially since his stay in Vienna, should gradually begin to lose its elasticity, and at last press heavily on the whole nervous system of such a man. Nissen relates, no doubt on Constanze’s authority, that Mozart, years before his decease, was harassed by thoughts of death.

Recently, too, a strange incident had occurred. The Requiem was ordered under such ambiguous circumstances that Mozart considered it to be a

mysterious warning of his own death. A tall messenger, dressed in sombre gray, asked him, without naming the person who sent the commission, whether he would undertake to write a mass for the dead, and when it would be finished. Mozart accepted the order, and was eagerly engaged in the work, but, owing to the composition of “Titus,” he was obliged to set off in haste to Prague, when the singular gray messenger suddenly appeared in the same mysterious way beside the carriage, at the moment when Mozart and his wife were setting off, and pulling Constanzens dress, he inquired about the fulfilment of Mozart’s promise. We indeed now know that this man dressed in gray was Leutgeb, the servant of Count Walsegg, who had spread such mystery over the affair, hoping himself to pass for the author of the work he wished to be composed in honor of the obsequies of his recently deceased wife. Mozart, however, who knew nothing of this, gave himself up entirely to the power of his imagination, and became more and more fascinated, not only by the sublime nature of his composition, but by the ideas engendered by the mystical requisition.

We learned from his own words how much he was absorbed in this his last composition. He constantly persevered in writing long after his dinner-hour, and even beyond the time for the opera. His friends assert that in those autumn weeks, whenever they saw him, he was most deeply engaged, sitting working hard at his writing-table, and he even declined giving lessons to a lady, the acquaintance of his particular friend Jacquin. He wrote the greater part of the work in the garden of his pupil Frau von Trattner, in the Laimgrube. As soon, however, as a number of his opera was finished, he sang it through at home with his friends, playing the instrumental part on the piano. The moment Constanze returned from Baden, she saw with alarm that her husband’s health was beginning to decline, and, in the hope of diverting his mind, she one day drove with him to the Prater. But Mozart, who for some months past had been passing his time chiefly in quiet and

thought, soon became very melancholy. He began to speak of death, and when his wife strove to dissuade him from such gloomy thoughts, he said, with tears in his eyes, “No, no! my presentiments are too strong; I feel I cannot last long; no doubt some one has given me poison. I cannot get rid of this thought.” Constanze, alarmed to the uttermost, immediately called in their intimate friend and physician Dr. Closset, who at once prescribed a complete cessation of the strain of work as absolutely necessary. Mozart had been hitherto day and night brooding over the completion of the Requiem, and not unfrequently fallen back in his chair in a swoon. He no longer sought to deny his conviction that he was writing the Requiem for himself, and could not be persuaded to give up this idea, constantly recurring to the singular appearance of the person who gave him the order; and when those around him endeavored to make him banish such thoughts, he remained silent — but unconvinced.

The short rest from his labors which Constanze effected, invigorated so much the failing health of the invalid *maestro*, that soon afterwards he again asked for his score, and in addition wrote at this very time a Masonic cantata, “Das Lob der Freundschaft,” which he conducted himself on the 15th of November, at a festival of the Masonic Lodge to which he belonged. Soon, however, the renewed strain of work brought on a return of his illness. Towards the end of this month he came one evening into the “Silberne Schlange” in the Karntliner Strasse, which he was in the habit of frequenting; he looked very pale, and shivered violently; so after staying only a few minutes he offered his wine to the landlord, Joseph Deiner, with whom he often conversed, saying, “Drink this, and call on me to-morrow: winter is come, and we require firewood.” But when Deiner went there next day he found Mozart in bed, and the maid told him that her master had become so much worse during the night, that they had been obliged to send for the doctor. When Mozart heard Deiner’s voice, he sent for him, and said

in a feeble voice, “Joseph, we can do nothing to-day but submit to doctors and apothecaries.”

From that day he never left his bed. His hands and feet soon began to swell, and violent sickness came on. His faithful nurse, besides Constanze, was her young sister Sophie, who afterwards became Frau Haibel. To her we owe an account of these last weeks, of which she gives us the most graphic description. She wrote it in the year 1825, at the request of her brother-in-law Nissen; and with it we shall bring this work to a close.

“When Mozart was taken ill, not knowing how serious the attack was, we made him a wadded dressing-gown, that when he rose he might be well defended from cold. We visited him constantly; he seemed to take great pleasure in the dressinggown. I went every day to town to see him [he lived at that time in the Rauhenstein Gasse], and one Saturday when I was there Mozart said to me, ‘Now, dear Sophie, tell your mamma that I am going on very well, and that I shall be able to pay her a visit during the octave of her name-day [St. Cecilia, November 22] to congratulate her.’ Who could be happier than I was at bringing such joyful news to my mother, — news which indeed she could scarcely have expected? I therefore hurried to tranquillize her, as he really did seem to me better and more cheerful.

“The next day was Sunday. I was still young, and, I own, vain, and fond of being gayly dressed, but still I never liked when I wore any finery to go on foot from the suburbs [they lived auf der Wieden] to the town, and to drive there cost money; so I said to our good mother, ‘Dear mamma, Mozart was so well yesterday that I shall not go to see him to-day; no doubt he is even better to-day, and one day more or less can make no great difference;’ on which she said, ‘Make me a cup of coffee, and then I will tell you what to do.’ She seemed rather disposed to leave me at home. So I went into the kitchen. The fire was out, so I struck a light to make it up again; but Mozart was never out of my thoughts. My coffee was ready, and the light still

burning. I now fixed my eyes steadily on my candle, and thought ‘I should like to know how Mozart is,’ and as I was thinking of this and gazing at the light, it suddenly went out as completely as if it had never been burning; not a spark was to be seen lingering in the thick wick, and I am quite positive that nowhere was there the slightest current of air. I could not help shuddering; so I ran to my mother and told her about it. She said, ‘Well, dress quickly, and go to the town, but bring me back word immediately how he is; be sure you don’t stay long.’

“I made all the haste I could. Good God! how shocked I was when my sister, almost in desperation, and yet striving to control her grief, hurried to meet me, saying, ‘Thank God! Sophie, you are come. He was so bad during the night, that I scarcely expected him to live till daybreak. Stay with me to-day, I beg, for if he has another such attack he must die this night. Go to him, and see how he is.’ I tried to compose myself, and went up to his bedside, when he instantly exclaimed, ‘Oh! my dear Sophie, it is well that you are come, and you must stay to-night; you must see me die.’ I strove to control my feelings, and to dissuade him from such thoughts; but to all I could say he only replied, ‘I have the taste of death on my tongue, I smell the grave; and who can comfort my Constanze if you don’t stay here?’—‘Yes, dear Mozart, but I must first go to my mother to say that you wish me to remain with you to-day, or she will think some misfortune has happened.’

‘Yes, do so then, but come back soon.’

“Good heavens! what were my feelings! My poor sister followed me to the door, begging me for God’s sake to go to the priests at St. Peter’s, and ask one of them to call as if by chance. This I accordingly did, but they hesitated for some time, and I had great difficulty in persuading one of these unchristian fathers to do as I wished. I then went with all speed to my mother, so anxiously expecting me. It was by this time quite dark. How shocked my poor mother was! I persuaded her to go for the night to the

eldest daughter of the late Hofer, and ran back as quick as I could to my inconsolable sister.

“I found Süssmayr [a pupil of Mozart’s] sitting by Mozart’s bed. The well-known Requiem was lying on the coverlet, and Mozart was explaining to Süssmayr the mode in which he wished him to complete it after his death. He further charged his wife to keep his death secret until she had informed Albrechtsberger of it, for the situation [that of assistant at the Stephan Church] ought to be his before God and the world. Closset, the doctor, was long sought in vain, and was at length found in the theatre, but he waited till the end of the piece. He then came and ordered *cold* applications on Mozart’s burning head, which gave him such a shock that he died without recovering consciousness.

“The last movement of his lips was an endeavor to indicate where the kettledrums should he used in his Requiem. I think I still hear the sound.

“Müller came immediately from the Cabinet of Arts, and took a plaster cast of the pale dead face. No words of mine, my dear brother, can describe to you the boundless despair with which his faithful wife threw herself on her knees, imploring the support of the Almighty. She could not be induced to leave the body, in spite of my fervent entreaties. If her agony of grief could have been aggravated, it would have been so by the crowds who, on the day following this dreadful night, passed the house weeping and lamenting Mozart.”

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WHEN the doctor arrived late at night, he told Süssmayr confidentially that all hope was at an end. Towards midnight Mozart started up, his eyes fixed; his head then gently sank back, and he seemed to fall asleep; at one o’clock in the morning he was dead.

His death, after following him step by step through life, causes a shock for the moment; but he had so long been prepared for the event, that it forms only a fitting close for his pure and admirable life, and thus should give rise to no depressing feelings. Mozart had finished his course; whether inflammation of the brain, according to one physician, or fever, or water on the chest, according to others, his illness was only the slight impetus given to the stone precipitated from the summit of some lofty tower, which falls by the force of its own weight. The powers of Mozart’s life were exhausted, and if this cause had not proved fatal, some other would soon have done so.

Very little information is to be gathered as to subsequent events. Mozart died on the 5th of November, 1791. His faithful servant early the same morning performed the last offices for his dead master. The corpse was clothed in the black dress of the Masonic Brotherhood, and laid on a bier which was placed in his study beside his piano. He, who had so often brought forth living tones from this small instrument, was now still and silent. Constanze, who was very ill and quite brokenhearted, stretched herself on her husband’s bed, in the hope of being attacked by the same malady, and dying with him. Baron von Swieten endeavored to console her, and succeeded at last in prevailing on her to leave the house of mourning, to stay with some kind friends. He then took charge of the interment. The circumstances of the widow being so straitened, (the whole inheritance consisting of sixty florins in cash, and the collection of books and music, valued at twenty-three florins, forty-one kreutzers,) You Swieten strove to

regulate the funeral as economically as possible. It never seemed to occur to the rich man, who had so often profited by Mozart's artistic powers, the aristocratic patron, who had reaped so much pleasure from the charming society of the deceased, that it might well have been his privilege to undertake not only the management, but the cost of a funeral for the great artist.

On the afternoon of the following day, the benediction was pronounced over the corpse in the Church of St. Stephen. This ceremony took place in the Chapel of the Cross, where the pulpit of St. Capistrano now stands, (a monument erected to him.) It was a rough stormy December day, with alternate showers of snow and rain, when Mozart's body was carried out of the cathedral. The few friends whose warm enthusiasm for the *maestro* overcame their dread of the weather, stood round the coffin sheltered by umbrellas. They then followed it along the "grosse Schulerstrasse." But they too, at the Stuben Gasse, forsook the procession, which proceeded to the churchyard of St. Marx. Thus it occurred that not a single friend among the numbers on whom he had conferred so much enjoyment during his life, now stood beside his grave. His worldly position was neither high nor brilliant, which alone insures worldly honors to the dead. He who had lived so much for others, was not even permitted to possess a grave of his own. Out of economy, a place had been purchased for him in a spot common to many, in which usually from fifteen to twenty coffins were deposited, and regularly exhumed every ten years to make room for others.

His faithful servant, whose best services attended him to the last, was present at the benediction of his master's remains. You Swieten and Salieri were also there. Süssmayr, the good and true Abt Stadler, Capellmeister Roser, and the violoncellist Orsler, even followed the bier. Schikaneder, Stadler (the clarionet-player), and many others, who during the master's life had contrived to keep up a close intimacy with him, now held themselves

aloof, and it was his attached servant alone who thought of asking Constanze whether a cross should not be erected over the grave. Her reply was, that this was sure to be done, concluding that the parish where the benediction took place would also supply a cross. But subsequently, when she recovered, and, her first burst of grief being over, she visited the churchyard with her friends, there was a new sexton there who could not point out the grave! All research was vain, and no efforts have, even to this day, discovered the spot where Mozart lies.

But let us turn our eyes from this picture, which is not that of Mozart to us. His true image is that of light and life, not gloomy visions. He shared the fate of mortality with the most insignificant of mortals, — nay, even less was his: his obsequies were attended by no worldly pomp; not even *one* sympathizing friend was there, and his last resting-place is unknown. But few share with him the mighty prerogative, that his renown does not depend on such things, — that it has shed its radiance over the wide world, like the light diffused by the blessed sun. Not without just cause do we employ this image, — for light is indeed reflected with singular brightness from his life and from his works. The existence of few men has been so luminous as that of Mozart. He passed through the ranks of the earthborn like a god of light from whose head emanate brilliant rays, everywhere disseminating gladness, light, and warmth. Others may have enjoyed a far greater portion of earthly happiness, though his path had its brightness too, but his was a far purer bliss. Even in the first bloom of his youth soaring above all earthly pleasures and pains, he thus early drew near the brighter light.

Constanze did not long suffer from her burden of sorrow and care; for though there were slanderers enough ready to exaggerate the debts of the deceased master into vast proportions, the Emperor himself heard the truth from the widow, and, with a noble sense of justice, granted her at once a small pension. He also interested himself in a concert that Constanze gave

at his instigation, and in so generous a manner, that she was enabled at once to pay all her husband's debts, which amounted to 3000 gulden, (about 300l.) Soon afterwards concerts were given in various places, in order apparently to compensate the widow for the neglect shown to the deceased *maestro.* But her anxieties were not entirely relieved till the year 1809, when she married the Danish councillor Nissen, who undertook the education of her two sons.

From this period, too, the memory of her lamented husband (whom all the world had in the mean time learned to revere as one of the greatest musicians) was renovated more vividly in her heart, inspiring a feeling of pride which hitherto the remembrance of the incapacity of the great man to provide an adequate subsistence for his family had in some degree subdued. She therefore now began to think that it would be well worth while to furnish the particulars of his life for posterity. Nissen industriously collected every reliable information which could contribute to form faithful outlines for a portrait of the *maestro,* and a glorious likeness emerged from the chaos of false or distorted traditions.

He was a man whose mission in this world seems to have been entirely fulfilled, to whom it was given to link together the godlike with humanity, the mortal with the immortal, — a man whose footprints not all the storms of time can ever efface, — a man who, amid all his lofty aims, esteemed the loftiest of all to be the elevation of humanity.

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Bertramka, a villa in Prague, where Mozart likely stayed during his second visit in October and November 1787. The building now functions as a museum dedicated to the life and works of the great composer.

The Life of Mozart by Otto Jahn

Translated by Pauline D. Townsend

Otto Jahn (1813-1869) was a German archaeologist, philologist and writer on art and music. Following the completion of his university studies at the University of Leipzig and Humboldt University in Berlin, Jahn travelled for three years in France and Italy. In Rome, he was greatly influenced by the work of August Emil Braun (1809-1856). By 1842 he was professor-extraordinary of archaeology and philology at the University of Greifswald. However, he was dismissed from the university in 1851 for his part in the political movements of 1848-1849. In 1855 he was appointed professor of the science of antiquity and director of the academic art museum at Bonn. His biography of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart appeared in 1856, celebrating the centenary of the composer’s birth. The text is admired for its scholarly approach, which was at the time novel for a Mozart biography.

Otto Jahn (1813-1869)

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Portrait of Mozart by an unknown artist, c. 1788

VOLUME I.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been asked to say a few words by way of welcome to the translation of Jahn's Life of Mozart, and I do so with pleasure. The book has been long familiar to me, and I regard its appearance in an English dress as an event in our musical history. It will be a great boon to students and lovers of music, and it shows how much the study of music has advanced among us when so large and serious a work is sufficiently appreciated to repay the heavy expense attendant on its translation and publication. The book itself is what the Germans call an "epoch-making work." The old biographies of musicians, such as Forkel's Life of Bach (1802) and Dies's of Haydn (1810), are pleasant gossipy accounts of the outward life of the composers; but they concern themselves mainly with the exterior both of the man and his productions, and there is a sort of tacit understanding throughout that if the reader is a professional musician he will know all about the music, if he is an amateur it is altogether out of his reach. Characteristic traits and anecdotes there are in plenty, but as to how the music was made or came into being, what connection existed between it and the circumstances or surroundings of the composer, what relation it had to that of his predecessors or contemporaries, how far the art was advanced by the labours of this particular composer or player — all that is outside the province of the book. Schindler's Life of Beethoven (Münster, 1840 — a much smaller book than it afterwards became) was hardly more than this, and in addition is so deformed by want of method and by faults of style as to be very uninviting to the reader. A step in the right direction was taken in Moscheles' English translation (or rather adaptation) of Schindler (1841). Moscheles' residence in London had shown him that there was even then a public outside the professional musician to whom such works would be interesting, and he accordingly took pains, by inserting musical examples

and other means, to make his edition attractive to this class. But the inherent defects of the original work prevented more than a moderate success.

The first real attempt at a biography of a composer that should interest all classes was the work of an Englishman. Edward Holmes was not only a musician, but a cultivated man with a good literary style, and his Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence (1845), was very nearly all that such a book should be. It was derived from original sources, it was full and yet condensed, it blended admirably the portrait of the man with the portrait of the musician, it contained for that time a considerable amount of musical illustrations, and lists of the works; and in addition to this it was written in a style attractive to the amateur, and even to the ordinary reader. It was largely read, and has long since been out of print. More than this, it extorted praise from a German writer, and that a German should praise any English work on a musical subject is indeed an event. The terms of warm commendation in which Jahn mentions it in his introduction are in striking contrast to those which he employs over some other German works. He calls it an “interesting and readable biography,” “a trustworthy and, as far as was then possible, exhaustive account... the most trustworthy and serviceable that could be produced by skilful use of the materials generally accessible” (pp. ix., x.). In fact, it has been said with truth that whole pages may be found in which the two works are so closely alike that the one might be thought to be a translation of the other, the probability being that both Holmes and Jahn were borrowing from the same sources.

Jahn himself enjoyed even higher advantages for his task than Holmes had done. He was not only a thorough practical musician, a careful and sympathetic critic, and a learned musical bibliographer, but he was a skilled *littérateur*; an adept in philology and archaeology and in the history of art and literature; the author of many original works on these subjects, and of innumerable editions of the classics, ancient and modern; and imbued with

the true spirit of patient investigation and accurate research. His position, and the esteem in which he was held throughout Germany, gave him command of all the materials necessary for his work, even of the most private kind. How he entered on his task, with what true modesty and determination he pursued it, from its first suggestion, during the funeral of Mendelssohn in 1847, down to its completion in 1855, may be seen from his own interesting and characteristic introduction (pp. i.-xxiv), as well as the pains which he took to revise his work for the second edition, twelve years later, and utilise the additional information acquired in the interval (pp. xxv.-xxviii.).

The book which is the result of this combination of toil, intelligence, ability, knowledge, and affectionate devotion, could only have been successful by the addition to these qualities of a remarkable amount of literary tact and skill. The plan of the work is one which few English authors could by any possibility adopt. It is immense; at first sight its plan is bewildering. The book is not a Life of Mozart so much as an Encyclopaedia of musical art and biography. It opens with a minute account of Mozart's father, and of his method and his works, amounting to sixteen pages. Not only have we the narrative of the life of Mozart himself from his cradle to his grave in the smallest particulars, with a detailed examination of each work-in the case of the operas, both text and music, amounting in single operas to forty, fifty, and even ninety pages — but we have the history of the rise and progress of each branch of music that Mozart touched — and he touched them all — up to the date of his life. Witness the long notices of the Opera, the Oratorio, and Church music, and the chapter on Instrumental music in Vol. I.; the account of the French Opera, and of Lully, Rameau, Gluck, and Piccinni, in Vol. II. We have also full accounts of the social and musical condition of the various cities visited by Mozart, such as Paris, Mannheim, Salzburg, Munich, and Vienna; and biographical notices, longer

or shorter, of every person with whom Mozart came into contact, or whom his biographer has occasion to mention.

Such a work may well be called an Encyclopaedia; and to have steered through this ocean of material as Jahn has done, never losing the thread of the narrative, and maintaining the interest in the hero throughout, implies no ordinary tact and skill; for the book is remarkably readable, and there are few pages which are not enlivened by some anecdote or lifelike touch. Nor is it less remarkable for accuracy than for the other qualities already mentioned. The writer has used it constantly for many years, and has never yet discovered a mistake of any moment. Perhaps it would have been better if the secondary treatises of which we have spoken had been relegated to Appendixes; but this is directly opposed to the German method, and we must accept the work as we have it. There are indeed already nineteen Appendixes to the original work, as follows i. Family documents. 2. Marianne Mozart. 3. Testimonials, eulogistic poems, articles, &c. 4. Dedications. 5. Mozart's letters on his journeys. 6. Text of his church music. 7. Arrangements and adaptations of ditto. 8. His cousins. 9. Mozart as a comic poet. 10. Mozart and Vogler. 11. A letter of Leopold Mozart's. 12. Mozart's letters on the death of his mother. 13. The choruses for "King Thamos." 14. The text of "Idomeneo." 15. Alterations in that opera. 16. Mozart's letters to his wife. 17. The Requiem. 18. Mozart's residences in Vienna. 19. Portraits. Of these it has been considered necessary to retain only Nos. 2, 7, and 19, which form Appendixes 1, 2, and 3 of the present edition. Another has been added: namely, a classified list of the whole of his works, according to the complete edition now in course of publication, with the references to the invaluable Catalogue of Köchel. With these exceptions the English translation is exactly in accordance with the German original.

A word of special praise is due to Miss Townsend, the translator, who has performed her laborious task with great accuracy and intelligence, and has established an additional claim on the gratitude of the student by her exhaustive Index, in which the original work is very deficient.

The new branch of musical literature, founded by Holmes and Jahn, already shows some considerable monuments. Passing by the voluminous and accurate thematic catalogues of Mozart by the Ritter von Köchel (1862), of Weber by Jahns (1871), and of Beethoven and Schubert by Nottebohm (1868 and 1874), works which properly belong to a separate department of the subject — we already possess the Life of Handel by Chrysander (vol. i., 1858; II., 1860; III., 1867), that of Beethoven by A. W. Thayer (vol. i., 1866; II., 1872; III., 1879), that of Haydn by C. F. Pohl (vol. i., 1875; II., 1882) — all three still in progress — and that of Bach by Spitta (vol. i., 1873; II., 1880). But these laborious and conscientious works, while they rival and even surpass Jahn in their wide range and the manner in which they embalm every minute particular relating to the subject, are far behind him in lucidity, and in the ease with which he handles his vast materials. In these respects, as might be expected from his literary position, Otto Jahn stands hitherto quite alone.

GEORGE GROVE.

February 23, 1882.

INTRODUCTION.

To Professor Gustav Hartenstein.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have little doubt that the afternoon of November 7, 1847, is as fresh in your memory as in my own. We had assembled in the Johan-niskirche to accompany the remains of Mendelssohn on their last sad journey, and by chance (for I had not been long in Leipzig, and my acquaintance with you was slight) we walked side by side in the long line of mourners. From grief at the early loss of a master, whose cultivation, self-discipline, and endeavours after the good and the beautiful had exercised a truly beneficial influence over the art of our age, our grave talk turned to the more particular consideration of music in itself, and to the great masters of the past! This led us to the interchange of many ideas, and to a conviction of our unanimity of principle and sentiment on most subjects. Thus, for instance, we coincided in our experience that at a certain period of our mental development Mozart’s music had seemed cold and unintelligible to our restless spirits, ever soaring into the unknown, and incapable of appreciating a master whose passions in their workings are not laid bare to view, but who offers us perfect beauty victorious over turbulence and impurity. Turning to him again in later years, we are amazed alike at the wondrous wealth of his art, and at our former insensibility to it. For my own part, I confided to you how, after severe illness, which had debarred me from music for many years, it was Mozart who first gave me courage and interest to turn to it again. We agreed, also, that minds which are able to receive and appreciate art for its own sake, must yield themselves captive to Mozart, but without sacrificing their freedom to recognise all that is grand and beautiful elsewhere.

This conversation was the beginning of a more constant intercourse, leading to a friendship founded on such close agreement of principle in all matters of importance as to render it indissoluble: I have ever since, in joy or sorrow, been assured of your hearty sympathy and support.

I should be perfectly justified in offering you this book as a testimony of my love and gratitude, even if its contents concerned you less. But music has ever played so important a part in our intercourse, whether I sat beside you at the piano, or stood behind your chair, or we wandered into talk; so great a share in the book belongs to you, who have ever urged me forward with the work, sometimes (I may acknowledge it now) even unmercifully, that I can offer it in its completed form to none with more pleasure and confidence than to yourself.

And now you must give me leave to lay before you much that is on my mind concerning it. Let me imagine that I have come as of old to you and your wife for comfort and encouragement, and prepare for a long talk.

You are aware, my dear friend, how this biography originated, and how it has gradually increased to an extent which has alarmed even myself. Occupied at first only with the biography of Beethoven, I soon saw that it would be impossible to do full justice to his great and original creations without a clear survey of the life and works of Mozart, the pioneer of the musical future, as whose natural heir Beethoven attained his pre-eminent position in the history of music. The exposition would have been too comprehensive for an introduction, and I determined to arrange the ill-digested and unreadable mass of biographical material which Nissen had collected into a readable treatise on the life of Mozart, to serve as a foundation for the observations which I meant to deduce therefrom. With this end in view, I gradually amassed so large a store of materials for the story of his life and the appreciation of his works, that there rose before me the duty of erecting a new structure upon a new foundation. But before I

proceed to specify the sources whence I have drawn my materials, allow me to glance over all the biographies of Mozart hitherto published, so far as they are known to me.

Soon after Mozart's death there appeared a biographical article upon him in Schlichtegrolls Nekrolog for 1791. This is precise and trustworthy so far as it relates to the period of his childhood, and rests on the testimony of his sister; but the notices of his later years are superficial; and the judgment passed upon him as a man rests upon a preconceived and unfavourable opinion which then prevailed in Vienna partly on professional grounds, and which took such deep root that even at the present day I know not if I shall succeed in establishing the truth. It was not surprising that Mozart's widow, in order to stop the circulation of such injurious representations, should buy up an impression of this article which appeared under the title of Mozart's Life (Jos. Georg Hubeck: Gratz, 1794).

A biography which appeared the same year in Sonnleithner's Vienna Theater-Almanach (p. 94) is only an abridgment of the article in the Nekrolog; and a French translation was made by Beyle, under the *noms de plume* of Bombet and Stendhal, as "Lettres sur Haydn suivies d'une vie de Mozart" (Paris, 1814). An English translation of the article appeared in London, 1817, and a revised French version in Paris, 1817.

A "Life of the Imperial Kapellmeister Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart, compiled from original sources by Franz Niemet-schek" (Prague, 1798), is founded partly on communications by the family, especially the widow, partly on personal acquaintance with Mozart: I have made use of the second edition of this work (1808). Unfortunately it does not enter into details so much as might be wished, particularly in its later portions; but all that this excellent, well-informed, and devoted friend records of Mozart is trustworthy and accurate.

Something more was to be expected from Friedrich Rochlitz, who busied himself for a considerable time in writing a biography of Mozart. He had become acquainted with him during his stay in Leipzig in 1789, and moving much in musical circles with Doles and Hiller, he was so charmed with the genius and amiability of the master, that he even then carefully noted whatever appeared remarkable in their interviews.

When he afterwards proposed to prepare a life of Mozart, both the widow and the sister supplied him with anecdotes and traits of character, and the widow further (as I gather from their letters) allowed him to make use of Mozart's correspondence.

Some of the anecdotes and particulars supplied by the widow and sister or resulting from his own observation were published in the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" (A.M.Z., Vol. I., pp. 17,49,81,113,145,177,480; Vol. II., pp. 450, 493, 590), and Rochlitz often alluded in later issues to his acquaintance with Mozart; but there it remained, and I have failed to discover why he abandoned his idea of a biography. When Nissen's biography appeared he complained that he had not been called into counsel by Mosel, and was of opinion that "the widow must have changed very much in her old age, if she was not proved to have acted shabbily in this affair" (Vienna, A.M.Z., 1848, p. 209). I set on foot investigations as to whether Rochlitz had left behind any records or communications which, springing from now exhausted sources, might be of service to me in my work. This led to a discovery which, painful as it is to me to cast a slur on the memory of an otherwise deserving man, I must yet, in the interests of truth, reveal; I could not fail to observe that those particulars of Mozart's life which Rochlitz gives as the result of his own observation or as narrated to him by Mozart, are peculiar to himself in form and colouring, and that many of the circumstances which he relates with absolute certainty are manifestly untrue. I sought to account for these facts as slips of memory or

the result of that kind of self-deception which confounds a logical inference with a fact springing from it. But my search led to the further discovery of a parallel (also printed in the A.M.Z.) between Mozart and Raphael, giving a detailed account of the circumstances of Mozart's marriage, and with express reference to Mozart's own narrative of the affair which Rochlitz was supposed to have written down the same night. Now for the period which is here treated of, that is, between 1780 and 1783, Mozart's entire correspondence is preserved, and any error upon essential points is, as you will readily grant, impossible. All the statements of Rochlitz as to time, place, persons, and events are completely false. You will remember my consternation at this unwelcome discovery; no poetical license could account for it; unpleasant as it is, I consider it my duty to expose the affair, partly that it may teach caution, and partly that tedious and vexatious discussion may be avoided, should the narrative in question ever be printed.

These anecdotes from the A.M.Z., together with the information of Schlichtegroll and Niemetschek have formed the chief material for the more or less complete accounts of Mozart which afterwards appeared; what was added consisted partly of anecdotes, generally badly authenticated and often ill-turned, such as gain currency among artists, and partly of phrases, or turns of speech which, as Zelter says, every one makes for himself. I must not spare you the enumeration of some of the works of this class.

Cramer's "Anecdotes sur Mozart" (Paris, 1801), is a mere translation of the anecdotes; some of them, together with a general account, are also given by J. B. A. Suard,

"Anecdotes sur Mozart," in his "Mélanges de Littérature", (Paris, 1804), Vol. II., p. 337, as well as by Guattani, in the "Memorie Enciclopediche Romane" (Rome, 1806) Vol. I., pp. 107, 134. A work of more pretension is "Mozarts Geist. Seine kurze Biographie und äthetische Darstellung seiner Werke. Ein Bildungsbuch für junge Tonkünstler" (Erfurt, 1803). Zelter

asked Goethe to tell him who was the author of this “short biography half dedicated to Goethe,” which was “neither short nor aesthetic, nor a good likeness of the man,” and was not a little surprised to learn that Goethe knew nothing either of the work or its author (“Correspondence,” Vol. I., pp. 56, 67,65). It was, however, by J. E. F. Arnold, of Erfurt, whose subsequent publication, “Mozart und Haydn. Versuch einer Parallele” (Erfurt, 1810), was scarcely calculated to draw a more favourable expression of opinion from Zelter.

Of no greater intrinsic value are Hormayr’s statements: in the “Austrian Plutarch” (VII., 2, 15; Vienna, 1807), or Lichtenthal’s “Cenni biografici intorno al celebre Maestro Wolfgango Amadeo Mozart” (Milan, 1816). I have not been able to procure the “Elogio’ storico di Mozart del Conte Schizzi” (Cremona, 1817). The articles in Gerber’s “Tonkünstlerlexicon” are carefully compiled, but not complete; and “Mozarts Biographie,” by J. A. Schlosser (Prague, 1828; third edition, 1844), is a compilation altogether wanting in judgment.

An unsuspected wealth of fresh resources was brought to light by the “Biographie W. A. Mozarts,” by G. N. v. Nissen. Leipzig, 1828 (with an appendix). In order to estimate this book justly, and to make a right use of it, it is necessary to ascertain how and whence it proceeded, a task of considerably more difficulty than merely mocking and railing at it.

Nissen, who came to Vienna, after Mozart’s death, as a Danish diplomatist, became acquainted with his widow, and interested himself in her unprotected condition. He had a great turn for business matters, and was fond of arranging papers, writing letters, and even copying, without understanding what it was that he was occupied about. He therefore willingly undertook to put Mozart’s effects in order, to assist the widow in all her business arrangements, and to carry on her correspondence. A long series of letters which he wrote in her name show him to have been a well-

meaning, sensible man, somewhat over-circumstantial in his style of writing. After his marriage with Mozart's widow he felt it his duty to labour with the same conscientious care for his memory as he had formerly done for his property, and he employed the leisure of his remaining years, which were spent at Salzburg, in carrying out this design.

We ought to own ourselves deeply indebted to him, for without his care the most important documents and traditions would have been hopelessly lost. Mozart's sister was then living at Salzburg; her recollections, and those of his wife, afforded an abundance of characteristic traits, and the carefully preserved papers and family correspondence, were a rich mine of authentic documents.

Besides a number of separate deeds, letters, and memoranda, he had at his disposal: Leopold Mozart's letters to Hagenauer during the journey to Vienna (September, 1762, to January, 1763); during the great journey (from June, 1763, to November, 1766); during the Vienna journey (September, 1767, to December, 1768); letters both of the father and son to their family during the Italian journey (December, 1769, to March, 1771; from August 13, 1771, to December, 1771; from October, 1772, to March, 1773); from Vienna (July, 1773, to September, 1773); from Munich (December, 1774, to March, 1775); Wolfgang's and his mother's letters home, together with the answers of Leopold and his daughter during the journey to Paris (September, 1777, to January, 1779); Wolfgang's correspondence with his father and sister during his journey to Munich and residence in Vienna. Wolfgang's letters come down to 1784, his father's to 1781.

Nissen possessed both the industry and the goodwill to turn these treasures to account; unhappily these qualities do not suffice for such an undertaking. Not to mention that he has no idea of adaptation or of description, he had neither taste nor cultivation in music, nor tact to

distinguish what was trivial from what was important; nor was he capable of accurately conveying an idea. Having had at my service a portion of the documents made use of by him, I have been able to check him, and to form an idea of his mode of proceeding. He is never dishonest, never alters with intent to deceive; but he deals with his documents in the most summary manner possible. He seldom gives them entire, but only so much of them as he considers of interest. Unfortunately he is no judge either of what is musically important nor psychologically interesting, and thus his selection is often singularly unhappy. He was influenced, too, by consideration for distinguished living personages, and by the prejudices of his wife, who naturally wished many family circumstances to remain untouched; his sins, however, are always those of omission. But silence, by obscuring the connection of events, and by concealing the motives of actions, may be as prejudicial as actual misstatement to historical accuracy, and the sufferer by a too tender consideration for the feelings of others is invariably the person whose character it is attempted to depict. Fortunately, for the most important years of Mozart's life from 1777 onwards, I have been able myself to make use of the family correspondence; you will see what a different conception I have thereby been enabled to form of this period. It is of less importance, but nevertheless a drawback, that Nissen has thought good to alter the details of style and expression in many of the letters. Neither father nor son were in need of such emendations, both writing clearly and shrewdly, and with an individuality all their own; but even were this not the case, and Nissen the man (which he was not) to correct their defects, such an effacement of individual character would remain altogether inexcusable.

Had Nissen confined himself to the publication of the letters and extracts, together with such information as he could gather from Mozart's wife and sister, or from other credible witnesses, he would have done

posterity important service. But in attempting more than this he verified the saying of Hesiod that “the whole is less than the part.” Many manuscripts, newspapers, journals, &c., treating of Mozart’s professional doings, had been preserved among the family archives; not content with these, Nissen has taken incredible pains to collect whatever else had been written concerning Mozart; he has then copied out all that appeared to him important, and has arranged these extracts categorically as seemed to him good, putting together, for instance, all that related to one particular work; finally, he has huddled together these heterogeneous fragments without design, connection, or explanation. If this confused and ill-proportioned mass is to be made use of at all, it must be separated into its component parts, and these must be restored to their proper place and connection; it may fairly be taken for granted that where any idea or judgment is expressed, Nissen is not speaking in his own person. He has, however, simplified the task of restoring each fragment to its proper position by a catalogue of the writings in which Mozart is mentioned; and although some documents made use of by him have since disappeared,

I have been able in almost every case to discover his authorities. In most cases these are of little value; but among much that is worthless, there are here and there communications resting on family traditions, which Nissen has tacitly appropriated with but slight alterations; it is undoubtedly desirable to be able to appeal to the original in such cases, but for the most part they speak for themselves, and are seldom of importance.

The statements I have made were necessary for the proper use of Nissen’s work; but you must not, therefore, imagine that I am unjust towards him. True the mass of printed matter is enough to drive one to absolute despair; but when it is remembered that a large proportion of the documents he embodies have since dissappeared, we must be grateful to the man who has enabled us to take so comprehensive a glance into an artist’s

life, and who has laboured with unselfish reverence for Mozart's memory, while a succeeding generation did not think it worth while even to preserve the documents which Nissen made use of.

It must not be lost sight of either, that Nissen did not see his work through the press; he died on March 24, 1826, before it was put in hand, and it is quite possible that he would have improved it in many ways upon final revision.

It is significant that although all were agreed that Nissen's book was unreadable without alteration and adaptation, no writer in Germany undertook the task, and that it was left to foreigners to turn the treasure to account. Fétis undertook

it in his "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens," IV., p. 432 (Brussels, 1840), VI., p. 222 (2nd edit., Brussels, 1864), so far as it could be done within the narrow limits of a general work of the kind.

But the obvious task of compiling an interesting and readable biography by means of an orderly arrangement of the really interesting portions of Nissen's materials was first undertaken by Edward Holmes, in his "Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence" (London, 1845).

Holmes has arranged the essential portions of the correspondence with intelligence and discrimination, and has connected them by a narrative built upon previous notices; he has thus produced a trustworthy and, as far as was possible, an exhaustive account of Mozart's life. Holmes has, moreover, made use of André's published Catalogue of Mozart's Works, and the indications there given of their date of appearance. He undertook a journey through Germany to inspect the original manuscripts in André's possession, and to collect stray oral traditions. He took care to make himself acquainted with musical literature, and the result is a work which must be considered as the most trustworthy and serviceable biography that could be produced by a skilful employment of the materials generally accessible. Holmes has not

attempted to draw from hitherto unknown sources; he neither carries his researches to any depth, nor offers any original opinions or explanations.

The letters of both Mozarts, father and son, were edited by J. Goschler in a spirit which is indicated clearly enough by the title of his book, “Mozart; Vie d’un Artiste Chrétien au XVIII. siècle.” Paris, 1857.

Alexander Ulibichefï proceeded from quite another point of view in his work, “Nouvelle Biographie de Mozart, suivie d’un aperçu sur l’histoire générale de la musique, et de l’analyse des principales ouvres de Mozart” (Moscow, 1843), in three parts, which is generally known in Germany in the translations of A. Schraishuon (Stuttgart, 1847), and of L. Gantte (Stuttgart, 1859). The enthusiastic reverence of the author for Mozart speaks from every page, and involved many years of study and many real sacrifices; but this must not blind our judgment as to the intrinsic value of his work. I do not fear your reproaching me in the words of the old proverb about the kettle reproving the pot, if I express myself freely as to what I consider the weak points of this book. Ulibicheffs main object has been a critical and aesthetic analysis of Mozart’s later works, on which his fame mainly rests, and which bear the most perfect impress of his genius. The author’s observations, therefore, are confined to a definite portion of Mozart’s compositions — the best known, because the greatest — and any idea of extending them does not seem to have occurred to him. Anything further in his works is meant to serve only as a foundation for those observations. He does not fail to perceive that the greatness of perfected genius can only be apprehended by a knowledge of the gradual stages of its achievement, and that, since Mozart takes his place in the history of music by something more than mere chance, the whole process of musical development is necessarily incorporated in his progress.

Ulibicheff is content to extract all that seems to point to his conclusions from Nissen’s account of Mozart’s development. He makes up for his

reticence in this direction by expatiating freely on the general history of the art. In fact, his review of the whole history of music results only in the observation that since any exceptional phenomenon is the sum and crown of all that has gone before, therefore the development of modern music in every direction, from Guido of Arezzo, onwards, has its *raison d'etre* in the production of Mozart, who is to be considered as its perfect expression.

No one knows better than yourself, my friend, the false conclusions to which this exaggeration of an idea, true and suggestive in itself, has led. The partiality of enthusiasm and dilettantism join issue here. It needs no great penetration to discover that Ulibicheffs epitome of the history of music is not the result of impartial research, or of a practical knowledge of even the more important works of past ages, but that it is compiled from a few easily recognised works with the express object of demonstrating that all that has gone before has its end and consummation in Mozart. An author who can seriously maintain that the great masters of counterpoint, Palestrina, Bach, and Handel were only called into being in order that the Requiem might be produced, an author who can only grasp and develop the idea of natural progress up to a certain point and no further — that author has surely mastered neither the idea of progress, nor the nature of the art, nor the work of the master whom he seeks to honour. Such a partial and exclusive appreciation of any artist may satisfy individual taste, for which it is proverbially impossible to account; but scientific investigation, which can always be accounted for, seeing that it proceeds from a rational basis, rejects it at once and altogether. You will, I know, agree with me that the critic who, like Ulibicheff, depreciates Beethoven in order to maintain Mozart on his pedestal, does not understand Mozart. The distortion and exaggeration of such an idea leads further to the neglect of those clues to a right understanding of Mozart's development which exist in the circumstances of his life, in his youthful works, and in the conditions of his

age and surroundings. These had all direct effect upon his genius, and, in so far as they are disregarded, our conception of the man and the artist will be defective.

I am, of course, far from denying that Uübicheff has brought to the performance of his task considerable power of delicate aesthetic analysis, together with much spirit and ingenuity. But his analysis of particular works does not start from artistic form, the specific basis of all works of art; he never seeks to demonstrate how the universal laws of art, under certain conditions, govern all concrete forms according to the individuality of the artist (a difficult task in music, but still essential to its true understanding); instead of this he contents himself with giving us his own reflections on the various compositions he analyses, and the feelings and ideas which they suggest to himself. Such reflections are pleasant and entertaining when they proceed from a clever and cultivated mind; but they are usually more characteristic of the author than of his subject, and are mainly satisfactory to those who fail to grasp the substance of a work of art, and are fain to content themselves with its shadow.

Uübicheff invariably displays both intellect and cultivation, but it is the cultivation of a man of the world, not that of a musician, which has no bias of enthusiasm or dilettantism; his remarks seldom reach the root of the matter, and are often deceptive in their brilliancy, thus accomplishing little for a better appreciation of his subject.

Do not be alarmed, my dear friend, at the invidious position in which I place myself and my work by my want of reserve as to others. My cause is that of knowledge, and I must have a clear understanding as to my powers, and the means at my disposal, for accomplishing the task before me; least of all would I appear to deprecate censure on my own work by sparing it to that of others. You are aware that music has, from my youth up, occupied a large share of my time and thoughts, so much so, that my elders were in the

habit of shaking their heads and auguring ill for my philological studies. They may have been right; I must at any rate acknowledge that music has ever been to me quite as serious a study as philology, and that I have striven to acquire such a thorough and scientific knowledge as should give me an insight into its nature and mechanism.

I considered it therefore as a duty to myself to turn to account the labour that had occupied a good share of my life, and I embraced with eagerness the opportunity of dedicating my researches to the great masters, to whom I owed so much. I believed myself justified in considering that a representation of the life and works of a great master offers so many sides, and makes so many demands, that only united forces can prove themselves fully equal to the task. If, therefore, I was obliged, perforce, to leave much that was essential to the musician by profession, my greater practice in scientific method might advance the undertaking in other and not less important directions. Consoled by these reflections, I set to work.

The task I proposed to myself was a thorough investigation of the sources available for a trustworthy and exhaustive account of Mozart’s life, with special reference to all that was calculated to affect his moral and musical development in the general conditions of his time, and in the local and personal circumstances which influenced him; and, in addition, a history of his development as an artist, and a characterisation of his artistic performances as comprehensive as a thorough study and appreciation of his compositions could make it. No side of this task could be treated altogether independently, both the researches and the remarks resulting from them, touching now one, now the other; in the biography as in the individual, the artist and the man are indissolubly united

I soon became painfully aware of the insufficiency of my materials, and the scattered additions to Nissen’s collection which came in from time to time were but scanty gleanings; it was essential to reach the original

sources. My journey to Vienna in 1852 was undertaken, as you know, chiefly with the object of collecting such traditions of Beethoven as might remain there; I did not hope to find much which might lead to a closer knowledge of Mozart.

Living testimony as to his life, person, or circumstances was almost extinct, little of what I learnt was from impressions at first hand, and it was generally necessary to guard against such communications as the result of book knowledge distorted by verbal transmission.

Nevertheless, my visit was an instructive one even as concerned Mozart. Widely different as was the Vienna of 1852 from the Vienna of 1780 to 1790, yet much was gained by actual observation and impressions, which could not be given by books, and which operates more in the colour and tone of the whole representation that in any precise details.

Intercourse, also, with accomplished friends led to much which would otherwise have remained untouched.

My valued friend Karajan in particular, with his musical knowledge and his intimate acquaintance with Vienna, rendered my stay in that city as instructive as it was agreeable. He had a good opportunity of experiencing how much trouble one is capable of giving to a friend who is always ready with explanations, and willing to enter on the driest search into matters of detail, if he can thereby help forward another. At the Imperial Library I found not only the different manuscripts of the Requiem which serve as the surest testimony on the much debated question of its authorship, but many other important manuscripts and rich material of all kinds, my access to which I owe to the unfailing courtesy of the custodian, A. Schmid.

But the most important aid came from Aloys Fuchs. With extraordinary perseverance he had collected every writing that in any way related to Mozart, and with a disinterested liberality, rare among collectors, he placed at my service all that he possessed and all that he knew. His chronological

catalogue of all Mozart's works, published and unpublished, was of the greatest service to me, as well as the long list of documents, newspapers, journals, and pamphlets, which he had either in the original or copies.

I sometimes regretted, however, that the collection was made more in the spirit of a collector than in the interests of science; so that, for example, he has scarcely ever noted the source of his extracts; but much was brought to my notice which would scarcely otherwise have occurred to me, much trouble was spared, and a number of Mozart's letters were made known to me for the first time. I was unfortunately prevented from thoroughly examining Fuchs's valuable collection of Mozart's compositions in their different editions and copies; my time was short, and I hoped to be able to avail myself of a future opportunity for doing so. This hope was frustrated by the death of Aloys Fuchs a few months after I left Vienna. It has been a painful feeling to me not to be able to express my gratitude for so much friendly service by offering to him the book in which I know he would have taken pleasure.

The greatest service which he rendered me, however, was the intelligence that all that were preserved of Mozart's letters had been presented to the Mozarteum in Salzburg by the Frau Baroni-Cavalcabo, to whom they were bequeathed by Mozart's son Wolfgang. In November of the same year I repaired, therefore, to Salzburg. I here found the only remains of that complete correspondence which Nissen had edited, viz., the letters between 1777 and 1784, just as he had made use of them; fortunately they embraced the most important period of the biography. A cursory glance convinced me that Nissen had been not only inexact and arbitrary in his selections in matters of detail, but that he had altogether suppressed the most important events affecting the proper understanding of the period. Here, then was much to be done; but it was richly worth the trouble. Through the kind assistance of the secretary of the Mozarteum, Dr. v.

Hilleprandt, and of the custodian, Jelinek, I was enabled to give my whole attention to the work. I collated the letters printed by Nissen, like an old schoolman, copying them entire or making voluminous extracts. One may boast of one's industry, and I can offer an unimpeachable witness of mine in old Theresa at the Golden Ox, who afterwards forgot my name, but remembered me as the professor who sat in his room for more than three weeks writing from morning to night. Fortunately, it was bad weather, or it would have been too hard a trial, even for a professor, to sit in his room all day at Salzburg. But the usually hateful task of transcription was on this occasion a real enjoyment. I could fancy myself in intercourse with the man himself as I lived his life again letter by letter.

I could realise the emotions of joy or sorrow which had prompted his words, the impressions which they had made on the recipients, and even the variations in the handwriting grew to have their own significance. It is my most earnest wish that some breath of this feeling may have passed into my own performance, but it would scarcely be possible to' reproduce the inspiration which contact with the letters awoke in myself.

On the completion of this task, I made researches for any of Mozart's compositions which might still remain in Salzburg; I failed, however, to discover any. Although Mozart's sister, his widow, and her sister had lived in Salzburg within the last ten years, it had occurred to no one to make inquiries concerning their great countryman, or to preserve to posterity the rich treasures of family tradition which encircled his whole life; I found, when I inquired, that all was as completely forgotten, as irrecoverably lost as his grave. Nor had anything further been preserved in the way of family papers and documents. (After the death of Mozart's eldest son Carl, all that he possessed of letters — written during the journeys of 1762 to 1775 — and other documents, were placed in the Mozarteum.)

Treasure such as that correspondence I could scarcely expect to excavate elsewhere; but through the kindness of friends and well-wishers many letters have been placed at my disposal which have added to the interest, more particularly of Mozart's later years. I have no doubt that many documents are still hidden in autograph collections and elsewhere; perchance my book may open the eyes of the possessors to the true value of their treasures, and I shall consider it as a rich reward of my labours if they aid in bringing to light any such relics of Mozart.

Assistance of another kind, not less important than the foregoing, came from André's collection. It is well known; that the Hofrath André purchased from Mozart's widow the entire collection of Mozart's original manuscripts, of printed and unprinted works, and this collection, with the exception of a few pieces disposed of at an earlier date, was preserved in Frankfort entire, in the possession of André's heirs, as denoted by a "Thematic Catalogue of the original manuscripts by Mozart in the possession of Hofrath André" (Offenbach, 1841). Leopold Mozart carefully preserved all Wolfgang's youthful works, and at his death they came into the son's possession: although not by any means so careless about his compositions as he has been represented, he, nevertheless, lost or gave away a considerable number. After his death, however, it was found that his works previous to %his residence in Vienna had been preserved almost entire, and by far the greater number of those of later years. André's collection contains further the enumeration, in Mozart's own handwriting, of his works from his earliest years in almost unbroken succession to his death. The more important and greater number of his compositions previous to 1780 are still unprinted, and many of the printed ones are so carelessly edited that a comparison with the original is indispensable. The importance of André's collection is manifest, and it is probable that none of equal value, historical and artistic, exists for any other great master, whatever be his art.

(Unhappily, the apprehension that Germany could conceive no worthier or more lasting way of honouring Mozart than by the erection of statues and busts has been fulfilled, and Mozart's manuscripts have already been in great measure dispersed.)

Convinced that a review of Mozart's musical development would be impossible without an exhaustive knowledge of his youthful works, I repaired to Frankfort in the summer of 1853, in order to examine this remarkable collection. The brothers Carl and Julius André granted me ready access to it, and kindly prepared me an apartment in their house, where I had full liberty to study the MSS. and make what notes and extracts I pleased; a task which occupied five weeks. As it proceeded, I could not but feel that the most accurate notices could not give the fresh impression of the actual work. Here again, the brothers André came to my aid, displaying throughout a warmth of interest in my work, and a liberality which I could not have ventured to expect; they provided me, as my work progressed, with each particular manuscript on which I was engaged, so that my remarks could be grounded on the actual examination of every composition. Without the confidence and aid of these gentlemen, my book could not have succeeded in attaining that wherein I place its essential value. It is owing to their courtesy and kindness that I may boast, not only of a perfect acquaintance with all Mozart's works, with few and unimportant exceptions, but also of having enjoyed the singular happiness and advantage of studying the greater number of them in his own handwriting.

You will perceive, my dear friend, that all this led, of necessity, to fresh disclosures, to a fuller and more accurate insight into that which had hitherto been only partially known; and you will further take for granted that I, as a "philolog," would not neglect such researches into the literature of my subject as should bring together the scattered materials available for my task. But you must keep in mind that musical literature is not so

accessible as philological; and that many expedients, which lighten our labours in the latter path, are wholly wanting in the former. I am, therefore, far from flattering myself that I have even approached a complete study of the literature of my subject. I only aimed at such a study so far as it concerned main principles; for to become acquainted with, or even to quote, everything that has been thought, dreamt, or raved concerning Mozart's music was as far from my intention as from my desire. I was more than satisfied with what came in my way of this kind in the course of my reading, and my readers will be more than satisfied with what I offer them of it by way of example.

My first aim, then, was the verification and authentication of facts, and their unbiassed statement, so far as this was of interest. The written or authentic verbal traditions of Mozart and his family were here my chief dependence, and, except where some special authority is adduced, Nissen's correspondence forms the basis of my narrative. But since it was my wish to bring together all that appeared of lasting interest, and to dispense with Nissen's collection, for all readers who do not desire to search and prove for themselves, I have, therefore, quoted verbally from the letters wherever it was feasible, and have not hesitated to displace them where it answered my purpose in the narrative. I have in every case indicated the letters by their date, without mentioning whether they have been printed by Nissen or not. (They may be readily referred to in the careful collection of L. Nohl, "Mozarts Briefe": Salzburg, 1865.)

I must remark, by the way, that my version cannot be verified by Nissen, since his is neither accurate nor entire; and in order to avoid any misunderstanding, I may also mention, that besides the collections referred to above, many single letters of Leopold and Wolfgang Mozart have come to hand, to which I was able to make more exact reference. As a matter of course, I have made use of originals whenever they were to be had, and of

Nissen's version only when they were wanting. From you, my dear friend, I need only request confidence in my scrupulous honesty as to these matters, and I have hope that my book may inspire the reader with a belief in the accuracy of my rendering. It need scarcely be said that I have not made the slightest alteration in the style and expressions of the letters. I have only taken a few liberties with the orthography in order not to distract the reader's attention unnecessarily from the characterisation. I have accurately indicated any reference to authorities other than the letters.

It has been my aim to represent, not only what immediately concerns Mozart, but also the time in which he lived, his circumstances, and the persons with whom he came in contact, so far as all these affected the development of his genius. And here again I found the need of trustworthy information. Well informed as we may be on the history of literature and culture during the latter half of the eighteenth century, yet our information as to musical events and persons is meagre and obscure, and we know least of those regions which are of the greatest interest in the history of music. I doubt not that an historian, occupied with the study of this age, would discover much that has escaped me of interest, although I have heard even such complain of the poverty of material.

I have striven with a certain amount of zeal to bring together all that appeared to render my narrative more graphic and lifelike, and have not refrained from adducing my authorities, partly for the sake of accuracy, partly to point the way to those who find the subject of interest. I have gone even further than this, and have added to the names of many persons, principally musicians, of whom mention had to be made, a short notice of their life and sometimes an epitome of their performances. It is probable that the minority of my readers will already have such facts in their minds, and they are essential to a clear perception of the whole work: I have been

anxious to spare them the trouble of continual reference to a biographical dictionary.

I have confined myself to the accessible and, of its kind, excellent Dictionary of Musicians by Gerber and Fétis, but my own investigations, leading me into the detailed history of this time, have not seldom supplied additional data for such notices; I remark this not to depreciate the merit of those works, but that it may not be supposed that my statements can always be verified by a reference to accessible authorities.

You may perhaps smile at the zeal of the “philolog” betraying itself in such minute particulars. Be it so. I hold to my craft, and occasionally you will not find it amiss that I do so.

I may remark besides, not to you, but to those who hold in horror notes, digressions, quotations, and references as the merciless weapons of pedantry, that they need not for this reason at once reject my book. I have striven so to write that the text is complete in itself and requires no notes for its comprehension; and those who do not desire the information they contain, may contentedly pass them over. On the other hand, I hope that you will uphold my opinion that the application of the scientific method even to these researches, cannot but be to their advantage. This is perhaps most strikingly evident in the chronological notification of each separate work.

We are well supplied with chronological information as to Mozart’s compositions. From 1784 onwards we possess his own carefully compiled thematic catalogue which André has edited (Offenbach, 1805 and 1828).

On earlier compositions the data is generally correctly given with the autograph signature, and the list of authentically dated works comprises by far their greater number. But not quite all; the autograph is wanting to many, and they are not all dated. It thus becomes necessary to resort to classification resting on the external evidence of paper and handwriting, and

the internal evidence of style and technical treatment, as well as on the testimony of witnesses.

Hofrath André compiled for his own use a chronological catalogue coming down to the year 1784, of which I have made use. It contains many suggestive remarks, and did me good service, although, of course, it could not spare me my own investigations, by means of which I have, in most cases, come to a solution of my difficulties. The catalogue which I have compiled with considerable pains will, I hope, recommend itself by its brevity, clearness, and trustworthiness. I was obliged to give up the idea of noting what had been already printed, where, and how often; to do this with completeness and exactitude would require an amount of time and study which it was out of my power to bestow.

The treatment of historical facts, both in detail and as a whole, has its own secure and beaten path. Its final object is truth, and my sole concern has been to discover and set forth the truth. No consideration for others has led me to conceal what was essential or important for the due understanding of Mozart as a man and an artist; neither have I been tempted to silence on points which were to his disadvantage. Public opinion on his achievements as a fully developed artist is firmly established, and is perhaps only susceptible of modifications of detail and degree; but my work is the first attempt that has been made towards a correct judgment of Mozart as a student and as a man. It has been a pleasure to me to find that as I proceeded, my admiration, esteem, and love for Mozart were constantly on the increase; but not on any account would I have my representation of his character considered in the light of an apology. It is my firm conviction that injustice is done to great men by concealing or slurring over their failings; we serve them best by seeking to make them understood just as they were.

An attempt to lay Mozart’s individuality before the reader seemed hardly complete without some presentation of his outward appearance. You will

find, therefore, in this book, the charming picture of Mozart as a boy, engraved from the portrait in oils, painted in Verona in 1770; also the characteristic portrait from the family group in the Mo-zarteum at Salzburg, which was painted in 1780, and an engraving of Tischbein's portrait, painted at Mayence in 1790. I have thought it right, further, in a work which is intended to transmit traditions, to preserve the well-known profile of Posch's medallion, which served as a model for all early portraits, more and more unlike in every copy, and yet always like. Various fac-similes of Mozart's handwriting are also given, and I do not fear that you will find out of place a portrait of his father, also taken from the Salzburg family picture.

May I add one word on the musical criticism contained in my work? I am quite aware that it must stand on its own merits, and I am only anxious to express my full consciousness of the difficulty of my undertaking. That the substance of a musical work cannot be verbally represented, and that its effect on the hearer is incapable of being reproduced by description, least of all by a climax of high-sounding adjectives, admits of no dispute. Properly speaking, as Schumann once wished for the musical critic, when a composition is discussed, there should be singers and instrumentalists ready at hand to perform it. But this being scarcely feasible, we are driven to a verbal attempt at reproducing the essence of the work. Such an attempt can only succeed by starting from artistic form, and showing how its laws and types, its technical conditions, its manifold application and development, are all represented in the most individual modifications. A general idea of the work, however, is all that can be arrived at by this means; the immediate impressions made upon the mind by its performance cannot be reproduced; neither can the attempt to express in words the artistic frame of mind which finds its expression in the forms of the work be altogether successful, and it is impossible to apprehend the degree in which the artistic mood imbues the artistic form otherwise than by observation of the work itself.

Descriptions of musical works, therefore, since music cannot, like painting, borrow analogies from visible nature, must remain mere approximations of the original; they become more definite in proportion as they fall in with the reader's own experiences, and find in these analogies and, as it were, precedents for the new ideas it is sought to convey. The main difficulty consists in the fact' that among a large circle of readers (which I know you wish for me) the degrees of musical cultivation to which appeal may be made are necessarily very varied. It would be impossible, on this account, to treat the subject in the purely technical manner which would be the shortest and most convenient were musicians only addressed; neither can every separate point be treated from its very beginning, without a presupposition of some knowledge and comprehension on the part of the reader. There only remains then, as it seems to me, such a consideration of musical form from varied points of view, and proceeding in varied directions, yet always with reference to some particular case, as shall bring into play the reader's special musical experiences and assist him to a true understanding of the subject. If he should be struck with only one particular point and should feel it become a reality for him, he will henceforward have a clue to the mastery of the rest. To this end I hope that my historical survey of the development of musical forms, and my general observations concerning the laws of the art, may tend. And here I must remark that I have had no intention of providing the technical musician with a theoretical analysis of separate works, but that my characterisation has been limited by the position of its object in the whole representation. I leave you to judge, my dear friend, how far, under these difficult circumstances, I have succeeded in expressing myself clearly and forcibly; I can only affirm with confidence that all that I have said has been realised and experienced by myself.

The sympathy and assistance of my honoured friend Hauptmann has been a source of great gratification to me during the publication of my book. I do not desire to impose upon him any share of responsibility in it, by thanking him for the care with which he has overlooked the author as well as the compositor; but you will understand how I have been encouraged and refreshed during my labours by continual proofs of his friendly sympathy, and how sorely I miss my pleasant personal intercourse with him.

The hour is late, my dear friend, later than it was our wont to separate after our musical revels, which, in the opinion of your amiable wife, often lasted far too long.

Farewell, and accept my book with the same cordial sympathy and indulgence which I have hitherto found so invaluable.

OTTO JAHN.

Bonn, November 30, 1855.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND EDITION.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I can scarcely describe to you the depression of spirits with which I laid aside my pen at the close of my foregoing letter to you. When I looked at the thick volume before me, which had grown so wonderfully under my hands, and reflected that several others were to follow, I felt a misgiving amounting to certainty that my work was ill-planned, badly executed, or altogether out of place. I should not have believed any one who had prophesied the result that was actually to follow. The gradual conviction that I had been mistaken, that the book was a success beyond anything I had dared to expect, the many proofs I received of acknowledgment and sympathy, were my best encouragement to apply my whole energies to the completion of my arduous task.

When it became necessary to prepare a second edition, I rejoiced at the prospect of revising the whole work in the light of my acquired experience, and hoped that this labour of love would recompense me for all my pains. In this expectation I was, however, deceived; the revision, which I now lay before you, assumed the proportions of a heavy task, requiring the exertions of all my powers for its accomplishment.

The gloom of the last few years cast its shadows even over my work, as you, who seek and recognise the living author behind his words, will not fail to discover; I trust that you will also find traces of the conscientiousness with which I have striven to perform my appointed task.

You will agree with me in thinking that it would have been unadvisable to subvert the whole design of the book in substance and form, and that I must content myself with such improvements in matters of detail as would bring me somewhat nearer to the end I had in view. It was, of course, my first endeavour to rectify such errors and remove such blemishes as had

been observed either by myself or others, and I then proceeded to turn to account all the materials that had come to hand for the completion or enrichment of my narrative. I had become the fortunate possessor of copies of Mozart's complete correspondence, so far as I know it to exist. If, as I trust was the case, the extracts already before the public had been found useful and trustworthy, there could be no doubt that the completed version would render my narrative more accurate and lifelike. In addition, I had now Mozart's entire compositions, either autograph or copied, so that I could confirm my account and my criticism of each work by direct reference.

Besides these efficient materials for the confirmation of my main authorities, I had received numerous separate communications, partly from friends to whom I owe much gratitude, partly from publications of the last ten years bearing upon my subject, some of which have been of great service to me.

The most important aid, both to myself and to the readers of this edition, has been afforded by Ludwig v. Köchel's "Chronologischthematisches Verzeichniss sammtlicher Tonwerke W. A. Mozarts" (Leipzig, 1862). The necessity for such a catalogue had so strongly impressed me that I had resolved on compiling it myself, when I fortunately learned that Köchel was at work upon it. I was speedily convinced that it was in far better hands than mine, and it gave me genuine pleasure to afford it such assistance as was in my power. Unexampled assiduity, sparing neither sacrifice nor exertion, has produced a work which, from the completeness of its research and the accuracy of its execution, may serve as a model. A few addenda and corrections were indeed unavoidable: Kochel has himself indicated some (Allg. Mus. Ztg., 1864, p. 493), and you will find two or three trifling ones in my book. The fact that Köchel's catalogue contains a complete chronological and biographical account of all Mozart's compositions freed

my book from all the notices and references found necessary in corroboration of my statements. A reference to the number in Köchel's catalogue became, in most cases, sufficient; and I was able also to omit notices of errors in the published works which Köchel had remarked upon. These, as far as the great operas are concerned, will soon be rendered still more superfluous by the projected new edition of the scores from the autograph originals. Köche's friendship, which I regard as the greatest gain of our common labours, has aided and supported me throughout the preparation of this edition. I will not attempt to enumerate all that he has communicated, verified, and brought into agreement for me: he knows the amount of his aid and of my gratitude. Sonnleithner, Karajan, Pohl, Jul. André, have been equally obliging in satisfying my demands and inquiries. Special thanks are due to them if my book attains that accuracy of detail, wherein I place its chief value. I may claim to have made tolerably exhaustive use of all that has been published concerning Mozart during the last ten years, but you will scarcely expect me to enumerate all my corrections and improvements. It has been my aim to retain all that had been proved good in my work, while making such additions as served to place my subject more clearly and fully before my readers.

If a perusal of my second edition should leave you with the impression that the task of revision and correction has been an easy one, I shall, whatever my convictions to the contrary, congratulate myself on having approached the object which I have kept steadily in view.

Accept my book, then, in its new dress, with the old spirit of friendship, and gladden the heart of its author once more by the sympathy he has never yet found wanting.

OTTO JAHN.

Bonn, March 6, 1867.

TRANSLATOR’S NOTE.

CONSIDERABLE doubt has existed in the mind of the translator as to the proper English equivalent for the word “clavier” throughout this work. Clavier is a generic term in German, and is used to denote any keyed instrument, whether harpsichord, clavichord, or pianoforte. Mozart’s compositions for the clavier are equally available for all these instruments, and in his early years he performed indifferently on the harpsichord or clavichord. His first introduction to the pianoforte was at Augsburg, in 1777, and he did not become familiar with the instrument until after his settlement in Vienna in 1781. It has been thought best, therefore, to leave the word *clavier* untranslated up to this date, after which it is translated *pianoforte*, whether it is applied to Mozart’s performances or to his compositions.

It has not been thought advisable to give in the English edition of the work all the Appendixes which appear in the German. Many of them are of interest only in the original, others have already been translated among Mozart’s correspondence. Those which seemed likely to interest the English reader have been translated. The musical Appendixes have all been omitted as bulky and unnecessary.

The only part of Herr Jahn’s work against which the charge of incompleteness can fairly be brought is the Index; an entirely new one has therefore been made for the English edition, and will, it is hoped, be found minute and accurate.

CHAPTER I. CHILDHOOD

WOLFGANG AMADE MOZART came of a family belonging originally to the artisan class. We find his ancestors settled in Augsburg early in the seventeenth century, and following their calling there without any great success.[1] His grandfather, Johann Georg Mozart, a bookbinder, married, October 7, 1708, Anna Maria Peterin, the widow of another bookbinder, Augustin Banneger. [2] From this union sprang two daughters and three sons, viz.: Fr. Joseph Ignaz, Franz Alois (who carried on his father's trade in his native town), and Johann Georg Leopold Mozart, bom on November 14, 1719, the father of the Mozart of our biography. [3] Gifted with a keen intellect and firm will he early formed the resolution of raising himself to a higher position in the world than that hitherto occupied by his family; and in his later years he could point with just elation to his own arduous efforts, and the success which had crowned them, when he was urging his son to the same steady perseverance.

When Wolfgang visited Augsburg in 1777, he gathered many particulars of his father's youth which refreshed the recollections of Leopold himself. We find him writing to his son (October 10, 1777) how, as a boy, he had sung a cantata at the monastery of St. Ulrich, for the wedding of the Hofrath Oefele, and how he had often climbed the broken steps to the organ loft, to sing treble at the Feast of the Holy Cross (November 29, 1777). He afterwards became an excellent organist: a certain Herr von Freisinger, of Munich, told Wolfgang (October 10, 1777) that he knew his father well, he had studied with him, and "had the liveliest recollections of Wessobrunn where my father (this was news to me) played the organ remarkably well. He said: 'It was wonderful, to see his hands and feet going together, but exceedingly fine — yes, he was an extraordinary man. My father thought

very highly of him. And how he used to jeer at the priests, when they wanted him to turn monk.’” This last must have been of peculiar interest to Wolfgang, who knew his father only as a devout and strict observer of the Catholic religion. But Leopold remembered the days of his youth, and wrote to his wife (December 15, 1777): “Let me ask, if Wolfgang has not of late neglected to go to confession? God should ever be first in our thoughts! to Him alone must we look for earthly happiness, and we should ever keep eternity in view; young people, I know, are averse to hearing of these things; I was young myself once; but God be thanked, I always came to myself after my youthful follies, fled from all dangers to my soul, and kept steadily in view God, and my honour, and the dangerous consequences of indulgence in sin.”

Long-continued exertions and self-denial laid the foundation of Leopold Mozart’s character in a conscientious earnestness and devotion to duty in great things as in small; they had the effect also of rendering his judgment of others somewhat hard and uncompromising. This is observable in his relations as an official, and as a teacher, and in his dealings on matters of religion. He was a strict Catholic, and feared nothing so much for his children as the influence which a prolonged stay in Protestant countries might exert on their faith; he remarked with surprise that his travelling companions, Baron Hopfgarten and Baron Bose, had often edified him with their discourse, although they were Lutherans (Paris, April 1, 1764).

When in London, he became acquainted with the excellent violoncellist Siprutini, son of a Dutch Jew, who had broken loose from Judaism and “was content to believe in one God, to love Him first, and his neighbour as himself, and to live an honest life”; L. Mozart gained an acknowledgment from him that of all the Christian creeds the Catholic was the best, and was not without hope of converting him altogether (September 13, 1764).

He fulfilled all the duties which the Church requires of her children with conscientiousness and zeal; we find him ordering masses to be said, buying relics, &c., whenever occasion offers.

The strictly orthodox, almost ascetic, rules of life which the reigning archbishop, Sigismund, followed and enforced in his court and in all Salzburg must have had the effect of deepening this side of L. Mozart's character; while the greater freedom in church matters enjoyed under Sigismund's successor, Hieronymus, was not without its influence, evinced by his becoming late in life a freemason. There can be no doubt that L. Mozart was a man of genuine piety, which stood firm amid strong temptations and the most trying circumstances. It was in accordance with his education and position in life that this piety found no better justification and expression than those provided by his Church. His performance of his duties to God and the Church was undertaken in the same rigorous spirit which characterised him in all the relations of life. But he was too sensible not to remonstrate with his daughter when she chose rather to endanger her health than to be absent from mass (July 28, 1786). He was entirely free from superstition, and when some one wrote to him of a ghost-story he declared that "it must be only an hysterical illusion of the maid-servant." Again, he had "invariably found that begging sisterhoods were the signs of much moral degradation concealed under the cloak of hypocrisy" (December 16, 1785). It would be a great mistake to consider the elder Mozart as a narrow-minded bigot. United to a shrewd, clear intellect, for the cultivation of which he made extraordinary efforts, he possessed a decided turn for raillery and sarcasm. His painful endeavours to work himself free of his petty surroundings, his habit of looking beyond the narrow horizon which encircled him, encouraged in him a cynical turn of mind. It grew to be a settled conviction with him that selfishness is the only motive of human action on which we can safely reckon, and which, therefore, we must strive

to turn to account: a belief in disinterested philanthropy or friendship is a folly which seldom goes unpunished. Nor should we have any faith in an innate love of truth. “Take it as an universal truth,” he writes (October 6, 1785), “all men tell lies, and add to the truth, or take away from it, just as it suits their purpose. Especially must we believe nothing which, if known, would add to the reputation of the speaker or flatter his interlocutor, for that is sure to be false.” This distrust of mankind he sought to implant in his son, but with very little success. Nor did his gloomy views of life stifle, even in himself, all emotion and sentiment. His theory, as so often happens, went farther than his practice. When Leopold Mozart analysed the conduct of men, his criticism was sharp and cutting, but he was always ready with counsel and assistance when they were needed. Notwithstanding his piety he expressed bitter contempt for the priesthood and priestcraft: he had occasion to know both intimately. He was never dazzled by the distinctions of birth and position. He judged those nearest and dearest to him, not excepting his beloved son, as severely as the rest of the world. It had the most wholesome effect on the development of Mozart’s character and genius that his father, who loved him as only a father can love, who justly estimated and admired his artistic genius, was never dazzled by it, never ignored nor concealed his weaknesses, but warned and blamed him, and strove to bring him up with a conscientious fidelity to duty.

Leopold Mozart was aware that the education of his son was the highest and greatest task of his life; but this absorbing care did not narrow his breadth of sympathy, nor lessen his consideration for others bound to him by natural ties; he proved himself always a devoted friend as well as, for one of his means, a liberal benefactor.

The exertions which it had cost him to attain to even a moderate position, the unceasing thought which he was obliged to take for the supply of his daily needs gave him a high appreciation of the value of a secured

worldly position, and as he became gradually convinced that his son was not likely to attach the same importance to this, he strove the more by his wisdom and experience to help to secure it for him. This care for economical details has been unjustly condemned. We may grant that a somewhat exaggerated anxiety increased by the hypochondria of old age was the natural result of the struggle with narrow circumstances which he had carried on all his life; but this is far more than counterbalanced by the singular union of general and of musical culture, of love and severity, of just judgment and earnest devotion to duty, which Leopold Mozart developed in the education of his son. Without them, Wolfgang would certainly not have been the man he became by their help.

We have no detailed information of L. Mozart's youthful life. His recollections of his position at Augsburg are bitter and sarcastic. Even with his brothers and sisters, whom he accused of having turned the weakness of their mother to his disadvantage, he had no close or intimate connection, although they had never any scruples in applying for his support.

"When I thought of your journey to Augsburg," he writes to Wolfgang (October 18, 1777), "Wieland's 'Abderiten' always occurred to me. One ought to have the opportunity of seeing in its naked reality that of which one has formed an ideal conception."

After passing through school life in his native town, he went to Salzburg to study jurisprudence. The monastery of St. Ulrich belonged to the community of the Benedictines, which had founded and still partly maintained the university of Salzburg;[4] this connection may have given Leopold a reason for going thither. But as he did not obtain employment, he was constrained to enter the service of Count Thurn, Canon of Salzburg. From his youth up, he had cultivated his musical talent with assiduity, and was a thoroughly practical and well-informed musician. He had chiefly maintained himself in early youth by his singing, and afterwards by giving

lessons, and had gained considerable reputation as a violinist, so much so that Archbishop Leopold took him into his service in the year 1743. He afterwards became court composer and leader of the orchestra, and in 1762 was appointed Vice-Kapellmeister by Archbishop Sigismund.

The pay of the choir was scanty, though their duties were heavy. Leopold Mozart submitted to these demands with his accustomed conscientiousness, and Schubart points him out as the man whose exertions had placed music in Salzburg on its then excellent footing.[5] His official position necessitated his appearing as a composer; in this respect, too, he was indefatigable, and won for himself an honourable reputation.

A list of his compositions compiled in 1757, no doubt by himself, gives an idea of his industry as a composer.[6] We find a large proportion of church music. A Mass in C major is in the library at Munich, Julius André possesses a Mass in F major, the Credo of a “Missa brevis” in F major lies before me; a “Missa brevis” in A major is preserved in the cathedral of Salzburg, together with the Offertory, “Parasti in conspectu meo,” three Loretto Litanies (in G, F, and E flat major), and a Litany “De venerabili” in D major, composed in 1762. This last, a carefully finished work, was sent by L. Mozart in December, 1774, to Munich, together with a grand Litany by his son. It is written for solos, chorus, and the usual small church orchestra of the day, and shows throughout the learning of a musician skilled in the use of traditional forms. The harmony is correct, the disposition of the parts skilful, and the contrapuntal forms are handled boldly; nor does the composer fail to introduce regular, well-worked-out fugues in the proper places; “Cum Sancto Spiritu,” and “Et vitam venturi sæculi” in the Mass, “Pignus futuræ gloriæ” in the Litany.

But there is no originality or inventive power either in the compositions as a whole, or in isolated passages. Leopold Mozart’s sacred music gives him a right to an honourable place among contemporary composers, but to

no higher rank. Schubart, who prefers his church music to his chamber music, says justly, that his style was thorough, and showed great knowledge of counterpoint, but that he was somewhat old-fashioned.[7] When Wolfgang was busy composing church music with Van Swieten at Vienna, he wrote to his father (March 29, 1783): “Some of your best church music would be very useful to us; we like to study all masters, ancient and modern, so please send us some as soon as possible.” But to Wolfgang’s regret this request was refused, for his father was quite aware of the change of taste in such music that had taken place since his day.

Nothing certain is known of twelve oratorios composed according to custom for Lent,[8] nor of “a host of theatrical pieces, as well as pantomimes.”[9]

L. Mozart was an industrious instrumental composer. He enumerates upwards of thirty serenades, “containing instrumental solos,” and a long list of symphonies, “some only quartets, others for all the usual instruments”; of these, eighteen are thematically catalogued,[10] and one in G major is by mistake attributed to Wolfgang, and printed in score. Very curious are the “Occasional Pieces” which are characteristic of the times, in their odd instrumental effects, and somewhat heavy touches of fun. Among these are a pastoral symphony with shepherds’ horns and two obbligato flutes; a military piece with trumpets, drums, kettle-drums, and fifes; a Turkish and a Chinese piece; a pastoral, representing a rural wedding, and introducing lyres, bagpipes, and dulcimers; during the march, after each huzza, there was a pistol-shot, after the custom of rural weddings, and L. Mozart directed that whoever could whistle well on his fingers, was to whistle during the huzzas.

But the musical “Sledge Drive” seems to have gained most applause; a pianoforte arrangement was afterwards printed, the effect being heightened by the accompaniment of five differently toned harness-bells. The following

programme was printed by L. Mozart, for a performance of the Collegium Musicum in Augsburg, December 29, 1755: —

MUSICAL SLEDGE DRIVE.

Introduced by a prelude, consisting of a pleasing andante and a splendid allegro.

Then follows:

A prelude, with trumpets and drums.

After this:

The Sledge Drive, with the sledge-bells and all the other instruments.

After the Sledge Drive:

The horses are heard rattling their harness.

And then:

The trumpets and drums alternate agreeably with the oboes, French horns, and bassoons, the first representing the cavalcade, the second the march.

After this:

The trumpets and drums have another prelude, and

The Sledge Drive begins again, but stops suddenly, for all the party dismount, and enter the ball-room.

Then comes an adagio, representing the ladies trembling with cold. The ball is opened with a minuet and trio.

The company endeavour to warm themselves by country-dances.

Then follows the departure, and, finally:

During a flourish of trumpets and drums, the whole party mount their sledges and drive homewards.

In consequence of the performance of these occasional pieces in Augsburg, L. Mozart received the following anonymous letter:

“Monsieur et très cher ami!

“May it please you to compose no more absurdities, such as Chinese and Turkish music, sledge drives, and peasant weddings, for they reflect more shame and contempt on you than honour, which is regretted by the individual who herewith warns you and remains,

“Your sincere Friend.

“Datum in domo verae amicitice.”

Leopold Mozart was not a little annoyed by this act of friendship, which he was inclined to ascribe to the Kapellmeister Schmidt or to the organist Seyffert. It need scarcely be said that this “programme-music” is innocent either of originality or of instrumental colouring. Short characteristic pieces, such as Couperin and Rameau wrote, were composed by L. Mozart, in common with Eberlin, for a kind of organ with a horn stop, which had been erected by Joh. Roch. Egedacher on the fortifications above the town. Once a month, morning and evening, a piece was played on this instrument; in February it was the Carnival, in September a hunting song, in December a cradle song.[11]

Besides all this, L. Mozart wrote many concertos, particularly for the flute, oboe, bassoon, French horn, or trumpet (one of these is in Munich), innumerable trios (he offered a flautist, named Zinner, in Augsburg, fourteen trios for flute, violin, and violoncello), and divertimenti for various instruments,[12] marches, minuets, opera-dances, &c. Three clavier sonatas are printed,[13] of which Faiszt remarks that they might well be the work of Leopold’s great son, so strong is their similarity in form and spirit.[14] is compositions were for the most part only in manuscript, as was almost all the music of that day.[15] By way of practice in engraving, he engraved three trio sonatas himself in 1740, and revived the old accomplishment in 1778, when he engraved some variations for his son.

In later years he composed little or nothing; his position in Salzburg was so little to his mind that he did not feel himself called on to do more than

his duty required; besides, the education of his children engrossed his whole time, and when his son had come forward as a composer, he would on no account have entered into competition with him.[16] L. Mozart was proud of the estimation in which his works were held abroad, as the following extract from a letter to his friend Lotter shows:

November 24, 1755.

I may tell you in strict confidence that I have received a letter from a distant place inviting me to become a member —— — don't be alarmed — or — don't laugh —— a member of the Corresponding Society of Musical Science.[17] Potz Plunder! say I. But do not tell tales out of school, for it may be only talk. I never dreamt of such a thing in my life; that I can honestly say.

But the elder Mozart acquired his chief reputation as a musician by the publication in 1756 of his "Attempt towards a Fundamental Method for the Violin."[18] This work was spread abroad in numerous editions and translations, and was for many years the only published instruction on the art of violin-playing; proof enough that it rendered important service in its day, as far as technical knowledge was concerned. What makes the book still interesting to us is the earnest, intelligent spirit which speaks from it, and shows us the man as he was. He sought to impart to his pupils a sound, practical musical education; they were not only to practise their fingers, but were always clearly to, understand *what* they had to execute and *why*: "It is dispiriting to go on playing at random, without knowing what you are about" (p. 245); a good violinist should even be practised in rhetoric and poetry to be able to execute with intelligence (p. 107). He insists strongly that the pupil should not advance until he is quite able for what he has to learn: "In this consists the gravest error that either master or pupil can fall into. The former often lack patience to wait for the right time; or they let themselves be carried away by the pupil, who thinks he has done wonders

when he can scrape out a minuet or two. Often, too, the parents or guardians of the beginner are anxious to hear him play some of these imperfect tunes, and think, with satisfaction how well their money has been spent on the lessons. How greatly they are mistaken!" (p.57, cf. 121.)

The study is not to be made too easy or simple; the learner must exert himself and work hard. Thus he writes at the beginning of the exercises (p. 90): "These are the passages for practice. The more distasteful they are, the better I shall be pleased; I have striven to make them so"; that is, to guard against their being played from memory.

The same ability is displayed in his principles of taste.

He exacts above all a "straightforward, manly tone"; "nothing can be more absurd than to seem afraid even to grasp the violin firmly; or just to touch the strings with the bow (held perhaps with two fingers), and to attempt such an artistic up-bow to the very nut of the violin that only a note here and there is heard in a whisper, without any idea what it means, it is all so like a dream" (p. 101). Simple, natural expression is the highest aim of the violinist, so that the instrument may imitate as far as possible the art of song (p. 50); "who does not grant that to *sing* their music has been the aim of all instrumentalists, because they have ever striven after nature?" (p. 107.)[19] He is severe on performers who "tremble upon every long note, or cannot play a couple of bars simply without introducing their senseless and ridiculous tricks and fancies" (p. 50). They are blamed the more as they are for the most part wanting in the necessary knowledge where to bring in their ornamentation without involving errors in the composition (pp. 209, 195). Other faults of the virtuoso are equally severely dealt with, such as the *tremolo* of the player "who shakes away on every note as if he had the ague" (p. 238), or the constant introduction of the so-called "flageolet tones" (p. 107), or the alternate hurrying and dragging of the "virtuoso of imagination." "Many," says he (p. 262), "who have no conception of taste,

disdain to keep uniform time in the accompaniment of a concerted part, and strive to follow the principal part. That is accompanying like a bungler, not like an artist. It is true that in accompanying some Italian singers, who learn everything by heart and never adhere to time or measure, one has often to pass over whole bars to save them from open shame. But in accompanying a true artist, worthy of the name, not a note must be delayed or anticipated, there must be neither hurry nor dragging, so that every note may have proper expression, otherwise the accompaniment would destroy the effect of the composition. A clever accompanist should also be able to judge of the performer. He must not spoil the *tempo rubato* of an experienced artist by waiting to follow him. It is not easy to describe this ‘stolen time.’ A ‘virtuoso of imagination’ often gives to a semiquaver in an adagio cantabile the time of half a bar, before recovering from his paroxysm of feeling; and he cares nothing at all for the time: he plays in recitative.”

Technical instruction and skill are to him only the means to a higher end. The performer must be capable of expressing all the pathos of the piece before him, so as to penetrate to the souls and stir the passions of the audience (pp. 52, 253).[20] As the most important requisite to the violinist for attaining this, he indicates the stroke of the bow (p. 122) as “the medium by the judicious use of which we are able to communicate the pathos of the music to the audience.” “I consider,” he adds “that a composer attains his highest aim when he finds a suitable melody for every sentiment, and knows how to give it its right expression.” “Many a second-rate composer,” he says (p. 252), “is full of delight, and thinks more than ever of himself when he hears his nonsensical music executed by good artists, by whose artistic expression even such miserable trash is made intelligible to the audience.”

It is plain that he was a sworn enemy to smatterers and pretenders. Thorough technical study and an intellect trained to clear and rational

thought he considered absolutely indispensable to a true artist. He grants, indeed, that genius may atone for the want of learning, and that a man highly gifted by nature may lack the opportunity of studying his art scientifically. But this does not detract from the main proposition nor make his demands less just.

The extracts given above illustrate the principles and the views with which L. Mozart undertook the musical education of his son, and these being united to a correct appreciation of the freedom and indulgence due to great natural powers, it must be acknowledged that no genius could have been trained under happier auspices.!

This work, so remarkable for the age, met with suitable recognition. Marpurg, to whose judgment L. Mozart had submitted it in his preface, speaks of it as follows: [21] “The want of a work of this kind has been long felt, but hitherto in vain. A thorough and skilled performer, a sensible and methodical teacher, a learned musician, a man possessing all those qualities which singly command our respect, are here to be found united in one individual — the author. What Geminiani did for the English nation, Mozart has accomplished for the German, and their works are worthy to live side by side in universal approbation.”

After this it is not surprising that the first of the critical letters on music which were published under Marpurg’s direction at Berlin in 1759 and 1760 should be addressed to L. Mozart, with the declaration that the society which proposed to address each letter to some person of distinction, could not make a fitter commencement than with him. Schubart says,[22] “He gained great reputation through his ‘Method,’ which is written in good German, and with admirable judgment. The examples are well chosen, and the system of fingering not in the least pedantic; the author doubtless inclines to the school of Tartini, but he permits greater freedom in the management of the bow.” Zelter expresses himself in the same spirit:[23] “His

‘Violin Method’ is a work which will be of use as long as the violin is an instrument. It is well written, too.”

The praise of the author’s style of writing is characteristic and well deserved; it was then a far rarer distinction among artists than at present. L. Mozart’s style is sharp and clear; his sarcastic turn of mind is so prominent that he apologises for it in the preface, although it is not unusual in the musical literature of the time. Both in this book and in his letters he proves himself a man who has not only acquired cultivation by intercourse with the world and by travel, but who is well acquainted with literature, has read with taste and discernment, and has well-defined and judicious opinions both on aesthetic and moral subjects. He addressed to the poet Gellert a letter so full of veneration that Gellert replied in the warmest terms, as the following extract will show: —

I should be insensible, indeed, if the extraordinary kindness with which you honoured me had left me unmoved, and I should be the most ungrateful of men if I could have received your letter without acknowledgment. I accept your love and friendship, my dear sir, with the same frankness with which they are offered. Do you, indeed, read my works and encourage your friends to do the same? Such approbation, I can truly say, was more than I could have dared to hope from such a quarter. Does my last poem, “Der Christ,” meet with your approval? I venture to answer myself in the affirmative. To this I am encouraged by the subject of the poem, your own noble spirit, as unwittingly you display it in your letters, and by my consciousness of honest endeavour.

Baron von Bose presented “the little Orpheus of seven years old,” when in Paris, with Gellert’s songs, recommending him to borrow their irresistible harmonies, “so that the hardened atheist may read and mark them, may hear them and fall down and worship God.” Perhaps this gift gave occasion to

the letter. Wolfgang informs his sister at a later date, from Milan, of the death of Gellert, which took place there.

With this amount of cultivation, and the pretensions consequent on it, it is not surprising that Leopold Mozart felt himself isolated at Salzburg. He had his duties to perform at court, and the more contemptible their remuneration was, the more he and the other officials were made to feel their dependent position. He was employed as a teacher in most of the families of rank at Salzburg, for his instruction was justly considered as the best that could be had; but this did not imply any degree of friendly intimacy. He was too proud to ingratiate himself with them by flattery or obsequiousness, although, as a man of the world, he knew how to moderate his satirical humour, and was always affable and well-bred. He seems to have had little intercourse with his colleagues. This was partly owing to circumstances, but partly also to their want of musical proficiency or mental cultivation, joined to their looser, less earnest mode of life. The social relations of the Mozart family were, however, cheerful and unconstrained; their intercourse with their friends had more of innocent merriment than of intellectual enjoyment. “The Salzburg mind,” says Schubart,[24] “is tuned to low comedy. Their popular songs are so drolly burlesque that one cannot listen to them without dying of laughter. The clownish spirit[25] shines through them all, though the melodies are often fine and beautiful.” This tendency would scarcely please so serious and critical a man as L. Mozart, whose humour was caustic, but not broad, and who appears to have entered with constraint into the ordinary tone of conversation.

On November 21, 1747, Leopold Mozart married Anna Maria Pertlin (or Bertlin), daughter of the steward of the Convent of St. Gilgen. “To-day is the anniversary of our wedding,” wrote L. Mozart (November 21, 1772); “it is, I believe, exactly twenty-five years since we were struck with the good

idea of getting married, or rather it had occurred to us many years before. But good things take time."

They were reputed the handsomest pair of their time in Salzburg, and their existing portraits do not contradict this. Frau Mozart was, as far as she can be represented by letters and descriptions, a very good-tempered woman, full of love for her family, but in no way distinguished; and the often verified experience that great men owe their gifts and their culture principally to their mothers was not proved to be true in the case of Mozart. She submitted willingly to the superiority of her husband, and left to his care and management with absolute confidence all that lay outside the sphere of the actual housekeeping. The possession by each of those qualities necessary for the happiness of the other lay at the root of the heartfelt love and affection which bound them to each other and to their children, and the latter were provided with the surest foundation for their moral culture in the influence of a pure and harmonious family life. They were deeply attached to their cheerful, happy-tempered mother; but that she failed in authority was clear when she accompanied her son in his ill-considered visit to Paris. In spite of her better judgment she was unable either to control his impetuosity or to withstand his endearments.

Though far inferior to her husband in cultivation, she was not without understanding, and had a turn for the humorous, which characterised her as a native of Salzburg. In this respect Wolfgang was her true son.

Of seven children resulting from this union, only two survived: a daughter, Maria Anna (called Marianne or Nannerl in the family), born July 30, 1751, and a son Wolfgang, born January 27, 1756.[26] His birth almost cost his mother her life, and her lingering recovery occasioned much anxiety to her friends.

The daughter showed so decided a talent for music, that her father early began to give, her lessons on the clavier. This made a great impression on

her brother, then but three years old; he perched himself at the clavier, and amused himself by finding out thirds, which he struck with much demonstration of delight; he also retained the more prominent passages in the pieces which he heard. In his fourth year his father began, in play, to teach him minuets and other pieces on the clavier; in a very short time he could play them with perfect correctness and in exact time. The impulse to produce something next awoke in him, and in his fifth year he composed and played little pieces, which his father then wrote down.[27] A music-book which was intended for Marianne's exercises, and preserved by her as a precious relic, was in 1864 presented by the Grand Duchess Helene to the Mozarteum in Salzburg.[28] It contains minuets and other little pieces, and further on longer ones, such as an air with twelve variations, and is partly filled with passages by the composers Agrell, Fischer, Wagenseil, &c., of increasing difficulty, for the purpose of instruction, in the handwriting of the father and his musical friends. Wolfgang learned from this book. The following note is appended by his father to the eighth minuet: "Wolfgangerl learned this minuet in his fourth year." Similar remarks occur repeatedly; e.g., "This minuet and trio were learned by Wolfgangerl in half-an-hour, at half-past nine at night, on January 26, 1761, one day before his fifth year." They are simple, easy pieces in two parts, but requiring an independence of the hands, not possible without a degree of musicial comprehension which is surprising in so young a

The first of Wolfgang's compositions have his father's superscription: "Di Wolfgango Mozart, May 11, 1762, and July 16, 1762," little pieces modelled on those he had practised, in which of course originality of invention cannot be looked for; but the sense of simple melody and rounded form so peculiar to Mozart are there already, without any trace of childish nonsense.

The book went with them on their travels, and Mozart used the blank pages to write down pieces, which afterwards appeared in the first published sonatas (1763).

Most of the anecdotes of Mozart's childhood which testify to his wonderful genius, are contained in a letter from Schachtner, which is here given entire, as the direct testimony of a contemporary.

Joh. André Schachtner (died 1795) had been court trumpeter at Salzburg from 1754, for which post a higher degree of musical attainment was necessary then than at the present day. He was not only a skilled musician, but displayed considerable literary cultivation, which he had obtained at the Jesuit school of Ingolstadt. The translation of a religious drama, "The Conversion of St. Augustine" from the Latin of Father Franz Neumayer, gained him the somewhat ambiguous praise of Gottsched, who writes: "We may even say that he wrote good German, nay, almost that he wrote good German poetry."[29] We shall find him later acting as librettist to Mozart.

He was intimate in Mozart's home, and his warm attachment is proved by the following interesting letter, written soon after Mozart's death to his sister.[30]

Dear and honoured Madam, —

Your very welcome letter reached me, not at Salzburg, but at Hammerau, where I was visiting my son, who is coadjutor in the office of Oberwesamtmann there.

You may judge from my habitual desire to oblige every one, more especially those of the Mozart family, how much distressed I was at the delay in discharging your commission. To the point therefore!

Your first question is: "What were the favourite amusements of your late lamented brother in his childhood, apart from his passion for his music?" To this question no reply can be made, for as soon as he began to give himself up to music, his mind was as good as dead to all other concerns,[31] and even

his childish games and toys had to be accompanied by music. When we, that is, he and I, carried his toys from one room into another, the one of us who went empty-handed had always to sing a march and play the fiddle. But before he began to study music he was so keenly alive to any childish fun that contained a spice of mischief, that even his meals would be forgotten for it. He was so excessively fond of me — I, as you know, being devoted to him — that he used to ask me over and over again whether I loved him; and when in joke I sometimes said “No,” great tears would come into his eyes, so tender and affectionate was his dear little heart.

Second question: “How did he behave to great people when they admired his talent and proficiency in music?” In truth he betrayed very little pride or veneration for rank,[32] for, though he could best have shown both by playing before great people who understood little or nothing of music, he would never play unless there were musical connoisseurs among his audience, or unless he could be deceived into thinking that there were.

Third question: “What was his favourite study?” Answer: In this he submitted to the guidance of others. It was much the same to him what he had to learn; he only wanted to learn, and left the choice of a field for his labours to his beloved father.[33] It appeared as if he understood that he could not in all the world find a guide and instructor like his ever memorable father.

Whatever he had to learn he applied himself so earnestly to, that he laid aside everything else, even his music. For instance, when he was learning arithmetic, tables, stools, walls, and even the floor were chalked over with figures.[34]

Fourth question: “What particular qualities, maxims, rules of life, singularities, good or evil propensities had he?” Answer: He was full of fire; his inclinations were easily swayed: I believe that had he been without the advantage of the good education which he received, he might have

become a profligate scoundrel — he was so ready to yield to every attraction which offered.

Let me add some trustworthy and astonishing facts relating to his fourth and fifth years, for the accuracy of which I can vouch.

Once I went with your father after the Thursday service to your house, where we found Wolfgangerl, then four years old, busy with his pen. Father: What are you doing?

Wolfg.: Writing a concerto for the clavier; it will soon be done.

Father: Let me see it.

Wolfg.: It is not finished yet.

Father: Never mind; let me see it. It must be something very fine.

Your father took it from him and showed me a daub of notes, for the most part written over ink-blots. (The little fellow dipped his pen every time down to the very bottom of the ink-bottle, so that as soon as it reached the paper, down fell a blot; but that did not disturb him in the least, he rubbed the palm of his hand over it, wiped it off, and went on with his writing.) We laughed at first at this apparent nonsense, but then your father began to note the theme, the notes, the composition; his contemplation of the page became more earnest, and at last tears of wonder and delight fell from his eyes.

“Look, Herr Schachtner,” said he, “how correct and how orderly it is; only it could never be of any use, for it is so extraordinarily difficult that no one in the world could play it.”

Then Wolfgangerl struck in: “That is why it is a concerto; it must be practised till it is perfect; look! this is how it goes.”

He began to play, but could only bring out enough to show us what he meant by it. He had at that time a firm conviction that playing concertos and working miracles were the same thing.

Once more, honoured madam! You will doubtless remember that I have a very good violin which Wolfgangerl used in old times to call “Butter-fiddle,” on account of its soft, full tone. One day, soon after you came back from Vienna (early in 1763), he played on it, and could not praise my violin enough; a day or two after, I came to see him again, and found him amusing himself with his own little violin. He said directly: “What is your butter-fiddle about?” and went on playing according to his fancy; then he thought a little and said:

“Herr Schachtner, your violin is half a quarter of a tone lower than mine, that is, if it is tuned as it was, when I played on it last.”

I laughed at this, but your father, who knew the wonderful ear and memory of the child, begged me to fetch the violin, and see if he was right. I did, and right he was, sure enough!

Some time before this, immediately after your return from Vienna, Wolfgang having brought home with him a little violin which some one in Vienna had given him, there came in one day our then excellent violinist the late Herr Wentzl, who was a dabbler in composition.

He brought six trios with him, composed during the absence of your father, whose opinion on them he came to ask. We played these trios, your father taking the bass part, Wentzl playing first violin, and I second.

Wolfgangerl begged to be allowed to play second violin, but your father reproved him for so silly a request, since he had never had any instruction on the violin, and your father thought he was not in the least able for it.

Wolfgang said, “One need not have learnt, in order to play second violin,” whereupon his father told him to go away at once, and not interrupt us any longer.

Wolfgang began to cry bitterly, and slunk away with his little violin. I interceded for him to be allowed to play with me, and at last his father said: “Play with Herr Schachtner then, but not so as to be heard, or you must go

away at once.” So it was settled, and Wolfgang played with me. I soon remarked with astonishment that I was quite superfluous; I put my violin quietly down, and looked at your father, down whose cheeks tears of wonder and delight were running; and so he played all the six trios. When we had finished, Wolfgang grew so bold from our applause that he declared he could play first violin. We let him try for the sake of the joke, and almost died of laughter to hear him play, with incorrect and uncertain execution, certainly, but never sticking fast altogether.

In conclusion: Of the delicacy and refinement of his ear.

Until he was almost ten years old, he had an insurmountable horror of the horn, when it was sounded alone, without other instruments; merely holding a horn towards him terrified him as much as if it had been a loaded pistol. His father wished to overcome this childish alarm, and ordered me once, in spite of his entreaties, to blow towards him; but, O! that I had not been induced to do it. Wolfgang no sooner heard the clanging sound than he turned pale, and would have fallen into convulsions, had I not instantly desisted.

This is, I think, all I can say in answer to your questions. Forgive my scrawl, I am too much cast down to do better.

I am, honoured Madam,

With the greatest esteem and affection,

Your most obedient Servant,

Andreas Schachtner,

Court Trumpeter.

Salzburg,

24 April 1792

CHAPTER II. EARLY JOURNEYS

It was in January of the year 1762 that L. Mozart first turned to account the precocious talent of his children in an expedition to Munich. Their visit extended over three weeks, and both Wolfgang and his sister were summoned to play before the Elector, and were well received everywhere. Their success encouraged their father to a bolder attempt, and on September 19, of the same year, they set out for Vienna.

Their journey was made by easy stages. At Passau they remained for five days, at the request of the Bishop, who wished to hear the boy-prodigy, and having done so, rewarded him with — one ducat! Thence they proceeded to Linz. Canon Count Herberstein travelled with them, and Wolfgang's distress at seeing an old beggar-man fall into the water impressed him so much that, as Bishop of Passau, in 1785 he reminded L. Mozart of it. At Linz they gave a concert, under the patronage of Count Schlick, Governor-General of the province. Count Palfy, a young nobleman who was paying his respects to the Countess Schlick on his way through Linz, heard from her such a glowing account of the boy-prodigy that he left his travelling-carriage at the door of her residence and went with her to the concert; his amazement was unbounded. From Linz they continued their journey by water. At the Monastery of Ips, while their travelling companions, two Minorite monks and a Benedictine, were saying mass, Wolfgang mounted to the organ-loft, and played so admirably that the Franciscan friars, and the guests they were entertaining, rose from table and came open-mouthed with astonishment to listen to him.

On their arrival at Vienna, Wolfgang saved his father the payment of customs duties. He made friends with the custom-house officer, showed him his harpsichord, played him a minuet on his little fiddle, and— "That passed

us through!" Throughout the journey Wolfgang showed himself lively and intelligent, readily making friends, especially with officials; his engaging manners attracted as much love as his playing excited admiration.

The fame of the two children had preceded them to Vienna. Count Schlick, Count Herberstein, and Count Palfy had raised expectation to the highest pitch, and the children were assured of a good reception at court and among the nobility, who vied with each other in their devotion to everything connected with art.

The imperial family took more than a passive interest in musical affairs. Charles VI. was an accomplished musician, and used to accompany operatic or other performances at court upon the clavier, playing from the figured bass, according to the custom of conductors at the time. He caused his daughters to study music, and the future Empress Maria Theresa displayed at an early age both taste and talent. In 1725, when only seven years old, she sang in an opera by Fux, at a fête given in honour of her mother, the Empress Elizabeth. It was in allusion to this that she once, joking, told Faustina Hasse that she believed herself to be the first of living virtuose. In 1739 she sang a duet with Senesino so beautifully that the celebrated old singer was melted to tears. Her husband, Francis I., was also musical, and gave his children a musical education. The Archduchesses appeared frequently in operatic performances at court, acquitting themselves "very well for princesses."

The Emperor Joseph sang well, and played the harpsichord and the violoncello.

Anecdotes of Mozart's genius had excited much interest at court, and on September 13, before he had even solicited the honour, L. Mozart received a command to bring his children to Schönbrunn. A quiet day was chosen, that the children might be heard without fear of interruption. Their playing surpassed all expectation, and they were afterwards repeatedly summoned

to court. The Emperor took special delight in the “little magician” and enjoyed inventing new trials of skill for him. He jestingly told him that playing with all his fingers was nothing; playing with one finger would be true art; whereupon Wolfgang began to play charmingly with only one finger. Another time he told him that it would be true art to play with the keyboard covered; and Wolfgang covered the keys with a cloth, and played with as much decision and vivacity as if he could see them. This *tour de force* was often repeated on subsequent occasions, and always received with great applause.

But music was, generally speaking, a serious matter to Wolfgang, and even at court he refused to play except before connoisseurs. Once, seeing himself surrounded by a fashionable assemblage, he said before he began: “Is Herr Wagenseil here? Let him come; he knows something about it.” (Georg Christoph Wagenseil — born in Vienna, 1688; died, 1779) — was a pupil of Fux, and one of the first clavier-players and composers of his time: he taught the Empress and afterwards her children. The Emperor moved aside to let him come near Mozart, who exclaimed: “I am going to play one of your concertos; you must turn over for me.” At court, as elsewhere, Mozart was a bright, happy child. He would spring on the Empress’s lap, throw his arms round her neck and kiss her, and play with the princesses on a footing of perfect equality. He was especially devoted to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette. Once, when he fell on the polished floor, she lifted him from the ground and consoled him, while one of her sisters stood by: “You are good,” said Wolfgang, “I will marry you.” The Empress asked him why? “From gratitude,” answered he; “she was good to me, but her sister stood by and did nothing.” The Emperor Joseph reminded him in after years of his playing duets with Wagenseil, and of Mozart’s standing in the antechamber among the audience, calling “Pfui!” or “Bravo!” or “That was wrong!” as the case might be.

The favour of the court was further displayed in substantial honours and rewards. In addition to a gift of money Marianne was presented with a white silk court dress, belonging to one of the Archduchesses, and Wolfgang with a violet coloured suit, trimmed with broad gold braid, that had been made for the Archduke Maximilian. His father had his portrait painted in this magnificent attire. As might have been expected, the children became the rage in society; “all the ladies fell in love with the lad.” The music-loving Prince von Hildburghausen, Vice-Chancellor Count Colloredo, Bishop Esterhazy, all invited the Mozarts; and before long they were indispensable at every fashionable assembly. They were generally carried to and fro in the carriage of their entertainers, and received many handsome presents of money and trinkets. This prosperous course was, however, suddenly interrupted by an attack of scarlet fever, which kept Wolfgang in bed for a fortnight. The dangerous part of his illness was soon over, and the greatest sympathy was everywhere expressed for him; but the fear of infection was then very great, and the interest taken in his convalescence was accompanied by considerable reluctance to his society.

An invitation from the Hungarian magnates induced L. Mozart, although he had already exceeded his leave of absence, to undertake an expedition to Pressburg on December 11. The weather was very unfavourable, and made the return journey through roadless Hungary not a little dangerous. Their stay in Vienna was not much further prolonged, and early in January, 1763, they found themselves once more in Salzburg.

Having once tested the powers and popularity of his children, Leopold Mozart could not settle contentedly in Salzburg again, and he soon determined on the bolder venture of making their talents known beyond Germany. Paris was his ultimate goal, but he intended to exhibit the children at any of the German courts which did not lie too far out of their way. The class from which at the present day the musical public, properly

so called, is drawn was then altogether uncultivated; and even where there were no courts, as in the imperial towns, the nobles and rich merchants kept up similar distinctions of rank.

L. Mozart lays complacent stress upon the fact that throughout their tour, their intercourse was confined to the nobility and distinguished persons, and that both for their health's sake and the reputation of their court, they were obliged to travel *noblement*. Being summer, therefore, the travellers avoided the capitals and visited the country seats to which, at this season, the courts were wont to repair. The journey began on June 9, and not prosperously; for in Wasserbrunn the carriage broke down, necessitating the delay of a whole day. "The last new thing is," writes the father, "that in order to pass the time we went to look at the organ, and I explained the pedal to Wolferl. He set to work to try it on the spot; pushed aside the stool, and preluded away standing, using the pedal as if he had practised it for months. We were all lost in astonishment. What has caused others months of practice comes to him as a gift of God." Wolfgang performed on the organ constantly throughout the journey, and was, his father says, even more admired as an organist than as a clavier-player.

Arrived at Munich on June 12, 1763, they proceeded at once to Nymphenburg, the summer residence of the Elector. Here the introduction of the Prince von Zweibrücken gained them a favourable reception, and they played repeatedly before the Elector and Duke Clement; it is specially mentioned that Wolfgang executed a concerto on the violin with cadenzas "out of his own head." Here they fell in with two travellers from Saxony, the Barons Hopfgarten and Bose, with whom they formed a cordial friendship, cemented during their stay in Paris. At Augsburg they took up their abode for a fortnight with the Mozart family, and gave three concerts, at which the audience were almost exclusively Lutherans. The Salzburg "Europàische Zeitung" (July 19, 1763) reports from Augsburg, July 9: —

The day before yesterday, Herr Leopold Mozart, Vice-Kapellmeister at Salzburg, left this place for Stuttgart, with his two precocious children. The inhabitants of his native town have fully appreciated the privilege accorded them in witnessing the manifestation of the marvellous gifts bestowed by Providence on these charming children; they recognise also how great must have been the paternal care, the result of which has been the production of a girl of eleven and, what is still more incredible, a boy of seven years old as ornaments to the musical world. The opinion pronounced on these prodigies by a correspondent from Vienna, which will be found on another page, enthusiastic as it appears, will be confirmed by all musical connoisseurs.

At Ludwigsburg, the summer residence of the Wurtemburg court, they did not succeed in obtaining audience of the Duke, although they had brought introductions from Canon Count Wolfegg, both to the Master of the Hunt, Bar. v. Pölnitz, and to Jomelli. L. Mozart was inclined to ascribe this to the influence of Jomelli, who figured as Kapellmeister from 1754 to 1768, with a salary of 4,000 fl. (more correctly 3,000 fl.), the keep of four horses, fuel and lights, a house in Stuttgart and another at Ludwigsburg, and 2,000 fl. pension for his widow. Leopold Mozart announces all this to Hagenauer, with the question: “What do you think of that for a Kapellmeister’s pay?” He maintained that all native artists had to suffer from Jomelli’s influence, who spared no trouble to drive Germans from the court and to admit none but Italians; this was the more possible, as he was in high favour with the Duke.

He and his countrymen, of whom his house was always full, were reported to have said that it was incredible that a child of German birth could have such musical genius, and so much spirit and fire. *Ridete Amici!* he adds. Granted, however, that musical taste in Ludwigsburg had been thoroughly Italianised by Jomelli’s influence and position, there is no doubt that this account of him is prejudiced and exaggerated. Metastasio pictures

him as courteous and affable, and in Stuttgart he had the reputation of giving all due credit to German artists, so that L. Mozart's accusation is probably without much foundation. He himself acknowledges that Jomelli's unlimited power had been principally the cause of the excellence of musical performances in Ludwigsburg; though here again, Schubart complains that the orchestra was spoilt by the numerous amateur members who could not agree, and who were fond of introducing ornamentations in their separate parts, quite out of character with the whole.

Of the really superior amateurs who were then at Ludwigsburg L. Mozart mentions only Tartini's pupil, P. Nardini (died 1793) who "was unsurpassed in taste, purity, and delicacy of tone, but not by any means a powerful player."

From Ludwigsburg they proceeded to Schwetzingen, and presenting recommendations from the Prince von Zweibrücken and Prince Clement of Bavaria, were well received by the Elector Palatine Karl Theodor. On July 18 the court assembled to hear them from five to nine o'clock; the children set all Schwetzingen in commotion, and the electoral household were enchanted with them. L. Mozart praises the admirable flute-playing of Wendling, and speaks of the orchestra as the best in Germany, being entirely composed of young men of good birth, who were "neither tipplers, nor gamblers, nor miserable ragamuffins" (a hit at Salzburg), and who were as estimable in their private as in their professional capacity. He goes on to inform pious Frau Hagenauer, that since they left Wasser-burg they had found no holy water, and rarely a crucifix in their bedrooms, and that they found it difficult to procure fast-day meals: "Everybody eats meat, and perhaps so have we, without knowing it. After all, it is no fault of ours!"

Making an excursion to Heidelberg, Wolfgang played the organ in the Church of the Holy Spirit, and so astonished his audience that the Dean ordered his name and the particulars of his visit to be inscribed as a

memorial of it on the organ. Unfortunately no trace of the inscription remains.

At Mayence, owing to the illness of the Elector, Joseph Emnrerich (von Breidtbach), they could not appear at court, but made 200 florins at three concerts. Here they met the singer, Marianne de Amicis, who was returning with her family from London.

At Frankfort, which they went out of their way to visit, Mozart's first concert, on August 18, was so successful that they decided on giving three more. The newspaper announcement, of August 30, 1763, shows what an astonishing performance was offered to the public. It runs as follows: — The universal admiration excited in the minds of the audience by the astounding genius of the two children of Herr L. Mozart, Kapellmeister at the Court of Salzburg, has necessitated the threefold repetition of the concert which was announced to take place on one occasion only.

In consequence, therefore, of this universal admiration, and in deference to the desire of many distinguished connoisseurs, the next and positively the last concert will take place this evening, Tuesday, August 30, in the Scharfischen Saal, on the Liebfraoenberge.

The little girl, who is in her twelfth year, will play the most difficult compositions of the greatest masters; the boy, who is not yet seven, will perform on the clavecin or harpsichord; he will also play a concerto for the violin, and will accompany symphonies on the clavier, the manual or keyboard being covered with a cloth, with as much facility as if he could see the keys; he will instantly name all notes played at a distance, whether singly or in chords on the clavier, or on any other instrument, bell, glass, or clock. He will finally, both on the harpsichord and the organ, improvise as long as may be desired and in any key, thus proving that he is as thoroughly acquainted with the one instrument as with the other, great as is the difference between them.

Here, too, Goethe heard him. “I saw him as a boy, seven years old,” he told Eckermann, “when he gave a concert on one of his tours. I myself was fourteen, and I remember the little fellow distinctly with his powdered wig and his sword.”

At Coblenz, Mozart was presented to the Elector of Treves, Johann Philipp (von Walderdorf), by Baron Walderdorf and the Imperial Ambassador, Count Bergen, and appeared at court on September 18. He was also frequently invited by the Privy Councillor and Imperial Knight von Kerpen, whose seven sons and two daughters all either sang or played some instrument. At Bonn, the Elector of Cologne, Maximilian Freidrich (Count of Konigseck-Rothenfels), being absent, they only remained long enough to see and admire the splendours of the residential palace; the magnificent beds, the baths, the picture galleries, concert halls, decorations, inlaid tables, chairs, &c.; also the numerous curiosities at Poppelsdorf and Falkenlust. At Cologne, on the other hand, they only note the “dingy cathedral.” At Aix, the Princess Amalie, sister to Frederick the Great, and a zealous lover and patroness of music, was taking the waters. She endeavoured to persuade L. Mozart to take his children to Berlin, but he would not alter his plans.

“She has no money,” writes the practical man. “If the kisses she bestows on my children, particularly on Master Wolfgang, were each a louis d’or, we should be well off; as it is, neither our hotel bill nor our post-horses can be paid with kisses.” At Brussels, where Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother of the Emperor Francis I., resided as Governor and Captain-General of the Austrian Netherlands, they were delayed some time, but succeeded in giving a grand concert.

Thence they proceeded direct to Paris, where they arrived on November 18, and were kindly received and hospitably entertained by the Bavarian ambassador, Count von Eyck. His wife was a daughter of the high

chamberlain at Salzburg, Count Arco. Mozart was furnished with introductions to the most distinguished persons then in Paris; but all these were worth nothing, L. Mozart writes, in comparison with one letter given to him by a merchant's wife at Frankfort, and addressed to Grimm. Friedrich Melchior Grimm, the pupil and disciple of Gottsched, had lived in Paris since 1749. As secretary to Count Friesen, and afterwards to the Duke of Orleans, he had admission to the highest circles of society. His amiable disposition and the important share he took in the literary struggles of the encyclopedists gained him a still more exalted position as a sort of literary and artistic arbiter. His judgment on musical matters was eagerly sought after, and, as it came within his special province to bring to light anything out of the common way, he was of all others most fitted to appreciate Wolfgang's performances. He had genuine sympathy with his countrymen, too, and could understand such a nature as L. Mozart's. He had not yet been created baron and ambassador, was still active and energetic, and exerted all his personal and literary influence for the Mozart family. Leopold ascribes all their subsequent success to this "powerful friend." "He has done everything — opened the court to us, managed the first concert, and is going to manage the second. What cannot a man do with sense and a kind heart? He has been fifteen years in Paris, and knows how to make things fall out as he wishes."

Their first object was the introduction at court. The most important personage at that time at Versailles was, of course, Madame de Pompadour. "She must have been very beautiful," writes L. Mozart to Madame Hagenauer, "for she is still comely. She is tall and stately; stout, but well proportioned, with some likeness to Her Imperial Majesty about the eyes. She is proud, and has a remarkable mind." Mozart's sister remembered in after days how she placed little Wolfgang on the table before her, but pushed him aside when he bent forward to kiss her, on which he indignantly

asked: “Who is this that does not want to kiss me? — the Empress kissed me.” The King’s daughters were much more friendly, and, contrary to all etiquette, kissed and played with the children, both in their own apartments and in the public corridors. On New Year’s Day the Mozart family were conducted by the Swiss guard to the supper-room of the royal family. Wolfgang stood near the Queen, who fed him with sweetmeats, and talked to him in German, which she was obliged to interpret to Louis XV. The father stood near Wolfgang, and the mother and daughter on the other side of the King, near the Dauphin and Madame Adelaide.

Once having played at Versailles, they were sure of access to the most distinguished society.A small oil painting, now in the Museum at Versailles, shows little Wolfgang at the clavier in the *salon* of Prince Conti, the centre of an assemblage of great people. Finally, having established their position in private society they gave two great concerts (on March 10 and April 9, 1764) in the rooms of a certain fashionable M. Felix, who had built a little theatre for private representations. The permission to give these concerts was a favour obtained with difficulty, as they infringed the privileges both of the Concert Spirituel and of the French and Italian theatres. The result was in every respect a brilliant success. Marianne Mozart played the most difficult compositions of the musicians then living in Paris, especially of Schobert and Eckart, with a precision and correctness that could not have been surpassed by the masters themselves.

Schobert was a native of Strasburg, cembalist to the Prince de Conti; as a composer he was famous for his grace and fire, especially in allegros, but as a man he was not all he should have been, according to L. Mozart. He was a false flatterer, his religion was *à la mode*, and his envy was often so ill-concealed as to excite ridicule. Eckart, on the contrary, was a worthy man, and quite free from jealousy; he had come from Augsburg to Paris in 1758, and was highly esteemed as a clavier-player and teacher.

Wolfgang’s performances on the clavier, organ, and violin, extraordinary as they were, were thrown into the shade by the proofs he gave of almost incredible musical genius. He not only accompanied at sight Italian and French airs, but he transposed them [prima vista].

At that time, accompanying meant more than the playing of prepared passages for the piano or clavier; it involved the choice at the moment of a fitting accompaniment for the several parts of the score, or the supplying of harmonies to the bass.

On the other hand, the simplicity of the harmony, and the adherence to certain fixed forms, gave to such exercises facilities not afforded by the license and want of form of modern music. Grimm relates in his correspondence a truly astonishing instance of the boy’s genius. Wolfgang accompanied a lady in an Italian air without seeing the music, supplying the harmony for the passage which was to follow from that which he had just heard. This could not be done without some mistakes, but when the song was ended he begged the lady to sing it again, played the accompaniment and the melody itself with perfect correctness, and repeated it ten times, altering the character of the accompaniment for each. On a melody being dictated to him, he supplied the bass and the parts without using the clavier at all; he showed himself in all ways so accomplished that his father was convinced he would obtain service at court on his return home. Leopold Mozart now thought the time was come for introducing the boy as a composer, and he printed four sonatas for the piano and violin, rejoicing at the idea of the noise which they would make in the world, appearing with the announcement on the title-page that they were the work of a child of seven years old. He thought well of these sonatas, independently of their childish authorship; one andante especially “shows remarkable taste.” When it happened that in the last trio of Op. 2, a mistake of the young master, which his father had corrected (consisting of three consecutive fifths

for the violin), was printed, he consoled himself by reflecting that “they can serve as a proof that Wolfgangerl wrote the sonatas himself, which, naturally, not every one would believe.” The little composer dedicated his first printed sonatas (6, 7, K.), to the good-natured Princesse Victoire, both she and her sisters being very fond of music. The next (8,9, K.), were dedicated to the amiable and witty Comtesse de Tessê, lady-in-waiting to the Dauphiness.

Grimm had written a dedication in Mozart’s name, in which both he and the Dauphiness were well touched off. To L. Mozart’s vexation she declined it as too eulogistic, and a simpler one had to be substituted.

The prodigies were overwhelmed with distinctions, complimentary verses, and gifts. M. de Carmontelle, an admirable amateur portrait painter, made a charming picture of the family group; it was engraved by Delafosse at Grimm’s instigation.

The unprecedented success of the two children was the more significant since musical culture was not nearly so predominant in Paris as in most of the German courts. “It is a pity,” says Grimm, “that people in this country understand so little of music.”

L. Mozart notes the standing war between French and Italian music, and the position which Grimm took up on the side of the Italians served to confirm him in his preconceived opinions. According to him none of the French music was worth a groat; in church music all the solos and everything approaching to an air, were “empty, cold, and wretched, in fact French.” But he did justice to the choruses, and lost no opportunity of letting his son hear them. In instrumental music the German composers, among them Schobert, Eckart, and Hannauer, were beginning to make their influence felt, so much so that Le Grand abandoned the French style and composed sonatas after German models. The revolution to be wrought by

Gluck, was as yet, indeed, not to be foreseen; but L. Mozart hoped that in ten or fifteen years the French style would be extinguished.

On April 10, 1764, the Mozart family left Paris. At Calais, Marianne notes in her diary, “how the sea runs away and comes back again.” Thence they crossed to Dover in a small vessel, the packet being over full, and were very sea-sick; an experienced courier, whom they had brought with them from Paris, arranged the journey direct to London. They were heard at court on April 27, and their reception surpassed all expectation. “The favour shown to us by both royal personages is incredible,” writes L. Mozart; “we should never imagine from their familiar manner that they were the King and Queen of England. We have met with extraordinary politeness at every court, but this surpasses them all. A week ago we were walking in St. James’s Park; the King and Queen drove past, and although we were differently dressed, they recognised us, and the King leant out of the window smiling and nodding, especially towards Wolfgang.”

George III. was a connoisseur and passionate admirer of Handel’s music, and Queen Charlotte sang and played; both had German taste, and gave special honour to German artists, as Jos. Haydn found in later years. The Mozarts were summoned to court on May 19, and played before a limited circle from six to ten o’clock. Pieces by Wagenseil, Bach, Abel, and Handel were placed by the King before the “invincible” Wolfgang, who played them all at sight; he surpassed his clavier-playing when he sat down to the King’s organ; he accompanied the Queen in a song, a flute-player in a solo, and, finally, he took the bass of an air by Handel and improvised a charming melody to it. None took more interest in the young musician than the Queen’s music-master, Joh. Christian Bach, the son of Sebastian Bach, settled in London since 1762, and the author of several popular operas and numerous pianoforte compositions. He looked upon his art after an easy careless fashion; but his kindness and goodwill won Wolfgang’s heart for

ever. He liked to play with the boy; took him upon his knee and went through a sonata with him, each in turn playing a bar with so much precision that no one would have suspected two performers. He began a fugue, which Wolfgang took up and completed when Bach broke off. At last L. Mozart thought the time had come to introduce to the public “the greatest wonder of which Europe or the world can boast,” as the grandiloquent announcement ran. Not without due calculation, the concert was fixed for June 5, the King’s birthday, which was sure to bring a large public to London. The speculation succeeded, and L. Mozart “was terrified” by taking one hundred guineas in three hours — a satisfactory sum to send home. On the 29th Wolfgang played at a concert given at Ranelagh Gardens, with a charitable object, and “astonished and delighted the greatest connoisseurs in England.” This prosperous career was, however, temporarily cut short; Leopold Mozart was seized with dangerous inflammation of the throat, and retired with his children to Chelsea, where they remained seven weeks before his cure was completed. During this time Wolfgang, out of consideration for his father, left his instrument untouched; but he set to work to write orchestral symphonies, and his sister tells how he said to her, sitting near: “Remind me to give something really good to the horn.” The horn was at that time a favourite instrument in England, and in many of Wolfgang’s youthful compositions it has a prominent part. The first symphony, in E flat major (1 K.), in the three usual movements, has many corrections which the boy made, partly to improve the instrumentation, partly to moderate the too rapid transition to the principal theme of the first movement. Originality is scarcely to be expected, but it is something that a due regard to form and continuity should be everywhere apparent. He worked so diligently that at the next concert it was announced that all the instrumental pieces were of Wolfgang’s composition. Three symphonies (17,18,19, K.), in B flat major (with two minuets, the instrumentation not

quite complete), in E flat major (with clarinets, instead of oboes, and bassoons), and in D major (Londra, 1765), which all fall within the London visit, show marked progress. The subjects are better defined, the disposition of the parts is freer and more orchestral, and some instrumental effects begin to be heard. On October 29, they were in town again, and invited to court to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the King's accession. As a memento of the royal favour, L. Mozart printed six sonatas for piano and violin or flute, composed by Wolfgang, and dedicated to the Queen on January 18, 1765, which dedication she rewarded with a present of fifty guineas. The opening of the Italian Opera House on November 24, 1764, had no small influence on Wolfgang's genius; here, for the first time, he heard singers of note. Giovanni Manzuoli (born in Florence, 1720), whose singing and acting were then exciting the London public to the highest enthusiasm, became acquainted with the Mozart family, and gave Wolfgang lessons in singing. His voice was, of course, a boyish treble; his style that of an artist. The following year, in Paris, Grimm declared that he had so profited by Manzuoli's instruction as to sing with extreme taste and feeling, notwithstanding the weakness of his voice. Thus early did Mozart acquire, as if by natural instinct, all the requisites for a great composer which are, to most men, the result of years of painful study.

During Lent, he enjoyed the opportunity of hearing Handel's Oratorios, but we hear nothing of any special influence which they may have had on his mind; indeed, he knew little of Handel in later years, until Van Swieten made him acquainted with his works.

On February 21, the "Wonder of Nature" reappeared in public at a concert which had been often postponed. The political situation and the illness of the king made the time an unfavourable one, and the receipts were not so great as had been expected.

Another concert, on May 13, took place only after repeated announcements of the approaching departure of the Wonder of Nature, and at a reduced rate. “It was quite enchanting,” declares the “Salzburger Zeitung” “to hear the sister of twelve years old play the most difficult sonatas on the harpsichord, while her brother accompanied her impromptu on another harpsichord.” Wolfgang performed on a harpsichord with two manuals and a pedal which the musical instrument maker Tschudi had constructed for the King of Prussia; Tschudi “rejoiced that his extraordinary harpsichord should be played for the first time by the most extraordinary performer in the world.” After this, L. Mozart repeatedly invited the public to hear and test the young wonder in private daily from twelve to two o’clock; at first these performances took place in their own lodging, afterwards in a tavern, not of the first rank. It was promised as something extraordinary that the two children should play a duet on the same clavier with the keyboard covered. It was for these occasions that Wolfgang composed his first duet, according to L. Mozart, the first sonata for four hands ever written.

The Hon. Daines Barrington, a man highly esteemed as a lawyer and a philosopher, undertook a repeated and searching trial of the boy’s skill, and has left a circumstantial report of the result. He obtained a copy of Wolfgang’s registry of baptism, in order to be sure of his age, and made other minute inquiries concerning him. Besides the usual tests of playing difficult pieces at sight, and of singing and accompanying with proper expression a score hitherto unknown to him, he demanded an improvisation. He told Mozart to improvise a love-song such as Manzuoli might sing in some opera. The boy at once pronounced some words to serve as a recitative, then followed an air on the word *affetto* (love) of about the length of an ordinary love-song in the regulation two parts. In the same way he composed a song expressive of anger on the word *perfido* which excited

him so much, that he struck the clavier like one possessed, and several times sprang up from his seat. Barrington remarks that these improvised compositions, if not very astonishing, are yet far above the ordinary run, and give proofs of decided inventive power. Not only has Mozart's technical education so far advanced, that he handles freely the forms and rules of composition; he begins now to display the inspired imagination of an artistic genius.

It is interesting to note the first stirrings of the dramatic element in Mozart, and how he was able already to give articulate expression to various passions as they were suggested to him.

An instance of this is a tenor song, "Va dal furor portata" (21 K.), composed in London, 1765, in which the Da capo form is rigorously adhered to, and which, though wanting in originality displays much sense of characteristic expression.

Before the end of their London stay they visited the British Museum, the natural history and ethnographical curiosities being duly noted by Marianne. In deference to an expressed wish, Wolfgang presented the Museum with his printed sonatas and with a manuscript composition (20 K.), consisting of a short madrigal in four parts, "God is our Refuge," the melody being possibly suggested. Notwithstanding this, the treatment of it is an extraordinary proof not only of the boy's skill, but of his readiness in apprehending and adhering to an unaccustomed form.

On July 24, 1765, they left London, remained one day in Canterbury, and passed the rest of the month at the country seat of Sir Horace Mann. In obedience to the repeated and earnest solicitations of the Dutch Ambassador, speaking as the mouthpiece of the Princess Caroline, of Nassau-Weilburg, L. Mozart, contrary to his original plan, consented to visit the Hague. He probably lays stress on this pressing invitation to excuse his lengthened absence from Salzburg. His leave of absence had long ago

expired, and he was repeatedly urged to hasten his return; but he was firmly resolved with God's help, to carry out what he had begun. They had proceeded as far on their journey as Lille, when Wolfgang was seized with an illness which necessitated a delay of four weeks, and from which he had not quite recovered when he was in Ghent playing on the great organ of the Church of St. Bernard. They reached the Hague in the beginning of September, and met with a very gracious reception from the Prince of Orange and his sister the Princess of Weilburg. But now, Marianne, in her turn fell dangerously ill; was delirious for a week together, and received the last sacrament. "No one," writes the father, "could have heard unmoved the interview between myself, my wife, and daughter, and how we convinced the latter of the vanity of the world and the blessedness of early death, while Wolfgang was amusing himself with his music in another room." They did not neglect to have masses for Marianne's recovery said in Salzburg.

On the Sunday that she was at her worst, Leopold opened the Gospel at the words: "Lord, come down, ere my child die;" but a new treatment of the case by Herr Schwenckel, physician to the Princess of Weilburg, was so successful, that he was soon able to acknowledge the prophetic significance of the words: "Thy daughter sleeps; thy faith hath saved thee."

Scarcely was the father relieved from this anxiety when he was subjected to a still greater trial. Wolfgang was seized with a violent attack of fever, which reduced him to extreme weakness for several weeks. But even illness did not cripple the boy's mental activity. He insisted on having a board laid across his bed, on which he could write; and even when his little fingers refused their accustomed service he could scarcely be persuaded to cease writing and playing.

In January, 1766, we find him composing a song, "Conservati fedele" (23 K.), for the Princess of Weilburg, which consists of a pleasant, flowing melody, and here and there characteristic touches, happily expressed by

changes of harmony. He was able before the end of this month to go on to Amsterdam, where they spent four weeks. Wolfgang gave two concerts at which all the instrumental pieces were of his own composition. Among them was a Symphony in B flat major (22 K.), in three movements, which had been written at the Hague, and which contains noteworthy instances of thematic elaboration and well-rounded phrasing. Although it was Lent, and all public amusements were strictly forbidden, these concerts were permitted because the “exhibition of the marvellous gifts of these children redounds to the glory of God,” a resolution which, though it was formulated by Lutherans, was nevertheless cordially accepted by so devout a Catholic as L. Mozart.

On March 8, 1766, they travelled back to the Hague, to assist at the festivities given in honour of the Prince of Orange, who came of age on that day. Wolfgang was ordered to compose six sonatas for piano and violin for the Princess of Weilburg, which were printed with a dedication (26 to 31, K.). In addition, he wrote several songs for the same princess, and other “trifles,” which were also printed, among them pianoforte variations on an air composed for the occasion (24 K.), and upon another air, “which is sung, played, and whistled all over Holland.” This was the song, “Wilhelmus von Nassau,” written and composed by Philipp von Mamix (d. 1598), on the Prince of Orange (d. 1584), which soon spread far and wide and became the national song of Holland. Mattheson cites it as an instance of a national war-song, which had inspired a whole people to great deeds, and had played an important part in the war and in the celebration of peace, in 1749. For one concert, Wolfgang composed an orchestral piece after the manner of a “Concerto grosso,” in which a clavier obbligato was introduced with the other instruments and called it a “Galimathias musicum.” Sketches for this in Wolfgang’s handwriting, with his father’s corrections here and there, have been preserved (32 K). After an easy andante, which serves as an

introduction, come thirteen movements, generally only in two parts, varying both in measure and time. There is a variety of instrumentation unmistakably present, and the horns are specially favoured; there is one passage which imitates the bagpipes.

The whole winds up with an elaborate movement on the first part of the national song —

which is partly fugued, partly worked out in a free imitation, showing, as one might expect, the uncertain hand of a boy. But it is plain that he was considered as an established composer. His father’s talent, too, met with flattering recognition; his Violin Method was translated into Dutch, and dedicated to the Prince of Orange on his accession. The publisher brought it to Leopold Mozart, accompanied by the organist, who invited Wolfgang to play on the great organ at Haarlem, which he did on the following day. At length they travelled by way of Mechlin to Paris, where they arrived on May 10, and established themselves in a lodging provided by their friend Grimm. The progress made both by Wolfgang and his sister was acknowledged by all; but the public are more easily excited by the phenomenal performances of an infant prodigy than by the incomparably more important development of an extraordinary genius, and the interest in the children does not appear to have been so great as on their former visit. Nevertheless, they played repeatedly at Versailles; the Princess of Orleans, afterwards Duchess of Condé, thought herself honoured in presenting Wolfgang with a little rondo for piano and violin of her own composition. Prince Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand von Braunschweig, the Braunschweig Achilles, as Winckelmann calls him, who had won his laurels in the seven years’ war, sought them out in Paris. “He is pleasant, handsome, and amiable,” writes L. Mozart, “and as soon as I went in, he asked me if I were the author of the Violin School.” He had not only intelligence and good

taste in music, but played the violin himself so well “that he might have made his fortune by it.” He said of Wolfgang that many a kapellmeister had lived and died without having learnt as much as the boy knew now. He entered into competition with the most distinguished artists on the organ, the piano, or in improvisation, and either came off victor or with abundant honour. On June 12, he composed a little Kyrie for four voices with stringed accompaniment (33, K), that is precise and simple, but in style and form, and in the purity of its melody, approaches nearer to the Mozart of after life than any other composition of his boyhood.

Leaving Paris on July 9 they obeyed the summons of the Prince of Condé to Dijon, where the Estates of Burgundy were assembled. Next they stayed a month at Lyons, and made the acquaintance of a certain Meurikofer, a merchant, who was never tired of the joke of making Wolfgang sing an Italian song with spectacles on his nose. At Ghent, where they found everything in confusion, they made no stay; at Lausanne they remained five days at the request of several distinguished persons, especially of Prince Louis of Wurtemberg, brother of Duke Charles; they were a week at Berne, and a fortnight at Zurich; guests of the Gessner family, from whom they received much kindness, and parted with regret. Among other books presented to them as keepsakes, Salomon Gessner gave them a copy of his works, with the following inscription: —

Accept this gift, dear friends, in the same friendly spirit in which I offer it. May it preserve my memory fresh among you. May you, venerable parents, long enjoy the sight of the happiness of your children wherein consists the most precious fruit of their education; may they be as happy as their merit is extraordinary! In the tenderest youth they are an honour to their country and the admiration of the world. Happy parents! happy children! Never forget the friend whose esteem and love for you will never be less lively than at this moment.

Salomo Gesner.

Zurich, August 3, 1766.

Taking Winterthur and Schafhausen by the way, they journeyed to Donaueschingen, where they were expected by Prince Joseph Wenzeslaus von Fürstenberg. They remained here twelve days, and played every evening from five to nine o'clock, always producing some novelty; they were richly rewarded by the Prince, who was moved to tears at their departure. At Biberach, Count Fugger von Babenhausen arranged an organ competition between Wolfgang and Sixtus Bachmann, who was two years older than Wolfgang, and had attracted great admiration by his musical performances. "Each tried his utmost to surpass the other, and the competition increased the fame of both." Then they went by way of Ulm, Günzburg, and Dillingen to Munich. Arriving here on November 8, they dined with the Elector on the following day. Wolfgang sat next to him and composed a piece in pencil, taking for theme a few bars which the Elector hummed to him; this piece he played after dinner to the astonishment of all the party.

An indisposition with which Wolfgang was here seized seems to have put a stop to a journey to Regensburg which had been planned, and about the end of November, 1766, the Mozart family re-entered Salzburg.

CHAPTER III. STUDY IN SALZBURG.

LEOPOLD MOZART had every reason to be satisfied with the result of his tour; the extraordinary talents of his children had been duly appreciated, honours of every kind had been heaped upon them, and the three years exertions had produced a not inconsiderable pecuniary gain. In spite of repeated, and sometimes severe, attacks of illness, the children returned to Salzburg in full health and vigour, and, what was of not less importance, with their childlike simple minds unspoiled by the exceptional degree of notice and admiration they had everywhere excited. The little Orpheus rode round the room on his father’s stick, and sprang up to play with his favourite cat, in the middle of his improvisations on the clavier.

During the journey he had amused himself by constructing an imaginary kingdom, which he called Rücken; it was inhabited by children, of whom he was king, and his invention of fresh gifts and qualities for his kingdom and subjects was inexhaustible. So vividly was it impressed on his imagination, that he made a servant, who was something of a draughtsman, draw a map of it, to which he supplied the names of the places. A very favourite idea of his was to compose an opera, to be performed entirely by young Salzburgers, of whom he drew up a list with his father. His tenderness of heart was constantly displayed. One morning on awaking, he began to cry bitterly, and being asked the reason, answered that he longed to see his friends in Salzburg, all of whom he then mentioned by name. When he heard that Hagenauer’s son Dominicus had entered the Monastery of St. Peter’s he burst into tears, imagining that he should never see him again. Reassured on this point, he planned a visit to St. Peter’s immediately on his return home, and talked of the games that he and his friend would play together.

Occasionally, Wolfgang displayed a considerable amount of self-assertion. A gentleman of rank in Salzburg was uncertain how to address the boy in conversation. The formal pronoun *Sie* appeared unbefitting a child, while *Du* was too familiar for so celebrated an artist; he took refuge in *Wir*, and began: “So *we* have been in France and England”— “*We* have been introduced at court”— “*We* have been honoured” — when Mozart interrupted him hastily: “And yet, sir, I do not remember to have seen you anywhere but in Salzburg.”

But L. Mozart’s satisfaction was not entirely without alloy. He was too intimately acquainted with the Salzburg court to feel certain of obtaining such a position as would enable him to educate his children in a way befitting their talents. On this point he had written to Hagenauer, shortly before their return: —

Everything depends on my having a position at home which is suitable to my children. God (all too merciful to me, miserable sinner) has endowed my children with such genius that, laying aside my duty as a father, my ambition urges me to sacrifice all else to their education. Every moment lost, is lost for ever, and if I never realised before how precious the time of youth is, I know it now. You know that my children are accustomed to work; if they once had an excuse for idleness, such as an inconvenient house, or want of opportunity for study, my whole fabric would fall to the ground. Custom is an iron path, and Wolfgang has still much to learn. But how shall we be treated in Salzburg? Perhaps we shall be only too glad to take our knapsacks on our backs and be off again. At any rate, I offer my children to my country. If it will have none of them, that is not my fault, and will be my country’s loss.

So shrewd a man of the world had no idea of burying the pound that might produce such excellent interest. The uneventful stay of nearly a year which L. Mozart made with his children in Salzburg was employed in

mechanical practice, and perhaps still more in the study of composition. A detailed account of these studies is not obtainable; but L. Mozart's wise and earnest views, his clear apprehension that genius entails twofold labour and exertion on its possessor, leave no doubt as to the severity and thoroughness of his instruction to his son. An exercise book containing exercises in thorough-bass and counterpoint is preserved in the Mozarteum at Salzburg, bearing no date, but evidently falling within this period. The intervals and scales are followed by a long list of short lessons on a given melody generally in three parts, to be worked out harmonically and according to the different kinds of simple counterpoint. (*Nota contra notam; duoy quatuor nota contra notam; cum ligaturis; floridum*.) The choral tunes which serve as Cantus firmus are taken from Fux's Gradus ad Pamassum, which was no doubt employed as a textbook. The lessons, corrections, and brief notes are generally in the father's writing, the working out and the fair copies of the corrected lessons are of course made by Wolfgang; on one occasion he jokingly notes the different parts as *Il Sign. d'Alto, il Marchese Tenore, il Duca Basso*. An observation of the compositions of this period, which are still preserved, will show us the result of the studies.

Archbishop Sigismund, incredulous of Wolfgang's powers, caused him, so Barrington says, to be locked up for a week, seeing no one, during which time he was to compose an oratorio, for which the Archbishop provided the subject. Wolfgang stood the test triumphantly, and the oratorio was publicly performed, with great success, during Lent, 1767.

This composition (35 K.) was printed in Salzburg (1767) with the title: — The Obligation of the First and Greatest Commandment, Mark 12, v. 30: Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy hearty with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength.

After this preface, the declaration “that there is no more dangerous state for the soul than lukewarmness in the work of salvation” is given as a reason for this musical representation “by which it is intended not only to delight the mind but to elevate the soul.”

In the first part the understanding and judgment of the lukewarm Christian are stirred by the loving and indefatigable zeal of the Christian Spirit, with the assistance of Divine Mercy and Justice. In the second part, right judgment is victorious, the will is prepared for surrender, to be finally and completely freed from fear and wavering in the third and last part.

The verses, richly garnished with Latin texts, have quite the prosaic bombastic character of the period.

Mozart’s original score has the title in his father’s writing: “Oratorium di Wolfgango Mozart composto nel mese di Marzo, 1766.” As they were then in the Netherlands, we must suspect an error. But the date 1766 is established by the “10 years old” on the title-page; he must have set to work immediately after his return, quite at the end of 1766, and the representation must have taken place in March of the following year.

The score, which fills 208 pages, bears unmistakable traces of boyish workmanship in the blotted notes, and in the uncertain writing and spelling of the text of the songs (that of the recitatives is in another and a firmer handwriting), but there is not a sign of boyishness in the music itself. The whole composition is modelled on the Italian oratorio, and shows a complete mastery of its forms. The introductory symphony is an allegro in the usual two parts, simple in its execution, and with no actual thematic elaboration, but precise and well rounded. The dialogue is in recitative, and maintained throughout with correct declamation, here and there displaying a fine sense of fitting expression, which tells more for the independent power of comprehension than even the surprising technical skill exhibited. Here and there comes an accompanied recitative, with an effort after originality,

depending chiefly on the expression of the words, which are poor stuff in most cases. For instance, after the lines —

Und der Verkehrte will sich bald ergeben,
Wenn ihnen fühlbar sollte vor ihnen schweben
Das Pein-und Schreckenbild des offnen Höllengrund,

which have been given in secco-recitative, comes the strongly accented passage: — They are in the usual form, the principal subject elaborated and repeated after a short intermediate subject, with ritornellos differing in length and character, according to the commonly accepted varieties. The perfect decision of style and composition leaves the inexperienced hand of the scholar hardly visible, and it is plain that the boy has taken in and turned to account all that he has heard. But although the work may be considered on a level with most of the similar compositions of the time, it cannot be said to be distinguished from them by individual character. It conforms on all important points to the Italian style, although there is now and then a sentimental colouring suggested by Graun's German verses.

The melodies are simple and good, with here and there a pure and dignified phrase, and a delicate expression of deep feeling. Witness the passage in the second soprano air, "Du wirst von deinem Leben genaue Rechnung geben," which is afterwards well made use of in the recitative. The very moderate embellishment of the whole work is in great measure the father's addition. The third tenor air rises above the level of the rest; the words, although themselves certainly not inspired, have given opportunity for the expression of a tender earnest mood in a charming flowing melody whose well-chosen harmonies and admirable instrumentation shadow forth unmistakably the later Mozart. He must himself have felt the charm of this air, for, as we shall see, he repeated it in his first opera. The finale of the oratorio is a pleasing terzet for two soprani and tenor, with the parts in easy

imitation. The orchestra is the usual one of the day, stringed instruments, bassoons, seldom used independently, two horns, and two oboes, sometimes replaced by two flutes. The parts are, as was usual, carefully put together, but without any pretence to more than technical skill; only the second tenor air has an obbligato alto trombone accompaniment suggested by a reference in the text to the trump of doom.

A little cantata for two voices was also evidently composed for this Lent. It bears the title “Grab-Musik, 1767” (42 K.), and is a dialogue between the Soul and an Angel, the verses having a decided smack of the local poet of Salzburg. The Soul is intrusted to a bass voice, which was not employed in the oratorio. The cantata begins at once with a Recitative for the Soul:

Meines Jesu gottlichs Herz
Das reget sich nicht mehr,
Und ist von Blut und Leben leer.

Was für ein hartes Eisen
Konnt dieses süsseste und allerliebste
Herz zerreissen!

Then follows the air —

Felsen spaltet euren Rachen, &c.

Here Wolfgang has striven to express the somewhat whining pathos of the text both by the voice and the instruments, and the result is a bravura song, handled with great skill. There can be no doubt that this song made a great effect at the time, though its want of good taste shocks us now. The succeeding soprano air, on the other hand, which closes with the warning — expresses a soft, not unpleasing sentimental mood, which is still more toned down in the concluding duet. Yet even here we have fanciful passages —

accepted at the time as legitimate both in music and poetry, as corresponding to a complex state of feeling.

For a later performance, probably before 1775, Mozart added a final chorus, introduced by a short recitative, in unjson throughout, thus bringing the whole piece simply and melodiously to a conclusion. A little song (146 K.): “Kom-met her, ihr frechen Sünder, seht den Heyland aller Welt,” not in any way remarkable, belonging probably to the beginning of 1770, was also intended for a Lenten performance.

Not long after Wolfgang’s return from Paris, he paid a visit to the Monastery of Seeon, where he was on friendly terms with the monks. During dinner the abbot expressed his regret that no offertory had been composed for the festival of St. Benedict. Wolfgang took advantage of the first pause to leave the dining-hall, and leaning on the ledge of the window opposite the door, he wrote his offertory “Scande coeli limina” (34 K.). It begins with a pleasing soprano solo, a gentle flowing melody accompanied by the violins; then comes a lively chorus with drums and trumpets, somewhat cramped in style and pedantic in the imitative arrangement of its parts.

Among the monks was a certain Herr v. Haasy, called Father Johannes, who was very fond of Wolfgang. The boy sprang towards him as soon as he entered the monastery, climbed on his neck and stroked his cheeks, singing the while: —

This scene excited great amusement, and the monks were never tired of teasing him about his tune. When the fête-day of Father Johannes came round, Wolfgang presented him with an offertory (72 K.). It begins in a joyous burst with the words (Matth. xi. 11), “Inter natos mulierum non surrexit maior”; then with the words “Ioanne Baptista” he introduces the above melody as a birthday greeting to his friend. Apart from this charming

display of childish affection, the offertory, which in any case belongs to his early boyhood, is a beautiful piece of music. The subject, which is pursued throughout with a natural, easy movement of the parts, has the caressing little melody running through it, and is twice interrupted by the words (S. John i. v. 29), “Ecce Agnus Dei qui tollit peccata mundi,” given in a quiet, serious manner, that has a charming effect. The greeting breaks out once more in the “Alleluia,” which ends the piece.

In the spring of 1767, Wolfgang again came forward as a composer in his native town.

It was the general custom at the university to celebrate the close of the scholastic year by a dramatic representation among the students. In the year 1661, a large theatre, supplied with twelve scenes, was built to replace the smaller one hitherto used, and excited great admiration. According to custom, a Latin play, written by the Professor of Poetry, or some other ecclesiastic, was represented by the “Benedictine Muses,” i.e., by the students. The subject was taken from the Old or New Testament, more rarely from heathen mythology, and was always intended to point some particular moral. Following an old usage, musical portions were interspersed through the tragedy or comedy, as they were also in the Italian spoken drama, so that a short Latin opera of a congenial tendency, with one part serving as a prologue, was introduced between the acts of the drama, just as in the opera seria the intermezzi or ballets came between the acts. Members of the chapel undertook the composition, and some of the singers assisted the performance by taking the more difficult parts.

On May 13, 1767, the Syntax, that is, the students of the second class, performed the tragedy, “dementia Croesi.” This time the musical supplement was entitled “Apollo et Hyacinthus seu Hyacinthi Metamorphosis,” and composed by Wolfgang, who is set forth in the printed text-book thus: *Auctor operis musici nobilis dominus Wolfgangus*

Mozart, un-decennis, filius nobilis ac strenui domini Leopoldi Mozart, Capello Magistri.

The old myth is treated with considerable freedom, after the manner of an Italian opera; for the edification of pious youth Melia becomes the beloved of Apollo and Zephyrus, Hyacinthus a comparatively insignificant personage. The piece ends *en règle* with a betrothal. A regular dramatic treatment is not even attempted, only long detached airs and duets, old-fashioned in style and form, and adapted of necessity to the Latin text. The dialogue is in Iambics, the choruses and songs are rhymed. The text is correct enough, but devoid of taste, and imitates in some particulars the libretti of the Italian opera. After a short overture in two parts, simple and well put together, the action begins with a recitative between Hyacinthus and Zephyrus, who betrays his love for Melia and jealousy of Apollo; Æbalus and Melia appear and sacrifice to Apollo, who is invoked by the chorus: —

Numen o Latonium
Audi vota supplicum,
Qui ter digno te honore
Certant sancte colere.
Nos benigno tu favore
Subditos prosequere.

The sacrifice is not accepted; a thunderbolt scatters them all, and Æbalus tries to reassure Hyacinthus in an air: —

Sæpe terrent numina,
Surgunt et minantur,
Fingunt bella
Quae nos angunt
Mittunt tela
Quae non tangunt;

At post ficta nubila
Rident et iocantur.

Then Apollo appears, and begs for the protection of Æbalus, Jupiter having banished him; after many civilities on either side, Apollo returns thanks in an air. Hereupon follow the two first acts of the tragedy. Then Æbalus informs his daughter that Apollo demands her in marriage; she willingly consents, and expresses her delight in an elaborate air.

Lætari, iocari
Fruique divinis honoribus stat,
Dum hymen optimus
Tædis et floribus Grata, beata
Connubia iungit et gaudia dat?

But now comes in Zephyrus with the tidings that Hyacinthus is slain by Apollo. Melia thereupon declares that she cannot accept him, OEbalus wishes to banish him, and Zephyrus expresses in an air the hopes to which these events give birth. Then enters Apollo, overwhelms Zephyrus with abuse, and causes him to be borne away by the winds; Melia, enraged by this fresh deed of violence, reproaches Apollo, and a duet follows, in which she rejects and dismisses him, while he bewails his love and her cruelty.

Hereupon follow the third and fourth acts of the tragedy. Then Hyacinthus is borne in dying, and declares in an accompanied recitative that Zephyrus is his murderer, which gives occasion to Æbalus to rage duly in an air, followed by a duet between him and Melia, dreading the anger of the offended god. But Apollo appearing, changes Hyacinthus into a flower, extends his forgiveness to Æbalus and Melia, and betrothes himself to the latter.

A concluding terzet expresses the general satisfaction.

This composition manifests throughout great decision of style, and in many respects a very marked progress. The songs — in the old-fashioned

aria form — are more freely treated, the handling of the parts is more independent, and a disposition to the imitative form is more marked than heretofore. In the duet between Melia and Æbalus, for instance, and in the first chorus, where the voices are treated harmonically, the violins have an imitative phrase in the accompaniment.

Mistakes here and there in the text prove Wolfgang's Latin to be still that of a learner. A droll little note written in 1769, to Madame Hagenauer, shows that he was then working hard at it. The note runs as follows: —

Dear Friend, — I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in troubling you with these few lines; but since you told me yesterday that you understood everything, and that I might write Latin to you as much as I chose, I cannot refrain from sending you at once some Latin lines, and when you have read them please send the answer back by one of your own servants, for our girl cannot wait. (But you must send me the answer in a letter.)

Cuperem scire, de qua causa, à quam plurimis adolescentibus ottium usque adeo æstimetur, ut ipsi se nec verbis, nec verberibus, ab hoc sinant abduci.

Even if the text were translated and explained to him, it would have been strange if he had found no difficulty in the language; and it is only another proof of the boy's musical apprehension that his setting of the familiar German sacred texts has a more distinctive character than that of this piece of declamatory school rhetoric; the mere fact of being set to produce a brilliant work as a task had its influence on the music, which is cold and stiff, and sometimes devoid of taste. No doubt the long passages, the peculiar turns given to the pompous or amorous melodies, all that appears to us most tiresome was then most loudly applauded, and the truly surprising ability shown in the working out may have passed at that time for original productive power, which is just what we cannot grant it to have been. Still, there are not wanting signs even of this, and the young artist

asserts his individuality at once whenever he has to express a simple emotion, such as he can comprehend and enter into.

There is a little solo in the first chorus (G major, 3-4) which, in its expressive simplicity, almost reminds us of Gluck. Again, in the duet between Melia and Obalus there is a long well-worked-out cantilene, which is not without beauty and expression, and is further distinguished by original instrumentation. In this the first violins (muted) lead the melody, the second violins and bass accompany *pizzicato*, two tenors *coll' arco*, and two horns are introduced; a very striking variation on the otherwise simple orchestral accompaniment, consisting of the string quartet, two oboes, and two horns.

The duet between Melia and Apollo shows most dramatic talent, being the only expression of an exciting situation and contrasting emotions. The recitatives are not distinguished by characteristic expression in the same degree as those of the sacred pieces; they are easy and flowing, but quite in the style of the ordinary recitative of Italian opera; no doubt because Mozart felt that such an expression of feeling as suited the elevated, lyrical emotions of the cantata was unsuited to the dialogue of an opera.

It is an astonishing proof of the productiveness and constant industry of the young composer that, between December and May, three important works were completed and performed. In the summer of 1767 we find him preparing

for a journey to Vienna, and composing four clavier concertos (37,39-41 K.), in F (April), B flat (June), D and G major (July), with the usual orchestral accompaniment; once, only, trumpets are added. The form is the usual one in three movements, like the symphony. The compositions are not above the ordinary level, and have little either of original or technical interest. It is noteworthy that even in these works, which were to serve as show pieces, we can trace no signs of boyish pleasure in odd or artificial

effects; the love of tuneful melody, and the endeavour to blend the orchestra and the solo part into an harmonious whole, are as observable in his first compositions as in his last.

CHAPTER IV. THE FIRST OPERA IN VIENNA.

THE approaching marriage of the Archduchess Maria Josepha with King Ferdinand of Naples furnished Leopold Mozart with a pretext for repairing to Vienna with his whole family; this he did in the beginning of September,

1767, with every expectation that the public of that brilliant capital would recognise the progress made by Wolfgang since their former visit.

They travelled quickly; were invited to dine with the Bishop at Lambach; and at the Monastery of Mölk, where Wolfgang tried the organ, his playing was at once recognised by the organist.

Misfortune awaited them at Vienna. The charming and universally beloved Princess Josepha fell ill of the small-pox, which carried her off in less than a month. This, of course, put a stop to any appearance at court, or at the houses of the nobility.

Leopold Mozart had been advised when in Paris to follow the example of the Duke of Orleans, who had set the fashion of inoculation with his own children in 1756, and to “graft the small-pox” in his little boy. “But I prefer,” he wrote (February 22, 1764), “to leave it all in God’s hands; let Him, in His divine mercy, dispose as He will of the life of this wonder of nature.” Now, however, he took instant flight to Olmütz with his children, but they did not escape; first Wolfgang sickened, then Marianne. Count Leopold Anton von Podstatzky, Dean of Olmütz and Canon of Salzburg (which would account for his acquaintance with Mozart), out of compassion to the distracted father, took the whole family into his house, making light of the risk of infection. In the deanery, well cared for, and skilfully doctored, the children passed through all stages of the disease, which, with Wolfgang at least, was so severe, that he lay blind for nine days.

“Again is the saying proved true,” writes L. Mozart: “In Te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum.” “What extraordinary and unexpected good fortune it was that Count P. should have been willing to receive a child with the small-pox! I cannot tell you with what kindness and goodness we were treated; who else would have received a family under such circumstances, and that from an impulse of pure humanity? This good deed shall redound to the honour of the Count in the biography of our little one which I intend to publish some day, for I consider that it is the commencement of a new epoch in his life.”

He endeavoured also to bring about an expression “of gratitude, or at all events of approbation” on the part of the Archbishop towards the Count. For several weeks after his recovery, Wolfgang was obliged to be very careful of his eyes, and his daily visitor, the Archbishop’s chaplain, Hay, afterwards Bishop of Konigsgràz (brother to Frau von Sonnenfels), strove to relieve the tedium of his enforced idleness by teaching him card-games, in which the boy soon became as great an adept as his instructor. He threw himself with the same zeal into the practice of fencing, having at all times a great love of exercises demanding bodily activity. When his recovery was complete, he composed an aria for the little daughter of his physician, Wolf, of which her father reminded him in later years (May 28, 1778).

On their return journey to Vienna they stayed for a fortnight at Brunn, where they were received with great kindness by Count Franz Anton Schrattenbach, brother to Archbishop Sigismund, of Salzburg: all the nobility residing at Brünn treated them with the “highest distinction.”

But at Vienna, which they re-entered at the beginning of January, 1768, difficulties crowded thick upon them. At court, indeed, their reception took place sooner than they had dared to hope. The Empress Maria Theresa had scarcely recovered from the small-pox, when she remembered her admiration of the children, and sent for the family.

The Emperor himself came into the ante-chamber, and conducted them to his mother, no other person being present but Duke Albert of Sachsen-Teschen, and the Archduchesses. They passed two hours in the midst of this family circle. The Empress, a motherly woman, conversed intimately with Frau Mozart, and questioned her on all details of the children's illness, pressing her hands and stroking her cheeks compassionately, while the Emperor discussed musical and other matters with Wolfgang and his father, and "made Nannerl blush very often."

This unusual condescension was gratifying to the patriotic feelings of the Mozart family, but it was not directly profitable. The Empress presented them with a pretty medal of small value; but as she had visited neither the opera nor the theatre since the death of her consort, and had discontinued all musical parties, a summons to play at court could only come from the Emperor. But Joseph showed little inclination to liberality in the cause of art, and others, besides L. Mozart, complained of his parsimony. The nobility followed the example of the court, and avoided any appearance of extravagance in order to ingratiate themselves with the Emperor. Dancing was the only amusement during the carnival, but, whereas, formerly the nobles vied with each other in costly entertainments, at which distinguished artists were nearly always present, they now gave their balls in public rooms and at small expense. L. Mozart suspects that the court made its advantage by this, contracting for all dances, masquerades, and balls, and sharing the profits with the contractor. Under these circumstances, the good recommendations Mozart had brought with him were of little use. He had letters to the Master of the Horse, Count von Dietrichstein, who was high in the Emperor's favour, to Fräulein Josepha Guttenberg, "the Empress's right hand," and to the court physician, L'Augier, a travelled and accomplished man of considerable talent, and excellent judgment in music; all that was refined and cultivated in Viennese society flocked to his assemblies. Among

Mozart’s patrons was also Duke Joh. Carl v. Braganza, a man of the first importance, who had proved his spirit and courage at the earthquake of Lisbon, and as a volunteer in the Austrian army; frequent travels had increased his knowledge and enlarged his views; he was an excellent companion and a thorough musical connoisseur.

Gluck dedicated to him his “Paride ed Elena” (1770), and in the well-known dedication explained that he sought in the Duke, not so much a patron as a judge, of thorough knowledge, fine taste, and unprejudiced opinions.

The Mozarts were further favourably noticed by Prince Kaunitz, an elegant connoisseur, but a man of such exaggerated anxiety on the subject of his health, that he would not admit Wolfgang into his presence as long as the traces of the small-pox remained on his face. But the Viennese generally were not enthusiastic for art. Leopold Mozart gives the following account of them: —

The Viennese public, as a whole, has no love of anything serious or sensible; they cannot even understand it; and their theatres furnish abundant proof that nothing but utter trash, such as dances, burlesques, harlequinades, ghost tricks, and devil’s antics will go down with them. You may see a fine gentleman, even with an order on his breast, laughing till the tears run down his face, and applauding with all his might some piece of senseless buffoonery; whilst in a most affecting scene, where the situation and action are alike irresistibly fine and pathetic, and where the dialogue is of the highest order, he will chatter so loud with a lady that his better-informed neighbours can scarcely hear a word of the play.

Recollecting the efforts that were being made just at this time by Sonnenfels and his colleagues to introduce a higher style of entertainment in Vienna, this description will not appear exaggerated. Indeed, L. Mozart fails to animadvert on the main entertainment of the Viennese, the

barbarous baiting of wild animals. Under these circumstances, it is conceivable that the same people who raved about the performances of the little prodigy, felt little interest in the development of an artist's genius. To this passive indifference on the part of the public was added the active opposition of envious musicians living by their profession, who had been ready to applaud the precocity of a child, but who saw with quite other eyes the arrival in their midst of an accomplished musician ready to meet them on their own ground.

L. Mozart says of them: —

I soon found that all the clavier-players and composers in Vienna were in opposition to us, Wagenseil only excepted, who, being ill, could be of little use to us. The plan adopted by these people was to avoid all opportunities of seeing us or of learning the extent of Wolfgang's attainments. Why was this? In order that when they were asked whether they had heard the boy, and what they thought of him, they might reply in the negative, and deny the possibility of what they were told; that they might assert his performances to be impostures and mere buffoonery, got up beforehand, and all that he pretended to compose to have been previously learnt. Now you see why they avoided us. They knew very well that if they saw and heard they would not have a word to say without the risk of losing their honour. But I set a trap for one of these good folks. I persuaded some one to give me quiet notice of his presence, and to induce him to bring an extraordinarily difficult concerto, which was to be laid before Wolfgang. This all took place, and he had the satisfaction of hearing his concerto played by Wolfgang as if he knew it by heart. The astonishment of this composer and clavier-player, the expressions of which he made use in his admiration, let us all into the secret of what I have told you above. He ended by saying: "I must honestly declare my opinion that this boy is the greatest musician in the world; I could not have believed it."

But a solitary triumph of this sort could not do much against the secret enmity of an envious cabal. The Emperor himself furnished a better weapon by a proposal which was calculated to display Wolfgang's powers in the most brilliant light. He ordered him to compose an opera, and intimated a wish that the boy should himself conduct the work at the clavier.

Both father and son eagerly seized on this proposal, the more so as success would not only insure their position in Vienna, but would pave the way for the young artist to Italy and the Italian stage.

The Emperor announced his wish to the theatrical manager, Affligio. Leopold Mozart, knowing that the fate of an opera greatly depends on the performers, strove to win the goodwill of the artists, male and female; this was not difficult to accomplish, for it was felt that unusual applause would be given to the work of so young an artist, and Affligio was urged on all sides to undertake the production of the work. He was ready enough to consent; and concluded a contract to produce the opera, with an honorarium to the composer of 100 ducats.

The singers available for opera seria were not by any means of the first rank.

On September 29, 1767, L. Mozart gives as his opinion that Hasse's opera ("Partenope") is fine, but the singers, considering the occasion, indifferent; Tibaldi was the tenor; Rauzzini, of Munich, the best male soprano; the prima donna was Elizabeth Deiberin (Teyber), daughter of a Viennese court violinist, and pupil of Tesi and Hasse. Gluck had not been willing to entrust his "Alceste" to these singers. "Alceste" was brought out in Vienna on December 16, 1767; Bemasconi made a great sensation as Alceste, but Tibaldi took Admetus. The Mozarts were then at Olmtitz, but they had an opportunity on their return of hearing what L. Mozart calls "Gluck's melancholy 'Alceste.'"

It is a remarkable coincidence, that in the act of writing his first opera, Wolfgang should have witnessed in Gluck's "Alceste" the most marked attempt yet made for the reform of dramatic music; and it is not unlikely that early association may have been partly the cause that he afterwards studied "Alceste" with unquestionable partiality.

L. Mozart's ideas were too firmly rooted in the tradition of Italian music to enable him to appreciate Gluck's innovations. That the public in general were of his opinion is evident from Sonnenfels' mimicry of the gossip, not of the gallery, but of the boxes of the nobility: —

"This is edifying! Nine days without a play, and on the tenth we get a De profundis — What? This is meant to be pathetic? Well, perhaps we shall shed a few tears presently — from *ennui*."

"Come, this is throwing money away! It is too absurd, a fool of a woman dying for her husband!"

The members of the Opera Buffa, on the contrary, were of first-rate excellence; the die was cast, therefore, for an opera buffa. The text was furnished by Marco Coltellini, who had been "Theatrical Poet" in Vienna since 1764, and in 1772 was made "Imperial Poet" at the court of St. Petersburg. He wrote after the manner of Metastasio, who complimented him highly; his principal libretti were for Gassmaun ("Amore Psiche"), Hasse ("Piramo Tisbe"), Salieri ("Armida"), and for Mozart "La Finta Semplice," in three Acts (51 K). Wolfgang set to work at once in order that the opera might be ready by Easter. As soon as the first act was completed it was distributed among the singers, who expressed their entire satisfaction and admiration. But delay was caused by the poet, who proceeded so leisurely with the alterations in the text required both by composer and performers, that he had not finished them until after Easter. Mozart, nothing daunted, composed eagerly and industriously, wrote new airs whenever they were demanded, and had soon completed the score of 25 numbers and 558

pages, in three parts. In the meantime intrigues were set on foot from all sides to hinder the production of the opera. Advantage was taken of a natural feeling of repugnance at seeing a boy of twelve years old conducting in the place usually occupied by Gluck. Leopold suspected Gluck of being concerned in these intrigues. It is true he wrote at first: “I have brought Gluck over to our side, and even if he is not quite sincere, he has to keep it to himself, for his patrons are also ours;” but later he says, in plain language: “So far, all the composers, with Gluck as their leader, have left no stone unturned to hinder the progress of this opera.” The decision with which Gluck proceeded on the path he had marked out for himself may have caused him to take less interest in Mozart’s youthful genius than seemed to the father right, and the latter may have been still further repelled by Gluck’s unsociable manners; but envy and intrigue directed against struggling talent are inconsistent with the composer’s proud and upright character. Nevertheless, the music was condemned beforehand as being “not worth a groat, suiting neither the words nor the metre, in consequence of the boy’s not understanding Italian sufficiently well.” Thereupon Leopold caused Hasse, a man honoured for his reputation, beloved for his gentle disposition, and justly called the “father of music,” and Metastasio, as the highest authority, to pronounce their opinion in opposition to Gluck and Calsabigi, that of thirty operas produced in Vienna Wolfgang’s was incomparably the best, and worthy of the highest admiration.

Then the mode of attack was changed. The composition, it was said, was not Wolfgang’s at all, but his father’s. This assertion also could be disproved. At a large assembly, where there were present Prince Kaunitz, Duke of Braganza, Bono, Kapellmeister to the Prince von Hildburghausen, Metastasio, and Hasse, a favourite volume of Metastasio was opened, and a song taken at random was given to Mozart to compose and write down with orchestral accompaniments — a proof which at least left no doubt of the

boy’s technical skill and readiness. Niemetschek confirms this through the testimony of “credible persons,” who had been present at similar tests.

In spite of all L. Mozart’s exertions the unceasing slanders issuing from “the stirred-up hell of music” reached at last the artists who were to represent the opera. The orchestra were encouraged to resent the leadership of a boy; the singers, although they had one and all declared themselves fully satisfied with the music, now that they saw the strength of the opposition, began to fear the effect of the opera before the public. It became their interest to postpone its production, and to shrug their shoulders over the composition whenever they saw an opportunity.

L. Mozart complains bitterly of the duplicity of the singers, some of whom scarcely knew their notes, and had to learn everything by ear, and assures Count Zeil, who thought that all the musicians were in Wolfgang’s favour, that he must not judge from the outside, but must learn the “innate malice of the creatures.”

Soon the impresario, who had undertaken the production of the opera chiefly on account of the effect likely to be produced by the boyish age of the composer, began to reflect on the risk he was running, and to draw back. Affügio was an adventurer and a gambler, who had procured an officer’s commission by swindling, and had risen to be lieutenant-colonel; his utter want of sympathy with art was illustrated by the anecdote that being present at a bull-baiting where two dogs were pitted against a Hungarian ox, he remarked to a friend, “Believe me, I prefer these dogs to Aufrene and Neuville” (two excellent actors, then high in favour with him). His name acquired an unhappy immortality by the share which he took more than once in the struggle of the legitimate drama against the buffoonery of the age. He was at last sent to the galleys for forgery, and there ended his career.

With such a man as this had Mozart to do. He postponed the opera on every possible pretext from Easter to Whitsuntide, then to the Emperor's return from Hungary, and so on continually, putting one opera after the other into rehearsal, and as often as L. Mozart wrung from him the order to copy and rehearse Wolfgang's opera, so often was it secretly recalled. The Emperor's interest in the work remained unabated, and he frequently inquired after its progress from Wolfgang; but even his influence could not prevail against Affligio, who held his position quite independent of the court. He had the theatre on a lease, and bore all the expenses, the imperial family having the privilege of free ingress.

Affligio had promised the nobles, and especially Prince Kaunitz, to revive the French drama, discarded in 1766. He accomplished this in 1768, but, according to L. Mozart, at a cost of 70,000 gulden and a great loss to himself; Prince Kaunitz strove to make the loss good by an appeal to the Emperor to share in the expenses; but this attempt failed signally. Under these circumstances, no influence from this quarter could be brought to bear on Affligio, and nothing remained for L. Mozart but to overcome his evasions step by step. When at last Affligio was driven to bay he declared that he would give the opera if L. Mozart insisted on it, but that it should not benefit him much, for he would take care that it was hissed off the stage. After this threat, which would certainly have been fulfilled, nothing remained but to give up the production of the opera. On September 21, L. Mozart justified himself to the Emperor by a formal complaint against Affligio, which was intrusted for delivery to the Court Director of Music (Hof und Kammer-Musik-director), Count Joh. Wenzel Spork, a zealous musical friend; but, as might have been foreseen, it was without result.

For nine months the affair had thus dragged on, during which time L. Mozart had been living with his family at Vienna almost entirely on the proceeds of their previous tour. His receipts at Vienna could not but be

insignificant, and the salary which he drew at Salzburg as professor of the violin in the Royal Chapel, and leader of the orchestra, was withdrawn in March of this year with the observation that he might remain away as long as he chose, but that he would not be paid during his absence.

He was too proud to use the influence of his patron, Count Schrattenbach, brother to the Archbishop, in soliciting the continuance of a salary which, “in the firm opinion of most of the court officials,” he did not deserve.

But he could no longer count with certainty on the future security of his position at Salzburg, and a rumour even reached him that this was imperilled by the gossip which represented his gains in Vienna as enormous, and fixed on 2,000 gulden as the sum which had been paid for Wolfgang’s opera.

L. Mozart sought to justify himself with the Archbishop by a reference to Affligio’s want of faith, which it had been impossible to foresee; and by declaring that had the work been an opera seria instead of an opera buffa, requiring all the strength of the Viennese company, he would not have hesitated to shake the dust of Vienna from his feet, and lay his son’s first important composition at the feet of his rightful and gracious lord. The honour of the Archbishop himself Mozart considered to be concerned, that artists employed and recommended by him should not be treated as “charlatans, liars, and impostors, who go abroad with his permission to throw dust in people’s eyes like common conjurors”; and the Archbishop was implored to undertake Wolfgang’s cause as identical with his own against people, who “because they sniff the air of the town where the Emperor happens to reside, look with disdain on those who serve foreign princes, and speak disrespectfully of the foreign princes themselves.”

Nay, he calls upon him as a Christian to convince the unbelievers that the Almighty has worked a miracle in the birth of this prodigy at Salzburg: —

If ever I considered it my duty to convince the world of this miracle I do so now, at a time when every effort is made to bring miracles into disrepute and ridicule. What greater joy and triumph could I enjoy than to hear the astonished exclamation of a follower of Voltaire (Grimm): *Now for once in my life I have seen a miracle; it is the first.* But because this marvel is too patent and too open to be denied, every effort is made to suppress it, and to deprive the Lord of the glory due to Him. There is an idea that in a few years the wonder will cease and will fall back into the natural. So it is to be hidden away from the eyes of the world; for what could manifest it more openly than a public performance in a large and populous city?

This tone was undoubtedly adopted as an appeal to the Archbishop's bigoted piety.

In spite of all discouragements, L. Mozart never swerved from his main object. He had an immovable faith in the Providence which had "so often and so evidently urged him on or held him back, and always led him in the right way." Just as firm was his confidence in the artistic gifts of his son, for whose glorious future he considered it his mission to prepare the way. His conviction that the opera in Vienna would be the pioneer on the road to Italy made him ready to sacrifice to it even his official position in Salzburg: —

I reckon upon this as a means of extorting permission for the journey to Italy, a journey which, all things considered, cannot be long delayed, and for which the Emperor himself has given me every possible assistance in the imperial towns, and in Florence and Naples. Failing this, we must pine at Salzburg in the vain hope of better fortune, until I shall have grown too old to make the journey at all, and until Wolfgang has grown up, and his performances are deprived of everything marvellous. Can it be that the first step of this opera in Vienna shall have been made in vain, and that my son is not to advance with rapid strides along the path so plainly marked out for him?

However bitterly he felt that ill-will and disappointment pursued him in Vienna as they had never done abroad, and that his opponents were Germans seeking to oppress a German, whom foreigners had treated with justice and liberality, yet intrigues and slanders never deprived him of patience and self-command: —

It is just the way of the world; if a man has no talent he is unhappy enough, but if he has talent, then envy follows him in proportion to his ability. All we can do is by patience and perseverance to convince the world that our adversaries are malicious liars, slanderers, and covetous wretches, who would laugh in their sleeve if we allowed them to frighten or weary us.

It is impossible to withhold our sympathy from L. Mozart's shrewd and patient endeavours to bring to light his son's work, in the full belief of its worth; but we must ascertain also how far this belief is justified by the work itself. The opera is preserved in Mozart's handwriting, and a detailed examination of it serves to confirm the judgment of contemporary critics, that it is not only on a level with the numerous comic operas of the time, but far superior to the majority of them.

The text goes far to justify Coltellini's want of success as a librettist. The poverty of the plot, the unreality of the characters, and the stupidity of the jokes, all prove the truth of Nicolai's severe criticism of the "outlandish musical zany in Vienna, whose pieces are as poor as those of any mountebank."

The plot is somewhat as follows: — Fracasso, a Hungarian officer, is quartered with his servant Simone in the house of two rich bachelors, Cassandro and Polidoro, who have a beautiful sister Giacinta. Fracasso and Simone are of course carrying on a love intrigue with Giacinta and her maid, Ninetta, of which the brothers know nothing. The latter are broad caricatures. Polidoro, the younger of the two, is simple and timid, but amorous by nature, which he does not dare to betray to Cassandro, who, by

virtue of his wealth, talent, and good looks, of which he is inordinately vain, tyrannises over his household, and though not less amorous than his brother, feigns a contempt for women. In order to outwit the brothers and force them into a consent to their union, the two pair of lovers plot that Rosine, Fracasso's sister, who is expected on a visit, shall, under Ninetta's instruction, make both brothers in love with her. Rosine enters with 'feigned simplicity,' and with a marvellous show of *naïveté* throws herself at the head of the two brothers. Each of them, delighted at her demonstration of love, wishes to marry her at once. The tricks which she plays on them, the Complications which ensue when each brother in turn surprises her with the other, their attempts to ingratiate themselves with her, and their awkward manners form the main subject of the opera, which is devoid of dramatic action, and consists of detached burlesque scenes. We will note a few characteristic traits. At their first meeting, after a very few words, Polidoro proposes marriage on the spot to Rosine. She shows herself not averse but *"domanda un matrimonio i passi suoi, s' am a da prima, e poiche qualche visita almeno, qualche gentil biglietto, qualche bel regalo."* He is nothing daunted; as for love he declares, it exists already; for the visits, he has just paid one. Ninetta shall write a love-letter for him, and, by way of present, he thrusts a purse of gold into her hand. In a subsequent scene he is formally instructed in the duties of a husband.

Cassandro fares no better. At their first interview, Rosine begs for a ring which he wears, and, on his refusal, she teases him into lending it, whereupon he plainly expresses his doubt of ever receiving it back again. In the following act he comes in intoxicated and is consequently forced by Rosine to converse with her from the opposite corner of the stage; she expresses herself in pantomine, which he misunderstands, and at last goes to sleep. Then she puts the ring on his finger again and leaves him.

Fracasso enters, and Cassandro complains that his sister has kept the ring; but as it is shown to be on his finger, a duel is the consequence, in which Cassandro makes full display of his cowardice. To bring matters to a point the brothers are informed that Giacinta and Ninetta have decamped with gold and jewels, and are induced to promise the hands of these young ladies to whomsoever shall bring them back. Fracasso and Simone are happy enough to accomplish this; Rosine having given her hand to Cassandro, clears up all misunderstandings, and the piece ends amid general rejoicings.

The noble and refined genius of young Mozart now, as ever, raising to a higher sphere all with which it came in contact, was able to transform and quicken even such miserable trash as this. The jesting is confined to the dialogue; the songs have a higher tone, and in the finales, which are unquestionably burlesque in their situations, the poor fun of the text is made subordinate to the strongly marked individuality of the composer. A talent for musical delineation of character is clearly visible in this work, and must be entirely ascribed to the genius of the youthful composer, who had no help from the poet. The part of Polidoro is the most favourable instance of dramatic power. It was written for Caribaldi, whose beautiful voice was very telling in slow movements, but who had a poor execution, and strove unsuccessfully to imitate Caratoli in his acting. Mozart has contrived to give a simple, noble expression to the genuine feeling of love which invests even the poor simple dupe with a certain dignity; and yet the comic element is never lost sight of. His first air (7), in which he describes the impression made on him by Rosine, is the crown of the whole opera. The naïve emotion of a youth, who is as yet unconscious of the strength of his own passions, is so naturally and heartily expressed, that we may well ask how the boy had acquired such a degree of psychological insight. We are

reminded of Cherubino in “Figaro,” but Polidoro is not to be compared to the Page in fire and spirit. All Mozart’s later characteristics, the quiet beauty and easy flow of the melodies and harmonies, the symmetrical blending of the details into a whole, and the intrinsic unity of style, are already to be traced, and we may fairly rank this song with those of his maturer works.

The instrumentation is carefully and effectively worked out. The first violins and the voice go together, the second violins have a simple accompaniment, the basses play *pizzicato*. Two tenors and bassoons, generally in unison, supply the shadows to this outline (as it may fairly be termed), and two oboes let in the appropriate lights; the horns, made use of only in long-drawn notes, keep the whole together. The skilful employment of these simple means produces an effect of light and shade which is at once striking and beautiful.

As we have already observed, this air was taken, with slight modifications, and with the omission of the middle movement in G minor, and of the Da capo, from Mozart’s earlier oratorio (p. 55). This species of borrowing was common enough at the time, but Mozart never made use of it except in this instance; his having done so here proves how strongly the young composer himself felt the beauty of his music.

Polidoro’s air in the second act (17) has far more of dramatic energy. Rosine, insulted by Cassandro, bursts into tears; Polidoro, indignant with his brother, but more than half-frightened at his own temerity, seeks to console her. The contrast between his strong feeling of attraction to Rosine and the effort which he makes to overcome his fear of his brother is well marked by modulations of time and measure, and by the instrumentation; the accelerated part has much of the ordinary buffo character.

Next to Polidoro we may rank Rosine. The part was publicly announced for Clementine Baglioni, whose voice “had a silvery tone, was as easy and fluent as could be desired, and carried admirably”; she sang “without

audacity and correctly; her gestures were easy and becoming." "The same simplicity and truthfulness of expression is observable here as in the part of Polidoro. The first song (6) in which she undertakes to show —

Che si puö senza rossore

Gradir tutti ed un solo amar, is fresh and lively, and the passages are so natural and graceful, that even in the present day it does not sound antiquated. The first part of the second song (9) is especially beautiful, and the principal melody reminds us, in dignity and expression, of the Countess in "Figaro." The words —

Senti I' eco, ove t' aggiri,
Susurrar tra fiori e fronde
Ma se gridi, o se sospiri
Quello sol 1' eco risponde,
Che ti sente à ragionar.

give opportunity for descriptive music, the *susurrar* being expressed by a phrase for the violins, while a solo oboe enacts the part of Echo, repeating the end of each phrase.

But this trifling is kept in the background, and does not in the least interfere with the tender character of the air. The second part (Allegro grazioso, 3-4), although light and cheerful, does not approach the first in originality and depth. The cavatina in the second act (15) expresses a simple, fervent emotion in a beautiful melody; the whole piece, both in design and execution, shows Mozart's manner most unmistakably; and is marked by a certain individuality of conception which transcends all technical readiness and skill. On the other hand, the song (17) which Rosine sings in her *rôle* of affected simplicity, is cheerful and fresh, but not particularly striking.

The part of Cassandro is not on a par with the two we have been considering. Caratoli, for whom it was written was past his best days as a

singer, but he was an excellent actor, and “knew how to dispense in some measure with singing”; he generally played old men, and his desire to please the multitude led him into occasional extravagances. His part is specially adapted to the peculiarities of the Italian buffo; it contains rapid declamation, well-applied pauses, strong contrasts, and other similar conventional effects; but not much original conception of comic character. In one song, indeed, we have a clever expression given to the not over-refined words: —

E son come un can barbone,
Frà la carne ed il bastone,
Vorrei stender lo zampino
E al baston più m’ avvicino
E abbaiando, mugilando
Piglio il porco e me ne vö.

We must not indeed compare such jesting as this, however it may have been applauded at the time, with the delicate humour of Figaro. The composer is not at his best; but much of the blame lies at the door of the poet who wrote such trash, and of the performer who would accept only slight indications of the music to be sung, that he might win applause by his own elaboration of it. But youthful inexperience and ignorance of the minds of men must also naturally have narrowed the boy’s ideas. It is a sufficient proof of his thoroughly artistic nature that his fun was exempt from childish extravagance.

The two pairs of lovers are not of equal prominence. The somewhat timid and indolent Giacinta is a difficult subject for musical representation. In her first song she declares(3) —

Mari to io vorrei, ma senza fatica,
Averlo, se commoda, lasciarlo, se intrica;

the husband is to be —

Un uoroo d’ ingegno
Ma fatto di legno.

This is not exactly the state of mind for a prima donna. The music that she sings is harmonious and pleasing, but, with the exception of a happy turn here and there, not above the average. Only the song in the third act (24) expresses dismay at the pretended flight with a tragic pathos, which, though of course exaggerated, is well sustained, both by the voice and the accompaniment. The conception of this part was doubtless influenced by the individuality of the singer for whom it was written. According to Sonnenfels this was Signora Eberhardi.

“She has an agreeable contralto voice, and a style which pleases universally. Her shakes certainly degenerate sometimes into a quake, and if the tempo is taken very fast she fails to keep pace with it. In her acting she suffers the natural to pass into the artificial, and her conventional gestures are often constrained.”

Fracasso is a lover of the usual type, rough and impetuous as becomes a Hungarian officer, quarrelsome with the two brothers, but without marked individuality. This it was impossible for so young a composer as Mozart to evolve out of such commonplace and insignificant materials. The part was cast for Laschi, whom Sonnenfels praises as a cultivated artist, and a buffo actor of the most refined and intelligent type. He still played first lover’s parts, but was much commiserated on account of the loss of certain notes of his voice, a defect which he sought to hide by transposing airs and passages.

Simone is an ordinary valet, blunt rather than rude, and merry, all which is well represented by the music, the part seldom rising, however, above the ordinary buffo level. Most genial and telling is the song(13) —

Con certe persone Vuol esser bastone —

and the concluding refrain “Madama, bastone!” is pretty and comical. Poggi, who took the servants’ and peasants’ parts, possessed a fine bass voice and correct execution, together with a charming style of acting, and was the favourite of connoisseurs.

The character most devoid of colour is that of Ninetta, and we find in it no foretaste of a Susannah or a Despina. It can only have been intended for Bemasconi, who had made a great sensation as Sandrina in Piccini’s “Buona Figliola,” and in Sacchini’s “Contadina in Corte.” It is indicative of the healthiness of Mozart’s genius that some of the songs for these less important personages were rewritten several times, no doubt at the request of the performers. Where any natural emotion or characteristic situation is to be represented, his judgment is at once correct and decided; but in unimportant matters he is ready to yield to the wishes of the singers and the public, and to attempt various modes of expression in search of what is pleasing and harmonious.

In accordance with the prevailing fashion, solo songs abound in this opera; each character has two or three, Rosine has four, and the total number amounts to twenty. The majority are formed on the same model, the usual one of the day.

They have a long ritomello, and consist of two movements, differing in time, measure, and key, which are generally both repeated; each movement is woven into one long thread, the motifs being sometimes repeated, but never really worked out. This clumsy form gives few opportunities for dramatic effect, and is especially adapted for the singer who is desirous of displaying his own,

As a matter of course, those songs which have most originality disregard such rules, and their form is rounder, more self-contained and complete. In these, little opportunity is given for a display of execution; the melodies are

simple, ornamental passages and runs few in number, and little beyond the cadenzas is left to the singers' discretion. The natural expression of feeling in the songs is never inconsistent with the style of an opera buffa; all is cheerful, light, and easy of apprehension.

By the side of these numerous airs, there is only one duet between Fracasso and Cassandro (19), of a purely comic character; Cassandro assumes an air of arrogant importance, but, terrified in reality, seeks by any means to escape from the proposed duel. This is animated, and must have been very effective at the time; but it is in reality a solo for the bass buffo, for Fracasso has only detached ejaculations, and the two voices never go together.

Each act of the opera ends with a finale, in which the action, increasing in intensity through the several scenes, is wound up and represented to the audience in a connected and coherent form. Clearly defined rules left little scope for originality in the arrangement and composition of these finales. Changes of time, measure, and key took place according to rule with every change of situation; and each movement formed a complete and detached whole. When the action becomes animated, or the dialogue rapid, the orchestra, by means of retaining and developing a characteristic motif, supplies a framework from which individual dramatic features can be detached without risk of the whole falling asunder.

The skilful modelling of a composition from its purely musical aspect, is as important to true artistic workmanship as is the vivid delineation of individual character; only a consummate master of his art can be expected to bring both these elements to perfection. The first predominates in these finales.

The design and modelling of each subject is firm and flowing. The voices are not artificially involved, but free and independent throughout; the

orchestra is cleverly handled and treated with due consideration, whether it comes to the front, or remains as an accompaniment in the background.

The instrumentation is rich, and even where the rapid progress of the action causes difficulties, it is full of effects of light and shade.

The wind instruments are frequently employed independently; and there is already visible the germ of Mozart's inimitable art of combining orchestra and voices with mutual independence into perfect unity. The situations and characters are fitly and dramatically expressed by the orchestra, though not in so striking a degree as in the airs. Creative power is not so prominent here as the dexterity with which the various parts are moulded together. Even with his extraordinary gifts, such a mere boy could not satisfy in an equal degree the very great and varied demands made upon him face to face with such a task as this; the only wonder is that Mozart did not yield to the temptation of producing brilliant effects at the cost of artistic unity.

These finales make a perfectly harmonious effect, and wanting as they are in depth and vigour, preserve throughout the genuine character of an opera buffa. The last movement of each finale is for four voices, and is sung by all the personages present; a similar movement opens the opera. They are very simple, the voices in harmony, to a varied figure on the violins, generally only a sort of paraphrase of the principal subject; the other instruments fill in the harmonies, so that the whole has a rapid, busy effect.

The overture (Sinfonia) is, according to established custom, in three movements, the two first being in two divisions. It is a symphony, composed previously on January 16 (45 K.), and prefixed to the opera with the omission of the minuet. There are a few minor alterations, chiefly in the instrumentation. The symphony had originally trumpets and drums, which were omitted in the overture, while flutes and bassoons were added. This is unquestionably the weakest part of the opera, and the middle movement is

especially poor; but little importance was then attached to the overture, and it is not worse than others of its day.

To sum up our criticism, the opera was a worthy rival to those already in possession of the stage, and portions of it may fairly be said to surpass them in nobility and originality both of invention and execution, while it points unmistakably to a glorious future for its composer. Surely this is extraordinary praise for the work of a boy!

The manuscript score is clearly a fair copy, but not without corrections. Some of these are of mistakes in the copying; others, although seldom, are alterations probably demanded by the performers, either curtailments or additions. The additions are for the most part to the closing phrases, which Mozart, as a rule, cut very short; the singers, mindful of a good exit, demanded their prolongation. The hand of L. Mozart is discernible throughout; the indications of the tempo, of the persons, instruments, &c., the minute directions as to execution, are almost all in his handwriting.

There are also some indications of his having revised the composition in unimportant trifles. But this score, being a copy, can offer no evidence as to the influence of L. Mozart’s advice and corrections on the compositions of his son; we can well understand that at the time this influence was thought to be overpowering; now that Wolfgang’s career and development lie open before us, we rate it at next to nothing.

Although L. Mozart was denied the satisfaction of witnessing the public recognition of his son’s genius by the performance of this opera, yet a good opportunity was afforded him of asserting his dramatic talent before a small circle of connoisseurs. The Mozarts became acquainted with a Dr. Messmer, who had married a rich wife, and who kept open house for a select and cultivated circle. Heufeld was among the number of his friends. Dr. Messmer was musical, and had built an amateur theatre; here was

performed, a little German opera composed by Wolfgang, with the title “Bastien und Bastienne” (50 K.).

We must here revert to J. J. Rousseau’s intermezzo, “Le Devin du Village,” the origin of which he describes in the eighth book of his “Confessions.” The pleasure which he had derived during his stay in Italy from the performances of the opera buffa was revived in 1752 at Passy, where he encountered a zealous musical friend, Musard, who shared the same tastes. This suggested to Rousseau the idea of placing something of the same kind on the French stage; in a few days the plan of the piece, the text, and some of the music were sketched out, and within six weeks, the poem and composition were complete. At a private rehearsal, which Duclos arranged, the operetta made a great sensation, and attracted the attention of the manager *des menus plaisirs*, De Cury, who ordered and directed a performance of it at court.

It was twice (on October 18 and 24,1752) performed before the King at Fontainebleau, Mdlles. Fel and Jeliotte singing Colette and Colin, with great applause. Then it was given publicly in Paris before the Académie Royale de Musique on March 1, 1753, and met with great and universal approbation. From the King, who, “with the worst voice in his whole kingdom,” sang “J’ai perdu mon serviteur,” downwards, the couplets of the operetta were in every one’s mouth, and it became popular to a remarkable degree. In 1774 it received almost as much applause as Gluck’s “Orpheus,” and even in 1819 and 1821 German musicians were astonished at its popularity. It did not finally disappear from the stage until 1828. The plot could not be simpler: —

Colette, a village maiden, is inconsolable for her faithless swain, Colin, and goes to a soothsayer for advice and assistance. He informs her that the lady of the manor has entangled Colin in her toils, but that he is still faithful at heart, and will return to his first love; she must punish him by pretended

indifference, so as to inflame his desires afresh; this she promises. Colin then enters; he is healed of his madness, and returns to his Colette. On being informed by the soothsayer that she loves another, he, too, begs for help; the soothsayer undertakes to summon Colette by magic, but Colin must himself do the rest. Colette appears, and somewhat unsuccessfully plays the prude; her lover thereupon rushes off in despair, she calls him back, and then follow reconciliation and renewed assurance of love and constancy. The soothsayer receives thanks and reward, and the assembled villagers take part in the joy of the lovers.

The simplicity and naïve sentiments, which atone for the poverty of the plot, are also characteristic of the music. A certain inequality in technical details, and here and there gross errors, betray the amateur; but there is a natural feeling in the melodies, and a playful tenderness in the whole composition, which must have had an extraordinary effect at the time of its production. Rousseau, who aimed at unity of tone before all things in this little sketch, was not satisfied with furnishing the couplets with easy flowing melodies, but bestowed great care on the recitatives, which, in imitation of the Italian, were intended to be pieces of artistic and studied declamation. The minute care with which he indicated the smallest detail in the delivery of his recitatives is almost incredible; it is plain that he gave credit to the performers for no musical feeling or power of expression whatever.

Rousseau’s opera coincided in point of time with the first appearance of Italian opera buffa in Paris; and though he had avowedly taken, this as his model, comparison serves only to prove the complete originality of his work. It bore unmistakable traces of its nationality, and was French in feeling and tone. The abiding impression created by it is best shown by the innumerable operas of the same kind, which followed closely in its rear, such as “Rose et Colas,” “Annette et Lubin,” “La Clochette.” The Comédie-

Italienne ratified the success of the “Devin du Village” in yet another way. According to the custom, by which every piece of any importance was parodied as soon as it appeared on the stage, a parody of Rousseau’s intermezzo appeared at the Italiens, September 26, 1753, with the title: “Les Amours de Bastienet Bastienne.”

It was composed by the witty and agreeable Madame Favart and Hamy, and, without attempting to disparage the original, it transforms the Arcadian idealism of Rousseau’s shepherds into the unromantic realism of country life. Genuine French peasants express appropriate sentiments in their patois, and the whole piece is rustic and natural.

The dialogue is strung together by well-known melodies, as was always the case in vaudeville. The piece was highly applauded, owing its success in great measure to the lively and natural acting of Madame Favart. She was the first actress who ventured to appear in the genuine simple costume of a peasant woman, and her appearance in sabots created a great sensation. Her portrait was painted in this character, and it had much to do in laying the foundation of her fame.

The parody was elaborated into a German operetta. In Vienna, low comedy had never entirely renounced the aid of music; Haydn composed his operetta “Der neue Krumme Teufel” for Kurz-Bemardon. When the more refined comic opera was introduced by Hiller, it was accepted and imitated in Vienna. In 1764 Weiskem translated Madame Favart’s parody with some slight alterations, and to this text Mozart composed the music. The piece is a continuous dialogue, interrupted by isolated songs and duets at appointed places. These, consisting of eleven solo songs, three duets, and one terzet do not always correspond to those of Rousseau’s opera, which was unknown to the adapter; many songs have several verses, of which Mozart has only transcribed the first.

The French parody has been most unskilfully travestied, as will be seen by a comparison of the first song in its various forms.

ROUSSEAU.

J’ai perdu tout mon bonheur;
J’ai perdu mon serviteur:
Colin me délaisse.
Hélas! il a pu changer!
Je voudrois n’y plus songer:
J’y songe sans cesse.

MADAME FAVART.

(Air: J’ai perdu mon äne.)

J’ons pardu mon ami!
Depis c’ tems-là j’nons point dormi,
Je n’ vivons pû qu’à d’mi.
J’ons pardu mon ami,
J’en ons le cour tout transi,
Je m’ meurs de souci.

WEISKERN.

Mein liebster Freund hat mich verlassen,
Mit ihm ist Schlaf und Ruh dahin;
Ich weiss vor Leid mich nicht zu fassen,
Der Kummer schwächt mir Aug’ und Sinn.
Vor Gram und Schmerz Erstarrt das Herz,
Und diese Noth Bringt mir den Tod.

The verses are equally tame and clumsy all the way through; and even taking into account the prevailing low standard of cultivation and taste, it is difficult to believe that this operetta could have been produced at a private house of any importance.

Mozart has given his music a strictly pastoral character, indicated, wherever possible, by its outward form. The orchestral introduction (Intrada) an Allegro (3-4) of about seventy bars, begins with a pastoral theme —

interrupted by quick passages for oboes and horns, plainly intended to express a disturbance of the peaceful shepherd's life; this passes into a tender pianissimo, prefiguring Bastienne's song. Holmes remarks that the subject reminds one of Beethoven's Sinfonia Eroica, and still more so as the overture proceeds; but no one, it is to be hoped, would think of an actual reminiscence. Both the melody and its accompaniment, particularly the holding down of the bass note or the fifth, often of both, are meant to suggest bagpipes.

Only the stringed instruments are employed; and a curious effect is produced by the first violins giving the fundamental note to the melody on the open string of G or D. The bagpipes are imitated again in a little passage, with which Colas enters, playing the bagpipes: —

In this passage Mozart has jokingly introduced a G sharp to imitate the sound between G and G sharp, which wind instruments sometimes emit, when unskilfully handled. All these little tricks had already been brought in to his "Galimathias" (p. 45).

Comparing this operetta with the "Finta Semplice," we find that the former is as distinctively German in execution and colouring as the latter is Italian. What amount of direct influence Hiller's operas had upon "Bastien and Bastienne"

(Op. 30, 5), and others in Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." it is difficult to say, but there can be no doubt that the intention of both composers was the same.

Simplicity and directness of expression being essential, the songs are destitute both of runs and florid passages, and the fashioning of the melodies is decidedly German, generally taking the ballad form; where a more elaborate working is attempted, we may indeed trace Italian influence, but the style is invariably simplified.

The conventional form of the aria in two parts, with the repetition of the first or both, and the usual variations, is not adhered to: and when an aria consists of two parts, it has no Da capo. So, too, the cadence, which had become almost a rule in Italian songs — is employed only once or twice.

The whole composition displays little inventive faculty,. and there are no pieces of the same significance as some of those in the Italian opera; here and there is a slight uncertainty of rhythm or harmony, and occasionally also obsolete turns of expression.

On the other hand', there are not wanting passages full of grace and tenderness, the harmony is often well chosen and even bold, and the operetta is so far Mozart's best expression of simple sentiment coming direct from the heart.

His dramatic talent again asserts itself unmistakably; the three characters are boldly sketched, and many little comic touches are thrown into relief, as, for instance, the song in which Colas practises hocus-pocus, the duet in which Bastienne to all Bastien's despairing resolutions answers only: "Viel Glück!" and others. The technical working-out is very simple. Neither in the duets nor in the closing terzet are the voices interwoven; but they alternate with each other, or proceed together in simple harmony; only in one instance does there occur a short imitative passage. The orchestra usually goes with the voice, to which a simple, well-arranged bass is provided, the other parts filling in the harmonies. An accompaniment with any independent phrasing is rarely met with. The accompaniment is mainly

intrusted to the stringed instruments, strengthened by oboes (on one occasion by two flutes) and horns, but only to fill in the harmonies. Horns are also employed obbligato, and with charming effect, in Bastienne's second song, "Ich geh jetzt auf die Weide."

It says much for the artistic feeling and true discrimination of a boy of twelve years old, that he not only displays a mastery of operatic form, and a rare dramatic and inventive genius, but that he is able to grasp and appreciate the essential differences, both artistic and national, between German and Italian opera.

It is noteworthy that his first dramatic attempts should, so to speak, touch the two extremes, which it was to be his mission to bring together. One song of Bastien's (10), with slightly altered words and clavier accompaniment, "Daphne, deine Rosenwangen," and another, "Freude, Königin der Weisen" (52, 53, K.), were printed in a musical serial, the editor, no doubt, thinking to make his profit with the name of the youthful prodigy.

Among the occasional compositions, which were numerous during Mozart's stay in Vienna, two symphonies must be mentioned. The first, in F major (43 K.), falling within the year 1767, is only noticeable for its middle movement, which is an elaboration of the duet in "Hyacinthus," already mentioned (p. 62). The second, in D major, dated December 13,1768 (48 K.), is very animated, and has some striking features.

Considerable doubt still exists on the subject of a quintet, in B flat major (46 K.), which, according to Kochel's unimpeachable authority is preserved in Mozart's boyish hand-writing in the archives of the Austrian Musikverein; it has many corrections, and the date appended, in a strange hand certainly, but coinciding with the composition, is "d. 25 Januar (Mozart writes Janner), 1768." This quintet, for two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, contains the four principal movements (omitting the second minuet, the romance, and the variations) of the great serenade for wind

instruments belonging to the year 1780 (361 K); the substance is here in its integrity, with only the necessary alterations to adapt it for strings.

Close examination leaves hardly any doubt that the composition was originally intended for wind instruments; finer effects are produced in the serenade, and are obviously not interpolated; the quintet betrays itself as an arrangement by evident efforts to bring out given effects.

Accordingly the serenade must be considered also as a very early work, and the omission of the three movements in the quintet affords no reason for ascribing them to a different period. Nevertheless, the conception and workmanship of these movements, and the scientific mastery of the art therein displayed, belong to the maturity of manhood, and make it difficult to give credence to the handwriting of the manuscript rather than to this internal evidence.

L. Mozart's hope of seeing an opera by Wolfgang on the Vienna stage was, as we have seen, destroyed; but he was not altogether deprived of the satisfaction to be afforded him by a public display of his son's genius. They had become acquainted with the celebrated Father Ign. Parhammer, a Jesuit, who had been especially zealous in purifying the land since the emigration of the Protestants from Salzburg in 1733; he took a prominent position in Vienna, and became father confessor to the Emperor Francis I. in 1758. In the following year he was made director of the Orphan Asylum, which he extended and reorganised with remarkable activity, making it at length one of the most noted of such institutions. In all similar institutions conducted by the Jesuits in Germany, the musical education of the orphans was considered next in importance to their religious duties, and in this case the result was so striking that the Emperor intended employing them in his operatic company. Parhammer sometimes invited the Mozarts; and when the foundation stone of a new chapel was laid in the summer they were present and met the Emperor, who conversed with Wolfgang about his

opera. Soon after he was commissioned to prepare the music for the mass to celebrate the dedication of the chapel, with the addition of an offertory and a trumpet concerto, to be performed by one of the boys. The latter is not preserved; the Mass in G major (49 K.), the first which Mozart had written, betrays, as might be expected, the uncertainty of boyish workmanship more than any previous work. It is written for chorus and solos which do not merely alternate with the chorus in short phrases; “Et in Spiritum Sanctum” is an independent solo for the bass; Benedictus, a solo quartet. The plan, modelling, and execution of the music are quite of the conventional type of a Missa brevis; it is almost devoid of original invention, and bears no signs of those stirrings of genius which we have remarked in previous works. This want has not been without influence on the working-out of the music. The imitative phrasing is stiffer and less free than elsewhere; only the little regulation fugue “Et vitam” shows the result of study; and the impetuous Osanna — is vigorous and well finished. The Offertory, “Veni, Sancte Spiritus” (47 K.), in C major is lively and brilliant, with trumpets and drums. The closing “Alleluia” is almost too gay, but it is pretty and fresh, reminding one of Caldara’s easier pieces.

The performance, which Wolfgang conducted, took place on December 7, 1768, in the presence of the imperial court, and confirmed, as the father writes home, that which their enemies by opposition to the opera had sought to disprove; convincing the court and the numerous audience assembled, of Wolfgang’s right to a place of honour among composers.

The following is the testimony of a contemporary journal:

On Wednesday, the 7th, his Imperial Majesty, with the Archdukes Ferdinand and Maximilian, and the Archduchesses Maria Elizabeth and Maria Amelia were pleased to repair to the Orphan Asylum on the Rennweg, in order to be present at the first festival service and dedication of the newly erected chapel.

On either side of the entrance to the chapel were stationed the companies of body guards with their bands. The royal party were received by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of this place with his attendant clergy, amid the flourish of trumpets and drums, and the discharge of guns and cannons. The service of the dedication was conducted by his Eminence, and the mass by the suffragan Bishop Marxer, with repeated discharge of fire-arms.

The entire music, sung by the choir of orphans, was composed for the occasion by Wolfgang Mozart, son of Dr. L. Mozart, Kapellmeister at Salzburg, a boy twelve years of age, well known for his extraordinary talent; it was conducted by the composer with the utmost precision and accuracy, and was received with universal applause and admiration.

CHAPTER V. THE ITALIAN TOUR.

THE Archbishop could not but feel flattered at the accomplishments of the young Salzburger, and he endeavoured, as far as lay in his power, to complete the partial success of the visit to Vienna by ordering a performance of Wolfgang's opera in Salzburg, notwithstanding that it was "an opera buffa, requiring performers of a buffo character." The programme, recovered by Köchel gives the following cast: —

The performance must have taken place on the fête-day of the Archbishop or some similar festive occasion, and upon a stage specially erected in the archiepiscopal palace.

1748, "La Clemenza di Tito" was given by the Signori Paggi di Corte, who played even the female parts, or of the chapel.

It was the custom on such occasions at the close of the performance to address the person in whose honour it was given, generally in the form of an air with recitative, concluding with a chorus; this peroration, which had no connection with the body of the opera, was called *licenza*) Two such, composed by Wolfgang for Archbishop Sigismund, are still preserved; a tenor air (36 K.) and a soprano air (70 K.), both with long recitatives, giving testimony to increasing dexterity in the treatment of form.

The performance of the opera was followed on the side of the Archbishop by the announcement of Wolfgang's appointment as Concertmeister, and he was accordingly so entered in the Court Calendar of 1770.

The greater part of the year 1769 was spent quietly at Salzburg in studies of which we know but little. The only compositions which can certainly be ascribed to this year are seven minuets for two violins and bass, composed

January 26, 1769, and two masses; they are all of the nature of studies. The first of the masses, in D minor, dated January 14, 1769 (65 K.), noteworthy on account of the minor key, is a missa brevis, and keeps strictly to that form, both in choruses and solos; in the Credo the words “Genitum, non factum — consubstantialem Patri — per quem omnia facta sunt,” are distributed to three voices, and sung together. The different phrases, though well formed, have a certain abruptness, showing that the skill to continue and develop the suggestions of the mind was still wanting. But the ordering of the details and the counterpoint are both excellent, and bear many marks of originality.

As an example the fugue — is unusual, but has a striking effect in this place. Mozart evidently enters more into the spirit of his work as the mass proceeds, and gives his impulses freer play. The Benedic-tus apparently gave him some trouble. First, it was written for all four voices, then for soprano solo, and lastly as a duet for soprano and alto, this last arrangement being twice elaborated. The alterations in the details show how precise he was in this work.

The beginning of the Dona —

Do - na, do - na no - bis promises well, but fails to maintain the same level to the end.

The second mass, in C major (66 K.), the “Pater Domini-cus Mass,” was composed in October, 1769, on the occasion of the first celebration of mass by Hagenauer’s son, whose entrance into a monastery had formerly caused Wolfgang to shed tears (p. 50). The young composer put forth all his powers to produce a truly grand and brilliant festival mass.

Every part is well conceived and worked out, and considerable progress is observable in the mechanical details of the whole. The subjects are more important, and the passages for the violins, which are very prominent, have more distinct character; the different parts, too, have freer play. But it is at

the same time to be noted that the substance of the work is not yet on a level with its broader scheme. A succession of independent solos, which evidently served as the special embellishment of the mass, show a considerable effort to avoid a light operatic tone, and to combine dignity with easy and attractive grace.

Mozart's unequalled talent for pure and noble melody is as discernible here as elsewhere, though it is crippled by a certain amount of confusion of ideas. Curiously enough the Benedictus, a solo quartet, is accompanied only by the first violin, which plays round the voices with a continuous running passage. There is a good effect in the Dona nobis, where the chorus answers the short solo phrases — with changes of lead and harmony.

This mass serves as a proof that L. Mozart did not confine himself to educating his son as an operatic composer, but that he made him pass through a course of severe study in every branch of his art, with the just conviction that his genius, when fully trained and developed, would mark out a line for itself.

L. Mozart's intention of taking Wolfgang to Italy remained firm as ever, and he considered their stay in Vienna as the first step towards its accomplishment. At that time, Italy was to musicians what she now is to painters and sculptors; a residence there was necessary to give the finishing touches to their education, and *éclat* to their reputation.

Music in Italy was not only an art universally diffused and esteemed, it was *the* Art *par excellence*. All classes shared the insatiable desire for music everywhere — in the churches, the theatres, the streets, and their own homes; and the delicate appreciation and enthusiasm for what was excellent were increased by practice and education. So in Italy a national tradition for production as well as for taste had been gradually formed, a sort of musical climate, in which artists found it easy to breathe. They knew that they might rely confidently on the appreciation of the public, whose attention and

intelligence urged them to fresh efforts, while rewarding each success with sympathetic applause.

Opera and church music were almost in equal favour, and afforded mutual support to each other. It was accordant with the brilliancy of royal courts and rich cities to give operatic performances either at Carnival time or on special festive occasions; no expense was spared to engage the most famous singers, male and female, and for every season (*stagione*) new operas were written, if possible by famous and favourite composers. Again, the dignity of the Church required, at least on great holy days, that the musical part of the worship should be grand and imposing; and the more richly endowed churches and monasteries were quite able to rival the theatres. There was on every side a steady demand for musical production and execution, which offered abundant opportunity for the exercise of every kind of talent.

The musical education of youth was principally intrusted to the Church. Monasteries and religious institutions were careful to train the musical strength, which was later to be at their disposal; special institutions were founded, which were in part the origin of the future Conservatoires, whose mission it was to train their scholars as singers, instrumentalists, or composers, and in every case as thoroughly cultivated musicians. In Venice there were four such foundations in which boys, and more especially girls, received musical instruction, preparatory to devoting themselves to the service of the Church: the Ospidale della Pietà, intended for foundlings; Ospedaletto, where Sacchini was kapellmeister at this time; Gli Mendicanti, and Gli Incurabili, then under Galuppi’s direction. In Naples were similar establishments, De Poveridi Gesù-Christo; Della Pietà de’ Turchini; S. Onofrio; Loretto. Though all were originally intended as nurseries for church music, yet they were of almost equal service to music of a secular nature; indeed, the most highly gifted among the scholars were likely to

prefer the more brilliant and profitable career of the opera stage. But the separation was never complete; operatic composers for the most part worked also for the churches, where opera singers and even professional instrumentalists were often heard. Ecclesiastics, too, practised music in various branches, often with zeal and success. Although this union of musical forces, through the overpowering influence of the opera, worked in time prejudicially on the dignity and purity of church music, yet there can be no doubt of its good effect on the study of form and musical science. The result was all the greater, since the almost instinctive steadfastness of the national taste preserved musicians from aberrations which are only to be checked by rigid limitations as to style and form. An art so formed, with so one-sided a cultivation, must of course die out in the end; but the extraordinary accomplishments of numerous Italian masters cannot fail to impress us with admiration of the share which Italian music, in its fulness of life and activity, had in producing a true musical atmosphere. It was indeed, this firm foundation of scientific knowledge which made possible a liberation of music from its confined Italian limits without abandoning the laws of artistic formation.

Under these circumstances Italy enjoyed undisputed and unlimited sovereignty in all matters relating to music. Spain and England acknowledged it almost without reserve; in France, where the impulse proceeding originally from Italy, had been modified by national characteristics, the influence of Italy was now beginning to reassert itself. In Germany alone, the works of great masters (we need only remind our readers of the Bach family as representatives of German church music; of Keiser, the creator of German opera in Hamburg) bore witness to an independent development of music. Even here it was not as “German as the German oaks,” and bore many traces of Italian or French influences; but the comprehension and cultivation of form, the substance and spirit of the

music, are purely German. This German music, however, was principally confined to Protestant North Germany; it was nourished by no favour from the great, and the colder artistic mind of North Germany hindered it from attaining the popularity which was enjoyed by music in Italy. At all the German courts, Protestant as well as Catholic, the opera was Italian; the Catholic church music was under the exclusive sway of Italian composers; all singers, male and female, were either born or educated in Italy, and so, for the most part, were the instrumentalists, although it was in instrumental music that Germany first challenged the supremacy of Italy.

The curious attraction of Germans to Italy, which has existed in all ages under different manifestations, must have worked with peculiar power on musicians. The German composers of the last century (with the exception of the North German Protestant church composers) all studied and laid the foundation of their fame in Italy, even those who, like Handel and Gluck, possessed original power enough to enable them later to strike out a path for themselves.

It may be said that, in this sense, Mozart’s pilgrimage to Rome was the last of its kind; to him it was accorded, not, only to attain to the highest aim of Italian opera but to break the bonds of nationality, by lending depth and substance to the Italian perfection of form, while, with the wealth of knowledge acquired in Italy, he furnished artistic form and expression to the national opera of Germany.

In taking his son to Italy, L. Mozart had a twofold end in view. Wolfgang was not so much to continue his scholastic training (that he could have done at home) as to emerge from a narrow provincial existence into the great world of art, and by extended experiences to gain the refined taste of a cultivated man of the world. He was also to gain fresh laurels, and to prepare the way for a prosperous and glorious future. L. Mozart expected from the excitable Italians special interest and applause on account of

Wolfgang's youth; and in this he was not disappointed. But he soon found that no pecuniary gain was to be expected from this journey, since all concerts (*accademie*) were given by exclusive companies, or by a public institute without entrance money; so that the artist could count on no receipts but a voluntary fee from the *entrepreneur*, which was not usually large. Soon after his arrival in Italy L. Mozart remarks to his wife, a remark often repeated, that although not rich he has "always a little more than is absolutely necessary"; and so bearing his main object in view, he is quite content.

Considering the constant fulfilment of duty as the most important factor in education, he insisted on Wolfgang's continuing his regular studies during their journey. A long list of compositions, partly suggested by passing events, partly set studies, bear witness to this. Wolfgang, who was very fond of arithmetic (p. 22), asks his sister to send his arithmetic book after him, so that he may go on with his sums. In Rome he had a present of an Italian translation of the "Arabian Nights," which amused him very much. Soon after we find him reading "Telemachus." L. Mozart was too well informed himself to look upon this journey as instructive merely from a musical point of view. His letters show that he took interest in politics and social life, in nature, art, and antiquity; he sends home long descriptions of the journey, which are to serve as preliminaries to future conversations over the books and engravings he is collecting. Wolfgang evinced the same fresh interest in everything he saw, and offered no opposition to the care his father took of his health. "You know that he can be moderate," writes L. Mozart (February 17,1770), and I can assure you that I have never seen him so careful of his health as in this country. He leaves alone all that he does not think good for him, and many days he eats but little; yet he is always fat and well, and merry and happy the whole day long. And from Rome he

writes (April 14, 1770), that Wolfgang “takes as much care of his health as if he were a grown man.”

Neither the honours with which he was everywhere overwhelmed, nor his performances as a musician, had any effect in spoiling the unsophisticated nature of the boy; he was always bright and animated, full of jokes and merry absurdities, and retaining a strong attachment to home and the home circle amid all the distractions of the journey. In his letters to his sister, he falls into a ludicrous jargon, composed of any number of different languages, and of childish jokes and teasings, after the manner of brothers and sisters who have grown up together and are under no sort of restraint in their intercourse.

But whenever the subject is connected with music, through all the joking tone can be traced a lively interest and a decided and impartial judgment; and the whole tone of his letters breathes hearty sympathy and amiability. Fortunate circumstances and a sensible education had combined with the happiest result; and there can be no doubt that the concentration of Mozart’s early training on one object had the indirect effect of keeping at a safe distance much that might have been hurtful to his disposition.

The father and son left Salzburg at the beginning of December, 1769. Many threads of personal recommendation stretched thence into the Tyrol and upper Italy, partly from mercantile connections, partly through the noble families belonging to the Cathedral Chapter, and the travellers had introductions which gained them admittance into widely different circles. Their first stay was at Inspruck, where they were well received by Count Spaur, brother to the Salzburg Capitular. On December 14, at a concert given by the nobility at the house of Count Künigl, Wolfgang played a concerto at sight, which had been put before him as a test of his skill; at the close he was presented with it, and twelve ducats in addition. The Inspruck newspaper testified (December 18) that “Herr Wolfgang Mozart, whose

extraordinary musical attainments have made him famous alike in the imperial court, in England, France, Holland, and throughout the Holy Roman Empire," had given in this performance the most convincing proofs of his marvellous skill. "This youthful musician, who is just thirteen years old, has added fresh brilliancy to his fame, and has commanded the unanimous approbation of all musical connoisseurs."

As soon as they entered Italy the marks of honour with which the young artist was received became more animated and enthusiastic. At Roveredo the nobles arranged a concert at the house of Baron Todeschi, who had known Mozart at Vienna. "There is no need to say how Wolfgang is received," writes his father. When he wanted to play the organ at the principal church, the report of it spread through the town, and the church was so full that it took two strong men to clear the way to the choir, and then it was a quarter of an hour before they could get to the organ, they were so besieged by the audience.

The enthusiasm in Verona was still greater. As there was an opera every evening, a week elapsed before a concert could be arranged; but in the meantime invitations poured in from the Marchese Carlotti, Count Giusti del Giardino, Locatelli, &c.

Wolfgang performed a symphony of his own composition before a select assembly of connoisseurs, besides playing difficult pieces at sight, and composing a song to some dictated words, which he afterwards sang. The scene at Roveredo was repeated when he went to play the organ at St. Thomas's Church. The press was so great that they were obliged to get into the church through the monastery, and even then they could hardly have reached the organ had not the monks formed a ring round them, and so made a way through the crowd. "When it was over, the noise was still greater, for every one wanted to see the little organist."

Newspapers and poets vied with each other in extolling the marvellous apparition. The Receiver-General, Pietro Lugiati, chief among intellectual dilettanti, caused a life-size portrait of Wolfgang at the clavier to be painted in oils, and acquainted his mother with this honour in a long letter which contained warm expressions of admiration for the “raro e portentoso giovane.”

On January 10 they entered Mantua well and hearty in spite of the cold; but Wolfgangerl looked, his father said, owing to the fresh air and the heat of the stove, “as if he had gone through a campaign, a sort of reddish brown, particularly round the eyes and mouth, something like his Majesty the Emperor.” Here too, they were warmly received by all the distinguished dilettanti of the place; Signora Bettinelli in especial lavished all a mother’s care on the boy, and wept at parting from him. A Signora Sartoretti invited them to dine with her, and sent by her servants a vase with a beautiful bouquet tied with red ribbon, and in the middle of the ribbon a piece of four ducats folded in a poem addressed by the Signora to Wolfgang.

On January 16, the concert of the Philharmonic Society was given in their capital hall, Wolfgang being the principal performer. The programme, which we append, gives some idea of Wolfgang’s performances in Italy.

Serie delle composizione musicali da eseguirsi nell’ accademia pubblica filarmonica di Mantova la sera del di 16 del corrente Gennajo, 1770.

In occasione della venuta del espertissimo giovanetto

Sign. Amadeo Mozart.

1. Sinfonia di composizione del Sign. Amadeo.

2. Concerto di Gravecembalo esibitogli e da lui eseguito all im prowiso.

3. Aria d’un Professore.

4. Sonata di Cembalo all improwiso eseguita dal giovine con variazioni analoghe d’invenzione sua e replicata poi in tuono diverso da quello in cui è scritta.

5. Concerto di Violino d’un Professore.

6. Aria composta e cantata nell’ atto stesso dal Sign. Amadeo all’

improwiso, co’ debiti accompagnamenti eseguiti sul Cembalo, sopra parole fatte espressamente; ma da lui non vedute in prima.

7. Altra sonata di Cembalo, composta insieme ed eseguita dal medesimo sopra un motivo musicale propostogli improwissamente dal primo Violino.

8. Aria d’un Professore.

9. Concerto d’Oboè d’un Professore.

10. Fuga musicale, composta ed eseguita dal. Sign. Amadeo gul Cembalo;

e condotta a compiuto termine secondo le leggi del contrappunto, sopra un semplice tema per la medesima presentatogli all’ im-prowiso.

11. Sinfonia dal medesimo, concertata con tutte le parte sul Cembalo sopra una sola parte di Violino postagli dinanzi improwisamente.

12. Duetto di Professori.

13. Trio in cui il Sign. Amadeo ne suonerà col Violino una parte all improwiso.

14. Sinfonia ultima di composizione del Suddetto.

The result was brilliant, the applause indescribable, and, according to a newspaper account, the musicians in Mantua were unanimous in declaring that this youth was born to surpass the most accomplished masters of the art.

This notice and others dwell chiefly on the precocious performances of the youthful prodigy. But wonderful as were Wolfgang’s accomplishments as a clavier-player, violinist, and vocalist, they were thrown into the shade by his talents as a composer. Even in his public performances the prominence given to improvisation is remarkable, and the readiness with which he adapted the most varied subjects, always fulfilling the conditions

of musical art, presupposes not only great liveliness of imagination, but a perfect mastery of mechanical form. In estimating Mozart's early acquirements, the most impressive fact to be noticed is the absence of any exaggeration of feeling or over-cultivation; all is natural and unstrained. His talent was no forced exotic, which springs up quickly and as quickly withers away; it was a plant of healthy growth, coming gradually to maturity; and the mechanical skill acquired in youth was the best foundation for the free creative power of manhood.

Father and son arrived at Milan before the end of January, and found a safe and comfortable lodging in the Augustine monastery of San Marco. A lay brother was appointed to wait on them, even to the warming of their beds, which attention caused Wolfgang to be "delighted when bedtime came." Their warm friend and patron was the Governor-General, Count Carl Joseph von Firmian (b. 1716). He had been partly educated at Salzburg (where his elder brother Joh. Bapt. Anton was Archbishop until 1740), and had there founded a literary society, whose earnest endeavours after a freer method of scientific inquiry had led to many hard struggles with authority. He afterwards studied at Leyden, and acquired cultivation and taste by frequent travels in France and Italy. As Ambassador at Naples, he won the heart of Winckelmann, who speaks of him as one of the greatest, wisest, most humane, and most learned men of his time and country. Count Firmian was appointed Govemor-General of Lombardy in 1759, and spared no efforts to promote the material well-being as well as the intellectual and artistic improvement of his province.

Like Münchhausen, he was not only a patron, but an accomplished judge of science and of the arts, and his support and hospitality were freely bestowed on artists and scholars. The Mozarts found a ready sympathiser in him, and his introduction to families of rank obtained for them all the pleasures of the Carnival; they were invited to balls and masquerades, and

were obliged to follow the fashion, and order dominos and *bajuti* (caps, which covered the face to the chin and fell back over the shoulders). L. Mozart thought they were exceedingly becoming to Wolfgang, but shook his head over his own “playing the fool in his old age,” and consoled himself with the thought that the things “could be used for linings afterwards.”

At the opera, where they were often present, they made the acquaintance of the Maestro Piccinni, who was producing his “Cesare in Egitto.” Wolfgang’s performances at a public concert excited here as elsewhere the wondering admiration of artists and amateurs. “It is the same in this place as in others,” writes L. Mozart, “I need not particularise.” The friendship which Wolfgang struck up with two clever young singers, of fourteen and fifteen years old, led to his composing for them two Latin motetts.

But Count Firmian imposed a severer task on the young musician. He gave a brilliant soirée at his Palace, graced by the presence of the Duke of Modena and his daughter, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. Wolfgang was commissioned to prepare for this soirée three songs to Metastasio’s words as a proof of his power to produce serious dramatic music.

The principal piece was a grand aria with an accompanied recitative from “Demofoonte,” the celebrated and often-composed “Misero pargoletto” (77 K.). The recitative is very elaborate, in high tragic style; its forcible character is rendered chiefly by the orchestra.

The air consists of an Adagio with a Poco allegro interposed in the same tone throughout. The two other songs (78, 79 K.) from Metastasio’s “Artaserse,” “Per pietà bel idol mio” and “Per quel paterne amplesso,” have each only one movement; the last song has a short introductory recitative. In the two latter songs the simple Cantabile is embellished by bravura passages, which are wanting altogether in the first. They are all written for a

soprano voice, and stood the test as representative of the dramatic song of the time. Count Firmian presented Wolfgang with a snuff-box and 20 gigliati, together with a copy of Metastasio's works. But the most important result of this soirée, and of their stay in Milan, was that Wolfgang was commissioned to write the new opera for the next season; the first singers — Gabrielli, with her sister and Ettore — were to be engaged for it, and the remuneration was fixed at 100 gigliati and free quarters in Milan during their stay. The libretto was to be sent after them, so that Wolfgang might make himself familiar with it, the recitative was to be forwarded to Milan in October, and the composer to be there himself at the beginning of November, to complete the opera in the neighbourhood of the singers, and to rehearse it for production at Christmas. These conditions were both agreeable and convenient, as they did not interfere with the journey through Italy, and allowed Wolfgang ample time to complete the opera quietly.

Mozart's first quartet was composed on the way from Milan to Parma, and dated Lodi, March 15, 7 o'clock in the evening (80 K.). At Parma the celebrated singer Lucrezia Agujari, called "la Bastardella," invited them to sup with her, and sang so as to justify the reports they had heard of her execution and the fabulous compass of her voice. "I could not have believed that she could sing to C in altissimo," writes L. Mozart, "had I not heard it with my own ears. The passages which Wolfgang has written were in her song, and she sang them somewhat softer than the deeper notes, but as clearly as an octave pipe in an organ. In fact, the trills and all were note for note just as Wolfgang has written them down. Besides this she has good alto notes, as low as G. She is not handsome, but certainly not ugly; has a wild look in her eyes at times, like people who are subject to fits, and she limps with one leg. She has always conducted herself well, and has therefore a good name and reputation."

On March 24 they arrived at Bologna. Here they were received by Field Marshal Count Pallavicini in a way that reminded them of Count Firmian. “They are two noblemen,” writes L. Mozart, “who possess identical tastes and modes of thought, and are equally amiable, generous, and dignified.” The Count arranged a brilliant concert in his own house, attended by 150 persons of the high nobility, among them the Cardinal Legate Antonio Colonna Branci-forte, and the chief of connoisseurs — Padre Martini. The company assembled at 8 o’clock, and did not disperse until near midnight.

L.. Mozart considered that Wolfgang made a greater effect in Bologna than elsewhere, that city being the seat of so many artists and learned men. Here they met the celebrated Spagnoletta (Gius. Useda), from Milan, the kapellmeister, Vincenzo Manfredini, known also as an author, who had visited them at Salzburg, on his journey from St. Petersburg in 1769, and the famous alto, Gius. Aprile. Bologna, the father thought, and thought rightly, was the best centre whence Wolfgang’s fame could spread over Italy, since he had there to stand the severest tests from Padre Martini, the idol of the Italians, and the acknowledged arbiter in all matters of art. The Franciscan Giambattista Martini (born 1760) was esteemed not only as the composer of short, concise, artistically worked-out sacred pieces, but, from his thorough and comprehensive researches, as unquestionably the most learned theoretical musician of his day. Only one volume of his pedantic “Storia della Musica” had as yet appeared, and his classical work on counterpoint was only in preparation; but he was already considered infallible on all musical questions, both in Italy and abroad. His possession of an unequalled musical library placed him in correspondence with numerous musicians, scholars, and princes. Disputed points were submitted to his arbitration, and his advice was sought in the bestowal of official places. A recommendation from Padre Martini was the best possible key to success. His authority was the more readily acknowledged, since he united

to his rare attainments a singular degree of modesty, and a ready alacrity to afford instruction, counsel, or assistance whenever required. He preserved, even in his learned disputes, invariable dignity and amiability, with a certain amount of cautious reserve. L. Mozart might well be anxious to win the favour of such a man for his son. Whenever they visited him Padre Martini gave Wolfgang a fugue to work out, which was always done to the great contrapuntist's entire satisfaction.

The companion figure to this learned monk was a musical celebrity of quite another kind, whose acquaintance Mozart also made in Bologna. Farinelli (Carlo Broschi, b. 1705), a pupil of Porpora, first appeared in 1722 in Metastasio's "Angelica," and an intimacy resulted between the singer and the poet (who called him his *caro gemello*) which had an important effect on the development of Italian opera. Farinelli's career in Italy was an unbroken success, and he was enthusiastically received in Vienna and London. Arriving in Spain in 1736, his singing had power to dispel the melancholy of Philip V.; he was summoned daily to the king's presence, and became his acknowledged favourite, a position which he retained under Ferdinand VI. and Queen Barbara. On the accession of Charles III., in 1761, Farinelli was obliged to leave Spain, and living in wealthy ease at Bologna, indulged his tastes for art and science. He practised the amiable and refined hospitality of a cultivated man of the world in his beautiful villa, and took peculiar interest in his fellow-artists, who never failed even in his old age to be charmed with his singing.

The reports that have come down to us concerning the compass and beauty of his voice, concerning his way of taking breath, his *portamento*, his declamation, are as wonderful as was the success of this king of artists both in public and at court. He appears almost as a personification of the greatness and power of song in the last century, of which we can scarcely form a true conception, and which cause the history of music in that age to

be mainly a history of song and singers. The period of Mozart's musical education was still under this influence, and, although the absolute sovereignty of song was soon to decline, the impression made on him in his youth by Farinelli and other great singers was not likely to be forgotten.

On March 30 the travellers reached Florence. Their Austrian introductions secured them a most favourable reception in this city. The imperial ambassador, Count Rosenberg, immediately made known their arrival at court, where they were very graciously received by the Archduke Leopold, He recollected their former stay at Vienna, and inquired after Nannerl. Wolfgang played at court on April 2, accompanied by Nardini, the celebrated violinist; the Marquis de Ligniville, director of music, laid the most difficult fugues before Wolfgang to work out; he accomplished everything "with as much ease as eating a piece of bread."

The Marquis de Ligniville, Duca di Conca, &c., was considered one of the most thorough masters of counterpoint in Italy. As a proof of his skill he had written a "Salve Regina" and "Stabat Mater" for three parts, in the form of different kinds of canon. To the latter work is prefixed a long treatise (dated April 11, 1767) for the Philharmonic Society in Bologna, of which he was a member; the object of the treatise was to show that in accurate contrapuntal works the traditions of the old Roman school were preserved. In accordance with this view Ligniville apologises ironically to followers of the gusto moderno for the disuse of drums and trumpets, and for the simple old modulations to which he confines himself as being ignorant of the new lights. He allowed Wolfgang to study his works; and the latter copied neatly nine movements of the thirty canons of the "Stabat Mater." (Anh. 238 K.) Not satisfied with this, Wolfgang aimed at himself becoming a master of counterpoint. A "Kyrie a cinque con diversi canoni" in three five-part canons in unison was evidently an imitation of Ligniville's compositions,

and was only one of many studies in the same difficult art. A loose sheet contains besides the first canon of the Kyrie, a design for a four-part canon, and five close canons or riddle canons, the first part and the number of parts only being given, expressly noted di Mozart: —

2. Canon. — Ter temis canite vocibus.

3. Canon. — Ad duodecimam: clama ne cesses.

Con - fi - te - bor ti bi Do - mi-ne in gen - ti -bus et no -mi - ni to - o can - ta -. - - - - - bo.

4. Canon. — Tertia pars si placet.

Con - fi - te.. bor ti-biDo - - - - - mi-ne in gen- ti-bu« et no -mi-ne tu - o can - ta bo.

5. Canon. — Ter voce ciemus.

Nos. 1, 3, 4 of these are copied from the vignettes with which Padre Martini's "Storia Universale" is adorned. He had made Wolfgang a present of his book, and the latter probably set to work at once to find out the knack of writing canons. We can see the ease with which he mastered his task.

At Florence, they fell in with their old London acquaintance Manzuoli, and Wolfgang was rejoiced to hear that there was a probability of his being engaged to sing in his opera at Milan.

In order to incite Manzuoli's ardour, Wolfgang gave him all his songs to sing, including those he had composed in Milan.

At Florence, too, Wolfgang formed a tender friendship with Thomas Linley, a boy of fourteen, the son of an English composer; he was a pupil of the celebrated violin-player Nardini, and played so exquisitely as almost to surpass his teacher. The two boys met at the house of Signora Maddalena Morelli, who was famous as an improvisatrice, under the name of Corilla, and had been crowned as a poetess on the capitol in 1776; during the few

days that the Mozarts stayed in Florence the boys were inseparable, and performed together or by turns, “more like men than boys.” They parted with many tears, and Tommasino, as Linley was called in Italy, brought to Wolfgang, as a parting gift, a poem which Corilla had written for him.

According to Burney, Tommasino and little Mozart were talked of throughout Italy as two geniuses of the greatest promise, and in later life at Vienna, Mozart spoke with warmth of Linley, and the hopes which had been frustrated by his early death.

It was with regret that they left Florence; Leopold Mozart wrote to his wife: “I wish that you could see Florence, its neighbourhood, and the situation of the city; I am sure you would say that it is a place to live and die in.” But time pressed, if they were to be in Rome for the carnival.

They had a fatiguing journey, in dreadful weather, that reminded them of Salzburg rather than of Rome, and passed through uncultivated country with wretched inns containing plenty of filth but little to eat, except perhaps a couple of eggs and some cabbage. They arrived in Rome about midday on Wednesday in Holy Week, amidst a storm of thunder and lightning, “received like grand people with a discharge of artillery.” There was just time to hurry to the Sistine Chapel and hear Allegri’s Miserere. It was here that Wolfgang accomplished his celebrated feat of musical ear and memory.

It was the custom on Wednesday and Friday in Holy Week for the choir of the Pope’s household to sing the Miserere (Ps. 50), composed by Dom. Allegri, which was arranged alternately for a four and five-part chorus, having a final chorus in nine parts. This performance was universally considered as one of the most wonderful in Rome; the impression made by it in conjunction with the solemn rites it accompanied was always described as overpowering. “You know,” writes L. Mozart, “that this celebrated Miserere is so jealously guarded, that members of the chapel are forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to take their parts out of the chapel, or to

copy or allow it to be copied. We have got it, notwithstanding. Wolfgang has written it down, and I should have sent it to Salzburg in this letter, were not our presence necessary for its production. More depends on the performance than even on the composition. Besides, we must not let our secret fall into other hands, *ut non incurramus mediate vel immediate in censuram ecclesiæ*." When the performance was repeated on Good Friday, Wolfgang took his manuscript with him into the chapel, and holding it in his hat, corrected some passages where his memory had not been quite true. The affair became known, and naturally made a great sensation; Wolfgang was called upon to execute the Miserere in presence of the Papal singer Christofori, who was amazed at its correctness. L. Mozart's news excited consternation in Salzburg, mother and daughter believing that Wolfgang had sinned in transcribing the Miserere, and fearing unpleasant consequences if it should become known. "When we read your ideas about the Miserere," answered the father, "we both laughed loud and long. You need not be in the least afraid. It is taken in quite another way. All Rome, and the Pope himself, know that Wolfgang has written the Miserere, and instead of punishment it has brought him honour. You must not fail to show my letter everywhere, and let his Grace the Archbishop know of it."

The Mozarts prepared at once to take part in all the festivities of Holy and Easter weeks. "Our handsome dress," writes L. Mozart, "our German speech, and the want of ceremony with which I call to our servant to order the Swiss guard to make way for us, help us through everywhere." He appears to have been flattered that Wolfgang was sometimes taken for a German nobleman or prince, and he for his tutor. At the cardinals' table Wolfgang stood near the seat of Cardinal Pallavicini, who asked him his name. On hearing it he inquired in surprise, "What! are you the famous boy of whom I have heard so much?" talked to him kindly, praised his Italian, and spoke broken German to him.

At the conclusion of the Easter festivities they set to work to present their numerous letters of introduction, and were warmly received by the noble families of Chigi, Barberini, Bracciano, Altemps, and others: one assembly followed another, all in Wolfgang's honour. The astonishment at his performances increased, according to L. Mozart, the farther they proceeded into Italy; "but Wolfgang," he adds, "does not remain stationary; his acquirements increase day by day, so that the greatest masters and connoisseurs cannot find words for their astonishment." For the Academies he appears to have written a Symphony (81, K.) and two soprano songs (82, 83, K.)from Metastasio's "Demo-foonte," "Se ardire e speranfca" and "Se tutti i mali miei." In the midst of more serious study he found time to send his sister a new country dance, in return for which she was to send him some new minuets by Haydn. About this time they fell in with Meissner, who was on his way from Naples to Salzburg; Wolfgang appeared with him at the German Jesuit College, where Herr v. Mölk, of Salzburg, was studying.

On May 8, they quitted Rome, where their stay had been in every way agreeable; they had been comfortably lodged in the house of the Papal courier Uslinghi, on the Piazza del Clementino; their hostess and her daughter treated them with every attention and kindness, making them feel quite at home in the house, and refusing to hear of payment when they left. The journey to Naples was one not to be undertaken without some apprehension. The roads were unsafe, a merchant had lately been assassinated, and "sbirri and bloodthirsty Papal soldiers" were in pursuit of the murderer; L. Mozart hoped that similar measures would be taken in Naples. He thought it well, therefore, to travel with four Augustine monks, which was further an advantage, as it assured them a friendly welcome and hospitality in all the monasteries which lay on their way. In Capua, they

were allowed to be present as guests at the taking of the veil by a nun of high rank.

Naples, where they remained from the middle of May to the middle of June, impressed our travellers with the irresistible charm of beautiful nature.

At first they suffered from cold, but this soon turned to excessive heat, and Wolfgang, who had always longed to look brown, saw his wish in a fair way to be accomplished. They had good recommendations to the court from Vienna. Queen Caroline, whom Wolfgang had lately seen in Vienna, received them graciously, accosting them whenever they met; but Wolfgang was not summoned to play at court. The King, although not unmusical, cared for nothing that required any cultivation; “what he is,” writes L. Mozart, “can be better told than written.” The all-powerful minister Tanucci, placed his major-domo at their service, to show them all that was worth seeing. Other nobles followed this example; and every evening a magnificent equipage was placed at their service, in which they joined the brilliant *passeggio* of the nobility on the Strada Nuova or on the quay, clad in elegant summer costumes. L. Mozart had ordered for himself a coat of maroon-coloured watered silk with sky blue velvet facings, and Wolfgang rejoiced in an apple-green coat with rose-coloured facings and silver buttons. Among Wolfgang’s patrons was the old Princess Belmonte, the friend of Metastasio, and interesting to musicians as having been roused from deep melancholy by the singing of the tenor Raff.

The rendezvous of artists and scholars was the house of the British ambassador, Sir Wm. Hamilton, whose acquaintance the Mozarts had made in London. He himself was a violin-player, and pupil of Giardini; and his charming first wife was not only a cultivated judge of music, but was considered the best pianoforte-player in Naples; her “brilliant shakes and turns” were not less admired than the touching expression of her playing,

which was in accord with her gentle nature. It was not without triumph that L. Mozart narrated her having trembled at playing before Wolfgang.

They found other old friends in the Swiss Tschudi, from Salzburg, and in a Dutchman named Doncker, who had been kind to them in Amsterdam; every one pressed forward to offer hospitality and assistance. Under these favourable circumstances, a public concert was given on May 28, with the most brilliant success; a success the more welcome, as they were not likely to find their tour a profitable one for some time to come. L. Mozart was delighted with the situation, fertility, animation, and curiosity of Naples; but he was shocked by the wretchedness of the population, and above all by the superstition which prevailed not only among the lazaroni, but also in the higher ranks of society. He witnessed an example of it when Wolfgang played at the Conservatorio della Pietà; the skill with which he used his left hand suggested to the audience that there was magic in a ring he wore; when he drew it off and played without it the wonder and applause were redoubled.

The time of their stay in Naples was favourable to musical interests. Simultaneously with the excellent representations of comic opera in the Teatro Nuovo, there was opened on May 30, the King's fête-day, the Grand Opera in San Carlo, for which Jomelli, Caffaro, and Ciccio di Majo were engaged; Anna de Amicis was prima donna, Aprile principal male singer. By a curious coincidence, Wolfgang was a witness of the first attempt made by Jomelli, who had left Stuttgart for Naples in 1768, to regain the favour of his countrymen. De Rogatis' opera "Armida Abbandonata," in which he made his reappearance, was designed to satisfy the higher claims of dramatic music, and to bring the results of his studies in Germany before the Italians, who were, however, slow to appreciate them. Wolfgang thought the opera fine, but too pedantic and old-fashioned for the theatre. This seems to have been the universal opinion; and later the increasing distaste to

Jomelli's operas obliged the withdrawal of his "Iphigenia in Aulide," and the substitution of "Demofoonte" (November 4, 1770).

The Mozarts found Jomelli polite and friendly. Through him they became acquainted with the impresario Amadori, who offered Wolfgang a *libretto* for San Carlo; but this, owing to his previous engagement in Milan, he was obliged to refuse, together with similar offers which had been made to him in Bologna and Rome.

On June 25, they travelled with post-horses back to Rome. Through the fault of a clumsy postilion their carriage was upset; Leopold saved his son by springing out before the danger came; he himself sustained considerable injury to his leg. Wolfgang was so tired by the journey (they had driven twenty-seven hours without a stop), that after he had eaten a little he fell asleep in his chair and was undressed and put to bed by his father, without waking.

This stay in Rome, during which they were present at the illumination of St. Peter's, at the delivery of Neapolitan tribute, and other ceremonies, brought Wolfgang a new distinction; he was invested by the Pope, in an audience of July 8, with the order of the Golden Spur, which the father announces, not without pride, as "a piece of good luck." "You may imagine how I laugh," he writes, "to hear him called *Signor Cavaliere*."

The honour apparently made little impression on Wolfgang. For some years his father insisted on his signing his compositions "Del Sign. Cavaliere W. A. Mozart," and advised him to wear his order in Paris; but later he let it drop, and one never hears of *Ritter Mozart*, whereas Gluck, who like Klopstock, wished to be outwardly recognised as the prophet of higher culture, was very tenacious of his dignity as a *Ritter*. Mozart was too simple-natured, and too essentially a musician, to set any store by outward distinctions.

On July 10, they left Rome, where Pomp. Battoni had painted a fine portrait of the young maestro, and travelled by way of Città Castellana, Loretto, and Sini-gaglia to Bologna. They arrived on July 20, intending to remain here quietly until the completion and rehearsal of his opera should render Wolfgang's presence in Milan indispensable. L. Mozart's injured leg was still troublesome, and he was otherwise unwell, so that the friendly invitation of Count Pallavicini, to pass the hot season at his country-house in the neighbourhood of Bologna, was joyfully accepted. They found the coolest, best-appointed rooms prepared for them; couriers and servants were placed at their disposal, and their intercourse with the noble family was pleasant and unrestrained. The father was most carefully tended, and Wolfgang struck up a firm friendship with the young Count, who was just his own age, played the piano, spoke three languages, had six tutors, and was already a chamberlain.

Wolfgang composed industriously, and writes to his sister about four Italian symphonies, five or six songs, and a motett, which he had written. His only distress was that he had lost his singing voice; he had not five clear notes left, either high or low, and could no longer sing his own compositions. At Bologna they made the acquaintance of the operatic composer, Joh. Misliweczeck (1737-1781), who was finishing an oratorio for Padua, and was to write the opera in Milan for 1772. "He is an honest man," writes L. Mozart, "and we have become great friends." But their principal intercourse was with Padre Martini, with whom they became very intimate, visiting him daily, and holding long musical discussions. The discourse and instruction of the great contrapuntist could not be without influence on Wolfgang's work. A list of sketches in difficult contrapuntal forms, which according to the handwriting belong to this time, must have been studies suggested by Padre Martini. Of peculiar interest is a three-part

Miserere for alto, tenor, and bass, with figured Continuo, superscribed *Del Sigr. Caval. W. A. Mozart, in Bologna*, 1770 (85 K.). It is evidently written under the influence of Allegri's Roman Miserere, generally harmonic, with some few imitative introductory passages, simple and very beautiful. The three last movements, Quoniam, Benigne, Tunc acceptabis, are written by another hand, and evidently not composed by Mozart; the subjects are severer and more simple. Probably Padre Martini wound up the youth's exercises by these movements of his own composition.

The Philharmonic Society of Naples, whose festival performance Mozart had attended in company with Burney, honoured him with a signal proof of admiration and esteem. This famous society, founded in 1666, upon the presentation by Wolfgang of a memorial, and his accomplishment of a prescribed task, elected him a member of their body as *Compositore*. This honour was eagerly sought after by the most distinguished composers. For composers of church music it was important, since Benedict XIV., in a bull of 1749, had given a kind of overseership to the Philharmonic Society; only its members could become kapellmeisters to churches in Bologna, and by a Papal decree this membership was allowed to take the place of any examination. The distinction was the greater since members were required to be twenty years old, to have been admitted into the first class of compositore, and to have been a year in the second class of cantori and sonatori. Leopold describes the election as follows: —

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of October 9 Wolfgang was required to appear at the hall of the society. There the Princeps Academiæ and the two censors (who are old kapellmeisters) gave him an antiphon from the Antiphonary; he was then conducted by the verger to a neighbouring apartment and locked in, there to set it in three parts. When it was ready it was examined by the censor, and all the kapellmeistem and composers, who voted on it by means of black and white balls. All the balls being white he

was called in, and amid clapping of hands and congratulations the Princeps Academiæ in the name of the society announced his election. He returned thanks, and the thing was over. I was all the time on the other side of the hall cooped up in the Academical Library. Every one was astonished that he was ready so soon, for many have spent three hours over an antiphon of three lines. N.B. — You must know that it was not an easy task, for this kind of composition excludes many things of which he had been told beforehand. He finished it in exactly half an hour.

The task was, according to the old statute, a Cantus firmus from the Gregorian Antiphonary, to be elaborated contrapuntally for four, five, or eight voices *a capella* (in duple time); it was to be executed strictly according to rule, adhering to the singular treatment of the harmonies belonging to the old style of church music. After 1773, the examination became more severe, and an Italian who stood the test at the beginning of this century, speaks of it as consisting of three separate compositions. First, the given subject was to be arranged for four voices in *falsobordone*, i.e., in plain harmonics, after the fashion of our congregational chorales. The second test consisted of a *disposizione di parte*. One voice retained the Cantus firmus, the others were to be set to it in canonic or imitative mode. The motifs were often taken from the Cantus firmus itself, in a rhythmical, diminished form. Strict imitation was not enjoined; it sufficed that the voices should follow each other with similar passages. The third task was a *fuga reale*, a perfect fugue, according to the rules of the church mode of the Cantus firmus, in which one phrase is carried through as a theme, the other parts serving as intermediate phrases.

Wolfgang did not go through this examination without preparation. An elaboration in his boyish handwriting of the Cantus firmus “Cibavit eos in adipe” (44 K.) is probably an exercise made under Padre Martini’s directions. His trial work was a Cantus firmus from the Roman

Antiphonary, a freely imitative contrapuntal arrangement of the accompanying parts overlying the Cantus firmus of the bass, which is only to be adhered to in its melodic progressions, and may be modified in its rhythmical divisions. The original from Mozart's hand is in the archives of the Philharmonic Society, where it was found by Gaspari in a volume of various test works chiefly by Martini's pupils. Next to it among the documents was a second elaboration written by Padre Martini, and copied by Wolfgang. Of this a second copy is in the Mozarteum, from Wolfgang's hand, with his father's subscription: *Dal Sigr. Cavaliere Amadeo Wolfgango Mozart di Salisburgo, Scritto nella sala dell' accademia filarmonica in Bologna li 10 d' Ottobre, 1770*. This was published as Wolfgang's own test work (86 K.). Probably Padre Martini went through the boy's work, which was not free from faults, and was entered in the protocol as "satisfying the conditions," and showed him how the task might have been executed; he took the copy of the corrected exercise to Salzburg when he returned there.

On October 18 they arrived at Milan, and set vigorously to work on the completion of the opera. The subject chosen was "Mitridate, Re di Ponto," opera seria in three acts, versified by Vittorio Amadeo Cigna-Santi of Turin, where it had already been produced in 1767 with the music of the kapellmeister Quirico Gasparini. It was first necessary to finish the recitatives begun in Bologna, and Wolfgang worked so hard at them that he excused himself to his mother for not writing: "His fingers ached so from writing recitatives." Every air in the opera was written after consultation with the singers, male and female, as to what was best suited to their voice and style. By studying the taste of the vocalists and so engaging their zeal, the composer found the best security for the favourable reception of his work. If he were not fortunate enough to please his singers, either the whole must be rewritten to suit them, or he must be prepared to hear his music fall flat before the audience, if indeed something quite different were not

substituted by the performer. When the composer possessed true talent and judgment, this co-operation was less detrimental to the work than if it had been left altogether to the discretion of the performers; nevertheless, the danger of undignified subjection to their caprices was considerable.

Wolfgang strove to extricate himself, as best he might, from the difficulties and intrigues which hindered his work. These were the more vexatious, as the singers arrived in Milan so late as to give him little time for composition. His father was careful not to allow him to overtax his strength, and especially insisted on his not working immediately after eating, unless under the pressure of great necessity; they usually went for a walk first. The mental strain of so important a task had a sobering effect on the boy's spirits, and he repeatedly enjoins his mother and sister to pray for the success of the opera, "so that we may all live happily together again." Leopold begs his friends in Salzburg to be charitable enough to write them cheerful, jocular letters, to distract Wolfgang's mind, There was, of course, the usual petty spite of the "Virtuosen canaille" to combat; they were not likely to leave unmolested a kapellmeister at once "a youth and a foreigner"; but the father shrank from no difficulties which could be overcome by "presence of mind and good sense," and declared they would gnaw through them all, "as the Hanswurst did through the Dreckberg."

The prima donna was not Gabrielli, but Antonia Bernasconi, daughter of a valet of the Duke of Wurtemberg, who had been educated as a singer by her stepfather, Andrea Bernasconi (kapellmeister at Munich since 1754). With her was "the first battle to fight," for it was through her that the envious cabal sought to overthrow the young composer. An unknown opponent of Wolfgang tried to persuade her to reject the songs and duets which he had composed for her, and to substitute those of Gasparini. But Bernasconi withstood this infamous proposal. She declared, on the contrary, that she was "beside herself with joy" at the songs which Wolfgang had

written “according to her will and desire”; and the experienced old maestro Lampugnani, who rehearsed her part with her, was never tired of praising the compositions. Another cloud in the theatrical heavens appeared in the person of the tenor, the Cavalier Guglielmo d’ Ettore, who had performed with great success at Munich and Padua. This storm, too, was happily allayed, but it must have been a threatening one, for L. Mozart reminds his son of it later, to encourage him, in Paris. The last arrival was the primo uomo — not Manzuoli, but Santorini, who had lately been singing at Turin, and had known them in Bologna. He was not at Milan till December 1, and the representation was to take place on the 26th.

The rehearsals began under favourable circumstances; even the copyist had performed his task so well that he had made only one mistake in the recitatives, and the singers proved excellent. “As far as I can judge, without fatherly partiality,” wrote L. Mozart on December 8, “I believe that Wolfgang has written the opera well and with spirit.” On December 17 the first rehearsal with full orchestra took place in the Redoutensaal, and the second two days later in the theatre; the verdict was altogether in favour of the new opera: —

Before the first rehearsal with the small orchestra, there were not wanting people who condemned the music beforehand as youthful and poor; they prophesied, as it were, declaring it impossible that so young a boy, and a German to boot, could write an Italian opera; they acknowledged him to be a great performer, but denied that he could by any means understand the *chiaro ed oscuro* needed in the drama. But since the first rehearsal these people are all dumbfoundered, and have not another word to say. The copyist is delighted, which is a good sign in Italy, for when the music pleases, the copyist often gains more by distributing and selling the songs than the kapellmeister by composing them; the singers, male and

female, are highly satisfied, and the duet between the primo uomo and prima donna is especially praised."

The *professori* (instrumentalists) in the orchestra were pleased, and declared that the music was clear, distinct, and easy to play. Mozart's friends were as cheerful as his detractors were gloomy, and the most noted musicians, such as Fioroni, Sammartini, Lampugnani, and Piazza Colombo were decidedly in favour of the opera. Under these circumstances (although the first opera of the season was usually the least esteemed) they could look forward with calmness to the representation. This took place on December 26, under Wolfgang's conductorship, and the result surpassed all expectation. Every song, except those of the subordinate personages, was received with deafening applause, and with the cry "Evviva il maestro! evviva il maestrino!" Contrary to all custom at a first representation a song of the prima donna's was encored. At the second performance the applause was still greater, two songs and a duet being encored; but as it was Thursday, and the audience wished to go home to supper before midnight, so as not to encroach on Friday (fast day) the performance was cut short; it lasted, however, including the ballets at the end of each act, six good hours. On January 5, 1771, L. Mozart wrote home to his wife: —

Our son's opera is received with general approbation, and may be considered, as the Italians say, *dalle stelle*. Since the third performance we are alternately in the pit and the boxes, hearing or seeing, and every one is curious to talk with or look closely at the Signor Maestro, for the maestro is only bound to conduct the opera three evenings; Lampugnani accompanied at the second pianoforte, and now that Wolfgang does not play, he takes the first, and Melchior Chiesa the second. If any one had told me fifteen or eighteen years ago, when I heard so much of the opera songs and symphonies of Lampugnani in England, and Melchior Chiesa in Italy, that these two men would perform your son's music, and take his place at the

piano to accompany his opera, I should probably have directed such a person to the madhouse as an idiot. We see by this how the power of God works in us men when we do not bury the talents that He has graciously bestowed on us.

The opera was repeated twenty times, and always with growing applause and a full house. The “Milan News,” (January 2, 1771) assures its readers, that the youthful composer “studia il bello della natura e ce lo rappressenta adomo delle più rare grazie musicali.” Wolfgang received from the public the appellation of the “Cavaliere Filarmonico,” which was confirmed by the Accademia Filarmonica at Verona, who elected him as their kapellmeister on January 5, 1771.

Professional cares did not engross all Mozart’s time and attention. They became on intimate terms with the young difficult concerto at sight. They had a trip to Turin, saw a splendid opera, and were back in Milan on January 31, leaving again shortly for Venice, where they arrived on the Monday in Carnival week. They were hospitably received by a merchant, Wider, a business friend of Hagenauer’s.

They enjoyed in all comfort the pleasures of a Venetian carnival, and, having introductions to all the nobility, splendidly appointed gondoliers were always at their service; one invitation followed another, and almost every evening was passed at the opera, or at some other place of amusement. A concert was given by Mozart with brilliant success.

On the return journey, undertaken on March 13, they stayed one day in Padua, visiting the musical celebrities Franc. Ant. Ballotti (1697-1780), one of the first organ-players in Italy, and almost as good a theorist and contrapuntist as Padre Martini himself, and the composer and Munich kapellmeister, Giov. Ferrandini — Tartini had died the year before. Wolfgang played on the excellent organ in Santa Giustina. At Padua, too, he received a commission to write an oratorio to be completed at home as

opportunity offered. At Vicenza they remained some days at the request of the Bishop, a Cornero, who had made their acquaintance at Venice; and at Verona they stayed with their old friend Luggiati, who gave a brilliant reception in Wolfgang's honour.

On March 28, 1771, Wolfgang was in Salzburg again, enriched with many experiences and loaded with honours, his talents matured and his tastes improved; but his nature as simple, modest, and childlike as when he had set out. The most direct result of the great success of his opera was a commission from the impresario in Milan for the first opera of the Carnival of 1773, with an increased remuneration of 130 gigliati.

At Verona, L. Mozart had already heard rumours of a document on its way from Vienna to Salzburg, which was to bring his son "immortal honour." They had scarcely arrived in Salzburg, when Count Firmian commissioned Wolfgang, in the name of the Empress Maria Theresa, to compose a theatrical serenade or cantata in celebration of the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand with the Princess Maria Ricciarda Beatrice, daughter of the hereditary Prince Ercole Rainaldo, of Modena. As the marriage was to take place in October of the year 1771, it follows that the stay in Salzburg was not of long duration. During this interval he composed, principally no doubt to satisfy the demands of his official position, a "Litany" (109 K.), and a "Regina Coeli" (108 K.) in May, and a Symphony (110 K.) in July. Leopold Mozart had little hope that even Wolfgang's success in Milan would serve to advance his cause with the Archbishop in case of any more lucrative post becoming vacant. Such considerations did not trouble Wolfgang himself so much as his father; he took advantage of this interval to fall in love for the first time. His letters to his sister are full of hints of a nameless beauty, of unspeakable emotions; and the fact that the young lady married about the same time makes the picture complete of the

first love of a boy of sixteen, which had, as might be expected, no lasting effect on his natural good spirits.

On August 13 they left Salzburg, and after a short stay in Verona arrived at Milan on August 21. The marriage was fixed for October 15, but the libretto had not yet been returned from Vienna, where it had been sent on approbation; in those days it was considered that a maestro should be so sure of his art that it should stand him in stead at all times and seasons. Wolfgang was under no apprehension on this score; he was delighted with his gracious reception by the royal bride, and enjoyed the delicious fruit, eating a double share of it, as he says, out of brotherly love to his sister. When at last the book arrived at the end of August it was detained some days longer by the poet to make the numerous alterations required, and not until the beginning of September was it finally delivered over to Wolfgang. Then he set to work, composing so vigorously that on September 13 the recitatives and choruses were finished, and his father was of opinion that the whole opera with the ballet would be ready in twelve days, which indeed it was; and no wonder that Wolfgang complained that his fingers ached. In the room above that where he wrote was a violinist, in the room below another; a singing master lived next door, and an oboist opposite. “It is capital for composing,” says Wolfgang; “it gives one new ideas.”

During this visit to Milan they made the acquaintance of the great soprano, Catarina Gabrielli, famed for her intrigues no less than for her musical genius. The impression made by her on Wolfgang may be gathered from a letter to his father written later from Mannheim (February 19, 1778): —

Those who have heard Gabrielli must and will acknowledge that she is a mere executant; her peculiar style of delivery excites admiration, but only for the first three or four times of hearing her. In the long run she is not pleasing; one gets tired of passages, and she has the misfortune of not being

able to sing. She cannot sustain a note in tune; she has no *messa di voce*; in a word, she sings with art, but no understanding.

The intercourse of the Mozarts with their fellow-artists, “really good and famous singers, and sensible people,” was cordial, and undisturbed either by intrigues or cabals. Wolfgang’s assured position with regard to the public, as well as the favour in which he was held at the imperial court, doubtless contributed to preserve harmony. The tenor Tibaldi and Manzuoli, who was really engaged this time, came almost daily at 11 o’clock, and remained sitting at the table till one; Wolfgang composing all the time.

But the most satisfactory connection was that with Hasse, who was composing an opera on Metastasio’s “Ruggiero,” for the same festive occasion. It was of no small significance that men like Hasse and Metastasio, who had brought Italian opera to its highest point, and a famous poet, such as Gius. Parini, in Milan, should have been content to place themselves on a level with young Mozart. It was momentous in the history of music, this handing over of the sceptre by the man who had ruled the Italian stage throughout his long career to the youth, who was not indeed destined to acquire equal fame living, but to whom posterity was to allot a far more glorious place. Hasse himself is said to have exclaimed: “This boy will throw us all into the shade.” It was like him to recognise without envy the artistic greatness of Mozart; all young artists found him ready to appreciate and help forward their efforts, and Mozart himself had been grateful for his support when fighting with the musical cabal in Vienna.

The festivities which had attracted a crowd of strangers to Milan began with the triumphant entry of the Duke, followed by the marriage ceremony in the cathedral; then came a concert and reception at court. On the 16th a public banquet was given to more than four hundred bridal couples, to whom the Empress had given dowries, and in the evening Hasse’s opera “Ruggiero” was performed in the newly decorated theatre, with two

gorgeous ballets in the *entr'actes*, "La Corona della gloria," by Pick, and "Pico e Canente," by Favier.

On the 17th, after a splendid procession on the Corso, Wolfgang's serenata "Ascanio in Alba" (111 K.), an allegorical pastoral play in two acts, with choruses and dances, (by Favier) was produced. After the first rehearsal, L. Mozart had been able to predict to his wife that the success of the work was assured. "Because, to begin with, not only are Signor Manzuoli and the other vocalists in the highest degree pleased with their songs, but they are as anxious as ourselves to hear the serenata with the full orchestra; secondly, because I know what he has written, and the effect it will have, and am quite convinced that it is excellent, both for the singers and the orchestra." He had not deceived himself, the applause was extraordinary; the serenata was repeated the next day, and until the close of the festivities was more frequently given than "Ruggiero." "I am sorry," writes L. Mozart, "that Wolfgang's serenata should have so entirely eclipsed Hasse's opera."

He refers his home circle to the judgment of a young Salzburg merchant, Kerschbaumer, "who, on the 24th, was a witness how the Archduke and Archduchess not only applauded two of the songs until they were repeated, but leaning from their box, both during and after the performance, they bowed towards Wolfgang, and testified their approval by cries of

'Bravissimo! maestro,' and clapping of hands, an example followed by all present." This time, too, Wolfgang received more substantial marks of favour; besides the stipulated fee, the Empress presented him with a gold watch set with diamonds, having on its back an admirably executed miniature of herself in enamel.

Among the festivities, which lasted until the end of the month, were a splendidly appointed masked procession of *facchini*, in the costume of the surrounding peasantry, on the 19th; races for horses (barberi) on che 27th,

for chariots (calessetti) on the 28th, and the *cuccagna* on the 24th, when masses of viands were given up to the plunder of the people, and fountains of wine were opened. On this occasion the Mozarts narrowly escaped a great danger. One of the great scaffoldings erected for spectators fell, and more than fifty persons were killed or injured. It was only an accidental delay which had prevented Wolfgang and his father from taking the seats which had been allotted them on this erection, and had caused them to seat themselves in the court gallery.

After the close of the opera, Mozart wrote a symphony (112 K.) and a divertimento (113 K.), probably for a concert, but at all events to order. During this stay in Milan a contract was entered into with the theatre of S. Benedetto in Venice, by which Wolfgang was commissioned to write the second opera of the Carnival of 1773. How this was possible, since the contract stipulates for residence in Venice at the same time as it had been already promised in Milan, it is not easy to see, unless some indulgence on the part of the Venetian impresario was looked for, perhaps even promised. The contract, however, was never fulfilled; Nau-mann became Mozart's substitute, arriving in Vienna just in time to undertake the opera. He produced his "Soliman" with very remarkable success.

The return of the Mozarts to Salzburg was delayed until the middle of December, on the 30th of which month Wolfgang composed a symphony (114 K,), and was soon after seized with severe illness.

Their arrival at home coincided with the death of Archbishop Sigismund, which took place after a lingering illness on December 16,1771. His successor was elected on March 14, 1772, in the person of Hieronymus Joseph Franz v. Paula, Count of Colloredo, Bishop of Gurk; to the universal surprise and grief of the populace, who had little prosperity to hope for under his rule. An opera was required to form part of the festivities accompanying his installation, and this Wolfgang was commissioned to

compose. The subject chosen was “Il Sogno di Scipione” (126 K.), an allegorical *azione teatrale*, by Metastasio, which had been performed with music by Predieri on the birthday of the Empress Elizabeth, October 1, 1735. It was written with reference to the unfortunate military events in Italy, and stress was laid on the bravery and steadfastness of a great general, even in defeat. How far this subject was applicable to the circumstances of Bishop Hieronymus does not seem to have been inquired; even the words of the Licenza were left unaltered, except that the name of Girolamo was substituted for Carlo. It is amusing to note that Mozart composing from his Metastasio, writes the words under his score: “Ma Scipio esalta il labbro e *Carlo* il cuore,” then effaces the name and writes *Girolamo*.

We do not know how far indifference towards the person of the new Archbishop is responsible for the fact that this opera betrays more of the character of an occasional piece written to order than any other composition by Mozart. It was probably produced in the beginning of May, 1772.

The remaining compositions which fall authentically within this period are a symphony (124 K.), composed on February 21, and a litany, “De Venerabile” a very important work (125 K.), in March. January was lost by illness, and in April, Mozart was busy with his opera; but in May, a “Regina Coeli” (127 K.) and no fewer than three symphonies (128-130 K.) were ready; in June, a great divertimento (131 K); in July and August three more symphonies (132-135 K.); three quartets, or divertimenti (136-138 K.), fall also within the year 1772. These clearly identified compositions can scarcely be all that belong to this period. If the fact surprises us that Mozart, instead of making studies for the new opera which he was to produce in the autumn, employed this interval almost entirely on church and instrumental music, we must look for an explanation of it in his position at Salzburg, from which we cannot doubt that he felt an intense longing to free himself.

A correspondent of Burney who was at Salzburg in the summer of 1772 informs him that he has visited Mozart the father, and heard Wolfgang and his sister play duets together; Wolfgang, he says, is undoubtedly a master of his instrument, but he appears to have reached his climax, and, judging from his orchestral music, he affords another proof that premature fruits are more rare than excellent. It would be unreasonable to take this false prophecy amiss, for it no doubt reflects something of the state of opinion in Salzburg at the time.

On October 24 they set forth once more on the journey to Milan, in order to be there in good time for the new opera. On the way, “to make time pass,” Wolfgang composed a pianoforte duet; his fête-day was merrily kept with the brothers Piccini, in Ala (October 31); and after the usual stay with Luggiati in Verona, they arrived at Milan on November 4. L. Mozart, who had lately been very well, appeared to profit by the change and irregularity of a travelling life, but at Milan the old complaint reappeared. Giddiness and numbness in the head, attributable to a bad fall, seized him more especially when he had been composing, and he could not free himself from “Salzburg thoughts,” in which he would be unconsciously plunged for some time, and only with an effort banish them from his mind “like the wicked thoughts with which the devil used to tempt him in his youth.” They were no doubt the reflection of his almost unendurable relations with the new Archbishop. He foresaw a troubled future, unless he could succeed in extricating Wolfgang from his undefined position in Salzburg, and placing him on a secure footing; and to this end he bent all his endeavours.

The opera which Wolfgang was to compose was “Lucio Silla,” the words by Giovanni da Camera, a poet of Milan. This time Wolfgang brought part of the recitative with him, but he did not gain by so doing; for the poet had in the meantime submitted his text to Metastasio, who made many alterations, and added a new scene.

He had plenty of time, however, to rewrite the recitatives and to compose the choruses and the overtures, for of the singers only Signora Félicita Suarti (who sang in Parma in 1769, and now took the part of secondo uomo), and the ultimo tenore had appeared. They found Milan very empty, every one still in the country; only the D'Aste family received them into the same intimacy as before.

Next arrived the primo uomo Venanzio Rauzzini (b. 1752), an excellent singer, an accomplished pianist, and a not inconsiderable composer. He had been in Munich since 1776, when Burney made his acquaintance, and learned that he was to sing in Mozart's opera. His first song was soon ready; L. Mozart thought it incomparably beautiful, and that Rauzzini sang it "like an angel." At last the prima donna De Amicis arrived, after a tedious journey from Venice. It was time, for the representation was fixed for the 26th December, and there were still fourteen pieces to be composed, among them the terzet and the duet, "which might be reckoned as four."

"I cannot possibly write you a long letter," wrote Wolfgang on the 5th December, "for I have nothing to say, and do not know what I am writing; my thoughts are always in my opera, and I am in danger of writing you a whole song instead of words."

Maria Anna de Amicis (born about 1740), a pupil of Tesi, had been brought from the opera buffa as prima donna to the opera seria by Chr. Bach in London (1762). She had been married five years to Buonsolazzi, an official in Naples, and she brought her little daughter Sepperl with her to Milan. Although the Mozarts had made her acquaintance during their Parisian tour, she was at first a little inclined to create difficulties; but the most friendly relations were soon established between them.

When she had mastered her three songs she was "in high delight, because Wolfgang had suited her so wonderfully well." He had furnished the principal song with some new and marvellously difficult passages. L.

Mozart wrote after the rehearsals, that she both sang and acted like an angel, and all Salzburg would be amazed to hear her.

There was still wanting the tenor Cardoni, and news at length arrived that he was so seriously ill he could not appear. Suitable messengers were at once despatched to Turin and Bologna, to seek for another good tenor, who was to be not only a good singer, “but especially a good actor, and a person of presence, to represent Lucio Silla with proper dignity.” But such an one was not to be procured, and there was nothing for it at last but to take a church singer from Lodi, Bassano Morgnoni, who had occasionally sung in the theatre there, but never on a larger stage. He arrived on December 17, when the rehearsals were going on, and the following day Wolfgang wrote two of the four songs allotted to him. On December 21, 22, and 23 there were large parties of the nobility at Count Firmian’s, at which vocal and instrumental music was performed from five o’clock in the evening until eleven. Wolfgang played each time, and was favourably noticed by all the great people.

The grand rehearsal passed off well; and the first representation on December 26, in spite of some drawbacks, was a great success. The opera began, according to custom, an hour after Ave Maria, and at half-past five the theatre was quite full. Just before Ave Maria the Archduke had risen from table, and retired to despatch five autograph congratulations on the New Year to Vienna; as might be expected, this took some time. The performers, male and female, in all the agitation of a first performance, and the hot impatient public were obliged to wait the arrival of the court until past eight o’clock. Unhappily the Lodi tenor had to express his anger by gestures during the prima donna’s first song; in his efforts to surpass himself he gesticulated so wildly, “that he appeared to wish to box her ears, or hit her in the face with his clenched fist.” Thereupon a laugh broke out; this confused De Amicis, who did not know for whom it was intended, and

she sang ill the whole evening, especially after Rauzzini had been received on his first entry with applause from the Archduchess. Rauzzini had contrived to inform the Archduchess that he should be nervous at singing before her, and so had assured himself of the applause of the court. De Amicis was consoled by an invitation to court the next day, and then the opera went altogether well.

It was given more than twenty times to houses so full “that one could scarcely squeeze in.” Each time some of the songs were encored, generally the prima donna’s, which had “the upper hand.”

Wolfgang wrote a motett, “Exultate,” for Rauzzini, (165 K.), which was performed before the actors on January, 1773. It is on the plan of a great dramatic scene, and maintains that style throughout. To a long and elaborate allegro succeeds a short recitative leading to a long, simple slow movement. The finale is an animated “Alleluia,” cheerful and brilliant. Later (February 6) his father says he is busy with a quartet.

L. Mozart continually postponed their departure, at first with the expectation of seeing the second opera, which was much later than usual, owing to the many representations of “Lucio Silla,” and afterwards under the pretext of an attack of rheumatism, which confined him to bed. In point of fact he had, with the powerful support of Count Firmian, proferred a request to the Grand Duke Leopold at Florence that the latter would attach Wolfgang to his court. The Grand Duke at first showed gracious dispositions, and L. Mozart must have wished to continue the negotiations from Milan. Even after their ultimate failure he thought he might count on powerful recommendations from Florence, and his thoughts turned again on a great professional tour. “Only be economical,” he wrote, “for we must have money if we are to undertake a tour; I grudge every penny spent in Salzburg.”

Towards the close of their stay a colleague from the Salzburg chapel, the horn-player Leutgeb, came to Milan, and was well received there.

At the beginning of March they really set out; for they might not be absent from their places on the anniversary of the Archbishop’s election (March 14).

The remarkable success of the opera, and the lively interest excited by Wolfgang’s person, leaves scarcely any doubt that further overtures were made to him in Italy; their non-acceptance must have been owing to the Archbishop’s refusal of an extended leave of absence.

CHAPTER VI. WORKS IN GERMANY.

AT Salzburg during May, 1773, Wolfgang composed a symphony (181 K.), a concertone for two violins (190 K.), and a mass (167 K.) in June.

In the summer of this year the Archbishop repaired to Vienna, and Leopold Mozart seized the opportunity of following him thither with Wolfgang. He looked forward only to a short absence, but when they presented themselves before the Archbishop in Vienna he gave them permission to extend their stay, as he intended himself to go into the mountains and to Gmünd.

Of the precise object of this tour we know nothing, only that L. Mozart hints mysteriously that he cannot tell his plans to every one, and that he must avoid anything that would excite attention either at Vienna or Salzburg, and cause obstacles to be thrown in their way. When the good people of Salzburg connected the illness of the kapellmeister Gassmann with his journey, he answered indignantly: “Herr Gassmann was ill, but is now better. I do not know what connection this may have with our journey to Vienna; but fools will be fools, all the world over.” There can be no doubt, however, that he was anxious that Wolfgang should be permanently attached to the court, either at Vienna or elsewhere. The Empress, of whom they immediately sought an audience, was very gracious, but that was all. The Emperor only returned from Poland towards the end of their stay, and they do not appear to have spoken to him at all.

They arrived on the 18th of July, and went straight to their old lodgings, where they surprised old Frau Fischer at supper; she was delighted to see them, and to provide them once more with comfortable apartments. Many old friendships were renewed: L’Augier, Martinez, Novarre, honest old Bono, Stephanie and his lovely wife, Dr. Auerbrugger and his two

daughters, Franziska and Mariane, “who played charmingly and were thorough musicians,” all welcomed the Mozarts eagerly; Wolfgang had grown so as never to be recognised unless his father were with him.

But their warmest welcome was from the Messmers, who only regretted that they had come without Frau Mozart and Marianne. Since the Mozarts’ last visit, they had decorated their garden with statues, &c., and had built a theatre, an aviary, a dovecot, a summer-house looking over the Prater, and they were now turning their house into a comfortable winter residence. The whole family were together, including Fräulein Franzl, who was seriously ill, and Fräulein Sepperl, an inveterate match-maker, interesting herself in the love affairs even of the cook and the footman. Here they met their old friends Heufeld, Greiner, Steigentesch, Grill, Bono, &c.; and music was the invariable theme of conversation. Messmer had learned to play the harmonica from Miss Davis, and had an instrument made at a cost of 50 ducats, which was finer than that used by Miss Davis. He played it very well, and so did his little son, who showed considerable talent; Wolfgang tried the harmonica, and “wished he had one too.” The Messmers soon after went farther into the country to Rothmühl, which interrupted this pleasant intercourse.

The great public event of the day during their stay in Vienna was the suppression of the order of Jesuits. L. Mozart, who followed their expulsion with great interest, thought that many good Christians would consider the Pope had only jurisdiction in matters of faith, and that the Jesuits would probably have been left unmolested if they had been as poor as the Capucines. In Rome the property of the Jesuits had been seized ad pias causas, which was easily done, since all that the Pope appropriated was ad pias causas; the Emperor thought differently, and had reserved to himself the right of dispensing the property of the Jesuits. Mozart thinks, too, that

the millions taken from the Jesuits will awaken the appetite for more of such confiscations.

Wolfgang had taken some work with him. A grand serenata for some fête in the family of their friend Andretter was sent from Vienna and performed at Salzburg in the beginning of August under Meissner's conductorship (145 K.). Then he set to work to write six quartets (168-173 K.), whether by order or not is uncertain; nothing more important, however, came to hand. The Jesuits performed the P. Dominicus Mass (66 K.) at court during the Octave of S. Ignatius' day; L. Mozart conducted, and the applause was great. The Theatin monks invited them to their service and banquet on the feast of S. Cajetan, and, the organ not being available, Wolfgang had the boldness to execute a concerto on a violin borrowed from his young friend Teyber. This made such an impression that in 1782 a lay brother, to whom Wolfgang remarked that he had eight years before played a violin concerto in the choir, at once addressed him by his name. Of money receipts during this visit to Vienna we hear little or nothing; on the contrary, L. Mozart writes to his wife that his body grows fat in proportion as his purse grows thin; and he consoles her for the fact that he has had to borrow money by declaring that it only proves his having need of money, but not of a doctor. Notwithstanding, he considered he had good reasons for remaining in Vienna. "Things must and will mend; take courage, God will help us!"

With the end of September they were again in Salzburg, and in December Wolfgang wrote a quintet for stringed instruments (174 K.) and a pianoforte Concerto in D major (175 K.), the first of the long list after his early attempts. Almost the whole of the year 1774 was passed quietly at home; Wolfgang wrote some important church music, two Masses in F and D major (192,194, K.), a great litany (195 K.), two psalms for a Vesper (193 K.), various symphonies (199-202 K.), two complete serenatas (203, 204, K.), and an interesting divertimento (205 K.). Then came a commission

from Munich to write a comic opera for the Carnival of 1775. It is probable that the influence of the Prince Bishop of Chiemsee, Count Ferdinand von Zeil, an enthusiastic patron of Mozart, had been exerted on his behalf. The Elector Maximilian III. had also shown great interest in Mozart in former years, and on this account it was impossible for the Archbishop of Salzburg to refuse Wolfgang leave of absence. The Elector had a decided talent for music, which he had cultivated by study; he composed church music, and played the bass-viol, as Naumaun wrote to a friend, “divinely”; Burney declared he had heard no such bass-viol-player since the celebrated Abel. The Elector’s sister also, the widowed Electress of Saxony Maria Antonia Walburga, known as a poetess, was then on a visit to Munich; she both composed and sang operas for which she had written the verses. It followed, therefore, that much was done in Munich for orchestra and singers both in the opera and the churches, although the performances fell short of those in Mannheim.

On December 6 Wolfgang set out with his father for Munich, where they found a small but comfortable lodging with a *Chanoine et grand custos de Notre Dame*; this good man showed them honour and hospitality above their deserts, as they considered, and often sacrificed his own convenience to theirs from sheer friendliness. The intense cold of the journey had, in spite of precautions, brought on Wolfgang’s habitual malady, severe toothache, and he was confined to his room with a swelled face for several days. As soon as possible they made the acquaintance of those with whom they were to be associated, and were well received everywhere.

The opera “La Finta Giardiniera” is very rich in airs, and Mozart, finding a wealth of resources in Munich ready to hand, went to work more seriously, both with the voices and the orchestra, than was customary with an opera buffa. It is impossible to ascertain how much of the opera he brought with him, or how much was altered or composed in Munich. The

first rehearsal did not take place till near the end of December, and the performance was consequently postponed to January 5, 1775, so that the singers might be more sure of their parts than could have been the case had they played, as intended, on December 29.

"You must know," writes L. Mozart, "that the maestro Tozi, who is this year writing the opera seria ('Orfeo ed Euridice'), wrote last year at this time an opera buffa, and exerted himself to the utmost in order that it might surpass the opera seria of Sales (of Trier): he succeeded in quite eclipsing Maestro Sales' opera. Now it so turns out that Wolfgang's opera is ready just before Tozi's, and all those who heard the first rehearsal are saying that Tozi is paid back in his own coin, since Wolfgang's opera will throw his quite into the shade. I do not like this sort of thing, and have tried all I can to put an end to the gossip; but the whole orchestra, and all who heard the rehearsal, declare that they never heard more beautiful music; all the songs are beautiful." The performance on January 13,1775, was a brilliant success; the court and the public overwhelmed the composer with applause and honours, as he himself informs his mother.

The Secretary of Legation, Unger, notes in his journal (January 15, 1775): "*Vendredi L.A.R.E., assistèrent à la première représentation de Vopera buffa, 'La Finta Giardiniera'; la musique fut applaudie généralement; elle est du jeune Mozart de Saltzbourg qui se trouve actuellement ici. C'est le même qui à l'äge de huit ans a été en Angleterre et ailleurs pour se faire entendre sur le clavecin, qu'il touche supérieurement bien.*" And Schubart writes in the "Teutsche Chronik" (1775, p. 267): "I also heard an opera buffa by the wonderful genius Mozart; it is called "La Finta Giardiniera." Sparks of genius flash out here and there, but it is not yet the calm flame from the altar, rising to heaven in clouds of incense — a perfume meet for the gods. If Mozart does not turn

out to be a hothouse-reared plant, he will undoubtedly be one of the greatest composers that has ever lived.”

It was said of the performers that Rossi and Rosa Manservisi were specially suited for opera buffa. Rossi was as good as his brother in Stuttgart in merry, waggish parts; Manservisi was above the average of singers in voice, execution, and personal appearance.

This time Wolfgang’s sister enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing his triumph. During her visit to Munich she was placed under the care of a certain Frau v. Durst, a sensible well-educated widow, who provided Marianne with a room to herself and a piano, on which her father took care she should practise diligently. Other Salzburg friends arrived for the Carnival, Eberlin Waberl, Fräulein v. Schiedenhofen, And-retter, and young Molk, who went into such raptures over the opera seria, it was plain that he had heard nothing outside Salzburg and Inspruck.

Another involuntary witness of Mozart’s triumph was the Archbishop of Salzburg. He had occasion to pay a visit to the Elector of Bavaria in January, 1775, and though he arrived in Munich after the representation of the opera, and had left before its repetition, he was forced, as L. Mozart remarks with satisfaction, to listen to the eulogies pronounced by the electoral suite and all the nobility, and to receive the congratulations which were poured on him. He was so taken aback that he could only answer by shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders. It was little likely that such a scene should have raised Mozart in the favour of a man like Hieronymus.

The repetition of the opera, which could only be given on Fridays, brought difficulties, inasmuch as the seconda donna, who was wretched even at her best, fell seriously ill, and the opera had to be considerably curtailed, in order to dispense with her. It took place on Wolfgang’s birthday, and he thought it indispensable that he should be present at the performance, as otherwise his opera might not be recognised. The orchestra

was in great confusion, since it was shamefully neglected by the director Tozi, who was at that time enacting the romance in real life with the Countess Törring-Seefeld, of which L. Mozart writes to his wife: —

Signor Tozi has gone. He had an old-standing love intrigue with the Countess v. Seefeld, in which her brother, Count Sedlizky, was implicated, as well as a certain tenor, Signor Guerrieri. The Countess left Munich six weeks ago on pretence of visiting her estates, but she has quite deserted her husband and children, and carried off money and jewels. The complicity of her brother and the two Italians was discovered by a letter; Count Sedlizky was placed under arrest, Guerrieri thrown into prison, and Tozi took refuge with the Theatin monks. The Elector sent him an assurance that he should not be imprisoned if he would submit to an examination. He issued from his hiding-place, but immediately took flight to Italy. Count Sedlizky confessed everything; Guerrieri denied everything, but to little avail, since the jewels were found in Guerrieri's lodgings, sewed up in an old cushion. It is suspected that the Countess is in Holland; there she sits forlorn, since her projected escort has not joined her.

L. Mozart writes to his wife to tell this story, "just to show people that Italians are rascals all the world over."

The opera did not put a stop to Wolfgang's church music. His Grand Litany (125 K.) in B major was performed at the court chapel on New Year's day, as well as one of his father's; and later on two small Masses, no doubt those in F and D major (192, 194 K.). A few days before their departure, as Wolfgang writes to Padre Martini, the Elector expressed a wish to hear an offertory, contrapuntally worked out, which was to be composed, copied, and practised before the following Sunday. It was the "Misericordias Domini," to which Padre Martini accorded great praise. As a matter of course, Wolfgang made his mark also as a clavier-player; with this object he had taken his concerto with him, and his sister was to bring some

of his sonatas and variations. Schubart writes in his “Teutsche Chronik” (1776, p. 267): “Only think, my friends, what a treat! Last winter, in Munich, I heard two of the greatest clavier-players, Herr Mozart and Herr v. Beecke. My host, Herr Albert, who is enthusiastic for all that is great and beautiful, has an excellent pianoforte in his house. So these two giants strove together. Mozart can play any difficulties, and whatever is laid before him at sight. But nevertheless, Beecke far surpasses him — winged speed, grace, melting sweetness, and a marvellous amount of taste, are weapons which none can wrest from the grasp of this Hercules.”

The great and universal applause bestowed on Wolfgang inspired his father with the hope that he would be intrusted with the opera seria for the next year; why this was not the case we are not aware. The rumour current in Salzburg that Wolfgang was about to enter the Elector’s service, L. Mozart ascribes to his enemies, and to those whose consciences told them what good cause he had for taking such a step; he was used to such childish folly, and did not allow it to trouble him in the least. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that nothing would have pleased him more; but, as a prudent man, he did not wish to cut himself adrift from Salzburg before having secured a safe anchorage at Munich.

After enjoying to their close the pleasures of the Carnival, which lasted too long for the father, they returned to Salzburg on March 7,1775. In April the Archbishop of Salzburg was honoured by a visit from the Archduke Maximilian, youngest son of Maria Theresa (b. 1749), afterwards Archbishop of Cologne; he had been spending the Carnival in Paris, where his want of tact had placed the Queen in considerable embarrassment, and had also paid a short visit to Munich. Court festivities were arranged, chiefly consisting of musical performances, for which the singer Consuoli and Becke, the flautist, were summoned from Munich. A serenata by Fischietti was performed on April 22, and on the following day Mozart’s

“Re Pastore,” which had been very hurriedly composed. On April 24, according to the report of one of the Archduke’s suite, “Music was the entertainment provided, as on the preceding days; at the conclusion of the performance, young Mozart placed himself at the piano and played various pieces from his head, with equal skill and grace.” Whether he appeared as a violinist we do not know; he had, at any rate, composed his first violin concerto on April 14 (207 K.), and the fact that this was followed by four others in the same year (211, 216, 218, 219, K.) is a proof that he was applying himself energetically to the violin; possibly because it would be easier to find a good situation if he were an accomplished violin-player.

The next two years passed quietly and busily at Salzburg. Extracts from a diary kept by young Schiedenhofen show how limited their circle of friendly intercourse was, and Wolfgang’s authentically dated compositions afford proofs of his activity and progress.

The year 1776 was especially rich in church music; four masses (257, 258, 259,261, K.) fall in this year, three of them in its last quarter, while in March a Grand Litany in E flat major (243 K.) was written, besides an Offertory, “Venite populi,” for two choirs (260 K.). To 1777 belong a Mass (275 K.), and a Graduale, “Sancta Maria” (273 K.). A series of organ sonatas were furnished for the services of the church, and for the court a number of divertimenti for wind instruments, probably as table music. In other respects, doubtless in consequence of the ill-will of the Archbishop, Wolfgang appears to have held aloof from the court concerts; no symphonies belong to this time. The serenatas were written for other occasions. On wedding-days, fête-days, or the like, these nocturnal pieces were usually performed in the street, not excepting the solos; they were introduced by a march, in which any of the company who could handle a bow might take part; the rest listened from the windows above. Such music was either ordered and paid for, or offered as a tribute of esteem.

On the wedding-day of the Salzburg citizen F. X. Spath with Elise Haffher, daughter of the worthy merchant and Bürgermeister Sigmund Haffner (July 22,1776), a serenata by Mozart was performed, afterwards known as the “Haffner-musik” (249, 250, K.). Another opportunity offered in the fête-day of the Countess Antonia Lodron, for whom in 1776 and 1777 Wolfgang wrote several specified nocturnes; Schiedenhofen was present at the rehearsal of one of them, and he tells us also that on July 25, 1777, there was a rehearsal of a serenata at the house of the grocer Gusetti, composed by Wolfgang for his sister’s fête-day; it consisted of a symphony, a violin concerto played by himself, and a flute concerto played by Cosel. Probably the divertimento composed in July, 1776 (251 K.) was also intended for his sister’s fête-day. A Finalmusik (185, 215, K.) produced on August 23, 1775, and a “Serenata Nottuma” (239 K.) in January, 1776, are both for unknown occasions.

The clavier compositions were also mainly written for pupils or amateurs; for example, the Concerto in C major (246 K.) for the Countess Litzow or Lützow, wife of the Commandant of Hohen-Salzburg; that in E flat major (271 K.) for a Madame Jenomy (January, 1777), whom Wolfgang had met in Paris; the Concerto for three pianofortes for the Countesses Antonie, Luise, and Josepha Lodron (242 K.), February, 1776. While the Mozarts were at Munich, in 1775, a landed proprietor, Buron Dümitz, had ordered some pianoforte sonatas, which were duly forwarded (279-284 K.); but he altogether forgot to send the promised payment in return. Two four-hand sonatas, mentioned by his father (December 8, 1777), were probably intended for Wolfgang and his sister; Schiedenhofen heard them play a duet on August 15, 1777.

Having taken this biograpical survey, it is now time to bestow a closer inspection on Wolfgang’s compositions.

CHAPTER VII. OPERA SERIA.

THE OPERA owes its rise to the attempt which was made in Florence at the beginning of the sixteenth century to discover the musical method of ancient tragedy and to reproduce it in conformity to the spirit of the Renaissance. In opposition to the predominant madrigal style of part-singing, worked out in counterpoint, there arose strivings after a method which should give freedom and independence to the solo singer, and which should render the poet's words comprehensible and sympathetic to the hearer. The conviction that this was accomplished to perfection in ancient tragedy led to a search after lost musical traditions, traces of which are observable in the opera seria, even in its latest development. First, recitative was introduced as a middle course between song and ordinary speech, distinguished by accent and rhythm, and sustained by a simple harmony, which emphasised the dialogue. Time and effort were needed to establish this compromise between song and speech, and to convert recitative into the pliable, expressive instrument of musical dialogue.

The first attempt to place an opera in this *stilo rappresentativo* on the stage was made by Jac. Peri with Ottavio Rinuccini's "Dafne," performed in 1594 at the Palazzo Corsi; the same poet's "Euridice" followed in 1600, publicly performed on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. with Marie de Medicis. The whole dialogue is rendered in a simply accompanied recitative, without the introduction of anything resembling an air; to this are added choruses, after the example of the old tragedies, not worked out in contrapuntal form like madrigals, as was already the custom with the intermedii of spoken tragedies, but in simple harmonies, and in a key corresponding to the recitatives.

A similar experiment was made in Rome in 1600 by Emilio de' Cavalieri with his oratorio "Dell' Anima e del Corpo," and in Florence the same year by Giulio Caccini with another, "Euridice," which displayed the art of the singers by its numerous embellishments and passages.

Musical language, however, could only attain its full effect when the more elevated sentiments received their due expression in an air, independent in character and perfect in form. The development of solo singing released from its contrapuntal bondage, and made expressive by melody, was largely due to Caccini. The merit of connecting the air with the recitative in opera — for which a precedent was found in the monody of ancient tragedy — belongs to Claudio Monteverde, who also made use of the whole available instrumental wealth of the time. His operas of "Orfeo," composed in Mantua (1607), and "Arianna" (1608) were followed in Venice, where he was appointed kapellmeister (1613), by "Proserpina rapita" (1630), "Adone" (1639), &c. Here, then, were the elements of the opera seria. To follow its continuous development step by step would require such a searching study of details as has not yet been undertaken. The majority of existing accounts are made apparently at random, and without any idea of connection or dependence. A sketch of the leading points in the progress of this development will suffice for our purpose.

Ancient tragedy being taken as a model, it followed that the stories of ancient mythology or history (they were always considered on the same level) were almost exclusively chosen, although treated for the most part in a widely different spirit.

Opera soon formed an important feature in court festivals, and it became customary to give the text a reference to the festival or person honoured by turning it into an allegory, in which poetical fancy vied with personal flattery. In imitation of ancient tragedy mimic dances were connected with the singing, but the union of the arts tended more to sensual enjoyment than

to poetical effect. The naïve freedom with which the ancient myths were handled gave ample license for gaudy costumes, scenery, and decorations, and the same taste was carried into the fantastic outcome of these festival representations known as the German magic opera.

The courts of Italy and France vied with each other in the costly splendour lavished on the opera by scene-painters, decorators, and costumiers; and Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Stuttgart were not slow to follow their example. The elegantly printed books of the words, adorned with careful copper-plate engravings, which were distributed for these performances, give some idea of the style in which they were put on the stage, and of the dazzle and glitter in the midst of which the music became a very secondary consideration.

Such operas as we have described could, on account of the expense, only be given at royal courts on special occasions; but the general public soon began to demand a share in the entertainment and a regular repetition of it. It became the established custom to make the opera the main festivity of the Carnival, and although generous patrons were not wanting, prepared to support the managers (*impresarii*), yet the latter, who naturally wished to make a profit by the opera, generally found it necessary to reduce the cost of the representations. The libretti, which sought to excite interest by showy scenery, and a mixture of pathetic and burlesque situations, without the least regard to consistency or psychological accuracy, were far from satisfactory to any cultivated taste. But the cultivation of the art of song exercised the highest of all influences on operatic music. It had reached a height from which it was able to govern the musical public, and to render the pleasure of the eye subservient to that of the ear. In proportion as the vocal art asserted its superiority, it exacted a simplification of all other means of attraction, and the universal striving after regularity was materially assisted by the necessity for clear and decided forms in vocal music.

This transformation of the opera, which took its final form from poet and composer under the quickening influence of great singers, is commonly ascribed to Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725). He was the disciple, although perhaps not the pupil, of the Roman kapellmeister, Giacomo Carissimi (who was nearly ninety in 1672), who did such good service to the development of recitative and dramatic solo singing, that he may be considered the founder of modern song.

Scarlatti, excellent alike from his thorough musical knowledge, and from the wealth and grace of his invention, displayed astonishing fertility in the different departments of musical art. In the year 1715, according to his own account, he had composed 106 operas. At Naples, where he passed the greater part of his life, he founded the school from which (more especially under his successor Francesco Durante, 1693-1755) a long list of composers issued, who for the most part wrote admirable church music, but whose chief mission it was to maintain throughout the last century an uninterrupted succession of operatic music. If we glance down the long list of the more famous — Nic. Porpora (1685 or 1687-1767), Dom. Sarri (1688-1732), Leon. Vinci (1690-1734), Franc. Feo (1694-1740), Leon. Leo (1694-1756?), Ad. Hasse (1699-1783), Terradeglias (17...-1754), Nic. Logroscino (17...-1763), Pergolese (1707-1739), Pasq. Cafaro (1708-1787), Duni (1709-1775), Dav. Perez (1711-1778), Nic. Jomelli (1714-1774), Rinaldo da Capua (b. 1715), Tom. Traetta (1727-1779), Guglielmi (1727-1804), Nic. Piccinni (1728-1800), Sacchini (1735-1786), Pasq. Anfossi (1736-1797), Giac. Paisiello (1741-1816), Franc, de Majo (1745-1774), Dom. Cimarosa (1754-1801) — we shall be astonished to find that of the numerous members of the Neapolitan school only four were born out of the kingdom of Naples, viz., Hasse, Terradeglias, Pergolese, and Guglielmi. The rest of Italy was quite unable to compete with this wealth.

Venice, however, took an important place in the development of Italian opera, both by the splendour of the performances given in the theatre, which was erected in 1637, and by excellent institutions for musical education. The fame of the Venetian school was upheld by many celebrated composers, among them Carlo Pallavicini (16...-1688), Agost. Steffani (1655-1730). Franc. Gasparini (1665-1737), Ant. Lotti (1667-1740), Giov. Porta (16...-1740), Ant. Caldara (1678-1763), Buranello (1703-1785), Ferd. Bertoni (1725-1813).

Bologna too had its share in the history of the opera, maintaining a firm tradition of careful performances, and excellent schools for singing and composition; Giov. Buonon-cini (1672-1752) and Gius. Sarti (1729-1802) were trained here.

Rome was looked upon as the city where the keenest enthusiasm either of applause or adverse criticism was to be expected, consequently where artistic reputations were most often made or destroyed; but Rome was neither the birthplace nor the seminary of any famous operatic masters.

It is not necessary here to inquire into the details of the part taken by Scarlatti in the erection of Italian opera as it now exists. His operas are truly epitomes of the history of musical development, and his many imitators and successors pass before us like the shadows of the Homeric shades; but we have only to do with him or with them in so far as concerns the main features of that form of operatic composition which Mozart found ready to hand.

The stability with which operatic development kept close to the path which had at first been marked out was due partly to circumstances and the influence of public opinion, partly to the character of the Italian people. Beauty, appealing immediately and directly to their lightly kindled imaginations, required that its sensual charm should be clearly and unreservedly expressed; and for this they were willing to sacrifice novelty

and characterisation. Again, the art of music was developed in accordance with natural laws; and having once acquired forms indicative of its essential elements, it grasped these firmly, and refused to abandon them until they had become completely obsolete. It was the task of the great masters of the eighteenth century to maintain this course of steady imperceptible progress, and, by raising to successive stages each hardly won step towards perfection, to establish in the end a new and more admirable whole.

The chief component parts of the opera were the recitative and the song, or aria. Recitative, intended for the rendering of conversation, approaches in rhythm and intervals as near as possible to ordinary speech, and leaves the singer ample scope for an animated and expressive delivery. This is assisted by a simple harmonious accompaniment, the basses giving the fundamental, the clavier the harmony. The simplicity of the musical treatment lends itself to characteristic declamation, and impressive situations are thrown into relief generally by sudden changes of harmony; numerous instances show the importance that was attached to this mode of delivery. But very soon it became the fashion to treat this *recitativo secco* as subordinate, and the composer strove to do away with it as far as possible. Certain turns, certain harmonic progressions and interrupted cadences, were as indispensable to recitative as many turns of speech are to social intercourse. As the course and development of the action of the piece depend almost entirely on the recitative, it follows that any neglect of the latter must affect one of the most important elements of the opera. The need for attaining the power of expressing a momentary passion or inspiration which would not admit of an elaborate representation led to the introduction of the so-called accompanied (obligate) recitative. For this the orchestra (at first only the whole body of stringed instruments) was made use of, and accompanied the alternations of emotion with corresponding musical phrases or interludes. Recitative, without abandoning its distinctive characteristics, became more

strongly accentuated, and in process of time passed over into song. Such vocal melodies as seemed thus to be called forth by the emotions of the situations were called *cavata* or *cavatina*. At first they were considered as an ingredient or embellishment of the recitative, but later on they were treated independently. *Arioso* in the recitative indicates an interpolated passage of vocal melody. A rapid alternation of varied or contending emotions in monologue or dialogue called for accompanied recitative, which generally passed into a song, where a definite emotion might find its due expression. It was here that singers and composers sought to accomplish the highest degree of dramatic expression, and although in the aria they might be tempted to an undue regard for musical display, to the neglect of dramatic effect, here at least they strove for a faithful portrayal of human sentiment.

The aria was the almost exclusive form given to regular artistic song. Choruses, which formerly concluded every act, were afterwards only exceptionally employed, generally when the occasion, being a court festivity, required additional outward show; they very seldom formed an integral part of the performance. Ballets, which were originally combined with the choruses, became by degrees quite distinct, and were given between the acts of the opera. Concerted vocal pieces were confined within limits more and more strictly defined, until the rule came to be that in every opera there should be a duet for the prima donna and the primo uomo, and a terzet in which the primo tenore also took part; even the places for these, at the end of the second and third acts, were appointed. Further restrictions were imposed on the character of these concerted pieces by the necessity of giving all possible effect to the voices. They do not pretend to represent a conflict of struggling passions, pressing onward to the catastrophe; rather does some definite mood, the natural result of the situations which have preceded it, find its fitting expression in their regular concerted form, which

affords ample scope for the display of varieties in quality and style of the individual voices.

The aria, which gave expression to a fixed lyrical mood, was seldom the culminating point of a dramatic situation; its connection with the action of the piece was, for the most part, only sufficient to give it a certain local colour. It was the task of both composer and singer to make the aria fit in to the drama; but the claims of the vocalist were paramount in its composition. As the canons of operatic construction became more and more strictly defined, distinctions arose between different kinds of arie, each having its own character and form; the *aria cantabile* was for sentimental declamation, *di portamento* for long drawn-out tones, *di mezzo carattere* for dramatic expression, *aria parlante* or *agitata* for the expression of passion, *aria di bravura (agilità)* for the display of artistic skill of every kind. The poet and composer had only to be careful to suit the arie to the performers, and so to distribute them through the opera that their variety should place the performances of each character in their most favourable light. But a certain fixed form served as a groundwork to all arie, and kept them within well-defined bounds. It is easy to trace the simple expressive phrase as it is extended and rounded into a well-formed melody, and then to follow the different subjects so obtained until, by progressions and interludes, they are welded into a whole. But this led to a petrifying formalism, and to a tedious lengthening of the aria, which sacrificed character to vocal display.

An aria regularly consists of two parts differing in key, time, and measure. An allegro in common time usually begins, introduced by a slower passage in triple time; but as to this there is no fixed rule, and free scope as to details is given to the composer. The first movement is broadly conceived, always with a view to the skill of the performer; he repeats one or more of the principal melodies in different positions, but without thematic elaboration, and inserts runs and passages.

In the second part the composer, granting some repose to the singer, made a display of his own art by selected harmonies, elaborate accompaniments, and so forth. It was essential to the singer's reputation as an artist that he should be able to vary the modulation and embellishment of the melody each time it recurred, the composer supplying a mere outline, and leaving the execution of the cadenzas entirely to the discretion of the performer. This task became more difficult as the custom grew of repeating the whole of the first part at the close of the second, thus turning the latter into a middle movement; for no singer would be deterred from enhancing the interest of each repetition by a fresh mode of delivery. So that the public performers of that day displayed their taste and cultivation not only, as at present, by execution and declamation; they worked of necessity side by side with the composer, whose special glory it was to inspire his singers with a spark of his own creative genius.

The influence thus exerted by the executive artist could not fail to determine, to a great extent, the path of development in operatic composition. The great names of the more celebrated singers are to us indeed but names, for contemporary notices give us no clear idea of their performances, and the music written for them, deprived of the direct charm of their personal impression, affords a most imperfect standard of judgment.

From the middle of the last century the tendency to sacrifice all consideration to execution (bravura) became more and more marked; until at last, dramatic propriety, and the soul-inspiring calm of beautiful song, were alike buried beneath the weight of ornamentation and exaggerated flourishes, serving only to display the pretensions of the vocalist and the dexterity of the composer. In this way the dramatic element of the opera became more and more neglected, until at last it was regarded as a superfluous and disturbing adjunct to the vocalisation.

The public too grew accustomed to confine their attention to the individual exploits of their favourites; and the composer, unwilling to waste his energy on thankless parts, followed the example, and devoted his whole powers to a few individuals.

The enormous salary paid to celebrated singers, male and female, had the effect of limiting the number of principal parts to three or four, each distinguished as primo. The remaining parts were treated by both the poet and the composer as subordinate, not only on account of the mediocre powers available for their representation, but also and chiefly because it would have been against the interests of the great singers that secondary characters should attract notice or applause. They controlled all secondary parts, suppressing or appropriating any song which they considered too brilliant, and leaving the author to arrange the piece as best he might. There was a fixed code of etiquette in all stage arrangements. The prima donna, for instance, was entitled to have her train borne by one, or if a princess, by two pages; she took the place of honour at the right of the stage, being, as a rule, the most important personage of the piece. When Faustina Hasse played Dircea, in “Demofoonte” (1748), who is not recognised as a princess until late in the piece, she claimed precedence over the acknowledged Princess Creusa, and Metastasio himself was obliged to interfere in order to induce her to yield the point.

Thus all influences combined to mould the opera seria into a narrow conventional form, in which all other considerations were sacrificed to executive effect, and the display of skill and sensibility in the rendering of the music.

We can form no clear conception whatever of the operatic orchestra in its earliest form; both the use and the effect of various instruments are very imperfectly known, and the instrumentation is consequently more or less incomprehensible. But here too development proceeded in the way of

simplification, and at the time of Scarlatti the treatment of instrumental accompaniment and the disposal of the orchestra was determined as to essentials for all future times.

In the plain recitative of the dialogue, the fundamental note was given by the bass, and the chord was struck on the piano (at which the composer or kapellmeister conducted) and repeated as often as necessary. In the songs and *ensembles* the instruments came in as accompaniments, freed from the obligation of following a given melody step by step with a given bass, according to the rules of thoroughbass for filling up harmonies. Scarlatti and the earlier masters kept this accompaniment very simple, seldom introducing more than one part in addition to the bass and the voice. But, as practised contrapuntists, they could handle the accompanying parts broadly and freely, and could give animation by simple means. This art gradually decreased, and the accompaniment, although fuller, became more mechanical and dependent, Only here and there suggesting contrapuntal elaboration. The orchestra was used independently only in the symphonies which repeated the motifs of the songs, in the short interludes of accompanied recitative, and finally in the introductory overture or sinfonia.

Italian operatic composers began by making use of the form of overture which Lully had established in France, beginning with an adagio, followed by a quick movement, often in the form of a fugue, and passing again into an adagio, which concludes the overture. Later, the form was determined which has remained ever since, of three movements: an allegro, a slower, shorter movement contrasting in time, instrumentation, and expression, and a concluding allegro, animated and often noisy.

These main features were capable of rich and varied development, were it not that in Italy little importance was attached to the overture, which was commonly regarded as a means of reducing the audience to silence and attention. The three movements, therefore, generally preserved their

gradations without marked characteristics, and the attempt to express the effect of the first scene by means of the overture was soon abandoned.

The grouping of Scarlatti's orchestra was in its main points identical with that of the present day. The stringed instruments, violins, tenors, and basses formed its main strength; but their application was very simple. The violoncelli go regularly with the double-basses, and the tenors serve generally only to strengthen the bass; where they are independent they are often divided, like the violins, which however frequently go together. The oboe has the chief part among the wind instruments, the flutes serving mainly for variety and special characteristics; the bassoons strengthen the bass, and are rarely used independently. Soon horns were employed, and drums and trumpets when special splendour was required; trombones were used in the churches, never in the opera.

In this manner even the largest orchestras were arranged down to the close of the last century; an example is afforded by the construction and arrangement of the Dresden orchestra by Hasse, which was considered as a model. The well-appointed bass parts are the most striking, intended as a firm foundation for the vocal melody, which is not seldom strengthened by the violins and oboes or flutes. But to avoid any effect of poverty, it must not be forgotten that the accompanist at the piano filled in the harmony. To strengthen this, and to give variety to the intonation, was the task of the wind instruments. But when the orchestra was treated as a whole there was seldom any attempt to render lights and shades by alternations of the instruments; to attain this end, concerted solo instruments were employed.

Italy was, during the eighteenth century, at once the mother and the nurse of instrumental musicians. A succession of first-rate violinists — Arcang. Corelli (1653-1713), Franc. Geminiani (1680-1762), Ant. Vivaldi (16...-1743), Gius. Tartini (1692-1770), Pietro Nardini (1722-1793), Gaet. Pugnani (1727-1803), Ant. Lolli (1733-1802) — established the glory of

violin-playing, and raised it to an extraordinary height of excellence; while as oboists the brothers Besozzi, Alessandro (1700-1775), Antonio (1707-1781), Gaetano (1727-1793) were performers of the first merit. Trumpets were at that time more especially considered as solo instruments.

Not until later could Germany compete successfully with Italy, as far as the orchestra was concerned; in France, although the precision of Parisian orchestras was always remarkable, the development of instrumental music was longest delayed. Scarlatti introduced instrumental soloists in the operatic orchestra, and the effect was the same as on the stage; it worked against the careful striving after a perfect whole, and the tendency of the instrumental artists to enter into competition with the vocalists led in no small degree to that treatment of the voice as a mere instrument which was so much to be deplored. Notably Farinelli in 1722 established his reputation in Rome by a contest with a wonderful trumpeter, whom he twice vanquished in the sustenance and artistic delivery of a long note, and in the execution of difficult passages.

The first step towards simplifying opera seria in its new form was made in the diction and treatment of the plot. The subject-matter continued to be taken from the stories of mythology or ancient history; but effects of magic and show were abolished, and a connected well-developed plot was substituted, simple in action, and confined to a small number of personages. Next, the previous mixture of the tragic and comic elements was abolished, and everything approaching to burlesque strictly interdicted. The chief efforts in this direction were made by the Roman Silvio Stampiglia (d. 1722), to whom Apostolo Zeno awards more of genius and spirit than thorough cultivation, and whom Arteaga calls dry and unmusical. Apostolo Zeno himself (1688-1750) followed in the same path as court poet to Charles VI. He was a man of education and learning, and as such sought to

model the opera on ancient tragedy in its best and most manly form, and strove for a naturally developed plot, correct delineation of character, and simplicity of language. He proved, said Metastasio, that the opera and good sense are not absolutely contradictory terms. The fact that his operas were often and successfully performed during the first half of the century bears testimony to the simplicity and earnestness of the musical taste of the time; later on, as the field of music extended its limits, his text was found pedantic. His indisputable merit was thrown into the shade by Metastasio's works; these denote in a remarkable degree the spirit of the time which produced them, a spirit that they themselves fostered and encouraged.

Metastasio (Pietro Trapassi, 1698-1782) distinguished himself as a boy by his talent for improvisation; he received a thorough learned education from the celebrated Roman jurist Gravina, which led to his adoption of classical antiquity as his model; while his connection with the singer Marianna Bulgarini early gave him an insight into the technical requirements of the opera. He began his career as a librettist in 1724 with "Didone" at Naples; in 1730 he went to Vienna as court poet, where he lived on the best of terms with the Imperial family, and highly esteemed by the cultivated public. Following Apostolo Zeno, he sought to supply his operas with a true dramatic form, and he made it his chief aim to portray the effect of different characters and passions upon the development of the action. Metastasio had no large or powerful conceptions, nor could he grasp strong passions; his psychological vision is clear and cool, but limited, just as his sentiments are correct and good, but neither wide nor free. In his dramas, therefore, the representation of character and the plot are well-considered, suitable, and consistent, but with a certain mediocrity running through the whole; he chiefly concerns himself with the exemplification of principles and experiences, and individualises but little. He makes love the animating element of his drama, and the starting point of his psychological

study of motives. His characters want neither life nor passion, but softness and veiled sensuality are the characteristic features of what he endeavoured to make an imitation of actual life. The public were gratified at recognising themselves and their love affairs glorified on the stage, and were grateful to Metastasio for allowing them to enjoy themselves in their own way, and not preaching moderation and self-control. They admired his language too, which is correct, and charmingly melodious and natural in expression, not more rhetorical than the Italian language and poetry demands, and never overlaid with conceits.

To these qualities of a dramatic poet, Metastasio joined that of an operatic composer; he was a musician. He had cultivated his musical talent by intercourse with singers and composers, and had a ready perception of what was necessary to a work written for composition. He sang “come un serafino” (as he writes jokingly to Farinelli), played the clavier, and composed a little himself; he found it a pleasant incitement to poetical activity to seat himself at the clavier and improvise. He said himself he had never written a song without composing it himself, according to his own conception of its musical character.

Metastasio confines the development of the plot as a rule to the recitative and the arie (or duet, or terzet), expressing at the close of each scene the sentiment which is the result of the previous action. This they always did so clearly and precisely that the composer had both incentive and scope for musical treatment.

The too numerous figures and metaphors (which he was fond of borrowing from the sea) express the taste of the time, and so far from troubling the musician, gave him opportunities for musical painting which was sure to be admired. The melodious language met the music half way, while the simple yet varied rhythm, the contrast of ideas, and the

construction of the verse, aided the composer, without fettering him, in the musical phrasing of his work.

It was no wonder that Metastasio reigned supreme over the stage and its composers, and that he was the model of the later operatic poets; they succeeded best in imitating his defects, and gave Naumann occasion to say with justice, “The oldest of Metastasio’s operas is more pleasing to me than any written by our present poets.”

Metastasio was well aware that the poet only supplies a stem to the opera, which the composer clothes with foliage and blossom; but he was far from allowing the composer absolute dominion over the poet, and prided himself on the fact that his operas had been played with applause as tragedies without music both in France and Germany.

He chose to consider the composer as the interpreter of the poet, and bound to follow his indications of character and style. This was in his opinion the chief merit of the old composers, and in his later years he was never weary of deploring the decline of music, which was the consequence of the license taken by vocalists, destroying alike truth and beauty of expression.

The poet not less than the composer found himself hemmed in by conditions as well as by traditional formulas. He too performed his task to order, and was hampered by circumstances, and by the limited means at his command in his choice of subject and characters.

It was in no way favourable to Zeno and Metastasio that they received their commissions from the court; besides the direct influence of the taste of the *somme padrone*, the whole atmosphere tended to effeminacy and a uniform level in style. The impresarii chose the libretti for the composers they had engaged, partly according to the applause the subjects had already received, but more to suit the singers they had at command. They were altered to suit the occasion sometimes by the poet himself, but more often

some local poet undertook the necessary curtailments and additions, whereby the work seldom profited.

The absolute monarchy of Zeno and Metastasio, whom all other poets slavishly imitated, would alone suffice to explain the fact that in the course of the last century opera seria received the fixed and unalterable form it still retains; we have seen that the tendency was the same as regards the music. This makes it comprehensible that in reading the text or the scores in the present day we have so lively an impression that they are but copies of one original. In no art does the feeling for what is enduring pass so easily and quickly into the taste for what pleases the age as in music. What affords most delight to the present often expresses only a transitory mood with a momentary truth, and when the smoke and the fragrance which surrounded it have disappeared, only an empty form remains; just as a mask keeps the impression of the features without the play of the muscles, which alone give life and expression.

CHAPTER VIII. MOZART'S EARLY OPERAS.

MOZART found rules as to the form and technicalities of the opera seria rigidly laid down even to the minutest details, and he was the less tempted to disregard these, since the extraordinary ease of his invention prevented his ever finding a prescribed form to be a burdensome restriction. Mozart's mission was not to overstep the bounds of custom, but quietly and gradually to bring to perfection all that was genuine and true in the diverse elements of his time. He found the opera already in the hands of the vocalists, and execution had by this time asserted its victory over characterisation. He did not attempt to enter the lists against singers and public, but contented himself with striving for fair conditions. He was willing to write to the satisfaction of the singers, and for the display of their powers, but he saw no necessity for sacrificing to this object either musical beauty or dramatic force. At times the dramatic situations in Mozart's early operas are true and even striking; but the dramatic element yields on the whole to execution and euphony. It must not be overlooked that the apprehension of dramatic truth and character varies with different times and different nations, and that the genius of first-rate artists could inspire life into what now appears a lifeless assemblage of notes. But it must at the same time be allowed that Mozart's operas of this period come under the influence of a taste perverted in many respects, which the youthful master had not yet overcome; and his forced compliance with many purely conventional demands must of necessity have left traces on his work as deep and lasting as those of his creative genius.

The opera of "Mitridate, Re di Ponto" (87 K.) was first adapted from Racine by the Abbé Parini, and revised by Vitt. Am. Cigna-Santi. The dramatis persona are as follows: —

On the news of the death of Mithridates the inhabitants of Nymphæa deliver up the keys of the town to his son Sifares. Aspasia seeks his protection against the suit of his brother Pharaaces, thereby betraying her partiality for Sifares, which he secretly returns. Pharaaces attempts to force his hand on Aspasia, whereupon Sifares throws himself between them; Arbates separates the contending brothers with the news of the landing of Mithridates; they are reconciled, and agree to keep secret from their father what has passed. Marzio promises to the ambitious Phamaces the help of the Romans against his father.

Mithridates enters, proud and courageous in spite of the defeat he has just suffered, and is received by his sons; he introduces to Pharnaces his destined bride Ismene, who regards Pharnaces with little favour. The demeanour of his sons awakens the suspicions of Mithridates, and on Arbates revealing to him the passion of Pharnaces for Aspasia, he falls into an extravagant rage. Pharnaces acknowledges to Ismene that he no longer loves her; whereat, wounded alike in her pride and her love, she complains to Mithridates. The latter resolves to punish him, and suspecting from Aspasia’s cold demeanour towards himself that she returns the love of Pharnaces, he sets Sifares to watch her. The lovers of course now come to an understanding, but Aspasia virtuously commands Sifares to leave her for ever to the fulfilment of her duty.

Mithridates, in order to test the fidelity of his sons, consults with them on the prosecution of the war; he discovers the complicity of Pharnaces with the Romans, and orders his imprisonment; Pharnaces acknowledges his çuilt, but accuses Sifares of the greater guilt of complicity with Aspasia. In order to try her, Mithridates offers generously to resign her hand to Pharnaces, which draws from her the confession of her love for Sifares; this so infuriates Mithridates that he resolves to slay his two sons and Aspasia.

This is the crisis at which the second act is brought to a conclusion by a duet, in which the lovers declare death preferable to separation.

In the third act, Ismene, repenting her resentment, strives to soften Mithridates, and Aspasia solicits Sifares' life with an assurance of his innocence; but, as she refuses to give her hand to Mithridates, he maintains his resolve, and the triple execution is to take place during a sally which he makes on the Roman host besieging the city. Aspasia is on the point of emptying the fatal bowl, when Sifares, who has been set free by Ismene, snatches it from her, and rushes against the enemy. Pharnaces, who has been released from his dungeon by the besieging Romans, is seized with compunction and returns to his obedience, setting fire to the Roman fleet. The Romans are defeated, but Mithridates is mortally wounded; before he dies he unites Aspasia and Sifares, and pardons Pharnaces, who has made his peace with Ismene.

The opera consists of twenty-four numbers without counting the overture; they are all solo songs, except one duet and the concluding quintet. The original score appears to be lost; but several detached numbers of this opera are preserved in different forms of composition, showing that Mozart had made various experiments, more, doubtless, to please the singers than himself. Of the first air of Mithridates (7), "Se di lauri il crino adomo," there are four different sketched studies; Aspasia's song (13), "Nel grave tormento," is begun in a different form, but breaks off at once; five other numbers are completely worked out, but have given place to later arrangements.

This opera comes in all respects within the rules of the existing opera seria. Musical etiquette is strictly adhered to; the principal and secondary parts are divided in the usual way; the secondary parts are easier (not always simpler), and their character is tamer and less important, so that they may act as foils and connecting links to the principal parts. The chief

singers had to be furnished with opportunities for making effect as soon as they appeared; and must have at least one great aria in each act. All this is carefully provided for. The compass and executive skill of the artists, more especially of Bernasconi and d’ Ettore, must have been extraordinary. The division of the aria into two movements, which prevails here as elsewhere, favours the elaboration of details by affording more than one principal subject. We must not expect to find a uniform florid song, the ornamental passages growing out of and entwining the chief melody, like an architectural ornamentation; they form an integral part of the composition. The taste in such passages is essentially fleeting, for it depended chiefly on the skill of the individual performer; what is most admired in one age is least pleasing to the next. The same dismemberment made itself apparent too, in the cantilene. The various vocal tricks, long notes, sustained melodies, long jumps, syncopated passages, &c., to which due effect had to be given, could not be thrown together without some connecting principle. For this the subjects of the songs were made use of, but the effect was still disjointed and inartistic. The detached phrases were usually still further separated by a full or a half cadenza, to which an instrumental interlude was often attached. No doubt this wealth of variety was then considered a great charm; now we miss unity of form and conception. The turns of harmony are generally monotonous and poor, the form of the cadenza with its trills is just as stereotyped as that of the present day with its suspended sixth, and both the singer and the public expected and required that this should be so. No doubt the freedom which was allowed to the singer in delivery often gave quite a different form to the cadenza, but the want of conception could at best but be concealed.

These shortcomings are not to be ascribed in Mozart’s case to youthful immaturity, but to the musical conditions of the time at which he wrote; they are equally observable in the works of the most experienced

contemporary musicians, and were indeed hardly regarded as blemishes. The question involuntarily arises what there was in these early operas which could so enchant the public and draw from a master like Hasse the prediction that this youth would eclipse them all. A witty artist once declared that the public always requires novelty, but it must be novelty that they are acquainted with; anything really new demands too great an effort of comprehension from them. In this case, no doubt, the public, agreeably prepossessed by the readiness with which the work complied with all existing conditions, were quick to appreciate the skill and taste which were manifest, as well as a certain youthful freshness, and here and there traits more significant still of genius; traits in which Hasse recognised the germ of future development. We, who know Mozart in the full perfection of his powers, seek eagerly in these earlier works for such indications as there are of his future greatness. Sometimes, even in the bravura songs, pure, grand touches of melody light up their conventional surroundings; these are usually in the second part, and in the minor key. The more dramatic "situation-songs" in which the composer made fewer concessions to the singers, are not only conciser in form, but more pregnant and original in expression.

The most striking among them is the song of Aspasia (4). Upon the news of the arrival of Mithridates, whereby she knows Sifares to be in danger, and her love for him rendered hopeless, she utters these words: —

Nel sen mi palpita dolente il core
Mi chiama a piangere il mio dolore,
Non resistere, non so restar.

Ma se di lagrime umido è il ciglio
È solo, credimi, il tuo periglio
La cagion barbara del mio penar.

Grief, which seems too deep for words, here breaks forth in such an uncontrollable flood of song, expressed with so much truth and nature, that a dramatic artist like Bernasconi would be sure to make an extraordinary effect by it. The simple, purely musical means employed, the expressive flowing melodies, rich harmonies, suitable accompaniments, and charming moderation of expression — all these show us the genuine Mozart.

Should it be objected that the milk-and-water heroism of the piece is still further debased by gallantry in powder and gold lace, we can nevertheless claim for it, after all deductions made, a certain amount of stateliness and dignity. These qualities are indeed displayed more according to court etiquette than to classical antiquity, but they are unmistakably there, conformably to the manners of the time and the nation, and their artistic significance is not small. Mithridates, who has most of individual character after Aspasia, never forgets, as Sonnleithner justly observes, that he is first tenor as well as king; but on the other hand he always remembers that he is king as well as first tenor.

The text of the opera “Lucio Silla,” composed in 1772 (135 K.), was written by Giovanni da Camera, and according to the preface, revised by Metastasio. The programme runs: —

Cecilio, a senator, banished by Silla, has secretly returned to Rome to learn the fate of his betrothed Junia, daughter of C. Marius; his friend Cinna warns him that Silla has spread the rumour of his death in order to win the hand of Junia; Cinna counsels him to meet her in a burial-place. Silla, whose suit has been repulsed by Junia, resolves to slay her. Cecilio awaits his betrothed in the dusky burial-place, surrounded by the trophies of Roman heroes. She enters, accompanied by noble youths and maidens, who call for vengeance on Silla, and lament by the urn of her father. When she is

alone, Cecilio reveals himself. She takes him at first for a ghost, and they then express their joy in a duet.

In the second act Aufidio, Silla's evil counsellor, advises him publicly to declare Junia as his betrothed, and thereby reconcile the contending factions; she will not be able to oppose the universal wish. Celia, his sister, who always counsels well, informs him of the ill-success of her appeal to Junia; he promises to unite Celia to her lover Cinna. Silla has scarcely departed, when Cecilio rushes in to murder him in obedience to a vision; Cinna counsels postponement, to which Cecilio at last consents. Ciàna is now so engrossed in his plans for revenge that he scarcely heeds Celia, who tells him of their approaching happiness, and tries to persuade Junia to a feigned submission, and the murder of Silla in his bed-chamber. But she refuses to be guilty of high treason, and he resolves to slay Silla himself.

Junia, who declares that she will never give her hand to Silla, is threatened with death, but nevertheless counsels Cecilio, who wishes to avenge her, to remain in concealment. Celia seeks in vain to persuade her by the portrayal of her own happiness, but cannot stifle gloomy anticipations. Silla announces from the capitol his intended union with Junia, and is answered by acclamations, but Junia endeavours to stab herself, which is prevented. Cecilio rushes in with drawn sword, is disarmed, and his death on the following day decreed by Silla; Cinna, entering also with drawn sword, sees that his plot has failed, and feigns to have come to Silla's protection. A terzet between Junia, Cecilio, and Silla concludes the act.

In the third act Cecilio in fetters is informed by Cinna of the ill-success of his plot, and calls on him for vengeance. Junia declares her resolve to slay herself before Cecilio. Aufidio comes to fetch him, and the lovers take leave.

Silla declares before the assembled people that this day shall give him vengeance and his heart's desire. Junia accuses him as the mur» derer of her betrothed, and calls on the people to avenge her. Silla pardons her and Cecilio, and unites the loving pair. Seized with compunction Cinna reveals his plot against Silla; he, too, receives pardon and the hand of Celia. Finally Silla forgives Aufidio his evil counsels, lays down the dictatorship, and restores freedom to Rome.

The consideration of such a libretto as this renders comprehensible the esteem in which Metastasio's texts were held. There is no trace of psychological study of motive; Silla, a sort of distorted Titus, alternates between cruelty and remorse, and finally empties a perfect cornucopia of generosity on to the stage; Junia too is unequal and weak. The situations are one and all as if purposely arranged to lead to nothing; the poet has with difficulty disposed the numerous scenes so as to introduce the necessary songs in their proper order. And the verse itself is very far removed from the grace and melody of Metastasio.

The score of the opera is preserved entire in Mozart's handwriting; it is in three parts, and has 610 pages. It contains besides the overture twenty-three numbers, among them three choruses (6, 17, 23), one duet (7), and one terzet (18). No wonder that the composer paid court to the singers! The mishap that deprived the opera of its tenor has been already narrated (p. 142). As the part devolved in the end on a very unpractised singer, the greater part of it was omitted, leaving only what was necessary for the coherence of the plot. The two songs (5, 13) are written for a singer whose voice and execution do not rise above the average, without any passages, and with a moderate compass; the more elaborate instrumentation alone betrays that they are intended for a principal performer. Two other songs for Silla which are in the libretto were not composed at all, in order, no doubt, as Sonnleithner conjectures, to give the tenor as little as possible to do.

All the more stress is laid on the parts of De Amicis and Rauzzini. Junia has four songs, which are all for a singer of the first rank. The special bravura song (II) is in the second act, “Ah, se il crudel periglio del caro ben ramento.” Long passages of varied structure are here the chief considerations. One example among many will serve to show that Mozart was right in afterwards calling them “dreadful”: —

Notwithstanding the bravura character of this song, its style is far from well defined; that of the entering song, “Della sponde tenebrose” (4), and of the third aria (16) is more marked. This last, “Parto, m’ affretto, ma nel partire il cor si spezza, mi manca la anima,” consists of a continuous and progressive allegro assai. An agitated phrase for the first violins — supported by an accompaniment for the second, runs through it almost without intermission; the harmonising is interesting and varied; particularly effective is the immediate juxtaposition of major and minor keys; the whole song is strikingly expressive of an unsettled wavering mood.

Passages such as — are brilliant, but not, properly speaking, characteristic. At least they do not stamp the actual situation with individuality; they seem designed only to define the character and mood of the acting personage in their main features, like the masks of ancient tragedy. The more detailed analysis was left to the art and individuality of the performer, to whom the composer offered only the means of combining dramatic force with song. We can still recognise the essential features of the characters; but we are quite unable to realise either the animation with which great artists inspired them, or the effect they produced on the minds of contemporaries. It is a mistake to consider bravura and character as opposite terms; ornamental passages are quite susceptible of characteristic expression, if they are delivered at the right time and in the right way. Junia’s songs express the character of a proud strong Roman woman, and an opportunity for dramatic analysis is offered to the performer even in the

more florid songs. But the true dramatic expression is undisturbed in Junia's last song (22), "Fra i pensier più funesti di morte veder parmi l' esangue consorte." The long adagio, followed by an allegro, is a distinct foreshadowing of the later form. The treatment of the orchestra too is significant. The flutes, oboes, and bassoons are in unison, and contrast with the stringed instruments, after a fashion not usual at the time: and in the allegro the orchestra is in significant opposition to the voice part, which is simple and unadorned, although calculated to give due effect to a fine voice; its dramatic expression is quite excellent.

In the part of Cecilio, written for Rauzzini, the regard paid to the singer is very apparent both in the compass of the voice, which comprises two octaves, and in the style. He was what may be called a scholarly singer, theoretically educated, and a composer himself, and difficulties are introduced evidently with a view to this. Thus, for instance, the recitative preceding his second aria is full of curious, sometimes harsh, turns and transitions in the harmonies; in the third aria such jumps as the following occur — requiring no small certainty of execution. The first song (2), introduced by a fine expressive recitative, begins, as these male sopranos loved, with a long-sustained note, and'contains various brilliant passages; but it is quite without original invention. The second song (9) expresses a proud, free mood with strength and animation; the last (21) can only be explained as a freak of the performer. Cecilio, in the act of being led to execution, moved by Junia's tears, turns to her with the words —

Pupille amate
Non lagrimate!

These tender, trifling words, are treated by Mozart with an exquisite grace which is quite foreign to the character and the situation of Cecilio,

and, as Sonnleithner observes, would be much more suitable to a soubrette. Probably Rauzzini chose this way of ingratiating himself with the public.

Besides the solo songs the opera contains a duet for J unia and Cecilio, and a terzet for the same and Silla, which are cleverly constructed, but not otherwise remarkable. The duet (7) consists of an andante and a somewhat tedious allegro, in which the voices go together for the most part in thirds or sixths, with little attempt at imitation. The terzet is well conceived. Each of the three voices has a characteristic motif, which is not elaborated, but set in contrast with the others; afterwards the lovers are set in opposition to Silla, and the expression is heightened by occasional use of the three voices together; in short, some traces are here discernible of the talent for musical architecture which Mozart afterwards displayed is so remarkable a degree.

The scene which precedes the close of the first act deserves special notice; it is both conceived and executed with true dramatic force. In a hall (atrium), decorated with the trophies of his ancestors, Cecilio awaits in the twilight the coming of Junia. The varied emotions roused in him by the contemplation of the graves of departed heroes, and the yearnings of love, are graphically expressed in an accompanied recitative. Junia appears, escorted by noble Romans of both sexes. The chorus calling on the spirits of the heroes for support and vengeance is serious to solemnity, with striking harmonies and an independent treatment of parts, giving animation to the whole — an altogether excellent piece of music, with much dramatic effect. Junia joins in with a prayer to the shade of her father. The pain of a proud, strong spirit is expressed in a simple and dignified adagio, which gives a fine soprano voice full scope for the display of its capabilities. The prayer is followed by a curse pronounced on Silla by the chorus, powerful and animated, and a fitting close to this truly dramatic musical scene. A resemblance to the first chorus in Gluck’s “Orfeo,” pointed out by Sonnleithner, is too slight to be considered more than a mere suggestion.

Among the secondary parts that of Celia has the most independence of character. Her two first songs (3 and 10) are, on the whole, simple and graceful, especially the second. Passages in Cinna's three songs (1, 12, 20) and in the air for the second tenor, Aufidio, are calculated to display the powers of the artists, but the songs, as a whole, have little or no individuality.

There are two choruses besides that which we have noted, but neither of them are so impressive. In the second act Silla's appearance on the capitol is greeted by a chorus which is powerful, and supported by a running accompaniment. The last act is brought to a conclusion by a chorus, alternating with the solo voices, but the movement is unimportant.

The overture consists of the usual three movements (Molto allegro 4-4, Andante 2-4, Molto allegro 3-8), and pretends to no connection with the opera itself, being altogether after the ordinary pattern. The treatment of the orchestra is not unusual. Trumpets are frequently used, and sometimes kettledrums; but this is of little moment — more interesting is the fact that the wind instruments are often freer and less subordinate to the strings than usual. An attempt is evident to render the accompaniment full and lively; the second violins have characteristic and occasionally imitative passages. But these are merely attempts; the influence of the traditional form overpowers all endeavours after a freer method; it displays itself in many mechanical habits, as, for instance, in the harmonic turn which almost invariably precedes the singers' cadenzas: —

The two festival operas composed in 1771 and 1772 belong in essentials to the opera seria, but were subject to certain special rules. The festa (azione) teatrale, also called serenata, were arranged with immediate reference to the person in whose honour they were given. They were usually also allegorical, the advantage of this kind of poetry being that it was capable of expressing more or less open flattery. A pastoral character

was almost always given to the treatment of the old myths, so that the dramatic element was thrown into the background, and the brilliancy of the entertainment was left to depend principally on the magnificent costumes and scenery. The musical treatment became more openly and unreservedly undramatic, and the composer was satisfied with affording a means of display to the singers. The serenata was in the traditional three acts, but not bound by the scenic divisions of the opera seria; as it originally served as an interlude to other festivities, it was usually also shorter. As a rule, it was only performed once; and took the second rank after the opera seria. It was on this account that the festival piece was intrusted to young Mozart, the opera to Hasse.

In “Ascanio in Alba” (111 K.) Parini had endeavoured to produce a work worthy of a festivity such as the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand with the Duchess Marie Beatrice d’Este. Divinities, heroes, and shepherds form the dramatis persona, and there are abundant choruses, ballets, and spectacular effects, with no lack of flattering by-play. The programme will serve to show what distinguished artists were engaged to represent this piece: —

Venus, preceded and accompanied by a chorus of genü and graces, descends from heaven with her grandson Ascanio, and informs him that she desires to unite him with Silvia, a lovely and virtuous nymph of this her beloved land. Silvia is of the race of Hercules, and Cupid having caused her to see Ascanio in a vision, she already glows with secret love for him. Ascanio is filled with joy, and being counselled by Venus to prove Silvia’s constancy before declaring himself to her, he expresses impatience at this postponement of his happiness. Fauno comes to the sacrifice with a chorus of shepherds, and reverently extols the goodness of Venus to the country and the people. Silvia then draws near, accompanied by Aceste and a chorus of nymphs and shepherds. The priest Aceste informs Silvia, whom he has

brought up, that Venus herself intends to unite her to Ascanio, and to found a new city with their progeny, and expresses his joy in a long aria. Silvia is amazed, and declares her love for the youth whom she has seen in her dreams; Aceste consoles her by saying that Venus must have sent the dreams, and she in her turn sings a long song denoting her joy. After all have retired to prepare the sacrifice Ascanio declares in an aria his delight with the charming Silvia; but Venus exacts that he shall yet make trial of her virtue.

A ballet follows this act, in which the nymphs and graces astonish the shepherds by changing the grove into a splendid temple, the first building of the newly founded city.

Silvia beholds this new erection with admiration, and utters her longing for the yet unknown beloved, in which she is supported by a chorus of shepherdesses. When Ascanio appears she recognises her lover in him; but as he feigns not to know her, she remains doubtful, and Fauno confirms her in the error that it is not he; she swoons. Ascanio laments that he cannot show himself in his true form, and departs, whereupon she revives, and makes known her anguish and determination to remain true to her duty in a long recitative and aria. Then he returns, and throws himself at her feet. She repulses him with the words, “Io son d’ Ascanio,” and flees, which gives him opportunity for a song full of tender admiration. Aceste, to whom she confides all, praises her for her virtue. Venus appears with the chorus of nymphs and shepherds, and presents Ascanio to Silvia as her spouse. After the lovers and Aceste have announced their joy in a terzet, Venus exhorts the young rulers to fulfil their duties faithfully to their subjects, and ascends to Olympus among the expressions of gratitude uttered by Aceste in the name of the people; and a joyful chorus brings the whole to a conclusion.

The description which Fauno gives of the guardian divinity of the country, and the address of Aceste to Venus as she departs, contain so many

allusions to Maria Theresa that non-recognition was impossible. Silvia too, of the race of Hercules (the name of Ercole was common in the family of D'Este), the pupil of Minerva and the muses, the pattern of virtue and modesty, is undoubtedly the Princess Beatrice, whose intellect, literary cultivation, and amiability were universally admired. There was less to be said of the Archduke Ferdinand; nothing could be made of him but a fair youth with rosy cheeks. It is worthy of note that although mutual liking founded on beauty and spiritual endowments is highly extolled, yet, as became a royal wedding, the subjection of inclination to duty is made the theme of highest praise. The union had not been consummated without difficulty, and some anxiety was felt as to the relations of the young couple.

"The Archduke and his wife are well and very happy," writes L. Mozart, "which must be a great satisfaction to Her Majesty the Empress, because it was feared that he would not think much of his wife, she not being beautiful; but she is uncommonly amiable, pleasant and virtuous, consequently beloved by every one, and she has quite captivated the Archduke, for she has the best heart and the most engaging manners in the world."

The original score, in two volumes of 480 pages, is preserved: it contains twenty-two numbers. At the close of the first act we have the bass part of the ballet in nine numbers, written by a copyist, and affixed, doubtless as a guide to the conductor. L. Mozart writes expressly that the ballet which connects the two acts was to be composed by Wolfgang (September 7, 1771); there must have been a special score for the manager of the ballet which has not been preserved.

We cannot help wondering that Hasse should have founded his prophecy of Mozart's future greatness on this opera, for it seems to us less original than its predecessors. It certainly displays talent and assurance, but there is not an original idea in any of the fourteen songs to be compared with those

of the former operas. The accompanied recitatives do not arrest attention, the most animated among them being the recitative (13) in which the lovers, seeing each other for the first time, express their agitation in asides. Contrary to custom, the wind instruments are employed in the recitative; but otherwise the treatment of the orchestra calls for no remark. One song of Silvia's (11) is accompanied by four horns (two in G, two in D) without any singular effects; the last song of Ascanio (18) has, besides horns, bassoons and flutes, two serpentini (in F), instruments which, Schindler suggests, resembled the English horn.

The most prominent among the singers was Manzuoli, for whose part Mozart now applied the instruction he had formerly received from him in London (p. 41). It is written for a mezzo-soprano, keeps always to the middle notes, and has no passages at all; only here and there easy embellishments. The simple lingering melody is not without feeling, which, however, never rises to passion. The first song (2) begins with a long-sustained note, whilst the last resembles those in "Lucio Silla" in its tender playful grace.

There is more variety in the part composed for Maria Ant. Girelli-Aguilar, who sang in Gluck's "Aristeo" and "Orfeo" in Parma (1769). The first cavatina (7) is simple, graceful, and complete in design and treatment; two others (8, 11) are bravura songs, with brilliant passages, the melody having an air of dignity, which is also apparent in the last song (16), both in the adagio and the allegro.

Gius. Tibaldi, whom Gluck had summoned to Vienna, where in 1767 he sang the part of Admetus in "Alceste," was already in years, and his voice past its prime; his two songs (6, 19) are adorned with long passages, which imply a very fluent singer.

In the closing terzet (21) the voices are at first contrasted in detached characteristic motifs; but afterwards the soprano and tenor are grouped

together with alternating passages, while Manzuoli's part retains its simplicity of character.

Of the two secondary characters, to each of whom two songs were assigned, it is to be noted that they have a higher compass than the principal singers. Their songs, too, are richly provided with passages; but their character is perceptibly subordinate.

The choruses, seven in number, were a great ornament to the piece. They do not interfere with the action, and five are in connection with dances. Also in the overture, on the conclusion of the first animated allegro, the second movement changes into a dance "of eleven females," as L. Mozart writes, "either eight nymphs and three graces, or eight graces and three goddesses," and instead of the third movement a chorus of nymphs and graces with corresponding ballet is introduced, the orchestra retaining the character of a third movement of the overture, and the voices (four or two-part) filling out the harmonies after the manner of wind instruments, but in a freer, more flowing style. The chorus is repeated on both occasions when Venus ascends to heaven. Most of the other choruses are also repeated like refrains on appropriate occasions; the second (3) is given six times. It is in two parts, for tenor and bass, and remarkable for its accompaniment of 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 bassoons (and violon-celli), 2 horns, and double-bass, but not otherwise original. The following chorus (5), introduced by a short intrada, which announces Silvia's approach (four-part, but interrupted by two short three-part movements) is blithe and animated. The accompaniment has an independent passage in dance-measure for the violins; the voices move with spirit and freedom. The second act begins with two female choruses. The first, two-part (12), acquaints Silvia of the approach of her lover, and is lively and fresh; the two voices alternate easily in imitative phrases.

Still more animated is the next three-part chorus (17), when, Silvia having repulsed Ascanio and fled, the chorus express surprise in a short imitative movement addressed to Venus. The following chorus (20), which is repeated three times, has simple harmonies, but is powerful and effective. The concluding chorus (22) is effectively worked up after the manner of the first into a quick animated movement, followed by a full ballet.

The choruses, heightened by the scenic arrangements, must have contributed greatly to the success of the opera. They display so much freedom and assurance, such perfect mastery of method in order to attain the truest effect, that perhaps it was here that Hasse recognised the footprints of the lion.

The second festival piece, composed in honour of the newly elected Archbishop Hieronymus in 1772, was Metas-tasio's "Sogno di Scipione" (126 K.), an allegorical poem in one act, on a classical model.

To the younger Scipio, asleep in the Palace of Massinissa, appear Steadfastness (Costanza) and Fortuna, and require him to decide which of the two he will choose for his guide through life. On his demanding time for consideration, Fortuna depicts in a song her fleeting, unstable nature. Costanza answers his question as to where he is by telling him he is in heaven, instructs him on the harmony of the spheres, and informs him that he is in that region of heaven where his departed ancestors abide. These approach him in a chorus, and from their midst steps out the elder Scipio Africanus, who acquaints him with the immortality of the soul, and the reward of the good in another life. Then Scipio's father, Emilius Paulus, draws near; he shows him the earth as a little point in boundless space, and warns him of the nothingness of all earthly things in comparison to the heavenly. Struck by this, Scipio wishes at once to leave earth and remain with his forefathers, but Africanus refuses, telling him that he is destined to save Rome, and that he must therefore tarry on earth, and earn by his great

deeds the reward of immortality. Africanus refuses also to influence by his advice Scipio's choice between the two goddesses, who now demand his decision. Fortuna, who has more than once expressed her impatience, again depicts her omnipotence, which Costanza opposes with a representation of her victorious strength. On Scipio's declaring himself in favour of the latter, Fortuna threatens him with her heaviest penalties, the dazzling apparition disappears, a tremendous storm breaks forth, and Scipio awakes in the Palace of Massinissa, and declares himself true to Costanza.

The allusions to the circumstances under which the piece was first produced on October 1, 1735 — the birthday of Charles VI., who had suffered severe defeats in Italy — are evident enough, especially in the speeches of Africanus and Costanza. Nevertheless, the Licenza comes at the conclusion, making a direct address to the hero of the occasion, and winding up with a formal congratulation in the form of an aria and chorus.

This occasional piece was considered by the Salzburg authorities to be a suitable greeting to the new Archbishop without any alteration, apparently on account of its philosophic moral reflections, and it may indeed be considered as a good example of the dramatic treatment of such reflections. Dramatic the treatment can hardly be called; it is a kind of concert in costume. It is difficult to comprehend how Scipio can act or sing songs while he is supposed to be dreaming; yet Metastasio makes him awake from his dream at the end of the piece.

Mozart's composition, of which the original score, in one volume of 315 pages, is preserved, has more of a concert character than any other of his dramatic works of the period. It keeps strictly within the customary limits, and is poor in original invention, giving just the impression of work done to order; the score bears traces also of great haste.

The overture closes with the second and slower movement, which prepares the scene for the slumbering Scipio by a change from the principal key of D major to E major, and a *decrescendo* to *pp*. This, and the accompanied recitative, that closes with the storm in the midst of which Scipio returns to earth, are the only dramatic or characteristic movements. It is curious that the opportunity for an obbligato recitative (for instance, at the description of the harmony of the spheres) is never taken advantage of; the long speeches are all in plain recitative.

Not one of the ten songs has any dramatic characterisation; even the parts of Fortuna and Costanza do not offer any marked contrast. Each of them has two songs — one freely conceived in a broad style, with full orchestral accompaniments, the other of smaller design, and both richly provided with high passages. First, Fortuna sings her principal song (2), and Costanza her shorter one (3); afterwards the case is reversed (8, 9); but the character, pitch, and formation of the songs differ so little that apart from the words they might easily be mistaken the one for the other. There is a second composition of the Licenza in existence, pointing by its handwriting, firm structure, and the independence and delicate treatment of the orchestra, to a considerably later date.

The three Roman heroes all sing tenor. Africanus has a great bravura song (5), with passages as high as C in alt; his second is quieter and simpler, and makes an attempt at characterisation; the image of the rock, standing immovable in the sea, is sketched in sober colours. The song of Emilius Paulus has a kind of dance measure, not very lively, and reminding us of a polonaise; the words “un fanciullin che piange” are illustrated by a chromatic scale. Finally, Scipio has two bravura songs (1, 10) with many passages, the second being remarkable for its length.

But, indeed, most of the songs are of great length, and introduced by long ritomelli. Where there is no distinct second part, the Da capo comes

into use; the middle movements are short and lightly treated. The orchestra displays some freedom and independence, but is not equal to “Ascanio.”

The two choruses are of the usual opera type. The first (4), in which Scipio is greeted by his ancestors, is not without power and dignity, but it has no characterisation, and is almost throughout in harmony; only once the voices make an attempt during a few bars at independent movement.

In the concluding chorus (12) the voices complete the harmony in the usual way to a running accompaniment.

CHAPTER IX. ORATORIO.

THE commonly received opinion that the oratorio originated in the devotional exercises held in the oratories of monasteries, and thrown into the form of a musical drama by Filippo Neri (1515-1595), is without foundation. All that can confidently be asserted is that he caused *laudi spirituali*, a kind of motett, to be sung by way of recreation, and that he organised carnival performances ("rappresentazioni") which withdrew the mind from worldly follies; whether, and in what degree, music had to do with these we do not know.

The "Rappresentazione dell' Anima e del Corpo," by Emilio de' Cavalieri, who sought to reproduce the old tragedy on the same principles as Peri in the opera, was arranged for representation on a stage ("palco"), with scenery, costumes, and dances, and contained recitatives and choruses. One performance took place, according to the preface to the score, in February, 1599, in the oratorium of the church of S. Maria, in Vallicella, and this Della Valle remembered having attended when a boy. Henceforward sacred dialogues and dramas set to music were frequent in Rome and elsewhere, and were given not only before the congregation *dell' oratorio*, but in churches, monasteries, and palaces. The history of the development of these rappresentazione or azione sacra, also called oratorio, has not yet been traced in detail.

In time the performances were confined to Lent, when no opera was given, and although action and costume gradually disappeared from the churches, and the whole assumed more and more the form of a concert, yet the dramatic element, or at least the dialogue, always remained.

The connection with the service of the church was so far maintained that a mass and an address from a boy preceded the oratorio, and a sermon was

delivered between its two parts.

The growth of the azione sacra kept pace with that of the opera seria.

Apostolo Zeno defined the form of the oratorio by giving it unity of action, time and place, and strict dramatic treatment, and Metastasio carried on and completed the work just as he had done in the opera. Its division was into two, not three parts, otherwise the arrangement corresponded altogether with that of the opera. The characters enter speaking; recitative is employed for the dialogue, and the airs serve to express the higher emotions; concerted songs occur but seldom, but the choruses are frequent, and more often form a part of the action than in the opera.

The subject-matter is borrowed from the Bible, generally the Old Testament, or from some old legend; but both persons and plot must of necessity be devised, so as to represent the story in a succession of dialogues. An effort is made to preserve the biblical diction in the poetry, but the animated rhetorical style of Italian poetry decidedly gets the upper hand. Moral and religious reflections are the almost invariable themes of the songs and choruses, which have rarely any individual character. In this respect, as well as in the dearth of dramatic action, the azione sacra comes nearer to the so-called azione teatrale than to the genuine opera seria.

The legend of Judith is treated as follows by Metastasio, in his oratorio "La Betulia Liberata," which has often been composed. The *dramatis persona* ("interlocutori") are: —

Ozia reproaches the desponding inhabitants of Bethulia for their cowardice, and declares his resolution not to give up the city to the enemy. Amital and Cabri oppose him, describing the sufferings of the people from famine and sickness. In vain he reminds them how the Lord has helped their fathers, they demand admission to Holofernes, and it is with difficulty that he obtains a delay of five days, and calls upon God for help, with the chorus. Then Judith enters; horrified at the decision, she upbraids them for

their cowardice which dares to doubt God's mercy and set a limit to His power: "il primo è vile, temerario il secondo." Her song (5) may serve as a standard for the style of this poetry:

Del pari infeconda
D' un flume è la sponda,
Se torbido eccede,
Se manca d' amor.
Si acqaista baldanza
Per troppo speranza,
Si perde la fede
Per troppo rumor.

She exhorts the trembling people to trust and patience, and informs them that she has formed a great resolve, which as yet she can communicate to no one; while she prepares herself, all are to unite in prayer; the former chorus is repeated. Carmi brings Achior as a prisoner, who relates that, having told Holofemes of the courage of the Israelites and the wonderful power of their God, who renders them invincible as long as they trust in Him, he has been sent into the city to share its destruction. Judith approaching, is left alone with Ozia, who is surprised to see her richly adorned; she demands egress from the town with her maid, and departs, the chorus (in the distance) expressing astonishment at her enterprise.

In the second part Ozia seeks to convince the heathen Achior that there is but one God. Before his arguments have been quite successful Amital enters and describes the death-stillness, expressive of the extreme of need and despair, which hangs over the city. Shrieks and tumult interrupt him; Judith returns, and relates how she has slain Holofernes; she holds the decapitated head before the incredulous Achior, who swoons for fear. After Judith's song, he comes to himself and declares his conversion to the faith of the God of Abraham. Carmi enters, and relates that at Judith's bidding they had

raised a war-cry; the Assyrians, discovering the death of Holofernes, were seized with terror and fled precipitately.

A song of thanksgiving to God, in which Judith leads the chorus, forms the conclusion.

The composers treated the oratorio in the same way as the opera seria, only that the want of dramatic variety favoured the adoption of the concert style of music. In its form there was no important difference; we find the same treatment of the recitatives, secco and obbligato, of the songs and of all important parts, including the choruses; only that the bass voice is made use of in solo singing. We might expect to find the musical conceptions inspired by earnestness and reverence; and this was so far the case that the oratorio excluded all that was trifling, voluptuous, or that related to the passion of love. But a religious tone was entirely wanting, and the operatic style was only modified, not essentially altered. Every song in an oratorio would have been quite in place at a corresponding point in an opera seria, and many operatic songs might have been transferred to an oratorio with perfect propriety. The bravura of the vocalists was considered as appropriate in the churches as on the stage, only that a certain amount of moderation was becoming.

During Lent, when the opera was closed, the public looked for entertainment to the oratorios, and flattered themselves that they were at the same time fulfilling a religious duty, because the performance took place in a church.

Mozart’s music to “Betulia Liberata” (118 K.) is quite on this level. There are unfortunately no indications of time or place on the original score, which exists in two volumes of 382 pages and fifteen numbers; the handwriting and composition place it undoubtedly between 1770 and 1773. As we know that Mozart received a commission for an oratorio at Padua in

March, 1771, it may safely be conjectured that this was the “Betulia Liberata,” and that it was performed in Padua in 1772.

The three movements of the overture in D minor are quiet and more concentrated than usual; the arrangement of the parts is more independent, with attempts at imitative treatment. Besides oboes and bassoons, there are four horns (in D and F), and trumpets (in D), used frequently and in the same manner as at present.

A secco recitative follows the overture; the music never rises above the dialogue, with its long, sermonising speeches and rhetorical bombastic reflections. There are only two accompanied recitatives: the first occurs when Judith upbraids the people; short and skilfully modulated instrumental phrases interrupt the animated declamation, and the whole is lively and expressive. Later on Judith delivers the long narrative of her adventure with Holofemes (II) in an accompanied recitative. The stringed instruments strike the chord in a high pitch, with which Judith’s alto voice strongly contrasts. There are but few agitated passages; but, indeed, even in stirring moments the music never reaches anything like characterisation. The prayer of Judith at the most critical point of the piece is not conspicuous either for tunefulness or varied accompaniment.

The solo parts are distributed among all the four voices: for Amital, Cabri and Carmi are soprani, Judith alto, Ozia tenor, and Achior bass; they are never united in an ensemble, and there is not one duet.

Judith has three airs, besides a solo with chorus. The first (5) approaches as near as possible to a bravura song. The words are expressed with grace and animation. The passages are neither predominant nor tedious, which is doubtless due in part to the singer for whom the part was composed, for the second song (7), powerful and dignified as it is, is also without passages; it begins with the favourite long-sustained note. The chief movement of the

last song (11) — a long adagio with a carefully composed accompaniment — is finely descriptive of Judith's mood, but there is no appeal to the feelings by beautiful melody. The whole part is not bravura in the strictest sense; the deeper alto notes are only occasionally employed.

That this moderation of style was not inseparable from the character of oratorio music, may be seen from the parts of Amital and Ozia. The second song for Amital (10) and the first for Ozia (1) are regular serious bravura songs, with passages, long-sustained notes, and florid accompaniments. Amital's last song (13) is solemn and earnest, to suit the words, but still keeps the performer well in view; Ozia's second song is soft and graceful, and the first which reminds us of Mozart's later style.

The bass part of Achior is less carefully written, and not nearly so bravura in style. The first song (6) is more noisy than vigorous, both in voice and accompaniment. This boisterous treatment of the bass voice was then common, and it was on that account excluded from the opera seria. In this place it accords with the dread apparition of Holofernes which is described. The second song of Achior, after his conversion (12), is very simple and insignificant; the accompaniment is partly imitative.

The two airs of Cabri (2) and Carmi (14) are, as usual with secondary parts, simple, and not without expression, but in no way original.

The traditional aria form is adhered to in almost all the songs. The second part, distinct from the first in composition if not in time and measure, is short and superficially treated; generally only the last part of the first movement is repeated. The latter is broadly conceived, with long ritomelli; the invariable cadenza is brought in in the usual way. The accompaniment resembles that of operatic songs, but is more carefully worked out. Original passages for the second violins — sometimes, too, for the violas — occur, here and there, as well as attempts at imitation; and the wind instruments are occasionally employed independently. All these

attempts show decided talent, but they are few and far between, and the orchestra has not the stamp of independent vigour.

The choruses, although occupying more space in the composition, do not materially differ from those of the opera. The concluding chorus of the first part (8) is like a study for a recitative, turned into a chorus by means of the accompaniment, which consists of two alternate strongly marked subjects. The elaboration is not contrapuntal, but harmonic, and a simple but rich modulation gives significance to the movement. The voices give the full harmony, and a moderate amount of agitation in the melody and rhythm appears when the declamation demands it. The favourable pitch, the interesting modulation, the characteristic accompaniments, and the dignified seriousness which runs through the whole, all combine to make this chorus effective and excellent of its kind.

The two other choruses are prayers connected with solos. The first (4) is very simple. Ozia sings a melodious, beautifully conceived cantilene, full of feeling, which is accompanied by the violins pizzicato, and the chorus ends with a repetition of the two last lines. The second verse, with a change of composition, preserves the same character; after which the first is repeated, and leads with effective climax to a full close.

The last chorus is more grandly conceived. Judith answers the thanksgiving of the chorus in two strophes descriptive of the victory, and then the chorus falls in again; this is repeated three times, and a moral reflection follows as a closing chorus. Mozart has chosen an ancient church melody for the refrain of the chorus: —

The melody is four-part, the partially varied harmony dignified and powerful, and interesting in its simplicity; the voices are well treated and animated. At the fourth repetition Mozart has assigned the Cantus firmus, somewhat altered in the second part, to the tenor voice: —

Thence he passes to the closing chorus. The solo part of Judith, simple, dignified, and earnest, resembles a regular song; but the declamatory is more prominent than the melodious element. Although somewhat overpowered by the chorus, the character of Judith is here most significantly expressed. Whenever Mozart allows himself free play, he exhibits originality, truth, and earnestness.

The closing chorus is lively and brilliant, but kept in moderation, and its character is not without strength and dignity.

That this conception of the oratorio was not peculiar to Mozart, but was the then commonly received one, is plain from a comparison of this with other contemporary oratorios — with those, for instance, by Hasse, which are reckoned among his most important works. Whoever should form, on the strength of the eulogies pronounced by Hiller on the oratorio "Sant-Elena al Calvario," a conception of this and similar pieces founded on our present ideas of sacred music, would find himself much deceived. Here, as in all Hasse's oratorios, the art of the vocalist is the determining element, and the expression of emotion coincides in essentials with that of the opera. The differences in Mozart's oratorio are unimportant, and are founded on variations in the taste of the time and of the composer.

Hiller speaks with great admiration of the pilgrims' chorus, to which Hasse has set the chorale "O Lamb of God" in such a way "that its whole attraction consists in the alternation of the voices and of the various instruments among whom the melody is divided; the bass and violin are in unison throughout, and give animation to the whole, with a simplicity that is worth more than ten fugues, and which betrays more insight into the true beauty of song than the most artistic counterpoint." It almost seems as if Hiller wished to point at J. S. Bach, and remembering some of the marvellous creations of Bach — for instance, the first chorus in the St. Matthew "Passion Music" — the contrast between different artistic

tendencies and personalities can hardly be better exemplified than by comparing him and Hasse. Hasse has succeeded in bringing the chorale into accordance with the Italian style of his oratorio, but he loses thereby the proper significance and effect of the chorale. The way in which Mozart has introduced the Catholic church melodies unaltered is, from this point of view, grander and more striking. And Hasse was looked upon in Mozart's day as a representative of the good old times in the traditions of which he had been educated.

CHAPTER X. OPERA BUFFA.

OPERA BUFFA was a gradual outgrowth from the opera seria, in which originally comic characters took part in burlesque scenes. Even so late as 1718, when Scarlatti's "Telemacco" was produced, there were scenes of coarse humour between Tersite and Silvina in this otherwise conventionally correct opera. When, however, the discrepancy between these and the dignity and purity of the opera seria came to be fully felt, the comic scenes were detached, generally without much difficulty, and given as independent additions, between the acts. It had long been the custom to interpose between the acts of the spoken drama — tragedies as well as comedies — musical representations which had no connection with the piece itself, and were called intermedi or intermezzi, and in the opera both the comic scenes and the ballets were gradually loosed from their connection with the main body of the work and placed between the acts. The relish of the audience for these comic interludes soon led to the production of independent comic pieces called intermezzi, which took the place of the disjointed scenes from the opera. As a rule there were but two characters, one male and one female, and there was no continuous plot even when the same characters appeared in the different intermezzi. The dialogue was carried on in plain recitative, and there were neither solo songs nor duets to interfere with the main opera. In the intermezzi which Metastasio himself composed for his "Didone Abbandonata" in 1724, the characters are Ribbio, a poet, composer, singer, and impresario, who is desirous of establishing a theatre on the Canary Islands, and Dorina, the prima donna whom he wishes to engage; after many affectations she sings a song before him, whereupon he produces others, of his own composition, and they vie with each other in mutual compliments. In the second intermezzo Dorina, dressed for the

stage, displays her tragic powers to Ribbio as Cleopatra; finally they conclude a romantic contract, which includes a prospect of tender relations between the two.

Great effect was caused by the caricaturing and ridiculing of the opera seria, and by the exposure of the personal relations of stage heroes and heroines; elements which have always played a great part in opera buffa.

The intermezzo gives, as it were, the back view of the opera seria, not with the intention of destroying the ideal effect by sarcastic criticism, but rather in order to heighten it by force of contrast. Even the independent opera buffa preserved much of this parodying reference to the opera seria.

Pergolese's "Serva Padrona" which was first produced in Naples in 1730, was another example of an intermezzo for two characters; it met with great success not only in Italy, but in France and Germany, and set the fashion for similar pieces. Very soon an intrigue was introduced, a connected plot was supplied, and the number of characters increased first to three, then to four. The development of the intermezzo was rapid, and before long the inconvenience of carrying on two independent dramas simultaneously caused the complete emancipation of opera buffa from opera seria. Equal rank with the latter it never attained. It came to maturity on the boards of the smaller theatres ("teatrini"), and was long in gaining admission into the larger theatres. Even then it was only exceptionally introduced during the season or stagione, side by side with the opera seria, although in the German court theatres an opera seria and a buffa were not seldom played alternately during the carnival. In Italy comic operas were only admitted in summer, and at those times when there was no grand opera. They did not pass for exhibitions of perfect vocal art, and fewer calls were made on the powers of the singers apart from their comic talent in delivery and action. There is no doubt that this external subordination was of inestimable value to the development of the opera buffa.

It received a firm foundation of musical configuration — recitative, aria, ensemble — without the necessity of submitting to limitations and laws so fixed as to have become absolute. The bass voice, which was considered most suitable to comic characters, and had already been appropriated to them in the old opera, was made the chief vehicle for comic effects in the intermezzo. Volubility of utterance, mimicry, and comic action were as necessary as a fine voice. The highly paid male soprano might therefore be dispensed with in opera buffa; the unnatural conventionality of the opera seria would have been insupportable in representations of daily life. By this means the voices were brought into their proper relations; the lover's part was allotted to the tenor, and the performance generally gained in variety and in the natural grouping of the parts.

The distinction of primary and secondary parts was disregarded, as well as the limitation to a small number of vocalists; though these seldom went beyond seven. There were usually three female parts; the most decidedly comic was the sly, pert waiting-maid (a standing figure of the opera buffa), or a scolding old woman, an unsophisticated peasant-girl, &c.

The tenor part was usually the sentimental, unhappy lover, and required most from the singer, but there were often two tenor parts, in which case one was comic; the buffo tenor was not however nearly so well defined a part as the buffo bass. The bass parts were decidedly comic; a blustering old man and a cunning or a stupid servant were seldom wanting. When the lover was a bass, he was either jovial or comical.

In spite of all this freedom, certain typical features were formed that recur in all the varieties of grouping and disguise. The opera buffa was far from adopting in dialect or costume the well-defined character, of the Italian popular comedy, but the resemblance in form is unmistakable. It was in imitation of the popular plays that the comic parts were made caricatures,

the effect of which depended on striking but exaggerated peculiarities. The music was made to display these, and there can be no doubt that the want of individual character in the opera seria favoured the passage to the opposite extreme in the opera buffa. As a relief to the caricatures, *mezzo carattere* were invented, in which the purely musical element was more pronounced.

Intermezzi required an easy and loosely connected plot; the popular jokes would not have come out so well from a studied, well-connected drama, as from effective situations where favourite characters could follow their bent. If the situations were of ample variety, lively and humorous in their rendering, the audience was quite ready to forget how weak the thread was which held them together. The opera buffa was always written for a specified company, and the poet, limited both as to characters and effective situations, found his labour simplified by such a skilful use of the conditions ready to hand as should secure him applause and success. Opera buffa, being held in little esteem, was seldom taken in hand by poets of note; even Goldoni's texts are, as he acknowledges himself, unworthy of esteem. Goethe, when he was studying the comic opera in Rome with the composer Kayser, remarked, that "there were a hundred things to be observed, to which the Italians sacrificed the spirit of the poetry; for instance, each character was to be brought forward in a certain order and a certain degree — each singer must have pauses, &C." His own experience gave him a very just judgment on opera texts, and he rightly ascribed a certain amount of simplicity, which, apart from the music, made them appear poor and meagre, to a tendency to treat the subject fancifully, like a child's fairy story. But the majority of comic libretti are disconnected and absurd, without spirit or delicacy, depending entirely on the effect of humorous exaggeration; and the universal opinion was a just one, that the words of the comic opera were as poor as the music was charming.

The musical forms of the opera seria were modified and remodelled by the comic composers with very unequal skill and success. The recitative needed little transformation; the more trivial treatment of the dialogue suggested itself, and the accompanied recitative was only varied to suit the comic situations. The aria, on the contrary, belonged essentially to musical art, and had been developed at the cost of dramatic truth; opera buffa did not concern itself with either of these facts. It adopted the forms of the opera seria (unless when it parodied them) only in the parts *di mezzo car ottere* which it had appropriated from the opera seria.

The contrasting of different motifs was preserved as an essential condition of musical composition, but the rules as to method and succession were no longer regarded as binding. The subjects were more slender and fugitive, so as to be more easily united, and they profited thereby in freedom of movement and form. In many airs which have only one tempo, the constituent parts of the original aria can be clearly recognised, but the subjects are arranged and repeated according to circumstances, the subordinate subjects are more important and longer, and the means at command are more freely used. Piccinni was the first to introduce the rondo form, which repeats the main subject several times with freely treated intermediate movements. It met with great applause, and was variously developed, being at last adopted in opera seria. But the simpler form of the cavatina was more usual, and received many modifications; the ballad style was also not infrequent.

This freedom and many-sidedness of treatment was more especially favourable to the dramatic aspect of the piece, and brought the plot into closer relationship with the music, particularly in the ensembles. Duets, terzets, and quartets were introduced wherever the situation required, and this musical dramatic character reached its highest point in the finales,

which are true musical representations of a dramatic climax ascending to a catastrophe. These finales, products of the continual struggle to render music not the ornament but the helpmeet of the drama, are the property of the opera buffa.

Nic. Logroscini, who was considered as the inventor of comic opera, and the deity of the *genre bouffon*, is said to have written the first finale, the main subject of which was developed in one continuous movement. Nic. Piccinni (whose “Buona Figliuola” was so well received in Rome in 1761, that it may serve as a date for the recognition of opera buffa as a distinct branch of the art) treated each scena of the finale as a separate movement, and displayed far greater variety and more effective working-up.

Many of the deficiencies of the text must have had considerable influence on the music. The latter was constantly striving after dramatic effect and characteristic situations, and was as constantly dragged back by caricature and absurdity. The custom also arose of providing unworthy comic effects for the buffo characters, such as the mimicry of natural sounds, quick speaking, and others that have become gradually extinct. On this point the severe mentorship of the opera seria exerted a wholesome influence in preventing the complete sacrifice of form to fun; so that, to the observer of the present day, regularity of form is more observable in comic opera than freedom of treatment.

From opera seria too the comic opera received its main principle, viz.: that the essence of the opera is in music, and more especially in song, on the suitable treatment of which it depends for all its effect.

The majority of dramatic composers have tried their hand at opera buffa; besides Nic. Logroscini (17...-1763), Bald. Galuppi (1703-1765), Nic. Piccinni (1728-1800), we may particularly note Pietro Guglielmi (1727-1804), Pasq. Anfossi (1736-1797), Giov. Paisiello (1741-1816), Domen. Cimarosa (1754-1801), all men of prominent parts and thorough musical

training. Add to this the innate love of the Italians for beauty of form, and it will be easily comprehensible that in spite of many excrescences opera buffa should have blossomed into a musical art, which in creative genius and intellectual power soared far higher than its elder sister, whom it soon surpassed in the favour of the public.

The greater freedom of style was of advantage also to the instrumental parts, which took an independent share in the characterisation. Many situations were heightened by the orchestra coming to the foreground — as for instance during the frequently recurring *parlando* where it falls to the instruments to give the clue to the intended expression.

The instrumental scores which Piccinni was blamed for overloading and making unnecessarily prominent appear to us indescribably poverty-stricken. But it was thus that the orchestra gradually developed into such an independence as makes it capable of following the rapid emotions of the actors, and of serving at the same time as a firm foundation for the whole artistic organism.

The overture in three movements was not the only one permissible; symphonies in two parts were frequent, as also a somewhat more elaborate allegro movement, which served as an instrumental introduction.

Anfossi's "Finta Giardiniera" had met with great success in Rome in 1774, whilst Piccinni's opera was hissed off the stage. In spite of its miserable text it was produced in 1775 at Vienna, and in 1778 at Paris; and at Munich Mozart received the libretto to compose for the Carnival of 1775 —

The dramatis persona are as follows: —

The Marchesa Violante Onesti has been wounded by her lover Conte Belfiore in a fit of jealousy, and he, believing that he has slain her, flees. She sets forth in disguise to seek him, accompanied by a faithful servant,

Roberto; they both enter the service of Don Anchise, Podestà of Lagonero, as gardeners, she under the name of Sandrina and he as Nardo. The Podestà falls in love with Sandrina and neglects for her the waiting-maid Serpetta, to whom he has been paying his addresses. Nardo strives in vain for Serpetta's favour; the two intruders are equally obnoxious to her. Ramiro, Don Anchise's guest, and the accepted lover of his niece Arminda, is deserted by the latter, who becomes affianced to Belfiore.

At the opening of the opera the inhabitants of Lagonero are busily employed decorating the garden for the reception of the betrothed couple; Ramiro informs the Podestà that an unhappy love torments him, and departs. The Podestà sends Nardo and Serpetta to a distance, in order that he may declare his love to Sandrina; this she seeks to evade, while Serpetta continually contrives to interrupt them, so giving occasion for a comic aria from the Podestà. Thereupon Sandrina announces to Nardo her intention of leaving the place to escape the attentions of the Podestà, and complains of the faithlessness of men; Ramiro entering, bewails the inconstancy of women, and Nardo the cruelty of Serpetta. Arminda, who has just arrived, behaves whimsically to the Podestà and Serpetta; Conte Belfiore enters, greets her as his bride, and comports himself like a vain affected fop, boasting to the Podestà of his nobility, his wealth, his good looks, his conquests, and his love for Arminda.

Serpetta and Nardo having quarrelled, we next find Sandrina busy in the garden. Arminda informs her that she is about to wed Conte Belfiore; upon which Sandrina swoons. Arminda calls Belfiore, and leaves the unconscious Sandrina to his care while she runs for her smell-ing-bottle; when she returns Ramiro enters, and the four lovers recognise each other in extreme confusion; the Podestà, entering, seeks in vain for a solution of the mystery; they all go out, and leave him alone. Before he can recover from his astonishment, Serpetta, to excite his jealousy, relates that she has seen

Belfiore and Sandrina holding tender intercourse, and he withdraws in order to watch them. Belfiore tries to extort from Sandrina the confession that she is Violante; at first she denies it, but then forgets herself and reproaches him for his infidelity. As he falls repentant at her feet, Arminda enters with Ramiro, all the rest rush in, overwhelm him and Sandrina with reproaches, and the act closes amid universal confusion.

The second act opens with Ramiro reproaching Arminda for her inconstancy, while she does the same to Belfiore; then Serpetta makes fun of Nardo. Sandrina, who, in her own despite, still loves Belfiore, is surprised by him in the garden, forgets herself again, and overwhelms him with reproaches; when he remorsefully sues for her love again, she recollects herself, and explains that she has known Violante, and has only been giving expression to her feelings. Quite confused, he makes her tender excuses, and tries to kiss her hand, but seizes instead that of the Podestà, who has drawn near unobserved, and goes out confounded.

The Podestà first reproaches Sandrina, then makes her a formal declaration of love, which she seeks in vain to evade. Ramiro enters with a letter, wherein Belfiore is denounced as the murderer of the Marchesa Onesti, and requires the Podestà to institute a formal inquiry; to Arminda’s disgust the Podestà declares the marriage postponed, and Ramiro is filled with fresh hope. The Podestà interrogates Belfiore, who, in spite of the whispered hints of Arminda and Serpetta, becomes confused, and draws great suspicion on himself; then Sandrina appears, and explains that she is the Marchesa Violante who was wounded, not killed; they do not believe her, and treat her with contempt. When she is alone with Belfiore, and he in delight renews his expressions of love, she tells him she is not Violante, but has only impersonated her to save him. Amazed and horrified, he loses his senses and begins to rave, but soon comes to himself.

Serpetta informs the Podestà and Ramiro that Sandrina has fled, but when they have hurried forth to seek her, betrays to the listening Nardo that Arminda has had her rival conveyed to a hiding-place in the neighbouring wood, in order to prevent any interference with her union to Belfiore.

Next we see Sandrina left alone in darkness, want, and despair; in quick succession there enter Belfiore led by Nardo, the Podestà seeking Sandrina, and Arminda and Serpetta to make sure that she is secure; in the darkness the Podestà declares himself to Arminda, and Belfiore to Serpetta, both believing that they are addressing Sandrina, to the delight of Nardo, who now enters, followed by Ramiro with torches, calling upon Belfiore to renounce the hand of Arminda. When the party recognise each other there is first great consternation; then all break into abuse and reproaches; Sandrina comes to an understanding with Belfiore, they both imagine themselves shepherds, and amid the universal hubbub sing pastoral ditties; then she enacts Medusa, he Hercules, and at last they dance with delight, while the others are beside themselves with anger and astonishment.

In the third act, Nardo is again scorned by Serpetta, then Belfiore and Sandrina attack him, making passionate love to him in their madness, and he escapes with difficulty. The Podestà is beset by Serpetta, whom he repulses, by Arminda, who wants to wed Belfiore, and by Ramiro, who demands Arminda’s hand, though she again declares that she detests him.

Belfiore and Sandrina having fallen asleep in the garden, awake to soft music, cured of their madness; they recognise each other, and after some resistance she listens to his suit. Upon this Arminda resolves to bestow her hand on Ramiro, and Serpetta on Nardo, and only the Podestà remains unmated.

It was no easy task even to follow these clumsily connected situations, too incoherent to be called a plot; and it would have taxed the efforts of any composer to save such a work from utter oblivion.

Only the second and third acts of Mozart's original score (196 K.) are preserved, in two volumes, containing together 344 pages; the first is lost, and there is no known copy of the Italian score, so that the recitatives of the first act are unknown.

The opera was later produced in German; the German text is inserted in the original score by L. Mozart, with trifling alterations of a note here and there to suit the declamation. Besides these there are numerous abbreviations, both in the recitatives and in some of the songs (13, 17, 19, 25), which were made for the first performance at Munich, and indicated by rough chalk strokes and erasures; with the same end, Mozart recomposed the whole of an abridged scene.

The abridged songs are adopted in the German version, but one air (20), which was marked in chalk "to be omitted," is retained. That Wolfgang was himself concerned in this adaptation is proved by the fact that on certain pages the accompanied recitatives which were retained in the German opera are rewritten in his own hand. Spoken dialogue takes the place of the plain recitatives, and the German cues are inserted by a third hand. In Reichardt's "Theaterkalender," the operetta, "Das verstellte Gartner-Madchen" has been included among Mozart's works since 1781, and it was performed under this title at Frankfort in 1789. Mozart probably undertook the adaptation after his return from Paris to Salzburg, when he busied himself with the improvement of German opera. The translation may safely be ascribed to Schachtner. The score is preserved in duplicate; and a selection of the songs was printed by André under the title "Die Gärtnerin aus Liebe."

This opera takes an unquestionably higher rank both as to originality, technical skill, and vivid characterisation than any that had preceded it. The seven personages, all drawn in firm outline with a sure hand, are not all comic characters.

The part of Ramiro is avowedly written for a male soprano, probably for the celebrated Tomm. Consoli (b. 1753), who entered the Munich Kapelle in 1744, and was summoned to Salzburg for the approaching festival performance. The part is throughout a serious one; Ramiro is the sentimental unfortunate lover, who only becomes comic by his alternate hopes and fears, as, true to his first inclinations, he opposes Arminda's jealous resentment.

In his first unimpassioned song (2) he declares that, being scarcely healed from his first unhappy attachment, he recoils from all fresh enticements; he has not yet seen his faithless beloved again, the sight of whom afterwards causes him to forget all in the desire to win her. The cavatina (18) renders the sentiment of true and hopeful love simply and tenderly. Finally, resentment against his faithless mistress is expressed in an agitated air (21) with strongly accentuated declamation and rapid changes of harmony. All three songs render consistently the exalted mood of a man of sentiment, whose passions, nevertheless, are not consumed by their own intensity; the individuality of the singer may doubtless have lent itself to this treatment of the part. This individuality is also evident in the fact that Ramiro's songs pay chief regard to the singer in the passages, and adhere closely to the older forms. But there is unmistakable progress in the richer and freer grouping of the subjects, and in the delicate feeling with which the digression in the middle movement is treated, and gradually led back to the main subject.

Arminda stands next to Ramiro. As an imperious, passionate girl, who ill-uses her faithful lover, and runs after another man, she is more repulsive than comic. Musical characterisation, by giving to her violence an air of pettishness, has introduced a comic element into her first air (7) which brings the noble lady very near the soubrette. The air (13) in which she threatens the Count with vengeance for his inconstancy has a caricatured

expression of the pathetic, which parodies the manner of the opera seria, and might, therefore, produce a comic effect. The absence of all bravura in this part, in spite of the style of the songs, which seems to call for it, was no doubt to suit the particular singer — a seconda donna.

The part of Sandrina was expressly written for Rosa Manservisi, who was highly thought of, both as a singer and an actress. It is comic neither in intention nor fact. An unhappy woman, of deep and delicate feelings, injured and deceived, is forced by adverse fate to dissimulate; the difficulties into which she is led by her disguise are not ludicrous, but painful, and excite only sympathy. It was common at the time to introduce persons and situations of a sentimental character into opera buffa, without any regard to the incongruity of different styles. The principal scena given to Sandrina at the close of the second act quite oversteps the boundary of opera buffa. Left deserted in the dark and gloomy forest, she gives vent to her despair in a song (21), which strikingly expresses the breathless anguish of a tender, timid maiden, in the face of unknown dangers.

A characteristic passage for the violins —

the agitated nature of which is increased by syncopated notes in the accompaniment, and by the strong accent thrown on the last fourth of every bar — goes through the whole movement of the allegro agitato in varied modulation; the voice comes in with detached exclamations, and once a melodious phrase silences the accompaniment for a moment, until the orchestra again takes up its restless movement. The song passes immediately into an expressive accompanied recitative, in which Sandrina becomes calmer, and assures herself, by looking round, of her forsaken condition. This is followed by the cavatina (22) —

Ah dal pianto, dal singhiozzo
Respirar io posso appena,
Non ho voce, non ho lena,

L’ alma in sen mancando và —

which carries the expression of long-restrained feeling to its highest point. Throughout a restless, hurrying Allegro agitato (6-8) the voice has almost always interrupted passages, and seldom tries its powers in a sustained note or a melodious phrase. The orchestra remains in continual motion; at first a tender violin passage is introduced, then the oboes and bassoons alternate with each other, and with the voice. The whole is a single continuous thread of lovely melody and richly varied harmony, with one fundamental idea as its starting-point, and upon it rests the magic of grace and beauty. To the expression of excited passion follows that of resignation; both are manifestations of a nature tender and noble indeed, but neither grand nor strong.

Mozart’s correct judgment led him to moderate the expression of passion in Sandrina to a degree befitting the heroine of a comic opera, while giving due prominence to her dignity and grace when she appears as the gardener’s girl. She displays her true self most unreservedly in the cavatina (11) in which she bewails her unhappy love: —

Geme la tortorella
Lungi dalla compagna,
Del suo destin si lagna
E par, che in sua favella
Vogli destar pietà.
Io son la tortorella, &c.

Sonnleithner has noted the happy effect produced by the entrance of the voice, not at the beginning of the theme, but a little behind it, as if roused from abstraction: —

{“LÀ FINTA GIARDINIERA” — BELFIORE.}

A gentle spirit, not altogether lost in sadness, yet not able entirely to throw it off, is in Sandrina united to tender womanly grace, and both find due expression in the music. Even when she plays the gardener's girl, she does it with pleasant mirth never sinking to vulgarity. The air (4) in which she undertakes the defence of women against men to Ramiro (a rondo with a lively coda, 6-8), is gay and sparkling, but not very pronounced in tone.

When she seeks by her cajoleries to appease the sulky Podestà without exactly telling him that she loves him, she reveals a certain amount of coquetry, and in her exaggerated expressions of dismay at his reproaches, approaches the buffo character; but even here the moderation, delicacy, and grace of Sandrina's character is in strong contrast to that of Serpetta.

Both the comic and the pathetic aspects are combined in the Contino Belfiore, whose burlesque character appears to have been excellently represented by the buffo Rossi. His attempt on Violante's life sets him before us as a man of passion; the wavering of his inclinations between Arminda and Violante is the less comical, since he expresses his admiration of Arminda's beauty with simple and manly dignity (6), but gives vent to his love for Sandrina, whom he recognises as Violante, in a fine outburst of true emotion. The conclusion of this song (15), being buffo in character, readjusts the situation. He has not remarked that Sandrina has gone out, and the Podestà taken her place, and he seizes the hand of the Podestà to kiss it; his confusion and annoyance required comic expression. He takes part elsewhere in comic scenes and situations; but his first appearance as a vain, supercilious coxcomb is misleading and inconsistent, and only intended to give occasion for a grand buffo air (8). The pride and loquacity with which Belfiore details his genealogy are wittily rendered by Mozart; but as a buffo song this evident concession to the taste of the singer and the public is without marked individuality. Still less happy is the idea of making the Contino, and afterwards Sandrina, go crazy. Madness is only representable

in music in so far as sympathy with it as a misfortune can be aroused, which deprives it of any comic effect; the absurdities which excite to laughter cannot be rendered musically, and only in rare cases can music produce an analogous effect. In the second finale, when Sandrina and Belfiore, surrounded by bitter enemies, suddenly imagine themselves Arcadian shepherds, and sing shepherd songs, a contrast might be produced which would at least support the idea of insanity. But their mythological illusions: “Io son Medusa orribile! Io son Alcide intrepido!” could not be expressed by the music. In the terzet (24) Nardo, in order to escape the importunities of the crazy pair, points towards heaven, and tells them with increasing animation how the sun and moon quarrel, and the stars engage in love adventures; when he has set the pair gazing fixedly upwards, he makes off. Broadly represented, this gay, lively terzet must have made an effect, but it would have been equally comic had Nardo fixed their attention on anything else, since the effect depends on the vivacity and humour with which the composer grasps the situation, and withdraws the attention of the audience from the nonsense which the poet has put into the mouths of the characters.

But even this was impossible in the accompanied recitative during which Belfiore loses his senses before the eyes of the audience (19). At first, when he is beset by contending emotions, music is in its place; when he believes himself to be dead and in Elysium, Mozart has certainly constructed a characteristic, well-rounded movement, but a specific expression of the illusion it is not and cannot be. The song in which, restored to his senses, he expresses his joy at still living (in tempo di minuetto) is lively, and appeals to the senses like dance music, but after what has gone before it makes no comic impression.

The first bar of this — reminds us, as Sonnleithner has remarked, both of the minuet and trio of the Symphony in D major (385 K.), and of a couple of bars in the first allegro of the Symphony in E flat major (543 K.).

The Podestà is a genuine buffo, proud, amorous, consequential in virtue of his office, easily excited, easily perplexed, but good-natured at bottom; the genuine type of a comic old man; there was probably a personal reason for making this character tenor instead of bass, though the course was not an unusual one. The musical conception of the character is that of the traditional buffo. The first air (3) depicts, according to a fashion of the time, different instruments which are heard in the orchestra in a concerted accompaniment. This song has nothing in common with the situation or with the character of the Podestà, and is an interpolation for the German version.

The Italian text contains a song for Sandrina, “Dentro il mio petto io sento,” which Mozart composed, as we learn from a letter of his father’s (December 2, 1780), who had it copied for Schikaneder. The other two songs (17, 25) are genuine buffo — lively, rapidly uttered — a continual struggle between false dignity, anger, vexation, and perplexity.

The servants are also, according to custom, comic personages. Serpetta contrasts with Sandrina in want of refinement; disappointed in her hopes of the Podestà, she becomes envious and spiteful to every one, and especially to her lover, Nardo. Besides a neat, pretty little song, of which each character sings a verse (9), she has two songs (10, 20) of a distinctly soubrette character, gay and pleasing, not without grace, but as yet without the delicate wit with which Mozart later endowed his soubrettes.

Nardo, as the attached and faithful servant of Violante, displays an address which is inconsistent with his röle of the simple lover who pursues Serpetta in spite of all her ill-treatment. The first words of the mock-heroic air (5), “A forza di martelli il ferro si riduce,” have suggested an accompaniment — which gives the song a peculiarly rhythmical character. In the second air (14) the rondo form is employed with striking effect. Nardo seeks to win Serpetta’s hand by compliments in different languages

and styles, which form alternating interludes to the main theme; this is pretty enough, but the other jokes are obsolete.

The ensembles are of a far higher character than the solos, both as regards characterisation and musical execution.

The introduction is immediately connected with the overture, and borrows its lively chorus from the third movement, but its development is completely independent. The overture itself consists of an Allegro molto, precise in its subjects and execution, but fresh and cheerful, and of a somewhat tedious Andante grazioso.

Sandrina, Serpetta, Ramiro, the Podestà, and Nardo, are discovered in the garden, awaiting the arrival of the wedding guests, and their festive mood is expressed by a joyous choral movement. Then each character in a short soliloquy explains the position of affairs, and indicates the main elements of the plot. In these soli, which pass from one to the other in the same tempo, and without a pause, Mozart has displayed his rare power of individualisation, and without the sacrifice of interdependence in the parts of a great whole. The moonstruck Ramiro, the amorous Podestà, the excitable, prying Serpetta — each is admirably touched off, without any disregard to unity of tone. The repetition of the first chorus, with which the piece concludes, is led up to by the accompaniment, and the whole forms as complete a musical rendering of the text as was possible.

The later ensembles belong immediately to the action of the piece. At the close of the third act Sandrina and Belfiore awake from refreshing sleep healed of their madness. Belfiore seeks acceptance of Sandrina, who now acknowledges herself to be Violante, but she, abashed at his declarations of love, bids him depart, and prepares to go herself. Neither, however, can summon resolution to part, and after several attempts, they sink at last in one another’s arms, forgetful of all but their newly found happiness. This situation, somewhat coarsely rendered by the poet, has been transformed by

the composer into an admirable piece of character-painting (27). A long accompanied recitative passes into an elaborate and effective Adagio, in which professions of love alternate with reproaches. The Andantino (3-8), which follows is lighter in tone, and well expresses alternations of repulsion and attraction. The oboes are employed with a charming effect of longing appeal to the words: "*Cont*. Lei mi chiàma? — *Sandrina*. Signor, nö. Lei ritoma? — *Cont.* Oibö, oibö!" Finally, the joy of the united pair flows forth in an Allegro, which gives full opportunity for display on the part of the singers. Especially to be admired is the art with which the intense and genuine expression of emotion is tempered by the timidity of the Count and the coquetry of Sandrina, in a happy union of the pathetic and the comic which keeps the whole within the limits of' opera buffa. The rapid winding-up of the plot in the recitative dialogue, and the short animated ensemble with which the opera concludes (28) are no doubt intended not to weaken the effect of the great duet.

The finales (12, 22) of the first and second acts are masterpieces; the separate characters act and react on each other in a way which is admirably true to life. Two conditions are essential to the elevation of such pieces into musical works of art; important points in the action or the characters must be brought out by prominent motifs, and the fundamental idea of the situation must be grasped and maintained in one motif which shall serve as a clue to the whole.

The task of the musician is the combination and elaboration of the detached elements into an interdependent whole, in which the laws of musical and dramatic art are in unconscious harmony; the master makes good his claim to the title by the depth with which he grasps the idea, by the delicacy with which he apportions the claims of individuals to independence, and by the strength and truth with which he gives life to his creations. Mozart's genius amply satisfies all these conditions. When there

are few characters, and they are consequently brought nearer together, the characteristics of each are sharper and more detailed; but when the relations of the characters to each other are more involved, the musical grouping becomes more careful, so that, just as in an architectural masterpiece, the parts are merged in the whole. Each motif has its own peculiar expression, but is capable of such manifold effects of light and shade, that an oft-used motif in a new combination is as effective as if it appeared for the first time.

The form and style of opera buffa are maintained in all essential points, but with great freedom of treatment. The usual means are employed of the repetition of a short phrase with increasing intensity, the *parlando* while the orchestra carries on the motif, the comic effect produced by rapid speaking, sudden pauses, strong contrasts, &c.; but to these are added many traits of original invention.

In the earlier operas the boy's skill in the management of accepted forms was what we had chiefly to notice; here for the first time we are amazed at the originality of his musical powers. The wealth of characteristic, well-moulded, well-rounded melodies is quite as surprising as the organic dependence in which they mutually stand related to each other, not merely joined together. This fertility is of course more prominent as the development of the plot renders the musical elements more complicated; especially admirable is Mozart's power of giving character and suggestiveness to his melodies in their first and simplest form. One subject from the last Allegro but one of the first finale — will not fail to remind the reader of one almost identical from the first finale of "Figaro." But if the mode of treatment of the simple motif in the two instances be compared, it will be clearly seen that inventive power does not consist merely in the combination of notes. That of the later opera is of course by far superior, but even the earlier leaves little to wish for in its wealth of harmonic

variety, in its union with other subjects, and in the effect of climax produced by imitation in the several parts.

It may finally and with justice be maintained of the melodies of this opera that they, as well as the whole intellectual conception, are high above the ordinary level; their grace, delicacy, and purity — in short, their beauty — belongs to Mozart, and to him alone.

The orchestra is treated quite otherwise than in the opera seria. The individual peculiarity of each instrument is brought out, and tone-colouring as a means of characterisation is delicately and skilfully employed. In Sandrina's cavatina (22), for instance, the fine effect of the oboe and bassoon in contrast to the violin is due to the individualities of the instruments; in Ramiro's song (18) the treatment of the bassoon is original; and in the first finale an oboe solo comes in with startling effect (the Munich oboist, Secchi, was very famous). The horns are also frequently made the means of effective tone-colouring; twice (13, 26) four horns are employed in a minor key to heighten the effect of a dramatic climax. More important than these detached instances is the altered relation of the orchestra to the whole work. It no longer serves as an accompaniment in the sense of sustaining the voices and filling up necessary pauses; it is no longer a mere adjunct to the vocal parts, but takes its share in the effective working of the whole, filling out details which the vocal parts leave imperfect, and obeying not so much the requirements of the vocalist as the conditions of artistic perfection. This altered relationship required an altered organisation; each component part of the orchestra must have a distinct existence, so that each, according to its place and kind, might contribute to the general effect. The single example of the treatment of the basses will serve to make this clear. Hitherto the basses had served merely as the fundamental of the melody, indispensable indeed, but often clumsy and insignificant; but here, without losing their character as the ground-work of

harmonic elaboration, they have an independent movement; they serve not only to support the superincumbent mass, but their quickening power sets in motion and gives the impulse to its formation.

By the side of these many excellencies the too great length of most of the pieces, especially of the songs, is felt as a defect throughout; a defect due, no doubt, to the taste of the time and to the youth of the composer. The influence of the broader form of the opera seria, and the pleasure of the public in the mere hearing of music, were combined with the fact that Mozart was not yet capable of that self-criticism which rejects all that is superfluous, even when it is good in itself.

It may well be conceived that the opera was performed with extraordinary success in Munich (1775), and that it soon attained pre-eminence among the most admired contemporary comic operas. Nissen informs us that it made little effect in Frankfort (1789); the clumsy German adaptation may have been in part to blame for this; but the chief cause was doubtless the altered taste of the public, brought about by the French operettas and Mozart's "Entführung."

CHAPTER XI. MOZART'S "RE PASTORE."

THE last opera of the series we have been considering is the festival opera, "Il Re Pastore," composed in honour of the Archduke Maximilian, at Salzburg, in 1775, to the text of Metastasio (208 K.).

The characters and plot are as follows: —

Alessandro, re di Macedonia.

Aminta, pastorello, amante d' Elisa, che, ignoto a se stesso, si scuopre poi l' unico legittimo erede del regno di Sidone.

Elisa, nobile ninfa di Fenicia, dell' antica stirpe di Cadmo, amante d' Aminta.

Tamiry principessa fuggitiva, figliuola del tiranno Stratone; in abito di pastorella, amante di Agenore.

Agenore, nobile di Sidone, amico di Alessandro, amante di Tamiri.

Alexander having conquered Sidon and slain the tyrant Strabo, determines to place on the throne Abdalonymus, son of the last rightful king, who has been secretly brought up as a shepherd under the name of Aminta, by a faithful dependent of his father.

At the opening of the piece we find him in the midst of his flocks, while Elisa brings him the joyful tidings of the probable consent of her parents to their union. She has scarcely left him when Alexander, conducted by Agenore, enters, in order to convince himself if Aminta is worthy of the throne he intends to offer him; Aminta's virtuous moderation stands every test. While he is watering his flocks there enters Tamiri, Strabo's daughter, disguised as a shepherdess; Agenore extols to her Alexander's generosity, and promises to intercede on her behalf. The assurance of his faithful love consoles her, and she resolves to await his answer, concealed by Elisa. Elisa

now enters, bearing to Aminta her father's full consent to their union; in the midst of their transport, Agenore makes Aminta acquainted with his destiny, hands him the crown, and summons him to the presence of Alexander. The lovers pledge their faith anew with much rejoicing.

In the second act, Elisa and Tamiri come to the camp of Alexander, in order to see their lovers. Tamiri, unable to overcome her fear, withdraws; Elisa seeks in vain to speak to Aminta, Agenore informing her that Aminta is occupied with more important concerns, at the same time that he respectfully reminds Aminta, who is impatient to find Elisa, of his duties as a monarch. At last Alexander appears and receives the grateful homage of Aminta, who expresses most virtuous resolutions for his future rule. On Alexander expressing regret that Tamiri should shun his presence, Agenore takes the opportunity of acquainting Alexander with her near approach. To Agenore's dismay Alexander resolves to unite her with Aminta. With the idea, however, that this will conduce to Tamiri's happiness, Agenore controls his desires, and counsels Aminta to renounce Elisa. Before the unwilling lover is convinced, Tamiri and Elisa enter, and, seeing their lovers stand confused and silent, believe them to be faithless.

At the opening of the third act, Aminta, after many scruples, informs Agenore of his determination to fulfil the duty which he believes himself to owe to Alexander. These tidings are carried by Agenore to Elisa, who refuses to doubt Aminta's truth, and will not be persuaded that submission to her fate will best prove her love for Aminta. Agenore's own constancy is put to a severer test when Tamiri vehemently accuses him of having deserted her for Aminta's sake, but he remains firm.

Then there appears before Alexander, who is preparing for the celebration of the union, first Tamiri, who declares her love for Agenore, and refuses to break her faith with him, even for the sake of a throne; then Elisa, who tells the claims she has on Aminta's heart; and finally Aminta

himself, dressed as a shepherd, returns his crown to Alexander, being unable to renounce Elisa's love. Moved by all this nobleness and devotion, Alexander unites the lovers, reinstates Aminta as King of Sidon, and promises to conquer another realm for Agenore.

Metastasio wrote this opera in 1751 for performance at court by four maids of honour and a cavalier; he paid due regard to fitting costumes, and to the virtue and nobility of each character. The pains he took at the rehearsals were requited; Bono's music was excellent, the scenery and costumes most brilliant, the noble performers acquitted themselves to perfection, and all was applause and approbation. No wonder that he recommended the piece to Farinelli as a suitable festival opera; it has, in fact, been composed very often since.

It was considerably curtailed for representation at Salzburg. The second and third acts were compressed into one, whereby not only was the dialogue abridged, but several songs were omitted without serious injury to the text. There were other small alterations and some few additions, but nothing essential was disturbed. Instead of Aminta's first air (act 1, sc. 2) another was introduced with an accompanied recitative, and before the duet at the end of the first act an accompanied recitative was omitted. Instead of the short concluding chorus, a kind of finale was inserted, in which soli and tutti alternate. The part of Agenore was given to a tenor, Aminta to the male soprano Consoli; beyond this we know nothing of the cast or of the performance.

Mozart's composition, of which the original score in two volumes of 284 pages has been preserved, has the same finish of execution and invention which was so marvellously seen in the "Finta Giardiniera"; but the conventionalities of form are far more of a hindrance here than in the previous work. No scope was allowed for dramatic force or true passion;

the work must be kept strictly within the limits of the festival opera. The Salzburg singers too, seem to have preferred the beaten track to any extraordinary displays of skill.

This is most apparent in the tenor part of Alexander. His three songs, whose commonplace virtuous reflections give little scope for musical treatment, have, like the regular bravura songs, a long ritornello, bravura passages, the shake at the end, the usual cadenza. In details, the effort to metamorphose the form is apparent; the second part appears as a second subject, and the passages are made more interesting by their harmonic treatment, and by the prominence given to the accompaniment. The melodies are better built up, they have more musical substance; the accompaniment takes up detached portions of the chief melodies, and gives a firmer connection to the parts. The words of the first air (4) give occasion for some of the then favourite musical painting; lightning, thunder, and rain are depicted by the orchestra, but without undue prominence. The second air (9) is interesting through the obbligato treatment of the wind instruments, the flute competing with the voice in passages. Joh. Bapt. Becke (b. 1743), who had been trained under Wendling to become an admirable flautist, was summoned from Munich for this performance. The third air (13) is in the serious conventional style, not wanting in dignity.

More individuality is given to the parts of Aminta and Elisa; at first the prevailing element is pastoral, as was usual in festival operas. The overture, consisting of one movement (Molto allegro) leads directly to Aminta’s first song (1), by a pleasant pastoral melody. It is a simple shepherd’s song characterised by its 6-8 time, and by the flute and horn accompaniment. For the better contentment of the singer (the soprano Consoli from Munich), his second song is a genuine bravura (3). In its division into a brilliant Allegro aperto (4-4), and an elegant Grazioso (3-8), as well as in details, the old style is apparent; but all is so much freer, fuller, and, in spite of its

fragmentary construction, so much more connected, that one feels a new spirit floating through the obsolete forms. Aminta's last air (10), when he declares himself true to his love, shakes itself quite loose from the fetters. It has the rondo form; the principal theme, twice relieved by an interlude, recurs three times, and winds up with a coda. The beauty of this cantilene is enhanced by a violin solo (written doubtless for Brunetti) equally simple and tuneful in style. The muted strings accompany the principal subject with a slightly agitated passage; the wind instruments (two flutes, two English horns, two bassoons, and two horns) are treated independently, and as delicately and tenderly as the tone of the piece requires.

Elisa's first song (2) unites in a singular degree the pastoral with the bravura character: the noble lady depicts the happiness of living as a shepherdess near her beloved Aminta. The traditional form has been so skilfully modified, and an almost playful grace is so freshly and charmingly expressed, that this song may justly be placed on a level with some of Mozart's later concert songs. The second air (8) is more strictly according to rule; the situation does not lend itself to freedom of treatment, and Mozart has contented himself with composing a harmonious and effective song.

The duet between Elisa and Aminta at the close of the first act (7) is light and pleasing, surpassing former efforts of the same kind in its clever management of the voices and in the originality of its subject. It is a charming idea and an appropriate one, to carry on the subject of the Andante with altered rhythm into the Allegro.

The parts of Tamiri and Agenore are quite secondary, scarcely more than stop-gaps. Tamiri's first air (6) is a bravura song of the ordinary type, the second (11) is almost soubrette-like in its airy lightness. Agenore's first air (5) is tender and pleasing, not much in accord with the situation. His second air (12) is pathetic, in a minor key, and stands alone of its kind. Restless

agitation is portrayed by a varied and striking harmony, emphasised by strongly accented chords for the wind instruments — four horns besides oboes and bassoons. But neither the character of Agenore nor the moralising words give any opening for pathos.

The finale consists of a brilliant four-part tutti movement, which is repeated entire, or in part, several times; passages for single voices are inserted, alternating cleverly and with a pleasing effect.

Mozart’s evident longing to break loose from the fetters of conventionality and tradition is nowhere more apparent than in the accompaniment and in the orchestral movements, where we find a fulness and freedom of thought hitherto only shown in detached passages. Even when the old fashion is retained of employing only oboes and horns, there is an evident appreciation of the special powers of the instruments expressed, it may be, in a few notes. The orchestra has its own significance, and Mozart turns to account his intimate knowledge of the orchestra of opera seria. Trifling as these instrumental effects may appear, the main point, that instrumental music was henceforth to take an active part both in serious and comic opera, was one of great importance in the history of their development.

CHAPTER XII. SONGS.

WE must here cast a glance at a number of separate songs composed by Mozart, either for insertion in operas or for performance at concerts.

The earliest of them, composed for the two Licenze at Salzburg (p. 99), and those belonging to the first Italian journey, call for no special remark. Yet there occurs in the air composed at Rome, “Se tutti i mali miei” (183 K.), a change of key produced by enharmomic progression which deserves to be noticed: — No such songs are known to belong to the years immediately following, but in 1775 we find several composed at Salzburg, probably for performance by foreign vocalists visiting the city. Two tenor airs belong to May, 1775. In one of them, described as “Aria buffa” (210 K.) the singer is supposed to be flattering some one to his face with the greatest fluency, while he makes all sorts of rude remarks aside: —

Con ossequio, con rispetto
Io m’ inchio e mi profondo
A un sapiente si perfetto,
Che l’ egual non v’ è nel mondo,
E l’ eguale non verrà —
Per l’ orgoglio e l’ ignoranza e la gran bestialità.

The orchestra maintains a single theme (Allegro assai) without intermission, and the voice is almost throughout *parlando* in rapid vivacity; the union of a certain amount of dignity with burlesque fluency of tongue is very comical, the whole song being simply conceived and easily and consistently worked out. This song could only have been meant for performance on the stage, and the second (209 K.), “Si mostra la sorte propizia all’ amante,” is scarcely of importance enough for a concert-room. It is the complaint of a bashful lover, but has so little pathos as to be only

suitable for opera buffa. It is simple both in design and execution, and may have been inserted to suit the powers of some singer in the place of another song. It was no doubt also for insertion in an opera buffa that an air for Dorina (217 K.), “Voi avete un cor fidele,” was composed (October 26, 1775); it is in the style of a soubrette, superior to those of its kind in the “Finta Giardiniera,” and equal to Despina’s songs in “Cosi fan tutti.” An Andantino grazioso and an Allegro, the latter considerably elaborated, are both repeated, then a few bars of the Andantino recur, and the whole is wound up by rather a long Coda in allegro. The exact repetition of both movements makes the effect of the whole somewhat stiff, but the details are fresh, animated, and very characteristic.

The tone of melting tenderness at the beginning, the mocking *parlando* of the questions, and finally the fervency of the words, “Ah! non credo,” are so strikingly expressed, and the whole effect is so cheerful and even droll, that we cannot fail to recognise the hand of a master of his art. The subjects and the passages in the allegro are neat and graceful, and the orchestral parts are lively and appropriate.

A tenor song (256 K.), “Clarice cara mia sposa,” composed for Signor Palmini, September, 1776, is a true theatrical buffo air, and bears lively testimony to Mozart’s comic talent. A Capitano prates nonsensically, with much swagger, of how he will have his own way in spite of everybody; a Don Timoteo seeks in vain to interrupt the flow of his talk, which seems to run over in an unintermittent succession of triplets falling like heavy rain, and, as it were, drenching the hearer in an instant.

The monotonous *parlando* is provided with just so much of melody as to indicate that it is sung, not spoken. The orchestra maintains a very simple subject — with varied harmonies, in a light, even sketchy manner, but with considerable musical interest. Even the few words in recitative, thrown in

by Don Timoteo, do not allow the singer to take breath, and only serve to make the next paroxysm still more comical.

Another song, composed in the same month for the alto Fortini, may have been intended for performance at a concert. Mozart justly considered this song worthy to live, for he writes from Vienna (April 12, 1783) to beg that the rondo for an alto voice may be sent to him which he had composed when the Italian troupe were at Salzburg. The idea is the usual one of the leave-taking of a disconsolate lover. The introduction is a not very long, but an expressive recitative. The transition from this to the air itself is charming and very touching; it is the involuntary expression of the pain of parting welling out from the innermost depths of the heart: —

Both the movements of the song, Andante moderato and Allegro assai, are repeated; then the Andante recurs for the third time, makes its way through an Allegretto to the Allegro assai, and from this a subject is selected, which leads through an effective crescendo to a pause on the seventh. Then the opening bars of the Andante are repeated, stop short, and the song is rapidly concluded ‘by the Allegro. The hesitation and irresolution of the lover, who cannot bring himself to depart, find ready expression in this change of movement. A deep, calm, and restrained emotion, corresponding admirably to the character of an alto voice, is well portrayed by the simple, unornamented song, interrupted only by the stronger accents of intense grief. The orchestral accompaniment is so managed as skilfully to heighten the peculiar effect of an alto voice.

Repeated mention is made in the letters of the year 1777, and afterwards, of a scena composed for Madame Duschek. In the summer of 1777, Josepha Duschek, a singer and pianoforte-player of celebrity, and a young, vivacious woman, came for a visit from Prague to Salzburg. The foundation was laid of a friendship with Wolfgang, of which we shall frequently have occasion to speak. The scena in question is probably the grand aria of

Andromeda (272 K.), “Ah, lo previdi,” belonging to August, 1776, not long before his departure from Salzburg, and one of the greatest compositions of the kind. An agitated recitative is followed by a long, elaborate Allegro, expressive of the passion of a brave and noble mind. Scorn for perfidy overpowers even pain at the loss of the beloved one; tones which seem to scorch and wither pour forth like glowing metal on the betrayer; then comes a subject which has already made itself heard more than once in the orchestra as a cry of suppressed pain, and this leads to a gentler mood; grief for the lost love is expressed in a beautiful recitative, and dies away into calm and composed melancholy with a Cavatina, which concludes the scena.

The psychological truth of the details, the blending of the transitions, the unity of the tone, are qualities quite as much to be admired in this song as the musical originality and skill displayed in its composition. The last movement is perhaps a little spun out; although the strain of long-continued violent emotion seems to require a correspondingly gradual cessation.

The orchestra is as simply managed as in the earlier songs; for wind instruments only horns, bassoons and oboes are employed, with, more seldom, flutes; in the recitatives there are only stringed instruments.

It is indicative of the taste of the time that among so many vocal compositions the song proper (*lied*) seldom or never appears. Five very simple Lieder with clavier accompaniments belong to the earlier Salzburg epoch (147-151 K.); they are more pedantic than any other of the compositions, and interest us chiefly through the words by Günther and Canitz, which Mozart has selected for composition.

HE years of Mozart’s development at Salzburg were fruitful not only of operatic compositions, but of others which arose from the circumstances of his residence there. First among these stands church music.

Church music had long been fostered at Salzburg, and was especially encouraged by Archbishop Sigismund; his severe and world-contemning piety caused him to keep the service of the church continually before the eyes both of singers and composers. The prospect of a moderate pension induced many clever artists to settle in Salzburg, in spite of the poor payment they received for their services. Sigismund's successor,

Hieronymus, extended his parsimony even to the members of the Kapelle, whom he estranged by his overbearing manners; on the whole, music rather declined than advanced under his rule, although he cared more than Sigismund for the splendour of his court.

CHAPTER XIII. CHURCH MUSIC.

FIFTEEN choristers were maintained at the cost of the Archbishop in the Kapellhaus, and educated by special instructors. They afterwards entered the choir as singers or passed into the service of the court; if they showed extraordinary talent, they were sent to finish their training in Italy, and then took their place as solo singers. Archbishop Sigismund allowed the male sopranos to die out, and did not replace them with others; on the other hand he sent the daughter of the cathedral organist, Maria Magd. Lipp, to be educated as a singer in Italy, and on her return in 1762 he appointed her court singer; she soon afterwards married Michael Haydn, lately arrived at Salzburg. In 1778 Hieronymus again took a male soprano into his service, Ant. Ceccarelli, a singer of moderate powers and bad moral character.

The orchestra belonging to the choir was an ample one for the time, and was strengthened by a trumpet band for the support of the voices in the church. There were further two bands of six trumpets and drums, which did not properly belong to the court, but to the chamberlain’s office, and which ranked between the equerries and the lackeys. But no one was taken into this service who could not also, at need, strengthen the stringed instruments.

In 1762, when Lolli was kapellmeister, and Leopold Mozart vice-kapellmeister, Joh.Michael Haydn (1737-1806), the younger brother of Joseph, was appointed concertmeister and director of the orchestra, on the recommendation of a nephew of Archbishop Sigismund, at Grosswardein, where Haydn had been kapellmeister since 1757. The personal intercourse between the families of Haydn and Mozart was not over friendly. Haydn was fond of sitting over a glass of beer or wine, which was all the more reprehensible in the sight of the temperate and conscientious Mozart, since it caused frequent neglect of duty.

“Who do you think,” he writes to Wolfgang (December 29,1777), “is appointed organist at the Holy Trinity? Herr Haydn! Every one laughs. He is an expensive organist; after every litany he drinks a quartern of wine, and he sends Lipp to the extra services, who drinks too.” (June 29, 1778): “This afternoon Haydn played the organ for the litany and the Te Deum (at which the Archbishop was present), but so badly that we were all horrified.... Haydn will drink himself to death soon; or at least, being lazy enough already, he will become still lazier the older he gets.”

The conduct of Frau Haydn also must have been objectionable. Wolfgang writes mockingly to Bullinger (August 7, 1778): “It is quite true that Haydn’s wife is ill; she has carried her rigours too far; there are few like her! I only wonder that she has not lost her voice long ago through her constant scourgings, wearing of sackcloth, prolonged fasts, and midnight prayers.” Neither was Haydn’s cultivation such as to cause L. Mozart to wish for nearer intercourse between the families. “I should like to hear him speak Italian in Italy,” he writes (December 4, 1777); “the people would certainly say, ‘Questo è un vero Tedesco!”’ Personal difference and trifling jealousies, such as easily arise in small communities, may have had some influence on this unfavourable criticism of Michael Haydn; it did not extend, however, to his merits as an artist. It is true that L. Mozart was of opinion when Michael Haydn, in 1787, composed the opera “Andromeda e Perseo,” that he had no talent for dramatic music, and that his principal songs might have been written for a choir-boy. But he praised, in strong terms, the *entr’acte* music for Zaire, which Haydn had composed in 1777, and analysed it carefully, telling his son that the Archbishop had done him the honour to say to him at table, that he could not have believed Haydn capable of composing such music; and that instead of beer he should drink nothing but Burgundy. Haydn received a reward of six kronthaler (October 1 and October 9, 1777). But when L. Mozart writes to his son: “Herr Haydn

is a man whose musical merits you will not deny" (September 24, 1778), he is referring to his church music, which Wolfgang was in the habit of copying for study. Writing from Vienna, he asks for "small paper, Eberlin's Counterpoint, bound in blue, and some of Haydn's things"; and shortly after (March 12, 1783): "The 'Tres sunt' (M. Haydn's) is in score, in my handwriting." He wanted these things for the Sunday performances at Van Swieten's, and asked also for Michael Haydn's latest fugue. "The 'Lauda Sion,'" he writes (March 12, 1783), "was a great success; the fugue, 'In Te Domine speravi,' was much admired, as also the 'Ave Maria' and 'Tenebrae.'" Among Mozart's remains were found two fugues, 'Pignus futuræ gloriæ,' copied by his own hand from Michael Haydn's Litanies.

The cathedral organist, appointed in 1751, was Anton Cajetan Adlgasser (1728 — 1777), a pupil of Eberlin, who had been sent by the Archbishop to study in Italy, a first-rate organ-player and accompanist, whose sacred compositions were afterwards performed and highly appreciated at Salzburg. Less remarkable was the second organist, Franz Ign. Lipp, Haydn's father-in-law.

The kapellmeister and organist did not confine themselves to conducting performances of church music: they made it a point of honour to provide suitable music for special festival occasions. At such time new compositions were considered indispensable; indeed, throughout the year a constant variety of music was sought to be provided. This activity in church music was of the greatest service to young composers, who never wanted an opportunity for bringing out new compositions, nor for learning by hearing and comparing.

It was not the less beneficial in the way of training that they were obliged to keep within the limits of certain clearly defined forms, and to be content with the often scanty means which they found ready to hand.

Through the influence of transmitted customs and individual peculiarities, as well as of the taste of those in authority, local traditions grew up, whose narrow rules hindered freedom of development. Such control is most irksome in church matters, wherein all, even what is in itself unimportant, must be considered as partaking of the sanctity of the whole. The counterbalancing gain of such training is technical finish, the indispensable foundation for the development of genius, with which alone can any effort to break loose from what is false in tradition be successful.

Mozart found the rules and forms of church music as clearly defined as those of the opera. Both had been formed in the Neapolitan school, and the impulses given up each had been in the same direction. The turning-point was the introduction of melodies which had their own significance as expressions of emotion, without regard to their harmonic or contrapuntal treatment. No sooner had melody gained recognition in opera and cantata, as the natural and legitimate form of musical expression, than it made a way for itself into the church by means of oratorio. The simple grandeur of the older church music (particularly that of the Roman school, with Palestrina as its representative) depended chiefly on the fact that the chorus of voices was treated as an organic whole, of which no one part could be recognised as a distinct entity apart from the rest. The impression made by such music resembles that of the sea. Wave follows upon wave, and each one seems to be like the last; yet underlying the apparent monotony there exists an ever-varied life, an invincible strength, manifesting itself alike in peaceful calm and raging storm, and filling the mind with a sense of sublimity and grandeur, without satiety and without fatigue. But so soon as one melody was distinguished above the rest the union and equality of the voices was disturbed. Separate voices became more or less prominent as occasion required; and it could not fail to follow that the other voices should be employed merely to fill up and support the principal melody. A certain

amount of independence and character might indeed be given to the accompanying voices by skilful management, but the principle remains unaltered, so long as a melody and its accompaniment are in question.

The change became more marked when instrumental music gained admission into the church. At first the organ and trumpets were employed merely to support and strengthen the voices. But when stringed instruments, and by degrees the various wind instruments of the orchestra, came into use in churches, they gradually adopted in church music, as in secular, the part of accompaniment to the voices. This tendency was most apparent of course in solo singing; but a manner of orchestral accompaniment to the choruses was gradually elaborated which could not fail to influence the treatment of the voice parts. The use of the severest contrapuntal method had hitherto been considered an essential condition and embellishment of church music; but on this point also an alteration of opinion and taste gained gradual ground.

The perfection of contrapuntal treatment, consisting in the absolute freedom and independence of the several parts, with their due correlation, can only be obtained by strict obedience to well-defined laws; added to which must be a firm conception of some simple fundamental idea whose many-sided development shall give unity and cohesion to the whole work. This form of composition is therefore peculiarly appropriate to the delivery of serious and weighty ideas; it is however but a form, and can be endued with life and significance only by the matter which it contains, and by the spirit which animates it. In old times the madrigal served to illustrate contrapuntal forms in secular music; and even in the present day canons and fugues, sometimes with comic effect, sometimes giving expression to very varied emotions, are often so skilfully constructed that the uninitiated have no suspicion of the artistic learning with the effect of which they are charmed. Although counterpoint is in itself neither spiritual nor

ecclesiastical, it is conceivable that in proportion as secular music freed itself from the trammels, the error should arise of imagining severity of form and structure to be peculiarly appropriate to church music. This identification of counterpoint with ecclesiastical ideas caused its development to proceed side by side with those other forms which had made good their footing in church music. The opposition which was felt to exist between severe methods and methods not severe led to a compromise; certain parts of the liturgical text were treated contrapuntally, and others freely. The proportions depended greatly on personal and local influences, but the main points of the division were decided by the Neapolitan school.

The moral tendency of this change of construction must not be overlooked. The free treatment of melody gave to subjective emotion, with its ever-varying alternations, a suitable method of musical expression, and an art which was developing in this direction must have had extraordinary influence. The effort to make church music subject to this influence was the necessary consequence of a newly awakened life in art. The musician felt himself impelled to represent religious emotion in its full strength and truth, and with all the means at his command; the liturgy called forth the expression of the liveliest and most passionate emotion, it offered opportunities for representing the most vivid dramatic situations; even the glory of worship called on its votaries to bring the splendour of music, as well as of painting and sculpture, into the Divine service. But the direction taken by the intellectual progress of that time, especially in Italy, was fraught with the dangers which invariably threaten an art which is struggling to free itself from tradition. The Church was tolerant towards the aspirations of art, so long as they afforded an effective means for her glorification, but she sternly repressed any efforts to break loose from the fetters of her ordinances and customs. On the other hand, men rejoiced in what had been so easily and rapidly gained, and satisfied themselves with

the superficial freedom which they had attained. Proportionally was the development of a formalism in accordance with the Italian character, which seeks for beauty always in set forms, and demanded the adoption of such forms by church music. The opera was the model; thence sprang the moral and artistic element which became manifest in the forms of church music, appealing not so much to the faith of the congregation as to the taste of musical connoisseurs. Any attempt to transport operatic forms directly into church music was forbidden by the liturgical form of Divine service, to which the music must be subordinate. But the connection was severed with the old church modes from which ancient church music borrowed its subjects, treating them after a long since obsolete tone-system; and a merely devotional musical symbolism was renounced for the freedom of original creation. For though subjects were borrowed in later times from the old church modes, they lost their significance when detached, and were, besides, treated according to the new lights. Finally, the sway of the singer was mighty in church music as elsewhere. The habit of delighting in the finished performances of the vocalist was united with the idea that he who could most fully satisfy the prevailing taste was also the most worthy to serve the Most High and to exalt the glory of worship. We shall therefore find the church music of the latter half of the eighteenth century composed of the same materials as operatic music, and exercising much the same effect.

The same influence which had been won by Italian operatic music in Germany penetrated to the churches of Catholic Germany, and attained to complete sovereignty. But there was a difference, important, though not at the time generally or consciously felt. The conception and mode of expression of Italian church music was, although secularised, yet in its

essence national, and in its appeals to religious emotion it might count upon universal comprehension and sympathy.

But transplanted to Germany both the ideas and their mode of execution were strange, and could only be adopted after a preliminary artistic training; what in Italy had grown up in the course of national development was transmitted to Germany as mere form. The delicate sense of beauty and of grace, the excitable, passionate nature of the Italians, could not be transplanted, and the external adjuncts were even more superficially treated than on the soil from which they sprang. Contrapuntal work, especially the fugue, was haunted by the school traditions of church usages, which conduced to a spiritless formalism of routine. Thus, carelessness and pedantry, superficiality and dulness were combined, and church music declined more rapidly and visibly than the opera. The difference between the true essence and its extinct form is the more apparent and significant the deeper it lies; and to this must be added the fact that the continuous demand for church music' gave rise to the production of a mass of inferior work, from which the opera was preserved in deference to the taste of the public. Under these circumstances it was impossible even for a surpassing genius to do more than distinguish himself in some particulars; the efforts of an individual after thorough-going reform could only be successful supported by the spirit of the age and of the nation.

This general position held by church music was modified in different regions by local peculiarities of the liturgy, by the tastes of church authorities, and by the differences in the musical forces at command. The peculiar circumstances under which Mozart wrote in Salzburg are described by himself in a letter to Padre Martini (September 4, 1776): —

I live in a place where music prospers but little, although we have some good musicians, and some especially good composers of thorough knowledge and taste. The theatre suffers for want of singers; we have few

male sopranos, and are not likely to have more, for they require high pay, and over-liberality is not our weak point. I busy myself with writing church and chamber music, and we have two capital contrapuntists, Haydn and Adlgasser. My father is kapellmeister at the metropolitan church, which gives me the opportunity of writing as much as I like for the church. But as my father has been thirty-six years in the service of the court, and knows that the Archbishop does not care to have people of an advanced age about him, he takes things quietly and devotes himself chiefly to literature, which has always been his favourite study. Our church music differs widely and increasingly from that of Italy.

A mass, with Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, the Sonata at the Epistle, the Offertorium or Motett, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, must not last longer than three-quarters of an hour, even on festivals when the Archbishop himself officiates. This kind of composition requires special study. And yet the mass must have all the instruments, trumpets, drums, &c. Ah, if we were not so far from each other, how much I should have to tell you!

We have further information on the arrangements made for church music in the cathedral. "The cathedral contains a large organ at the back by the entrance, four side organs in front of the choir, and a little choir organ below the choir where the choristers sit. The large organ is only used on grand occasions and for preludes; during the performance one of the four side organs is played, generally that next to the altar on the right side, where the solo singers and basses are. Opposite, by the left-side organ, are the violinists, &c., and on the two other sides are two choruses of trumpets and drums. The lower choir organ and double-bass join in when required."

Among Mozart's compositions for the Church, his masses. by reason of their importance in Divine service, take the first place. In the divisions of the several parts, we find him following in the beaten track of the

Neapolitan school. The different parts of the text coincide with the prescribed pauses made by the officiating priest, but are very differently worked out. Where the composer has free scope, the separate sections are usually treated as independent pieces, with regular alternations of solo and chorus. But such elaborate masses were only performed on solemn occasions (Missa solemnis) or through the preference of an influential personage — they took up too much time for the regular service.

In the short mass (Missa brevis) the larger divisions were treated in the main as a connected musical movement of which the separate sections were detached indeed, but not independent of each other; the degree of connection is of course very varied.

The thrice-repeated cry, “Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison! Kyrie eleison!” is regularly developed into a lengthy movement. It was formerly the custom to prefix a short, slow and solemn movement on the words “Kyrie eleison,” to an agitated more elaborate one (49, 65,66, K.); but afterwards the whole became one movement. The prayer for the mercy of God is animated, and though devoid of depth, never sinks to mere trifling. A more serious mood is generally indicated by the severer contrapuntal treatment of the voices (192, 194, 262, K). The words “Christe eleison” are regularly accentuated, usually with an expression of beseeching melancholy, and often by solo voices. The solo voices and choruses generally alternate in the Kyrie.

The Gloria is divided into several movements, conformably to the successive invocations of which it consists. The character of the whole is one of exulting praise, the tone being indicated by the opening words, “Gloria in excelsis Deo.” The effort to express the solemn dignity of divine worship by external splendour, is apparent in the animated, fervent, and often stately progress of this movement. The opening subject is revived at appointed places, usually at the Quoniam, and forms a connecting thread

throughout the piece. A solo is often introduced at the words “Lau-damus Te and, even without much intentional expression, the four commas of the words, “Laudamus Te, benedicimus Te, adoramus Te, glorificamus Te,” form natural pauses, and regulate the musical and rhythmical division of the passage.

But the contrast of solo and chorus is determined less by the sense of the words than by the necessities of art, requiring variations of light and shade. As a rule, the words of highest import are given to the chorus; the solos serve for ornament, or as a preparation for a chorus of renewed and increased strength.

The central point of this part of the mass is formed by the thrice-repeated cry: —

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!

Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram!

Qui sedes ad dexteram patris, miserere nobis

Here we have a mood expressed of deep agitation, offering excellent opportunity for musical treatment, both in feeling and form. The “Qui tollis” is the nucleus of all Mozart’s Glorias; he enunciates it simply enough through the chorus, relying for effect on the charm of rich and original harmonies, as bold in conception as they are clear and decided in rendering. The words which follow, “Quoniam Tu solus sanctus, Tu solus Dominus, Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe,” are treated as a song of praise, in order to relieve the gloom of the “Qui tollis,” and to give stronger emphasis to what is to follow. For the last words, “cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris, Amen,” are treated without regard to the context, as an independent fugue. In Mozart’s early masses the fugue is short (49, 65, K.), but they soon became long and often elaborate (60,115,139,167,192, 262, K.). Archbishop Hieronymus, however, had an aversion to fugues; and in

Mozart's later masses the Gloria came to an end in a short choral passage (220, 257, 258, 259, K.).

The Credo offered the greatest difficulties to musical treatment. A long movement, whose several parts are dependent on one emphatic verb placed at the beginning, cannot be musically rendered in such a way that the connection remains apparent to the hearer; each phrase disturbs the grammatical construction of the period. In order to overcome this difficulty the word "credo" was repeated at fitting points (192,257, K). But although logical requirements are thus to a certain degree satisfied, the repeated "credo" does not fit into the grammatical structure, and the contrast between the spoken and the musical expression is in reality only intensified.

In close connection with this is the further difficulty that the delarations of faith belong essentially to the domain of speculation, and can rarely work directly on the feelings; neither does the form into which they are thrown incite the fancy to musical expression. These difficulties might be surmounted at a time when music with all her powers and capacities placed herself unreservedly at the disposal of worship, accepting the prescribed words with perfect faith in their sanctity, and only anxious to give them their fullest and truest expression. There was as little question of individuality in art as in faith; the unquestioned law of ecclesiastical infallibility impressed on every work the stamp of the subjection of art to religion. Even the forms of the music followed the ancient and hallowed traditions of the cultus, and embodied ecclesiastical formulas in strict counterpoint. But as by degrees subjective emotion and expression gained ground in church music, and as the old severity of form gave place to a wealth of means and expedients, the ecclesiastical text fell under the criticism of the musicians, who subjected it to the test of the conditions required for the production of a perfect work of art. Composers learned to look upon the Credo as material to be worked up into an artistic musical

form, even when it did not lend itself easily to the process. A sort of type was gradually evolved, that was closely adhered to in many particulars. One such, for instance, is the strong accentuation of death in the words, “judicare vivos et mortuos,” and “resurrectionem mortuo-rum,” the tone-painting of the “descendit de coelis,” the repetition of the “non” in the words “cujus regni non erit finis,” and others of the same kind. Such an evident tendency to emphasise details at the cost of the whole, only shows how composers took refuge in whatever was capable of musical expression, in order to extricate themselves as far as they could from the burden of the rest.

The main passages on which the musical strength of the Credo was concentrated are those in which the mention of the incarnation, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ appeal most vividly to the senses and the imagination. It had become customary to connect the words, “Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelis,” whether made prominent by solo singing or not, with those which preceded them, and to make a pause with “Et incarnatus.” These words are generally rendered by a tender solo voice, as if they would fain hover round the cradle of the heavenly Child, to express the gratitude of mankind for his incarnation. Then solemnly and sadly the chorus depicts the deep pain of “Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato, passus et sepultus est,” breaking out at “Et resur-rexit” &c., into joyful trust in the resurrection. In all this Mozart’s wonderful genius succeeded in awakening imagination and emotion which, again, his artistic moderation knew how to calm; his firm grasp of his art enabling him to produce the most striking effect with the simplest means, and to gather up the details, so that each sustains and elevates the other without injuring the consistency of the whole Credo. This unusual combination of qualities gives to this part of the mass a high degree of artistic finish even when the treatment is most simple and confined.

The words “Et in Spiritum Sanctum” are usually given to a solo voice, — more, however, from custom than for any special signification of their own (49, 65, 139, K.); they are introduced by a long instrumental prelude (262 K.). Apart from the interests of the Church, which might have some influence here, the necessity could not but be felt for a strong contrast between this and the following passages. For what follows, “Et unam sanctam catholicam et apos-tolicam ecclesiam,” &c., is given by the whole strength of the chorus. The last words, “et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen,” is again treated as a fugue. Here, again, we find first a short fugued movement (49, 65, 192, K.), but later a long and cleverly worked-out fugue (139, 167, 262, K.), until the influence of Archbishop Hieronymus led to the conclusion of the Credo, like the Gloria, in a short animated chorus (257, 258, 259, 275, K.).

Various methods were employed to gather the phrases of the Creed into a consistent musical work. The repetition of the word “credo” (167, 257, K.), even in places where it somewhat disturbs the grammatical construction, serves to combine the musical texture of the movements

The periodical recurrence of the musical phrase conduces to careful mechanism, and gives opportunity for variety and increased intensity in the treatment of the subject. Apart from this, unity is provided for by a pregnant rhythmical passage or a carefully finished subject which marks the beginning of the Credo, and underlies its several divisions, forming a sort of background from which the more impressive images stand out.

The appropriate elaboration of this subject is the special task of the artist, and the text is to be considered only as a *point de départ* to it. The mode of treatment varies and is sometimes contrapuntal, sometimes harmonic; in one part the voices predominate, in another the instruments, in which latter case the then favourite running passage for the violins is frequently employed.

The general character of church music was more prominently displayed in the Creed than elsewhere. An animated and elevated frame of mind was vividly portrayed, with more cheerfulness and brilliancy than solemnity or earnest devotion, and only at moments does the music show a consciousness of the deep significance of the text. Mozart pays tribute to his time; but his artistic nature did not allow him to sink into triviality or commonplace; symmetry, beauty, and delicacy are never found wanting. The remaining sections of the mass lend themselves more readily to musical treatment. They express deep and universal sentiments in words as simple as those of the Kyrie, and musical both in sound and suggestion.

The Sanctus falls naturally into three well-defined parts. The first words, “Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth!” intended to convey an impression of the most exalted sublimity, are generally treated as a solemn introduction to the more animated and fervent words, “Pleni sunt coli et terra gloria Tua.” Agitation rises into joyful emotion in the Osanna, to which the form of a short fugal movement is usually given.

The Benedictus, on the other hand, strives to express the secret thanksgiving of the heart at the coming of the Lord. A mild fervour penetrates the simple words, which seem to cast illumining beams on every side. Mozart’s artistic originality has so clearly stamped the impress of his genius on the traditional form of the Benedictus that his interpretation of it has become the customary one. It is, as a rule, given to solo voices, to which more prominence is given here than elsewhere. Now and then single voices (65,139,194, K.), but more often all the four — now alternately, now in unison — announce the message of consolation; obbligato organ accompaniments serve still further to mark the prominence given to this movement (259 K.). It has a charming effect (258 K.) when the chorus recurring at intervals during the solos enunciates with sustained expression the word “benedictus.” The Osanna is usually repeated either entire or

abridged from the Sanctus, but it is sometimes interwoven into the Benedictus (139, 262, K.)

The last movement falls naturally into two strongly contrasting sections. The first, expressing the sentiments of contrition, of anguished appeal for mercy, was treated with great partiality. The cry, “Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,” and the prayer, “miserere nobis,” furnish a natural grouping not seldom employed for alternations of solo and chorus; the mood expressed is very favourable to musical treatment.

The “Dona nobis pacem” is in complete contrast, and in no movement of the mass is the alteration in the spirit of church music more apparent. The peace which is prayed for is vividly represented, and just as vivid is the tone of cheerful confidence with which the prayer is offered. The devout hearer was to be dismissed with a pleasant impression on his mind, and therefore the deep earnestness of this petition for peace was sacrificed in order to produce a feeling of self-satisfied enjoyment. The music of the Dona maintains throughout this cheerful tone, and though Mozart’s variety and grace are as marked and effective here as elsewhere, even with him earnestness and depth are rarely to be met with.

We may now conclude this general description with a glance in detail on Mozart’s masses. We have already spoken of his first attempts. Some unfinished masses, presumably the result of his studies under Padre Martini, exist, bearing date 1771 and 1772. The furthest advanced, in C major (115 K.), breaks off at the ninth bar of the Sanctus. It is accompanied only by a figured organ bass, and is strictly treated with the exception of the two fugues; it is worked out in severe contrapuntal form almost throughout, as the Kyrie, introduced by five bars of Adagio, will serve to show: —

The whole work reminds us forcibly of Padre Martini’s church compositions, and it is not surprising that the hand of a learner should be

here apparent. A Mass in F major (116 K.), which breaks off at the words “sedet ad dexteram patris,” is of the same kind, as well as a Kyrie in C major (221 K.). An Osanna in C major (223 K.) and a Credo (“in remissionem” to “mortuorum”) belonging to it seem also to have been studies in counterpoint.

A Mass in C major (139 K.), probably belonging to the year 1772, is an effort in quite another direction. Every means is employed to produce an extraordinary effect, and it may be conjectured that this, like the Pater Dominicus mass, was composed for some special occasion. Every section is treated as a detached independent movement.

The Kyrie begins with a slow pathetic passage in C minor, followed by an animated allegro in C major 3-4, and by the Christe eleison as a solo quartet, after which the Kyrie is repeated. The solo voices are much used in different combinations, apart from the short passages inserted between the choruses. Laudamus is a duet for soprano and alto, Domine a duet for tenor and bass, Quoniam a soprano solo, Et incarnatus a duet for soprano and alto, Et in spiritum a tenor solo, and Benedictus a soprano solo, to which the chorus sings Osanna. Even the Agnus Dei begins with a tenor solo followed by a chorus; the last appeal before the Dona is given to the solo quartet. These solo movements are well rounded, and are both preceded and followed by long symphonies; the effort to produce a pleasing effect is apparent in the whole work, and a moderate amount of operatic bravura is not disdained. This brings into stronger relief the pathos which is given to every passage capable of it. The Qui tollis, Crucifixus, and Agnus, as well as the Kyrie, are in the minor key; striking harmonies are emphasised by means of the accompaniment, and three trumpets contribute to the orchestral effects. The solemn Crucifixus — follows in evident contrast immediately upon the soprano solo — whereupon the chorus and orchestra, with three trumpets, fall in.

But the youthful master does not neglect the display of his skill in counterpoint. Besides some few instances of more or less elaborate imitation, the two customary fugues, the first on the theme — the second "et vitam" are furnished with two subjects and every requisite for complete fugues. It is true that the strongly contrasting original ideas exist only as such, and form no united whole, so that we are all the more struck by the conventional treatment of the greater part of the work; but it must be conceded, notwithstanding, that progress has been made, and that the power is making itself felt which, with a wider field, shall produce better and more original work.

The mass composed in 1773 "In honorem SS. Trinitatis" (167 K.) is for chorus alone, without any solo movements: it displays no very high aim, but earnestness and ability throughout. The Kyrie is long and elaborate, without any sustained subject. In the Gloria the voices sustain the harmony, accompanied by a lively violin passage. The Credo is interesting through the persistent attempt to mould it into a firm musical organism. Three motifs occur quite at the beginning, apportioned in different combinations to the voices, viz., a rhythmical, characteristic passage — a more melodious phrase — and a running passage: —

These three subjects form the essential substance of the Credo, the first, with changing harmonies, forming the root whence the others spring at fitting places, by which means the due expression of the words and the musical exigences of the composition are alike provided for. The continuous agitation is only once interrupted, at the short but grave and dignified "Et incarnatus est," and at the words "Et in Spiritum Sanctum." These points are emphasised by their separation from the rest through a long symphony, and by a digressive mode of treatment which reminds one of a solo. Towards the end of the broadly elaborated fugue, "Et vitam," the

violins return to the first motif of the Credo, the voices take up the second motif with the “Amen,” and the violins, asserting the supremacy of the first, bring the whole to a conclusion.

The Benedictus is unusually grave for a chorus, but is relieved by the easy grace of the violins. The thematic treatment of the principal subject of the Dona — gives it firmness and consistency; the accompaniment becomes more prominent in the middle, and the admirably well-sustained conclusion is dignified in mood and expression.

The Mass in F major (192 K.), composed on June 24,1774, is the work of a finished artist, and has rightly been placed next after the Requiem. The whole mass, which reminds us of the finest examples of the older Neapolitan school, is in the strictest form of composition, none of the smaller sections forming an independent movement; the most delicate use is made of the simplest materials. The chorus and solos alternate throughout, the solo voices (never concerted) supplying the finer shadows to the chorus, which in return serves for response or repetition and conclusion. The accompaniment consists only of a bass (figured for the organ) and two violins, but it is independently worked out and effective both in tone-colouring and as a contrast to the voices.

Every section of the mass is in counterpoint, and shows the firm hand of a master. The unity of the whole and of the several parts, which is the necessary consequence of this musical method, is apparent here to a surprising degree. The parts combine to express and dilate upon a well-defined idea, the separate features of which are not thrown together arbitrarily or by chance. A subject which in one place is merely indicated or foreshadowed becomes in another the main subject; in short, the independence of each separate part produces the uniform clear texture of the whole. Thus the Gloria begins with an important subject for the soprano — which is the groundwork of the whole movement, and — now entire and

unaltered, now abridged or modified — appears in different positions as Cantus firmus; while the remaining parts, treated contrapuntally, give due emphasis to each change of mood, until the whole concludes with a grand Amen in unison. The same thing occurs in the Credo. The link here is a motif — which, borrowed from the intonation of the Magnificat or of the Gloria in the third tone, has been often employed, by Al. Scarlatti, for instance, in a mass, and by Michael Haydn in a gradual (Qui sedes, No. 3), as Alleluia. Mozart has made frequent use of it. We find it again in the Sanctus of another mass (257 K.) in a Symphony in B flat major (319 K.) composed in 1779, in a pianoforte Sonata in £ flat major, composed in 1785, each time easily treated as a connecting subject, until it finally appears as the theme of the last movement of the Symphony in C major (551 K.) In the present work it recurs again and again as Cantus firmus, or in imitation, always the bond and support of the detached articles of faith. Then it becomes the root of the subjects for single phrases, such as the magnificent Crucifixus, the Confiteor and the fugued Et vit am. We scarcely know whether to admire most the masterly skill which makes light of difficulty, or the inventive imagination which can develop an idea from so many and such varied-points of view, making the same subject express calm faith in the Credo, bitter pain in the Crucifixus, and joyful confidence in the Et vit am.

The Sanctus and Benedictus are short, fine contrapuntal movements, the Benedictus especially simple and full of grace. The Agnus Dei is freer in form. Three solo voices make the appeal, which the chorus answers with “miserere nobis.” The harmonic successions, and the beautiful violin passage in the accompaniment, give a peculiarly affecting character to this movement, which suggests a comparison with the Requiem. The Dona is fine and pure, but the effort to give it a cheerful and agreeable tone has robbed it of depth and significance.

Even the accompaniment of this mass has an importance of its own, and there is more art and beauty contained in the two violin parts than in many a fuller score. Not content with giving an independent course to the voices, Mozart allows the accompaniment also to go its own way, usually with a subject proper to it, treated freely, often in counterpoint, and always with visible partiality.

Inventive genius, technical scholarship, and deep, clear comprehension, are more evidently displayed by Mozart in this mass than ever before; the subjects have an intensity, a charm of beauty which had scarcely yet been suggested. Here, for the first time, we become aware of that wonderful beauty, Mozart's most special endowment, which we may designate sweetness, if we mean by that the perfect harmony of a naturally developed artistic organism. The maiden freshness of its manifestation here only increases the charm, and points to future expansion.

The Mass in D major (194 K.), composed on August 8, 1774, has been rightly placed next to the one we have been considering. The whole plan, the strict form, the flowing treatment, contrapuntal throughout, the mature beauty, offer many points of resemblance, but the effort after gracefulness is more apparent in the later mass, and is achieved at the sacrifice of gravity and ideality. The Kyrie displays a very similar conception. With the opening words of the soprano —

the foundation is laid on which the whole structure of the movement is built. In part in imitative combinations, in part extended into a longer subject, and in part connected with opposing subjects for the voices and the violins, this short theme is elaborated into a fine long movement, as interesting as it is expressive. The Gloria and the Credo do not reach the same height; the contrapuntal elaboration is only apparent in isolated passages, the solos are expressive, but over-graceful, the music proceeds in a fine flow, and delights the listener, but only now and then stirs deeper

feelings. On the other hand, the Sanctus, Benedictus (a solo quartet), Agnus (alternate solo and chorus), are highly finished and tersely composed movements, in which beauty of form and sentiment combine. The somewhat lengthy Dona preserves its pleasing character, without degenerating into trifling. The effort to please by mere gracefulness is most predominant in the Mass in B flat major (275 K.), the date of which is not known. The commencement with a soprano solo — is characteristic of the whole mass. The solo element pre-dominates, and a wealth of lovely, seductive, and expressive melodies is scattered around; but neither the conception nor the execution takes a deep hold on the mind. The chorus is generally full, one might almost say merry; where harmonic or contrapuntal treatment comes to the front, it is executed with masterly ease; and such passages stand out in all the clearer relief against their surroundings. The principal passage of the Credo is striking: —

According to Lorentz it is a reminiscence — perhaps an accidental one — of a favourite Volkslied, “Bauer hang’ den Pummerl an.” The introduction of the following theme — after a highly original and striking harmonic progression, cannot fail to injure the effect. The Sanctus is a short fugued movement, the Benedictus an unusually melodious soprano solo with an original accompaniment; the Agnus goes deepest, and is serious in feeling as well as wonderfully sweet. Works like the Masses in F and D major prove what Mozart was capable of in church music if his genius could have had free scope. But the “rapid advance of ecclesiastical reformation in Salzburg under the wise and immortal prince, Archbishop Hieronymus von Colloredo,” had its effect on the treatment of the mass. The limitation of its duration and the abolition of solo singing proper and of fugues might appear to be the result of ecclesiastical rigour. But Hieronymus was far more inclined to favour secular taste in church music;

and he was fond besides of displaying a royal magnificence and splendour. This external influence is apparent in the conception and treatment of the later masses composed after 1775, more particularly in one belonging to 1776 (262 K.), with a Kyrie in counterpoint and two elaborate fugues. Especially earnest and beautiful, both as to technical workmanship and expression, are the movements on which the musical treatment was becoming more and more concentrated, the Qui tollis (of which the accompaniment recalls the fugue, Quam olim Abrahæ in the Requiem), the Et incarnatus est, and Agnus Dei. Even the Benedictus (where the chorus answers the "Benedictus" of the solos by "Osanna") and the Dona are sustained in style. How fundamentally this mass differs from that in F major is clearly shown by the ground-tones of the Gloria and the Credo, which are animated and brilliant, but without any intensity or depth of meaning. The same tendency is still more marked in the remaining masses (220, 257, 258, 259, K.). Increasing maturity is manifest in the firm and skilful handling of all available means, and the subjects display uncommon fertility of invention. But real creative inspiration is crushed by the obligation to compose after a set fashion.

We do not need to look further than such church music to become aware that the Archbishop loved to bring the pomp and glitter of his royal station into the services of the church. Such a task obliges the artist to use his art more and more consciously as a means to an end. The inevitable result is inequality and exaggeration, his genius and his work being often at variance; the charm of mere grace leads to the danger of softness and effeminacy, and fluent animation becomes meaningless superficiality. The effort to be light and pleasing is manifest in these masses by their superfluity of detail. We find an over-abundance of beautiful melodies and harmonies, combined with great freedom in the treatment both of voices and orchestra, and in the working-out of the subjects.

There are isolated instances of deeper sentiment and more poetic conception which are heightened in effect by the earnest technical skill displayed in their working-out, and which give glimpses of happy inspiration, not belonging of necessity to the fundamental conception of the work.

Unhappily it is on these masses, in the composition of which Mozart's genius could only move within very confined limits, that his fame as a composer of church music chiefly rests; and musicians who have taken him as their model have striven most to imitate these, his least satisfactory works.

The great resemblance in plan and mechanism of the masses of contemporary composers, such as Hasse, Nau-mann, Joseph and Michael Haydn, proves a strict adherence to the rules of composition then in force. A consideration of their works serves to heighten the effect of Mozart's higher and nobler conceptions, of his poetical sentiment, and of that sense of proportion which regards a work of art as a whole, and recognises the limits imposed on it from without as the necessary conditions of artistic production. Many excellent qualities may be conceded to these musicians, but none of them attained to the harmonious beauty of Mozart.

The artists of a later age, who imitated and exaggerated the cramped and obsolete forms, which had been the result of many circumstances, as if they were in themselves an all-sufficient musical method, judged Mozart's works by their own standard, and found them in many respects unsatisfactory.

Before condemning Mozart's readiness to adapt his compositions to external conditions, we must consider the mode of thought of the time. All art, more especially music, stood in the closest connection with the ordinary affairs of life; operas, masses, instrumental works were composed when, where, and how they were required, for particular occasions, and particular

performers. Occasions of the kind were eagerly sought for, and furnished an impulse and incitement to the composer, even when they somewhat hampered his productive powers. Exaggerated as the reference to external circumstances and mechanical resources became, it formed the groundwork, rightly understood, of thorough artistic production.

The demand for church music was one that came with peculiar authority at Salzburg, since the priest who commanded it was considered as the mouthpiece of the Church; he also stood in the place of the sovereign, arranging the performances and paying for them: respect for his position was both natural and proper. Mozart was by nature easily led, so long as his deeper feelings of antagonism were not stirred; then he was firm and decided. Trained under the discipline of his father to fulfil every duty conscientiously, and to turn to the best account whatever was inevitable, he endeavoured, as long as circumstances made it advisable, to satisfy the demands of the archbishop, and to make them conducive to his own improvement.

In this he was guided by a nature so completely that of an artist as not to feel cramped or bound even by real restrictions. Composition was a joy and necessity to him, and a trifling impulse only was needed to set his poetical activity in motion; this once accomplished, external conditions served him for tools, and their just and appropriate use soon became second nature to him.

The statement often made, and for the most part with a very imperfect knowledge of the subject, that Mozart's masses are his weakest works, cannot be accepted without large reservations; and we have it in our power to give a decided contradiction to Thibaut's assertion that "Mozart thought little of his masses, and often when a mass was ordered, he objected that he was only made for opera. But he was offered one hundred louis d'or for

every mass, and that he could not refuse; only he used to say, laughing, that he would take whatever was good in his masses and use it in his next opera."

The apparent particularity of this story is pure invention, employed, as so often happens, to give a colour to mere conjecture; and the invention is clumsy. Mozart only wrote for the church in Salzburg; in Vienna he did not compose a single mass to order, and only one, the unfinished one in C minor, on his own account. Such fees as that above mentioned never put his constancy to the test; we know that he received one hundred ducats for an opera. Again, thoughtlessness in the composition of church music is imputed to Mozart. He had strongly biassed opinions, but they were honest convictions; and his church work was always thoroughly earnest. Rochlitz tells us that at Leipzig, in conversation on church music, Mozart declared that a Protestant could not possibly conceive the associations which the services of the Church awoke in the mind of a devout Catholic, nor the powerful effect which they had on the genius of an artist.

Mozart's education was calculated to make him a good Catholic; a conscientious observance of all that the Church prescribes and reverence for her usages were combined in him with a clear and penetrating intellect. After his betrothal he wrote to his father (August 17, 1782), that he had heard mass and been to confession with his Constanze: "It seems to me that I have never prayed so earnestly, or confessed and communicated so devoutly as by her side — and it is the same with her."

I find no trace whatever of Mozart's having looked with disdain upon church music. His way of expressing himself to Padre Martini directly disproves the assertion; he took his church music with him on his journeys, expecting to gain credit by it; and sent for some of it from Vienna that it might be heard by Van Swieten, a severe critic.

So far from giving himself out as a mere operatic composer, who has a mean opinion of church compositions, he recommends himself for the post of under-kapellmeister, by saying, “The learned kapellmeister Salieri has never devoted himself to church music, while I have made it my peculiar study from my youth up.”

It is an unjust reproach also that Mozart robbed his masses for his operas. Among his numerous compositions of both kinds, a single Agnus Dei (317 K.) — a soprano solo — contains in its opening bars a slight suggestion of the aria “Dove sono,” from “Figaro.”

Next in importance to masses must be reckoned litanies and vespers; and here we find the influence of the opera much more decided. The words did not readily lend themselves to musical expression, nor to the arrangement of the movements. If the severity of ecclesiastical form was once relaxed, the easier and more pleasing forms were most likely to be employed in those places where the words were most opposed to musical expression. The dissimilarity of the different parts was increased by the supposed necessity of also representing the severe style, and of balancing a *tour de force* of counterpoint by a *tour de force* of execution. In this way certain conventional rules had become law, leaving little scope for variety or originality.

Common to all litanies are the Kyrie with which they begin, and the Agnus Dei with which they close; that which lies between (the petitions varying according to the circumstances under which the litany was composed) determines its musical character. In the Kyrie, other petitions are added to the “Kyrie eleison” and “Christe eleison,” which give scope for a broader and more varied treatment, whereby the Kyrie becomes one of the most important and impressive movements. The Agnus Dei does not close with “Dona nobis pacem,” but with “Miserere nobis,” which prevents any

suggestion of cheerfulness; the expression of anxious beseeching was generally softened into deep solemnity at the close.

The invocations which form the substance of litanies are too numerous, disconnected, and wanting in climax to be well adapted for composition; and most of the petitions recited by the priest are equally incapable of definite musical expression. The musical setting of the service, to be appropriate, must be strictly liturgical, and the recurring refrain stamps it with a typical formulistic character. Should this tradition once be forsaken, its place must be taken by a setting full of lights and shades, often heterogeneous in treatment, and accentuated in accordance with form rather than reason. The distinguishing refrain could only be used to link together conflicting elements, or else as a vehicle for shades of sentiment, and a variety of expression would be given to the simple petitions, “Ora pro nobis,” “Miserere nobis,” which would be quite foreign to their nature.

The Litanies to the Virgin (Litaniæ Lauretanæ) were, on the whole, cheerful and pleasing. When the devout worshipper turned to the Virgin Mother, the image that rose to his mind was that of a pure and holy maiden, and the veneration for all that is womanly which her worship induced was apparent in the music as elsewhere. The tone of the litanies sung in Italy before the images of the Virgin in the streets is echoed in the compositions of most of the Italian musicians, and is perceptible in many parts of Mozart’s litanies.

The first Litany in B flat major (109 K.), composed in May, 1771, is precise in form, and firmly and ably treated, although in no very elevated strain. The Kyrie, as in short masses, is composed of a single animated choral movement, without any definite development of the subject. The first part of the litany proper is divided between the chorus and solo voices, the soprano being most prominent; the whole work is interesting, melodious, simple in its harmonies, and singularly popular in tone. Upon the delivery

of the solemn “Salus infirmorum” by the chorus follows a quick, vigorous choral passage to the words “auxilium Christianorum.” The solo voices raise the appeal “Regina angelorum” to the Queen of Heaven, who seems to shed the glory of her manifestation upon the minds of her worshippers. In the last movement, the chorus comes in with “Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,” the solo voices answer with the prayer, and the chorus winds up with the “Miserere nobis.” The tone is composed, more serious than melancholy, and rising in intensity towards the close. The actual mechanism is simple; the voices are seldom in true counterpoint, the modulations are freely and firmly handled: the accompaniment makes little attempt at independent significance.

Far more important is the second Litany in D major (195 K.), belonging to the year 1774, the same in which the Masses in F and D major and the “Finta Giardiniera” were written; the maturity of its conception and the carefulness of its execution make it worthy to take a place beside these works. The Kyrie is a grand, lovingly elaborated movement, a solemn Adagio, followed by a serious sustained Allegro. The parts are throughout in strict counterpoint, principal and accessory subjects kept well in hand and carefully elaborated; the orchestra, too, is independently treated. The expression is appropriate and dignified, and over the whole is spread a peaceful calm, bespeaking the nature of the music to which it forms the introductory movement.

The first section of the Litany proper gives us the impression of a cheerful — one might almost say *sensuous* — spirit pervading each petition, but always with a tone of delicate moderation. The musical formation betrays the unmistakable influence of the opera, both in the solo soprano passages and in the aria-like treatment of the principal subject. Refrain is used with happy effect in the chorus, and the accompaniment is easy and flowing throughout. The whole movement is melodious, and full

of tender grace and harmony. In quite another style is the Adagio next following, where the words “Salus infirmorum, refugium peccatorum, consolatrix afflictorum, auxilium Christianum,” are taken together. The construction of this movement, the arrangement and gradations of the details, the alternations of solo and chorus, the characteristically careful elaboration of the accompaniment, are all so admirably calculated and balanced, and the whole movement is pervaded with so much earnestness and depth of sentiment, that beauty and grandeur seem here indeed to be wedded together. The following section, “Regina ange-lorum,” is again in a lighter vein; the choruses are fresh and animated, but the interpolated tenor solo is operatic in form and weak in invention and expression. The “Agnus Dei” is divided between a solo soprano and the chorus; the former, though evidently composed for executive display, is not without feeling and dignity; the short choral passages are excellent, both in workmanship and expression.

Very evident, also, is the loving care bestowed on the orchestral score; its main strength lies in the delicately elaborated string quartet, but the wind instruments are also effectively made use of to produce lights and shadows. The mature and harmonious beauty of the numerous motifs and characteristic passages conveys the unmistakable impression of Mozart’s genius.

Of a third Litany for four voices without accompaniment, the opening bars of the Kyrie (340 K.) and Sancta Maria in C major (325 K.), and of the Salus infirmorum in C minor (324 K.) are unhappily all that is preserved.

The Litany to the Holy Sacrament, (Litaniæ de venerabili altaris sacramento), has a more serious character than the Litany to the Virgin. But appeals to the holy sacrament being of necessity abstract and dogmatic, are less suggestive of a musical rendering than those addressed to the Virgin Mary. On this account an operatic style is more avowedly employed; but it

is combined with solemn dignity and thoughtfulness, and the two Litanies of this kind by Mozart are largely conceived and carefully executed compositions.

The first in B flat major (125 K.), composed in March, 1772, after the Italian tour, strikes throughout the tone of the heroic opera, elevated by deep and earnest feeling. The Kyrie is introduced by an instrumental passage, announcing the principal subject, which, after a short, solemn Adagio, is taken up by the chorus in Allegro molto. The plan of the whole movement, containing a second subject placed as contrast to the oft-repeated principal one, and a running orchestral accompaniment, follows the operatic mode of construction.

The first movement of the Litany proper, “Panis vivus,” is a soprano solo which might have been transferred bodily from an opera seria; the chief passages are given to the word “miserere.” The solemn chorus which follows, “Verbum caro factum,” interesting from its delicate modulations, and a characteristic passage for the violins, serves as an introduction to the agitated “Hostia sancta.” Four solo voices give the chief motif in succession, with different modifications, and unite at last to rise to an appropriate climax; the chorus twice interposes with a short but weighty rhythmical passage, giving cohesion and dignity to the whole movement. A new climax occurs in the Adagio, where the chorus repeats the word “Tremendum” with an expression of solemn awe. The short, lively passage given to the next words, “ac vivificum sacramentum,” is only to serve as a contrast to the “Tremendum.” The movement which follows “Panis omnipotentia verbi caro factus,” is again nothing but an operatic tenor song, full of passages and pleasing expression. The grave harmonies of a short Adagio in B minor, “Viaticum in domino morientium,” prepare the way for something new. It was the custom to write a movement in elaborate counterpoint on the words of “Pignus futuræ gloriæ,” and Mozart was not

one to shrink from such a task. The bass theme, answered by the wind instruments in a passage afterwards much employed, is announced with the force and decision of joyful confidence, and is then exhaustively worked out into a long fugue. The one theme, hardly ever abridged or altered, runs through the whole, but it is developed with an amount of variety, especially in the modulation and in the orchestral climax, and with so much fresh tunefulness, that this work alone would prove the youth of fifteen years old to be possessed of the genius of maturity.

The Agnus Dei is a soprano solo, ornamented with many passages, all alike truly and simply conceived and full of grace. The chorus takes up the Agnus Dei at the third repetition, and brings the movement to a calm conclusion, making use of the solo motif altered and simplified. The “Finis, I.O.D.G.,” inscribed by Mozart, contrary to his custom, at the end of his score, show that he set considerable store by this truly admirable work.

The second Litany in E flat major (243 K.), composed in March, 1776, also a carefully worked-out piece of music, displays the same arrangement. The operatic treatment of some of the parts is more conspicuous, because its tinsel glitter is in more marked contrast to the mature earnestness of the work as a whole. The Kyrie, expressive of mild calm, relieved by the agitation of the accompaniment, is simple in plan and execution. Solo and chorus alternate; the principal motif recurs at the end, after a middle part of smaller motifs grouped together. The Miserere is delicately shaded and finely expressed. After such harmonious renderings of a calm and collected mood, we are surprised by the words “Panis vivus” as an elaborate tenor song, altogether in the style of opera seria. In the succeeding movements, where the text seldom lends itself readily to musical adaptation, the hand of the master is visible in the admirable grouping of the larger sections and of the separate subjects, not less than in the true and beautiful expression of sentiment, and in the finely graduated and shaded unity of tone. The words

“Verbum caro factum” are used as a solemn introduction; the Miserere has a fine effect, commencing without an accompaniment, as if moaned forth from an overburdened breast, then increasing in intensity to a cry of anguish, and gradually sinking back into itself. The next succeeding Hostia sancta stands out against this dark background, its general tone as mild and consolatory as that of the Kyrie. Solemn grandeur predominates again in the Tremendum ac vivificum sacramentum, where the words “Tremendum” and “vivificum” are not separated, but are compacted into a connected, symmetrical movement with the words “Panis omnipotentia verbi caro factus, incruentum sacrificium, cibus et conviva.” The disposition of the harmonies is in strongly marked but cleverly arranged opposition, intensified by the orchestra; the stringed instruments elaborate a forcible passage, opposed by the united oboes, horns, bassoons, and trombones. This noble and deeply impressive movement stands alone, both as to form and intention. The next following, “Dulcissimum convivium,” a soprano solo resembling a cavatina, is soft and tender in expression, and pre-eminently operatic; the charm of style, displayed also in the careful accompaniment, does not compensate for fundamental weakness.

The “Viaticum in Domino morientium” is full of earnestness, and very original in treatment. The soprano voices give out as subject the chorale of the hymn to the Holy Sacrament, “Pange lingua gloriosi,” as a Gregorian plain-chant, accompanied by the wind instruments (oboes, horns, bassoons, and trombones), and two muted violas, while the violins are occupied with a quaver passage in *pizzicato*, generally in divided chords. The effect of the whole is surprisingly serious and dignified. The Pignus futuræ gloriæ follows. It is in counterpoint, and of complicated workmanship. The chief subject of six bars comprises the words “Pignus futuræ gloriæ, miserere nobis,” but in the third bar, at the words “miserere nobis,” the three remaining parts are added —

and the subject given to them is differently elaborated along with the continuation of the chief theme. After the first working-out a second independent theme occurs — and is thoroughly worked out, together with the first. We see more of the actual workmanship in this than in others of Mozart's works in counterpoint, and the voices are treated less as such and more as abstract vehicles for contrapuntal development. The Agnus Dei is a soprano solo; the passages for the voices, and the concerted treatment of the accompanying instruments, give a uniform impression of grace and elegance. This movement has a certain resemblance to many passages of Mozart's later operas. At the close the chorus (as sometimes with Haydn) takes up again the principal subject of the Kyrie, and works it into a simple and appropriate ending to the Litany.

Mozart seems never to have composed an entire Vesper during this period, but the two final movements of one, Dixit and Magnificat in C major (193 K.), written in July, 1774, are preserved, and are serious works in clever counterpoint. The Dixit is quite in the style of a short mass, the different sections in counterpoint full of force and animation. The Gloria Patri is an independent movement, with a slow introduction to a short fugal movement on the words "et in sæcula saeculorum," with a charming organ point.

The Magnificat is grander in design and execution. The Virgin's song of praise forms a grand movement (Allegro moderato), the theme of which from the third plain-song tone of the Magnificat — is introduced by the tenor, the bass immediately interposing a counter-subject: —

These give the groundwork of the whole movement, elaborated in various forms of counterpoint, and bound together by other freely treated episodical subjects. The Doxology is again independently treated in two movements. The first is slow, and is animated by a varied accompaniment; the second is a lively and conventional fugue.

First among minor church pieces we may consider the “Regina coeli.” Two of these works, belonging to May, 1771 and 1772 (108, 127, K.), are of similar plan and treatment. The first line is made into an animated chorus, with the constantly recurring Alleluia as a refrain; the second is more moderate in tone, a soprano solo alternating with the chorus. The “Ora pro nobis” is an Adagio for the solo soprano; the chorus chimes in at the close with the Alleluia. The character of the whole is lively and cheerful, almost merry, according to the prevailing tendency of the age. Full opportunities for display are given to the solo voice, and many of the turns and passages are operatic. The earlier of the two compositions, in C major, reminds us more of opera seria; the later, in B flat major, is freer, and both voices and accompaniment have more independent life. A third Regina coeli, evidently of later date (276 K.), in C major, combines the whole into a lively movement, in which the solo voices interrupt the chorus. The claims of the vocalist are here kept in abeyance, and the work is full of life and energy, with here and there passages of a deeper significance, such as the beautiful “Ora pro nobis.”

A “Tantum ergo” in B flat major (142 K.), for soprano solo, with a responding phrase for the chorus, closing with a lively Amen, is not remarkable. A second composition, in D major, (197 K.) for full chorus, if by Mozart at all, must have been written very hurriedly.

A Motett in C major (117 K.) must, according to the handwriting, be ascribed to a very early date. A lively chorus Benedictus sit Deus, without actual thematic elaboration but with a free arrangement of the parts, forms the introduction to a soprano air, Introibo domum tuam domine treated like a cavatina, simply, although not altogether with out embellishment. The conclusion is formed by a second lively chorus, Jubilate Deo, of which the second subject is the eighth psalm tone — supported by the four parts of the

chorus in succession, to a florid accompaniment of the orchestra, the full chorus each time responding with a lively “Jubilate.”

An Offertorium of uncertain date, “Benedicite angeli” (342 K.), is exclusively founded on the fifth psalm tone. The verse — is repeated in unison eight times by the whole chorus, while the orchestra, consisting of stringed instruments with two horns, keeps the whole together, and gives it intensified expression by means of a lively and varied accompaniment.

Some smaller choral works are some of them harmonic, some in more or less strict counterpoint. To the former belongs the “De profundis” (93 K.), in which the words of Psalm cxxix. and the appended doxology are set to music without abridgment, with little more rhythmical flow than the declamation of the words demands, and in the simplest harmonic progressions. A symmetrical work, quiet and serious, though without great depth of tone, is formed out of these very simple materials.

The “Te Deum” (141 K.) resembles in its first movements many of the shorter masses; the words are sung once, without a developed theme or well-defined passages. The essential character of the work is modulatory, the connection depending on the arrangement of the harmonies and the harmonic groups; the voices merely sustain the harmonies, without any prominent melodic peculiarities. The conclusion forms an exception, the words, “In Te Domine speravi, non confundar in ætemum” being worked into a conventional, moderately long fugue, issuing into a powerful and effective closing phrase.

A motett, “Misericordias Domini” (222 K.), which Mozart composed at Munich in 1775 as an exercise, is in counterpoint throughout. Padre Martini, to whom he sent it (September, 1776), pronounced, as his judgment on it, that it contained all which modern music demands — good harmonies, rich modulations, moderation in the violin passages, a natural and good arrangement of the parts — and he added that he congratulated

the composer on the progress he had made. It was not without intention that the representative of counterpoint on the principles of the old Roman school emphasised modern music, the “buon gusto” of which did not altogether content him.

Mozart divided the sentence “Misericordias Domini cantabo in æternum” (Psalm lxxxviii.). The first words, “Misericordias Domini,” are delivered in slow notes, the second half in an agitated fugal passage, without change of tempo (moderato). The two alternate, and are developed with much originality, especially the first movement, where long-sustained notes for the voices serve as an organ-point against a passage for the violins, and give rise to striking harmonic transitions and progressions. The counterpoint of the second part is artistic and elaborate; besides the principal subject of the fugue there are two others leading out of it, treated in part independently, in part in combination with the principal subject and each other; the episodes are in strict counterpoint. The subject, as Stadler remarked, is borrowed from an offertory by Eberlin, “Benedixisti Domine”; but Mozart’s treatment, as a glance at the opening will show, is thoroughly original. This admirable work has been overrated by Ulibicheff, but very unfairly criticised by Thibaut. He says: —

The words are capable of division into two short sections: Misericordias Domini (the mercy of the Lord), cantabo in æternum (I will sing for ever), but the division is not a real one. For there can be only one fundamental idea — either “Misericordias Domini” or “cantabo in æternum.” If the former, then the “cantabo” should be subordinate; if the latter, the “Misercordias” must be included in the exultation. Mozart has so far given way to the love of the picturesque, to which Handel also made many sacrifices, that the “Misericordias” is to be sung softly, but the “cantabe in æternum” energetically and in a lively fugued passage. When the last motif has been worked out, the Grave is repeated, and then again the fugue.

It is evident that the law by which thoughts are expressed in *speech* does not altogether apply to *musical* expression, but that with the introduction of a new element new rules are imposed. Since the words, intelligently interpreted, give the keynote to the whole conception, it is the musician's task to embody the sentiments inspired by them in such forms as he has at his disposal. The necessity for avoiding contradictions or inconsistencies is no barrier, but rather an incentive to his creative energy. But a contradiction may arise not only from a misconception of ideas, but from the undue prominence of some one point which, detached from the context, injures the effect of the whole. This would be the case here, if, as Thibaut seems to indicate, the idea of the mercy of God, and that of the praise offered to it, were treated in absolute opposition and mechanical alternation one with the other. But this is not so. The motifs given to the words "cantabo in ætemum," both in themselves and in their working-out, express nothing but firm conviction and desire to act upon that conviction; we seem to view the spiritual condition of a human being who, in spite of adverse fate and sorrowful experiences, is never weary of praising the Lord. The "cantabo" is placed just as Thibaut demands that it should be, as a contrast to the "Misercordias Domini and the contrast is so harmoniously expressed and so consistently sustained as in no way to injure the musical effect of the work as a whole.

A very interesting composition, belonging to the year 1776, is the Offertorium de Venerabili (260 K.), "Venite populi," for two choruses, scored in eight parts. It is imitative throughout, less strict in form than usual; the voices seem to take actual delight in their free movement; the two choruses and the separate parts are clearly divided while maintaining natural relations with each other, and the whole work is sharply cut and characteristic both in harmonies and in rhythm. The principal movement is

divided in the middle by a short, slow movement, having the same motif, but in different combinations.

A “Sancta Maria, mater Dei” (273 K.), for chorus, composed in September, 1777, and an “Alma redemptoris mater” (277 K.), for solo and chorus, of about the same date, judging by the style, are very differently conceived: they are simple in design and in treatment, quiet and mild in expression. Delicate lights and shades betray the hand of a master conscious of his power to stir the feelings and satisfy the sense of beauty of his hearers. Equal genius is displayed in the selection of simple meins, and the ease with which the right effect is given at the right moment; and every now and then a delicate harmonic inflection, or a charming little motif in the accompaniment, leaves us in no doubt as to Mozart’s individuality.

The survey we have taken of Mozart’s church music will give some idea of the industry with which he strove to master the various forms of his art, as well as of the ease and fertility of his production, and the truth of his artistic feeling. Remembering his activity in operatic music, we are amazed at the wealth of his many-sided genius; but the unceasing exercise of all his musical powers serves to explain in part that marvellous acquaintance with all the technicalities and forms of his art which not even the possession of great genius can account for in so youthful a composer.

External circumstances influenced not only the conception and treatment of church music, but the means at disposal for its performance. Mozart’s chief dependence in Salzburg was on the chorus, as is shown in a letter (November 4, 1777), where he says that none of his masses can be performed at Mannheim, because the chorus was bad, and the orchestra must be the first consideration. This is confirmed by the works themselves, of which the choruses are always the main substance; Mozart found his materials ready to hand in the carefully instructed church singers and chapel

choir. He had himself received vocal training. Even as a boy the correct delivery and good management of his voice excited astonishment; and though he lost his voice on attaining manhood, his intercourse with trained singers gave him an accurate knowledge of the voice and its treatment. Careful as Mozart is to arrange each part easily and conveniently for performance, yet he always reckons on well-trained singers, and even exacts from the choristers, where occasion requires, not a little skill in taking intervals and in execution and intonation. Above all, he demands the intelligent delivery of a singer who knows how much depends upon it.

The treatment of the solo voices as regards execution does not differ in church and operatic music. Frau Haydn and Meissner, Marie Anna Braunhofer and Jos. Spitzeder, had received good practical training, but they were not such remarkable performers as to call forth new or original creations. When the solo voices are not treated with a view to executive display they are altogether in the style of chorus parts.

The organ, as the instrument appropriate to the church, invariably accompanies the singing, so that in all Mozart's church compositions the bass part is carefully figured, sometimes by his father's hand; it is sometimes, but rarely, employed obbligato, as in the Benedictus (259 K.), and then treated in easy style. Next to the organ come three trombones, essentially the support of the chorus, played in virtue of his office by the "stadtthürmermeister" and two of his subordinates.

Following ancient tradition they sounded in the tutti in unison with the three lower voices of the chorus; the trombones were generally left unindicated in the score, and only the places marked where they were to be silent. This curious prominence of the brass instruments, whereby the soprano part is left unrepresented, was usual at that time, and could not be dispensed with in the church. Trombones are seldom used independently by Mozart, and then in the simplest manner.

The stringed instruments served as independent orchestra, and were generally only two violins and violoncello; the tenors strengthened the violoncello, which went with the organ bass. The stringed instruments were strengthened as far as possible and treated so as to counteract the disadvantage they were at in contrast with the chorus, trombones and organ. When the violins are not with the voices, the passages are disposed so as to have the best effect, and they frequently play in unison; this explains the partiality for running passages for the violins, which are not expressive in themselves, but serve to amplify the rest. It was a higher task to give the violins a character really independent of the chorus — to make them carry out their own motif either in one part only, in opposition to the chorus, or in joint development. In almost all Mozart's masses the effort is visible, at any rate in some places, to treat the stringed instruments independently; as his artistic sense matured, they were used more freely, and with more careful reference to sound effects. As a variation in later works, the damper was sometimes employed, and more rarely, the *pizzicato*.

Besides stringed instruments, trumpets and drums were generally used, being almost indispensable for solemn high mass. The constant use of trumpets, as of trombones (sackbuts), was founded on the Bible, which speaks of their employment in the Jewish temple worship; and also careful and highly elaborated trumpet music played so considerable a part in court festivities, that it could not well be dispensed with in church ceremonials. In two masses (139, 167, K.), Mozart has employed, in addition to the two usual trumpets called "clarini," a tromba, which has only to sound the low notes C and G, and to strengthen the drums. As regards other wind instruments, we know that in 1757, "Oboes and German flutes were seldom heard in the cathedral, and the French horn, never."

This severity was afterwards relaxed, until the oboe was used alone or as the principal wind instrument, generally to support the voice or to

strengthen the harmony. It was allowed to assert its own individuality at a later time, but this could only be when it retained its proper place among the different combined wind instruments. Flutes were only rarely used to replace the oboe in soft passages; there were no clarinets in Salzburg. Bassoons served, as a rule, only to strengthen the bass; in various places where they, like the violoncello, were treated with some degree of independence it was so indicated in the score. Also when the tenors were associated with the wind instruments to complete the harmony they were supported by the bassoons. The horns at first closely followed the trumpets, but gradually attempts were made, by the use of sustained notes, to produce the sound effects peculiar to this instrument. The freer treatment of the wind instruments passed to the church from the opera, and those pieces which were altogether more freely treated than masses, prepared the way for the change. The orchestra of Mozart's two last Litanies is just as elaborate and careful as that of his operas, and the later one does not only employ obbligato solo instruments, but in many of its sections approaches modern instrumentation.

We are unfortunately in considerable ignorance as to what masters were studied by Mozart. What has usually been said of his diligent study of Bach, Handel, and the Italian masters, is neither demonstrable nor probable. There would scarcely be much opportunity at Salzburg for the study of any but Salzburg or south German musicians. It is well known that some of these, such as Eberlin, Michael Haydn, and Adlgasser, were earnestly studied and highly esteemed by Mozart. But he first became acquainted with Sebastian Bach through Van Swieten in Vienna, although he may have come across detached organ or pianoforte compositions in Salzburg. He heard Handel's oratorios as a boy in London, but that was all, and even at Mannheim he took no great interest in the "Messiah." It was again Van Swieten who led him to this master.

We may grant a stronger influence to the Italian masters, although the older Italian church music was only exceptionally used at Salzburg.

Leopold Mozart speaks of a Gradual with which he had been much pleased as being the work of “the celebrated long-since deceased Lotti” (November 13, 1777). But we have seen with what zeal Mozart studied in Italy; and a youth with his genius learned rapidly, and could at once apprehend and retain whatever would be likely to benefit him. He must also have taken home with him from Italy much material for future use, as we have seen in the case of the compositions of Padre Martini. But what direction these studies took, and how far they extended, we are not informed. It is not probable that Mozart studied the old masters with the intention of forming his own style on theirs, but rather that he might gain that surer practice in technicalities which the tasks before him required.

CHAPTER XIV. INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

DURING the last half of the eighteenth century it had become the fashion in Italy and elsewhere to perform detached instrumental pieces as introductions or intermezzi during the pauses in Divine service. They were written in the then customary symphony form; music of a lively and secular tone not being thought out of place in churches. Brilliancy of effect was provided for by doubling the orchestra and other mechanical means, besides forcible composition. Further innovations were made in allowing solo vocalists an opportunity of displaying their powers in church music; and, as a necessary consequence, distinguished instrumental performers also were allowed to add their share to the attractions of Divine worship. Instrumental concertos were played usually at the conclusion of the service, without any regard to an ecclesiastical character. We gather from Dittersdorf's account of his competition with Spagnoletti at the festival of St. Paul at Bologna and its result, that fine performances were thought as much of in the churches as in theatres and concerts.

At Salzburg, as Mozart tells Padre Martini (p. 244), a sonata was introduced between the epistle and the gospel, until Archbishop Hieronymus replaced it by a gradual in 1763. Seventeen compositions by Mozart of this kind are preserved. The earliest of certain date belongs to 1775 (212 K.), and others to 1776 (241, 244, 245, 263, K.) and 1777 (274, 278, K.), but there are several almost certainly of earlier date. His sacred sonatas were performed even during his absence, according to his father (September 25, 1777). After his return, he composed three pieces of the kind, the last in March, 1780 (328, 329, 336, K.).

They are all inscribed as sonatas, and all consist of a lively movement of moderate length in two parts, and in regulation sonata form. The church

sonatas (sonad di chiesa) differ, indeed, from chamber sonatas (sonad di camera) in being serious, dignified, often fugued and in counterpoint, but the style has nothing in it that suggests a sacred performance. The tone is neither solemn nor devotional, nor is the style severe. The tone and treatment of the commencement remind us of the first movements of the smaller sonatas and quartets; the subjects are small, sometimes very pretty'; the treatment is free and skilful, and in the later pieces not without touches of Mozart's originality. They are usually written for two violins and violoncello, to which the organ was always added, but never obbligato nor with any regard to executive display; it has often only its customary office of accompaniment to the violoncello, in which case a figured bass part is written. Even when the organ part is independent it is for the most part limited to what the skilful organist can make out of the *continuo;* its independence is very modest, and it never aspires to a solo or any passages. Sometimes trumpets and drums are added (263 K.) as well as oboes (278 K.) and horns (329 K.). With the extension of the orchestra the design and treatment became grander and more impressive, but still kept within comparatively narrow limits. Unhappily these organ sonatas give us not the faintest idea of Mozart's much-admired organ-playing.

Not only were these compositions composed for special occasions, but all instrumental music at that time was in this sense occasional music. Orchestral compositions were, with few exceptions, written with a definite aim and under given conditions.

Musical performances were the customary evening entertainments given by distinguished or wealthy persons, in default of better, such as the theatre. Those who maintained their own *Kapelle* required daily performances, and in the evening, whether they were alone or entertaining company, a well-appointed concert. Sometimes noble gentler men became so proficient on some instrument that it pleased them to take personal part in such concerts.

Not to mention the noted examples of Frederick the Great and the Emperor Joseph, the Elector Maximilian III. of Bavaria was a performer on the bass-viol, and took part in the court concerts, where his sister, Maria Antonia of Saxony, appeared as a singer; sometimes also he played the violin in the symphony. The flute was an instrument much in vogue with noble amateurs, and was played by the Margrave Friedrich von Bayreuth, Duke Karl von Curland, and Prince Joseph Friedrich von Hildburghausen; the Elector Karl Theodore, played the violoncello, Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy the baritone, Archduke Maximilian the tenor. Archbishop Hieronymus adopted the violin as his instrument, after the example of the Emperor Peter III. and the Crown Prince Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand von Braunschweig, and he amused himself with it alone after dinner; in the evening he took part in the concerts given by his choir. L. Mozart writes to his son, who had a great dislike to violin-playing in court music: “As a connoisseur, you will not be ashamed of the violin-playing in the first symphony, any more than the Archbishop and all the cavaliers who take part in it.” The distinguished amateurs did not indeed always improve the orchestra. On one occasion, the Empress Maria Theresa having remarked in an undertone to Haydn that she wondered what would become of four noble amateurs, who were performing with him, if left to themselves, he played her the joke of quietly absenting himself with his next colleague, and enjoyed the complete discomfiture of the gentlemen. Brunetti, who always stood at the Archbishop’s side, used at difficult places quietly to take down his viola and strike in; the Archbishop let it pass, and used even to say when he came to these places, “now Brunetti will come in.” Mozart had not the most favourable opinion of the Archbishop’s musical knowledge. He writes to his father (Vienna, September 26, 1781) about the famous bass singer, Fischer, “who has certainly an excellent bass voice, although the Archbishop told

him he sang too low for a bass, upon which I assured His Grace that he would sing higher next time."

Public performers took the principal parts in these concerts, which fact was taken into consideration in forming the choir; care was taken to attract foreign artists, and in the larger towns many public performers depended on the daily concerts for their means of subsistence. The performances were long, and included a great deal of orchestral music. Count Firmian's musical soirées lasted from five to eleven o'clock, and at one concert several symphonies by J. C. Bach and four symphonies by Martini were played. Dittersdorf produced twelve new violin concertos by Benda on one evening; at a concert given by the Elector of Bavaria Burney heard two symphonies by Schwindl, a song by Panzacchi, a scena by the Electress of Saxony, a trio for bass-viols by the Elector, a song by Rauzzini, a song by Guadagni, and a bass-viol solo by the Elector;, and at a private concert in Dresden both parts contained a symphony, a violin concerto, a flute concerto, and an oboe concerto. The evening's amusement was generally further provided for by card-playing and conversation. Archbishop Hieronymus limited the duration of his concerts. L. Mozart wrote to his son (September 17, 1778) that they only lasted from seven to a quarter past eight, and included only four pieces — a symphony, a song, another symphony or concerto, another song, and then *addio*. The court composer took the direction of the court music in turn with the kapellmeister every alternate week, and the director for the time being had the choice and arrangement of the music except so far as it was dictated by superior authority.

The position of Mozart's father gave him constant opportunities of bringing his son's instrumental compositions before the public. The fame of the band was enhanced by the performance of works by one of the

members, and at every festival something new was performed. Dittersdorf relates that for the fête-day of the Bishop of Grosswardein he composed not only a grand cantata with choruses and a solo cantata, but also two grand symphonies at the beginning and close, a middle symphony, with obbligato wind instruments, and a violin concerto. In a similar position, under Prince Esterhazy, Josef Hadyn produced his incredibly numerous instrumental compositions. Mozart's fertility during the period of his independent activity at Salzburg, from 1770 to the autumn of 1777, was equally great, but the merit of industry and fertility was one which these great masters shared with many contemporary lesser ones.

The skilful treatment of the orchestra rests mainly on the composer being so imbued with the spirit of the work as a whole as to be able to render the separate parts conducive to the general effect. This can only be accomplished by continuous practical study.

Most especially fortunate was Mozart, whose numerous appointed tasks, not being merely abstract exercises, served him as studies for his works. The danger was indeed great that the influence of the schools and the force of traditional forms would tend to mechanical routine, but it afforded another proof of Mozart's creative nature, that his unintermittent labour in mastering the technicalities of his art never interfered with the spiritual side of his genius.

Many forms were in use for instrumental composition during the last century, of which, at the present day, we can scarcely even distinguish the names or define the limits. The so-called French symphony (or overture) introduced by Lulli, and established through the school of Scarlatti, consists of a short slow movement preceding a longer and more varied one, and repeated at the close. This was opposed to the Italian symphony, which contained three movements: an allegro at the beginning and another at the end, separated by a slow movement in effective contrast to them both. The

first and the last allegro were, however, different in character, the second being the quicker and more cheerful of the two.

It was easy to sever the slender connection between the symphony and the opera; and operatic symphonies were soon performed alone, as may be proved by the symphonies to the “Finta Semplice,” the “Sogno di Scipione” and “Lucio Silla.”

The continual demand for new symphonies co-operated with the increasing capacity of the instrumentalists, and the fuller appointments of the orchestra, in developing their importance and independence. In Italy, Sammartini, commissioned by the governor, Pallavicini, first wrote symphonies for full orchestra; he divided the tenors from the violoncelli, gave the second violins an independent part, and rendered service also to the technicalities of playing. In Germany the composers of the Mannheim Kapelle, who were of the first rank, introduced this kind of composition with great success; but Jos. Haydn, who surpassed them all in his inexhaustible wealth of productive power and in his thorough knowledge of his art, threw them quite into the shade, and may justly be considered as the creator of the symphony.

The three movements were originally connected; but when the symphonies became independent of the opera, this was only exceptionally the case (74, 181, 184, K.).

The last Symphony of the year 1773 shows that even in its maturity an artistic mind may cling to long-established customs. The delicately elaborated Andante, full of original and tender sentiment, forms the climax of the work. The animated Allegro which precedes it is, with just discrimination, toned down towards the end to prepare for the Andante, whose yearning pathos leaves the mind unsatisfied, and whose subjects are arranged to favour the transition to the lively and restless concluding movement. As a rule, however, each movement was treated as a self-

contained whole, which gave freer scope for the development of a definite idea.

In the formation of the separate movements the clavier sonata (in the perfect form given to it by Ph. Eman. Bach, acknowledged as a master by Haydn himself) had a very considerable influence.

The first allegro was always in two parts; a short slow movement, perhaps a reminiscence of the French symphony, was prefixed to it by Haydn often, by Mozart rarely. A compact arrangement of well-defined subjects takes the place of the long-drawn thread of loosely connected phrases of the older symphonies. The first subject gives the tone of the movement, a second follows, contrasting in expression and structure, and generally a third is added; the connection is by means of free passages. It was long held as a fixed rule that the first theme should close on the subdominant, and that the second theme should be in the key of the dominant, in which also the first part of the movement concludes. In the second part the elaboration of the subjects begins. The composer might please himself as to which of the subjects, or how many or in what new combinations they were to be carried on; nor was there any definite rule as to the method of elaboration, except that it always led back to the principal key and the first theme, which closed on the dominant, and was followed by the second theme, also in the principal key; the first part might either be simply repeated with these modifications, or the change of key might be thoroughly carried out. Sometimes the second part was also repeated; and then followed the final winding-up by a coda, which recurs to one or more of the chief subjects, and which was employed even when the second part was not repeated. The elements of this form had already been given in the aria, with its one main idea and its contrasting motifs; but the organic perfection of the form was first attained by instrumental music.

Ph. Eman. Bach declared that the chief and best quality of music was melody, and this principle once recognised, the laws of song were adopted by instrumental music, although with many modifications, to suit the different characters of the instruments and the necessities of thematic elaboration. The chief improvement was the spirited development of one or more subjects to replace the tedious middle movement of the aria. The artistic development of the separate elements, according to their true significance, introduced both contrast and climax; unity was assured, since nothing foreign either to the form or the substance was admitted; while the repetition of the first part, like a dialectic exposition of an argument, provided a clear and satisfying conclusion. This working-out part did not always receive its due share of honour, and was often treated as a form of harmonic transition; but it asserts itself more and more as the proper nucleus of the whole movement, and has an important reaction on the formation and phrasing of the first part. This becomes, as it were, the foundation prepared for the future development which first displays the whole extent of the conception. The coda was usually confined to a lengthened development of the closing phrase, and gathered to a point in pregnant brevity the most essential elements of the movement. It had its counterpart in the cadenza of the aria. After what manner great vocalists constructed their cadenzas we are unfortunately ignorant, but instrumental cadenzas reproduced the principal subjects of the movement, just as was the case in the coda. Beethoven, who brought the coda to perfection, has himself worked out the cadenzas in the Concerto in E flat major; the cadenza in the first part is identical in mechanism with the coda of one of his great symphonies.

The original middle movement has preserved a slower tempo and a moderate tone, with simplicity both of design and composition. The point of departure is the air (lied, romanze), or the cavatine of operatic creation.

Mozart, for instance, took a melodious duet from his opera of “Hyacinthus,” for the Andante of a symphony (p. 94). There is no question here of artistic symmetry or elaboration of subjects; one main subject dominates the whole, often smothered with embellishments, as the original stem of a tree is hidden by the creepers which grow from its roots. The Andante is often, though not necessarily, divided into two parts, one or both of them to be repeated, sometimes with a coda added. In the second part a new statement of the subject generally takes the place of its actual development, and the contrast of major and minor keys is made use of. Frequent repetition of a simple theme led to the introduction of variations, sometimes strict, sometimes free in form, but in depth and originality always far inferior to thematic elaboration in the proper sense of the term. The Andante, therefore, long continued to be of minor importance, both as to length, form, and substance.

It required not only the mastery of musical theory, but the complete absorption of the individual in the artist before the innermost sentiments of the human heart in all their depth and fulness could be expressed in simple form, as the poet expresses them in lyric verse. The Adagio of instrumental music is, in its most perfect form, essentially a German creation, but it became what it is apart from the influence of the newly awakened German poetry; each in its separate sphere felt the vivifying spirit of the age like the fresh breath of spring, and awoke together to life and beauty. As the substance of the slow movement grew in interest and importance, the form also became fuller and richer, without, however, any essential alteration; the most magnificent of slow movements have all the main points that we have noticed above, and are only in details freer and more full of life and significance.

The closing movement, generally in 3-8, 6-8, or 2-4 time, has something of a dance tone, though not of set purpose. The rondo form, very freely

treated, soon became predominant. The impressiveness of frequent repetition of the same melody, the freedom and ease with which the connecting phrases could be treated, the surprises to which ingenious returns to the theme gave rise, all made this easy form very appropriate to a closing movement. What was demanded from instrumental music was such a pleasant sense of enjoyment as should relax the mind without straining the attention, and a cheerful conclusion was considered essential. But by a singular inconsistency the last movement was sometimes made the field for the display of skill in counterpoint; masters of the art required that a genuine artist should know how to render cheerfulness and whimsicality, spirit and fun, even in the strictest forms. So it is customary to this day to introduce contrapuntal work into the scherzo, the proper field for musical wit and humour. This, too, is a production of German instrumental music.

To the three original movements of the symphony the minuet was added as a fourth, suggested probably by the Suite. The Suite, whether for orchestra or clavier, came to perfection in the seventeenth century, and consisted of a succession of dances in the same key, but differing in time, rhythm, and expression, and for the most part highly characteristic. Mattheson enumerates them as follows: minuet, gavotte, bourrée, rigaudon, gigue, polonaise, anglaise (country-dances, ballads, hornpipes), passepied, sarabande, courante, allemande; others give allemande, courante, gigue, passa-caille, gavotte, minuet, chaconne, the chief forms being allemande, courante, sarabande, and gigue. An introduction, prelude, fantasia, or overture, preceded the dances, consisting, after the French fashion, of a slow and a lively movement, the latter generally elaborated, and returning to the former as a conclusion. It is evident that the suite was the foundation of the Italian operatic symphonies — not of our modern symphony and sonata forms — but much was doubtless borrowed from the long list of dances as embellishment to the symphony proper. Whether or not Josef

Haydn was the first to introduce the minuet into the symphony, it was he undoubtedly who gave it its peculiar and typical character. The minuet was the dance of good society, affording opportunity for the display of dignity, grace, and deportment. We cannot hear those minuets which best reflect the character of the dance without thinking of powder and hoops; and now that the manners it suggests have become obsolete, it can only be humorously reproduced. Haydn did not parody the minuet of his time, but he divested it of its distinguishing dignity; he took it as it was danced by the middle-classes, and filled it with national cheerfulness and good-humour. He represented a certain amount of joviality and rollicking fun which would have been inadmissible in the *salons* of the *noblesse*, and he was inexhaustible in witty suggestions and surprises, without any taint of vulgarity or carelessness of musical treatment. This was being popular in the best sense of the word; the spirit was genuinely national, the form truly artistic; and so the minuet took its place in the symphony, and kept it. The position given to it in relation to the longer movements varied in early days; Mozart generally places it after the andante.

Mozart's first symphonies have only three movements, and it is perhaps not merely accidentally that the minuet is first introduced in the symphonies composed at Vienna in 1767 and 1768, but it is sometimes wanting in later works.

It is interesting to trace in his youthful works Mozart's gradual progress in mechanism and practical skill. At first there is little melodious invention, but a sense of effect and a knowledge of form always exist, and by degrees the symphonies acquire body and character. Command of the orchestra makes itself felt by degrees; first the separate parts become free and independent, a special movement is given to the second violins by characteristic passages and imitative treatment, and the basses too gain life and independence; they are in free imitation for the first time in a

Symphony in G major (no K.) belonging to the year 1771. As development proceeded the subjects became fuller, and the whole work gained in consistency and substance, although it still wanted finish and elaboration. The peculiar character of the string quartet became more and more prominent; for a long time it formed the nucleus of the symphony, the wind instruments strengthening the harmonies and emphasising some particular melody, but only very gradually contributing to effects of light and shade. Oboes and horns, trumpets too (generally without drums), are combined according to rule, and gave the orchestra a sharp clear tone, which was then admired; flutes were employed in movements of a gentle character, usually with muted stringed instruments. It was not until later that the bassoons were made independent of the basses, and then they served, like the tenors, for middle parts. Many and diverse experiments were made in the employment of new instrumental forces before the various parts of the orchestra were successfully combined into a self-contained and living whole.

Nothing whatever is known of Mozart's models in his instrumental music. We may take for granted that he knew Josef Haydn's symphonies, and that they were not without some influence on his genius; but few actual traces of them can be discovered, while his conception of the minuet was altogether different, and remained peculiarly his own.

The jovial humour and the delight in musical drollery which are Haydn's characteristics are never predominant with Mozart; he preserves a national tone, truly, but the interest it excites is due to the ennobling and beautifying spirit which he throws into it. This side of Mozart's nature appears even in his earlier works, and makes us the more ready to ascribe any lapse into fun and drollery to the direct influence of Haydn. The last symphony, in E flat major, which is avowedly ambitious in conception, betrays undoubted

external influence. Both the minuet and the lengthy and elaborate concluding rondo are decided imitations of Haydn. The andante is somewhat constrained ami unnatural, but there is a second and later andante at the close, which is much simpler.

Mozart's instrumental compositions up to the year 1772 are only interesting in so far as they show us how gradually and surely he gained possession of all the means his art could place at his command; but from this date they begin to acquire an independent interest. It is remarkable that we possess no symphonies composed by Mozart between 1775 and 1777. Reflecting how carefully all the compositions of this time have been preserved, it is not probable that any can have been lost by accident. On the other hand most of the great serenades and concertos for violin and piano fall within these years; and it is quite possible that Mozart's growing discontent with his position and the displeasure of the Archbishop may have caused him to desist from writing symphonies which were primarily intended for performance at court concerts. We have further proof that Mozart wrote no symphonies during these years in a letter from his father, on September 24, 1778, where he says: "When a thing does you no credit, it is better that it should be forgotten. I have sent you none of your symphonies because I feel sure that when you have come to riper years, and have a clearer judgment, you will be glad that they are forgotten, even though you may be satisfied with them now."

Even the more important among the later symphonies are sparing in the use of means, and precise in form, as indeed they were obliged to be, considering that several symphonies were performed in one evening.

And yet Mozart writes to his father from Paris (September 11, 1778) that he could not produce his symphonies there, since they did not suit the French taste: "We Germans like long pieces, but in truth they are better short and good." Progress is shown in greater freedom of treatment; the first

movement of a Symphony in D major (202 K.) and the last movement of the Symphonies in G major (199 K.) and C major (200 K.), all belonging to 1774, are full of life and vigour. These qualities presuppose more individuality in the details, the interludes are developed with more independence, and the loosely connected violin and violoncello passages disappear altogether. Many of Mozart's special characteristics exist side by side with turns of expression common to the time; for instance, the second theme is sometimes an offshoot from the first, and the introduction of a new subject at the close of the part often gives a new impetus to the movement.

The Symphonies in G minor (183 K.) and in A major (201 K.) may serve as very opposite examples of Mozart's works of the kind. The first has a serious tone from the first subject onwards, the minuet and finale more especially being almost gloomy in tone, and the andante the same, only somewhat softened down. The second is full from beginning to end of cheerful humour and tender grace, and may serve as an example of the way in which a work of art of perfect mechanism and delicate shading may be produced from the simplest materials.

If the minuets alone of the two symphonies be compared, it will be acknowledged that an artist who within such confined limits can produce impressions of delicate wit and humour on the one hand, and of gloomy discontent and agitation on the other, has a full mastery of the forms and capabilities of instrumental music.

The symphonies of that time do not, as a rule, attempt to express passion or tragic emotion. They were, with few exceptions, intended to promote social enjoyment; consequently their essential characteristics are animation and brilliancy, or else calm serenity. The composer concentrated his efforts on the form and mechanism of his composition; to express deep feeling or the secrets of his own heart would have been alike impossible to him as an artist and contrary to the spirit of the time. A sharp line of division was

drawn in theory and practice between human and artistic emotions, and any display of subjective emotion was discouraged. In the year 1774 “Werther” appeared; the strivings and conflicts of the time which produced it had their influence on music; but music had to pass through a longer and more arduous struggle before attaining to a like freedom of inspiration and expression.

The evident striving of the youthful Mozart to express himself and his innermost feelings in his music affords a significant indication of his development as an artist. Life had not taught him the lessons of passion and disappointment, and his nature was too sound and healthy to attempt to anticipate or represent emotions which had not touched him; he shows himself to us as he is.

The symphony was not then, as it is now, the grandest and most comprehensive form of orchestral music. The first place was given to the so-called serenata, a name originating in the circumstances of its composition, and scarcely applied to a fixed or well-defined form. The serenata was distinguished from the symphony in its narrow sense by greater variety and wealth of ideas and treatment. Several instruments are often grouped together in different combinations, and solo instruments are variously employed; also the number of separate movements often reaches as many as eight.

For the arrangement and manipulation of the movements the perfected forms of the symphony are employed, but with numerous modifications.

Serenades were introduced and sometimes also concluded by a march (39, K.). This was concise in form and simple in treatment, very often without even a trio; it was generally lively and cheerful. The detached marches by Mozart which are preserved were doubtless intended for introductions to serenades; they were often transferred from one to another, and so were written separately.

The minuet is almost invariably inserted between each andante and allegro, and therefore occurs two or three times in the symphony. The omission of all the other forms of dance music, so amply represented in the suite, is a proof that this form of instrumental music was not intended for practical use, at least in this juxtaposition. Variations were sometimes made in the character of the minuets by changes in the instrumentation, more especially in the trio. Several trios were frequently given to one minuet with appropriate instrumentation, making use of obbligato violins (185, 203, 204, 250, K.), flutes (204 K.), trumpets (250 K.), and sometimes the stringed instruments alone (100, 250, K.).

A grand allegro in two parts, as a commencement, and an allegro or presto at the close, sometimes introduced by a short adagio, form the main substance of the serenade as well as of the symphony, and the movements are similarly treated. The slow movement between them is in its turn between two minuets (62 K.), and there are sometimes two slow movements, each with a minuet appertaining to them (99 K.), and characterised by varied instrumentation. As time went on, an allegro was inserted between the two slow movements, which, however, was rendered distinct from the two principal quick movements by its lighter colouring and tone; the instruments, too, are grouped with more diversity. For instance (185 K.), the oboe and horn are employed obbligato in the first andante and the following allegro, and in the second andante flutes are combined with the stringed instruments.

A singular use is sometimes made of obbligato violins in the serenade (185,,203, 204, 214, 215, 237, 239, 250, K.). After the first allegro, the solo violins lead in three movements, viz.: andante, minuet, and allegro (rondo, 250 K.) which are in a measure complete in themselves, and form, apart from their surroundings, a complete symphony. The expression “finalmusik,” which frequently occurs in Mozart’s letters, seems to prove

that these lengthy compositions, with their concerted solo instruments, formed the conclusion of the concert. The “concertantsymphonie” of the two last serenades belonging to 1774 and 1775 (204, 250, K.), are conspicuous from their peculiar instrumentation. In the other movements the usual oboes, horns, and trumpets are used as accompaniment to the obbligato violins, flutes, horns, and bassoons, and in the last movement especially the combination and treatment are quite modern. These two serenades show altogether a marked improvement on the earlier ones, which do not essentially differ from symphonies. The orchestra is firmly handled, and the orchestral subjects freely elaborated. Each of the many movements of the last serenade is worked out as carefully and lovingly as if it were the only one, and the ideas and motifs are so full of meaning and of jovial good-humour that it is impossible not to feel that Mozart has here put forth his best powers.

A short serenata (239 K.), consisting of a march, minuet, and rondo, interrupted by a short adagio, was written in January, 1776, for stringed instruments and drums only. A sort of chorus of two solo violins, accompanied by violas and violoncelli, is opposed to another, composed of two violins, viola, and violoncello, with the drums, all treated as tutti parts. Such admirable use is made of the contrast and combination of the two choruses, of the tutti parts and of varied sound effects, such as *pizzicato, &c.*, and even the drum is so skilfully employed, that this little work has taken a highly original colouring; with true tact the separate movements are made short, in order that the singular charm of the piece may not suffer from the fatigue of the ear.

The same praise may be bestowed on a nocturne (286 K.) for four orchestras, each consisting of a stringed quartet and two horns, so arranged as to represent a threefold echo. When the first orchestra has played a connected phrase the second orchestra falls in at the last bar with the same,

or with the four last bars of the same, the third follows the second at the last bar with the three last bars, and the fourth comes in in the same way with the two last bars; then the first orchestra continues the theme. In this way all the three movements — andante, allegro, and minuet — are managed, with but slight modifications; only the trio of the minuet is played by one orchestra alone, or by all together. It need scarcely be said that the omission of the echoes does not affect the connection of the parts. The main point in such a trifle as this is to carry it out with as little visible constraint as possible.

There is an especially good effect in the minuet where short passages follow each other in rapid succession, falling in at different parts of the bars, and the way in which in the first part the horns alone conclude a phrase with — cutting each other short in the most impatient manner, is truly comical.

Similar instrumental compositions to this are called by the name of divertimento or cassatio (which last term has never been satisfactorily explained), in which the various parts are simply arranged. The first of these (113 K.), composed in Milan in 1771, “Concerto ossia Divertimento,” has the four movements of the symphony, the last in rondo form, and resembles the symphonies of that time also in the brevity and preciseness of its arrangement. The strings are not obbligato, the wind instruments — two clarinets and two horns — although not concertante, are more than usually independent. For a later performance, probably in 1773, two oboes, two English horns, and two bassoons were so added that the clarinets might be omitted. The stringed instruments were left untouched; the strengthening of the wind instruments was utilised for the alternations, with slight and clever modifications.

In the next divertimento, belonging to June, 1772 (131 K.), consisting of seven movements, the combination of the different instruments (four horns, flutes, oboes, and bassoons) is varied with evident care. The first adagio is

for strings alone, the second for wind instruments; the first minuet is for strings, the wind instruments alternate with each other in the three trios, and all the instruments unite in the coda. In the second minuet the four horns are especially prominent; in the third movement, an allegretto, the flute is obbligato and the horns are silent; in the first and last movements all the instruments work together.

A divertimento, singular in many respects, in six movements, for oboes and two horns, together with stringed instruments, seems to have been written quickly for some special occasion in July, 1776 (54 K.), and then to have been laid aside. The score is hurriedly jotted down on already used music paper of different shapes, with abbreviations, directions for the copyist, and various corrections. The second minuet has no trio, but is three times varied. The oboe is prominent and striking, not in passages, but in sustained notes and tuneful melodies. The stringed instruments, without being actually concertante, enliven the whole by their free arrangement of parts. The national German character of the melodies is very noticeable; they remind us in style of popular German songs.

The alliance of the horns with the strings was a favourite one at the time, although the instruments do not readily blend. The freer the thematic elaboration of the string parts the more difficult it became for the horns to keep pace with them, although now and then fine effects might be produced by their means.

The difficulty was so to engraft, as it were, the horns on the stringed instruments as to leave them free play for their own natural effects, and to produce a certain richness and depth of colouring not attainable without their aid.

In a divertimento, written about 1773 or 1774 (205 K.), two horns are in union with violin, tenor, and violoncello, strengthened by a bassoon. It is short and precise, but cleverly written. The adagio is a duet for violin and

tenor, to a very simple bass, the horns being silent. It must be remembered that such pieces as these were always accompanied on the clavier.

Two divertimenti or cassationi, as they are oftener called in the letters, for string quartet, with two horns (247, 287, K.), were written in June, 1776 and June, 1777, for the fête-day of the Countess Ant. Lodron; they are finished works of the genuine Mozart type. Both have six elaborately worked-out movements, and abound in grace and fertility of invention, and in skilful harmonic treatment. The style is that of a true quartet, that is, the instruments have each their independent part, but the first violin, as a solo part, is markedly predominant; in the first divertimento, in F major (247 K.), it sustains the melody in every movement, but is bravura and concertante only in the adagio.

In the second divertimento, in B flat major (287 K.), which is grand in design and composition, the first violin is treated as a solo instrument throughout, with a strong tendency to bravura, the remaining instruments co-operating in such a way as to display the creative spirit of an artist in every detail, however delicate or subordinate. In the very first thematically elaborated passage the solo passages for the violin occur, which it is the chief concern of the second part to elaborate. The second place — which in the former divertimento (247 K.) was given to a simple, exceedingly graceful andante grazioso, a kind of song without words — is occupied in the latter (287 K.) by an air with variations, in which all the instruments take part, but the violin more prominently, and with more of executive bravura than any of the others. This is most apparent in the two minuets, but it is very decided also in the broadly conceived adagio, where the second violin and tenor are muted, the violoncello plays pizzicato, while the first violin leads a melody richly adorned with figures and passages, and requiring the execution of a finished performer. The use of muted strings, especially in slow movements, was very frequent at that time in

accompaniments, as well as in symphonies and quartets, and was intended to produce variety of tone-colouring; the violoncello not being muted, but *pizzicato*, afforded a contrast of tone. The concluding movement is introduced by an andante with a recitative for the first violin, not too long, and so worked out that the whole compass of the instrument is characteristically displayed. A long molto allegro follows this introduction, in 3-8 time, which keeps the violinist in constant movement, and gives him an opportunity of displaying the variety of his technical skill; but the movement is carefully planned and composed, due consideration being given to each part in its place. The recitative recurs at the end, followed by a short and brilliant conclusion. The tone of this movement is not as cheerful as usual; it is full of impulsive haste and changeful humour, and its stronger accent betrays a certain intensity, even in the introductory recitative.

The third divertimento, in D major (334 K.), may be most fitly noticed here, although it was not composed till 1779 or 1780, since it accords in every respect with the two last mentioned. In breadth of conception and grandeur of composition, it stands nearest to that in B flat major; the first violin is perhaps less elaborately treated, and the tone of the whole is somewhat calmer and more cheerful. Mastery of form in plan, grouping, and arrangement is perfect in both compositions, as well as freedom and ease in the elaboration of the subjects, as if they sprang spontaneously forth as expressions of thought, each in its proper place and degree. Perhaps the first movement is grander in design, and has broader motifs than the later work; but the adagio is deeper and more elaborate, and the last movement is more original in the B flat major divertimento. The remaining movements are fairly equal.

It was the B flat major divertimento that Mozart played at Munich in 1777, “as if he was the first violinist in Europe,” so that “every one stared.”

It is evident that difficulty of execution in his composition for the violin, which is more noticeable after 1773, kept pace with Mozart's progress as a violinist.

A style of composition much in vogue at that time was the so-called "harmoniemusik," for wind instruments alone. Sometimes it was used as serenades, sometimes people of rank had performances of six- or eight-part harmoniemusik morning and evening, during meals, in which they were imitated by the more pretentious tavern-keepers. There was opportunity enough for cultivating this branch of composition at Salzburg.

In form these compositions, which were generally called divertimenti or partite (partie) resembled those just described. They consist of three, four, or sometimes more movements, which were grouped without any fixed rule. One divertimento (186 K.) closes with a contredanse en rondeau; another (240 K.) has an andante as first movement; then follows a minuet, and then a polonaise; a third (253 K.) begins with an andante and variations.

The two first pieces of this kind are both scored for ten parts, two oboes, two clarinets, two English horns, two French horns, and two bassoons. Since one of the divertimenti (166 K.) was composed at Salzburg on March 24, 1773, and the other probably at much the same time; and since there were no clarinets in the usual Salzburg orchestra, they must have been composed for some very special occasion. But neither the plan nor the composition are on a larger scale than usual; the work is wanting both in extent and expression, and the instrumentation is neither free nor forcible.

There are two striking partites, one consisting of ten, the other of six movements, which were written for two flutes, five trumpets (in C and D), and four drums (in C, G, D, A) (187, 188, K.), about the year 1773 or 1774, apparently to employ the trumpet orchestra on some festival occasion. Whether the union of flutes with trumpets was founded on precedent or not I cannot say. The flutes lead the melody, and have allotted to them musical

passages, connected, but short and unimportant in substance and style. The trumpets seldom take part in the melody, but are for the most part employed either together or separately as accompaniment; the object has apparently been to preserve the effect of a body of sound in the trumpets as far as possible, while aiming at giving them a definite musical form. In the earlier and more prosperous times of the trumpeters' guild, accomplished masters of horn-playing would not have needed the support of flutes.

It is of more interest to note how a great master works within narrow limits, and with small means at his command, by a consideration of the six divertimenti for two oboes, two bassoons, and two horns (213, 240, 252, 253, 270, 289, K.), which were composed between 1775 and 1777.

The destination of these trifling pieces, as table-music or such-like, allows neither greatness of conception nor any expression of deep feeling; all must be pleasing, cheerful, and quickly over. But Mozart was not content with satisfying these conditions; his harmonie-musik is full of delicacy and grace, tender and pure in conception, and touched with the firm hand of a master. The details are carefully and neatly handled, without any exaggeration; little side touches are scattered freely about — here an imitation, there an original passage or turn in the middle parts, making the whole interesting and full of life; happy instrumental effects abound, and by varied combinations and changes of tone-colouring the outline of the symmetrical structure is thrown into clear relief, in spite of the limited means at command; just as a painter in monochrome shades his one colour with such skill as to give a plastic roundness to his forms.

This species of instrumental composition as it developed became limited, curiously enough, to stringed instruments, for the most part in quartets for two violins, tenor, and bass (replaced by the violoncello), more rarely in quintets, with either the tenor or the violoncello doubled, or in trios. They were still called divertimento or cassation, and did not originally differ from

this class of composition, either in form or in liberty as to the number and arrangement of movements.

The rule that the quartet (as the whole species came to be called) should consist, like the symphony and the sonata, of four fixed movements, was laid down by Joseph Haydn. It was his inexhaustibly fertile invention and his freedom in the treatment of form which nourished and developed the germ of this chamber-music, until it bore the most beautiful blossoms of German musical art. Mozart, destined later to surpass in this direction his freely acknowledged example, displays evident tokens of Haydn's influence even in his youth. On the whole, however, quartet music does not seem to have enjoyed much favour in Salzburg; Mozart's not very numerous attempts fall in earlier years, and were not all written in Salzburg.

Mozart's first quartet, in G major (80 K.), was composed on the first journey to Italy, at Lodi, on March 15, 1770, at seven o'clock in the evening — a circumstance of which he preserved the memory long afterwards. The concluding rondo is written in a later hand on different paper; and perhaps the whole consisted originally of only three movements — adagio, allegro and minuet. A clear insight into the essential conditions of quartet style, freedom and independence of all the parts, a concentration of the whole work into a well-defined form, together with a perfection of thematic elaboration, are all plainly discernible in this first attempt, which, unimportant and wanting in originality as it may be, yet gives the impression of a well-rounded piece of workmanship. The second violin is worked out independently, with special care, in which the tenor participates; less success has attended the effort for a free movement for the bass. Attempts in counterpoint — as, for instance, at the beginning of the second part — are, as might be expected, learner-like, but they show that he knew what he was about. The last movement betrays a firmer hand from the very beginning.

Three short divermenti follow, in D, B flat, and F major (136-138, K.), each having three movements, composed at Salzburg in 1772, precise and fresh in treatment, but evidently only meant for exercises.

On the journey to Milan at the end of October, 1772, Wolfgang beguiled the tedium of the way by composing a “quattro”; and in Milan he was again (February 6, 1773) busy with a quartet under his father’s directions. This no doubt belongs to a succession of six quartets in D, G, C, F, B flat, and E flat major (155-160, K.), which, judging from style and handwriting, fall within this period. They consist each of three movements, two closing with the minuet (156, 158, K.), while the presto, 3-8, with which the first begins has quite the form of a closing movement. The adagio which follows it is unusually serious — a simple melody with a uniform accompaniment in rich harmonies. This is erased and another substituted, which is longer and more elaborate, with a freer movement of the parts and a lighter expression. In other cases the andante begins (as in 137 K.), and is followed by the allegro. These quartets are not of wide scope, nor are the different movements actually elaborated, but greater practice in composition is evident throughout.

The different motifs are better adapted for elaboration, and there is a remarkable increase of skill in dealing with the smaller divisions of each part, on the working out of which depend the life and unity of the whole conception. The opening phrases, repetitions, &c., are freer and better fitted in; two-part imitation is sometimes neatly introduced and fluently and gracefully carried out.

The composer’s power has evidently grown as he worked, and the later quartets are by far the most original. The second movement of the fifth (159 K.), an allegro 3-4 in G minor, following an andante in B flat major, has, through its rhythm and modulation, an expression of dry humour that is quite suggestive of one of the later scherzos.

Six quartets, composed in August and September of the same year, at Vienna, stand on a far higher level, and were probably written to order (168-175, K.). The superscription of the first shows that the whole six were planned together; they were written in quick succession, and their variety represented the different tendencies of the quartet style. In Vienna, of all places, the birthplace and domain of Haydn's chamber-music, the ambitious youth would exert himself to satisfy the demand for the highest class of compositions. Most of them have the approved four movements, and the composer's invention and execution keep pace with the more extended scope of the composition. The quartets are manlier and more mature than in the earlier works of the kind; but the singular beauty of form, the grace and freshness of Mozart in his full development, only show themselves in momentary gleams of inspiration.

An effort to mould the raw material into form by means of skilful workmanship, and to make it subservient to the spirit, is apparent throughout. We can see traces already of the study and preparatory work which resulted in the fine and serious compositions of the following year — the Masses in F and D major, and the Litany in D major. First and foremost is apparent the effort to analyse and vary the musical materials ready to hand by means of counterpoint. The first and last quartet end with a thoroughly worked-out fugue, complete with stretto and inversions. The close of the first fugue ended abruptly; Mozart has therefore erased the last four bars, and has substituted the subject in unison, thereby producing a lengthened and very effective conclusion. The second fugue is not by any means so fresh and lively as the earlier one, but it is richer in artistic work. Nor are Mozart's studies in counterpoint apparent here only. An adagio (168 JK.) begins with a four-part canon and retains the same character, although not so strictly carried out; in tone and substance this is one of the best of the series. Imitation is the rule in the elaboration of the first movements; and in

the last quartet the whole of the first movement in D minor is built upon one characteristic motif. A free movement of the parts, a skilful employment of passages, variety of instrumentation, and other such means for giving life and animation to the music, are carefully provided, more especially in the minuets. An examination into details will discover traces of careful and delicate handling throughout the work.

There are more instances of fantastic ideas, generally rhythmical in form, than are usually found in Mozart; this is owing, no doubt, to Haydn's influence. The slow movements are for the most part expressive of simple feeling, the andantino grazioso of the last quartet being especially tender and graceful. The closing rondos are least significant; they are not worked out, and the different parts are put together without any true connection. The demands on the instruments are increased in comparison to the earlier quartets, but there is still no bravura; the first violin leads the parts, but is not treated as a solo instrument. In fact all four instruments are treated in essentials as on an equality, so that the tone and character of the whole regulate every detail, thus fulfilling a fundamental law in the composition of quartets.

It must have been as a result of his Vienna studies that Mozart wrote a quintet (174 K.) after his return in December of the same year; perhaps the example of Michael Haydn had some influence. Mozart writes from Munich (October 6, 1777) that he had invited Herr Dubreil, a pupil of Tartini, and that they played "Haydn's two quintets." Joseph Haydn declares, in answer to A. Romberg, who asked him why he has not written any quintets, that he had never been commissioned to do so; on the other hand, three quintets by Michael Haydn in F, C, and G major, dating between 1770 and 1780, now lie before me. Mozart's quintet shows unmistakable progress; both the plan and execution are broader, and there is more of the true Mozart spirit in the conception of the motives. It is especially

interesting to compare two different elaborations of the finale which exist. Mozart has taken the primary subject of the first work, and treated it independently in the second, thereby providing a just standard of criticism against himself. The first theme in the later elaboration is quite new, and gives the key to the character of the movement; then follows as a contrasting motif the chief subject of the former work with suitable alterations. Originally this consisted of eight bars, and was in three parts — but afterwards the two first bars form the subject, taken up by one part after the other; while the minims, which are appended to the rapid semiquavers, give an effect of rhythmical and harmonious climax: —

It results from this that the divisions next following are easier and more flowing; while, on the other hand, the preparation for the third principal motif is broader and calmer. This third motif gives occasion for an especially happy modification. Originally it ran thus —

and was then repeated entire; but now only the first four bars are retained, the four last are omitted, and movement and expression are provided by a shake passage. The conclusion of the first part is rendered more impressive by a new and broader motif, and more homogeneous and concentrated by the recurrence of the first subject. The working-out of the second part, which was confined to the elaboration of the two first bars of the original motif, is partially retained; but it is extended by the recurrence and elaboration of the principal theme. Finally, a new and important climax is introduced in the coda by the opposition of the two chief subjects.

This work may be taken to prove that Mozart was a severe self-critic, and was not by any means always content with his first attempts. It can only be by chance that no other example of remodelling a composition has been preserved; the earlier attempts and studies would, no doubt, be generally destroyed. The greater part of Mozart’s works of this period have been preserved in carefully written fair copies. We are amazed at the vigour and

ease with which he worked, but it would be wrong to represent him as able to dispense with studies and preparatory sketches, even for his great works. The creative power of genius is indeed a gift of nature, but a mastery of art is only acquired by hard labour and pains; strength to labour indefatigably and ability to make the labour bear fruit are the prerogatives of genius. It would be doing Mozart an injustice to deny him the reputation of true and conscientious industry; the beauty of perfect work proves not that no labour has been bestowed on it, but that the labour has been successful. Mozart's youth was occupied with his endeavours to master the forms and materials which he found ready to hand, and he would not be likely to neglect studies and exercises to this end, though he might not think them worth preserving.

There must have been little encouragement accorded to quartet music in Salzburg: after 1773, Mozart composed none until 1784, when he was in Vienna. There can be no doubt that the talent for violin-playing which Mozart displayed at a very early age was carefully cultivated by his father. He performed in public on his first journey and at the beginning of the first Italian tour; but by the time they reached Rome he had ceased to play in public, though he still continued his studies regularly. It was part of his official duty in Salzburg to take the violin at court concerts. His father admired Wolfgang's effrontery in taking a violin from one of the orchestra at Vienna in 1773, and performing a concerto upon it (p. 146). He afterwards devoted more serious attention to the instrument, and became a first-rate performer on it, but evidently more from his father's impulse than his own inclination. Not only was the violin-playing at court a burden to him, but he seems to have had little liking for the instrument, and no real confidence in his own powers of execution. "You have no idea yourself how well you play the violin," writes his father (October 18, 1777); "if you only do yourself justice, and play with fire, heartiness, and spirit, you may become the first violinist in Europe." But, nevertheless, he practised

regularly and industriously, and his father wrote after he had left home (October 6, 1777): “I feel a little melancholy whenever I go home, for as I get near the house I always imagine that I shall hear your violin going.” After 1774, Mozart’s violin compositions take more of the bravura type, and afford a good standard of his technical development. He had as a rival the well-established solo violinist, Brunetti, favoured by the archbishop as being an Italian, but considered by L. Mozart as inferior to his son. “He played your concerto very well,” wrote L. Mozart (October 5, 1777), “but was twice out of tune in the allegro, and once almost stuck fast in a cadenza.” When Brunetti’s inconvenient rival had left Salzburg, he was ready to do full justice to his performances. “Brunetti cannot praise you enough,” writes the father (October 9, 1777); “and the other day, when I said you played the violin ‘passabilmente,’ he cried out, ‘Cosa? cazzo! se suonava tutto! questo era del Principe un puntiglio mal inteso, col suo proprio danno.’”

After Mozart had left Salzburg in September, 1777, he played the violin in public both at Munich and Augsburg, and was somewhat ironical over his success. “They all stared,” he writes from Munich (October 6, 1777); “I played as if I were the first violinist in Europe.” And from Augsburg (October 24, 1777): “I played a symphony and Wanhall’s Concerto in B flat for the violin with universal applause. At supper-time I played the Strasburg Concerto. It went like oil, and every one praised the beautiful, pure tone.” But these communications ceased later on, and L. Mozart writes in anxiety (October 9, 1777): “Have you left off practising the violin since you were in Munich? I should be very sorry.” (November 27, 1777): “Your violin hangs on its nail; of that I am pretty sure.” And so it must have been. He was obliged to play the violin afterwards in Salzburg; but after his stay in Vienna he never made proficiency on the instrument his primary object, and

it is well known that in later years, if he had to take part in a quartet or other concerted piece, he selected the viola in preference.

Mozart's most important compositions in this department are of course his violin concertos, which were doubtless written in the first place for his own use. According to his custom, he went thoroughly into the subject from its very foundation, gaining proficiency by continuous work in the one direction; in 1775 he composed five concertos for the violin (207, 211,' 216, 218, 219, K.), to which was added a sixth (268 K.), not by any means slight, fugitive attempts, but carefully conceived works of considerable compass in three movements, allegro, andante or adagio, and rondo.

The first movement, which was the most elaborate, is more suggestive still of the aria than is the corresponding movement of the symphonies. There is the same fixed alternation between solo and tutti passages, the same adornment of the solo part with passages and cadenzas, and indeed the whole movement is a reminiscence of the serious aria. On the other hand, the structure is more condensed and more animated; the passages grow out of the principal subjects, connecting and adorning them. The movement falls usually into three main divisions; the middle one, corresponding to the same division in the symphony, passes into another key, and elaborates one or more motifs more freely than in the symphony, and chiefly by changes of modulation and modification of the passages, whereby the repetition of the first division is effected. Abundant variety of detail is produced, chiefly by the different combinations of the solo part and the orchestral accompaniment; the solo passages are not usually of great length, solo and tutti alternating often and quickly.

The second movement is simple, and rests essentially on the tuneful and artistic delivery of the cantilene; embellishments are not excluded, but they are kept in the background. The character of the movement is generally light and pleasing, but a deeper, though always a cheerful mood, sometimes

makes itself felt. The tone is that of a romance; the polonaise-like rhythm of the Concerto in D major (211 K.) is peculiar to it; while the G major concerto (216 K.) has a regular and more broadly conceived adagio. An adagio in E major (261 K) — composed for Brunetti in 1776, because another, probably the interesting adagio of the A major concerto (219 K.), was too "studirt," as L. Mozart writes (October 9,1777) — maintains a kind of medium; it is more serious in expression and broader in conception than the romance-like andantes, but on the whole it is pleasing and pretty rather than grand.

The last movement is, as a rule, in the form of a rondo, in which the solo part moves more freely, especially in the connecting middle passages; the passages altogether have now scope for expansion, the tone being light and cheerful, the form easy. It is not unusual for passages in different time and measure to alternate in the rondo, as in the D major concerto (218 K.), where an andantino grazioso, 2-4, and an allegro ma non troppo, 6-8, alternate. In the G major concerto (216 K.), a cheerful passage in 3-8 is interrupted by an andante in G minor — followed by an allegretto in G major — that leads back to the first subject. In the A major concerto (219 K.), the chief subject is tempo di menuetto, interrupted by a long allegro, 2-4, in A minor —

In both these cases the clearly expressed popular tone of the interpolated passages is remarkable, and has a striking and pleasing effect. The allusion in the letters to the concerto, "with the Strasburg" points to one of these passages: "The Strasburg dance, which consisted merely in graceful movements of the arms and poses of the body, was generally executed by a very youthful couple within the circle of waltzers."

A decided progress is observable in the concertante for violin and viola with orchestral accompaniment (364 K.), which was probably written in 1780. It displays perfect finish in the conception of the separate subjects

and passages, power and melody in the development of the orchestral accompaniments, and true artistic skill in the placing of turns and phrases where they will be most effective. It is in the usual three movements, but a more solid foundation and wider scope than usual are given to the form, in order that the two solo instruments may have free play; the tutti passages are longer and more important, which entails more participation by the orchestra in the solo portions. This gives a symphony-like character to the whole, to which the solo instruments add a peculiar brilliancy. In relation to each other they are simply treated. They generally relieve each other, either repeating whole phrases or sharing them between them; when together, they are mostly in thirds and sixths, and there seldom occurs a true two-part passage in which the two instruments move freely and independently.

In this respect the concertone composed in 1773 (190 K.) is more artistic in design and in workmanship. Here the orchestra is in contrast with two solo violins, to which the oboe is added as a solo instrument; the violoncello, though not so freely treated as the others, is also often solo. The usual concerto form is given to the three movements, the middle movement being romance-like, but more elaborate than usual, to give employment to the solo instruments. The violoncello, though it does not take a leading part in this movement, has an independent passage as accompaniment throughout. The last movement is “tempo di menuetto,” resembling those in the violin Concerto in A major (219 K.), the bassoon concerto (191 K.), the clavier concerto in C (246 K.), the triple concerto (242 K.), and the clavier trio in B flat (254 K.); the form of the minuet with several trios is treated with some freedom, and approaches that of the rondo. The forcible and independent treatment of the orchestra, both in the tutti and the solo passages, gives to the whole of this composition the character of a symphony; but the solo parts are grouped with greater variety, since there are four of them, and they do not as a rule repeat the same passages or join

in unison. Sometimes the violins alternate with each other, sometimes the oboe joins them or opposes them, sometimes the oboe and violoncello are both in opposition to the violins, and sometimes all the four instruments move independently side by side. A strict and ingenious fugal structure was required to give unity to this manifold variety. In the first allegro especially the motifs are chiefly imitatively treated, and sometimes the varied rendering of a phrase necessitates a change of instruments; the coming and going of the instruments and their combinations are carefully planned, as well as the part taken by the orchestra in producing the general effect. In the two last movements alternation is the predominant principle, and the parts are only ingeniously interlaced here and there. The work displays throughout more of skilful mechanism and clever elaboration than of original invention and beauty.

The judgment of connoisseurs on Mozart's technical treatment of the violin tends to show that the difficulties even in solo parts are comparatively small, but that an acquaintance with the idiosyncrasies of the instrument, which could only be gained violin in hand, is always apparent; all is made as smooth and easy as possible for the performer, at the same time that effects of striking originality are produced. Our idea of Mozart as a violin-player will gain in interest by a knowledge of his judgment on other violinists. As a child, he had become acquainted at Mayence with the violinist Esser, of whom the father writes later from Salzburg (December 7, 1780): "Esser is a merry old simpleton; but he plays (when he is in earnest) with a firm and remarkable execution, and has a finer adagio touch than is the case with most allegro players. But when he is in a joking mood he plays on the G string alone with the greatest ease, and plays pieces with a lead pencil on the strings wonderfully correctly and quickly. He plays the viola d'amour charmingly. But what struck me as particularly childish was his whistling of a recitative and aria equal to any singer, with all the

expression, flourishes, shakes, &c., in a truly marvellous manner, accompanying himself on the violin *pizzicato* At the same time he laments that, like the rest of them, he cannot play without grimaces and absurdities." On this point, little Wolfgang, unimpressed by Esser's tricks and *tours de force*, had said that he played well, but made too much of it, and would do better to stick to what was written.

Of Ign. Fränzl (b. 1730), whom he heard at Mannheim, he wrote to his father (November 22, 1777): "I have had the pleasure of hearing Herr Fränzl play a concerto on the violin. I was extremely pleased. You know that I am no great lover of difficulties. He plays difficult passages so that one does not know that they are difficult, and thinks one can imitate him; which is true art. He has also a good round tone, every note is correct and clear; he has a charming *staccato* in one bow up as well as down, and I never heard such a double shake before. In a word he is, in my opinion, no juggler, but a very good substantial violinist."

Mozart wrote an oboe concerto for the celebrated oboist Gius. Ferlendi, of Brescia, who was in the Salzburg band in 1775; it does not seem to have been preserved. He tells his father (November 4, 1777) that he has made a present of it to the oboist Ramm at Mannhein, who was wild with delight, and played it five times with the greatest applause. He sent from Vienna for the little book containing the Ferlendi concerto, for which Prince Esterhazy had promised him three ducats. Another composition of Mozart's was a concerto for the flute, which, according to Schiedenhofen, was performed by Cosel in a serenade arranged by Wolfgang for his sister; this may have been the Concerto in G major (313 K.), which evidently belongs to this period. A certain Baron Thad. von Dümitz was an amateur on the bassoon; Mozart composed three concertos for him, one in C and two in B flat major

(191 K.), short and unpretentious, as the instrument required; also a duet for bassoon and violoncello (292 K.).

Although from his earliest years Mozart had excited lively admiration by his clavier and organ-playing, it will be better to consider his performances on these instruments later on, when we shall have the assistance of more direct testimony. We know little more of his studies than that he practised the clavier much and diligently, which, indeed, requires no proof. Compositions by Wagenseil, Paradies, Bach, and Lucchesi are incidentally mentioned as subjects for home practice.

There now remains to consider only the compositions for the clavier, of which there are curiously few known. Some may have been lost, but it is a fact that after his first childish attempts Mozart composed comparatively little for the clavier during his residence in Salzburg. There was little opportunity of performing clavier compositions, the instrument was not used solo in the court concerts, private concerts were not profitable in Salzburg, and in society Mozart generally made use of the clavier to improvise or prelude. The lessons which he gave to ladies of rank afforded him an opportunity for composing, but for these pupils he could only write show-pieces.

To the earliest authentic clavier compositions belong the variations (179 K.) on a very popular minuet by the celebrated oboist Fischer, a bravura piece for the time, full of what were then considered difficulties.

He had them sent to Munich in 1774 in order to make a show with them, and on the journey to Paris we hear that he had recourse to the Fischer variations when he was obliged to play in polite society; proving that he was not provided with many compositions of the kind.

There were some clavier sonatas written at that time too, which Nannerl was instructed to bring to Munich (December 21, 1774), the result being a commission from Baron Dürnitz for six sonatas (279-284 K.); they are often

mentioned by Mozart on the Paris journey of 1777, and he played them frequently in Munich, Augsburg and Mannheim with great success. They consist, after the old fashion, of three movements; the fourth forms an exception to the general rule, containing a long adagio, two minuets (the second instead of a trio), and an allegro; the last is another exception, the first allegro being followed by a rondeau en polonaise — like the violin concerto (218 K.) — ending with variations. Mozart spoke of sonatas as difficult which are now given as lessons to beginners (February 2, 1778). Nevertheless it is no small praise to him that, after the lapse of ninety years, the judicious treatment of the instrument, the healthy freshness and finished form of these compositions entitle them still to be considered as the best foundation for a musical education. Any one capable of appreciating a work of art will find all its essential conditions fulfilled in these simple sonatas.

L. Mozart mentions in a letter (December 8, 1777) two four-hand sonatas, written by Wolfgang for himself and his sister. One may be the well-known B flat major sonata (358 K.) which Mozart wrote for from Vienna (June 27, 1781). The form is concise and little elaborated; the essential condition that each player shall contribute his independent share to the general effect is kept duly in view. A second sonata is not authenticated.

A trio for clavier, violin, and violoncello (254 K.), belongs to August, 1776, which, according to Mozart's Munich letters (October 6,1777), Nannerl played at Salzburg with Janitsch and Reicha. It displays, like all the compositions of this period, completeness and roundness of form with maturity and cleverness of conception, and surprises us by its animation and the tender beauty of many of its turns of expression. The clavier is the chief instrument, then the violin, more simply treated, but independent. The violoncello does not yet receive full justice; it is only used as a bass, often effectively, but never overstepping its narrow province.

After the (violin?? DW) Concerto in D major (175 K.), composed in December, 1773, and played with applause at Mannheim (February 14, 1778), and, with a new finale, at Vienna (March 22, 1782), Mozart wrote no clavier music until January, 1776, when he composed a clavier Concerto in B flat major (238 K.), another in April in C major for the Countess Lützow (246 K.), and in January, 1777, one in E flat major for Madame Jenomy (271 K.). This industry was not the result of caprice or chance. Composition went hand in hand with his development as a virtuoso, and we can measure his progress by the increasing difficulty of his works. Unless he was to remain in Salzburg all his life, a professional tour, to make himself known to the world, became more and more a necessity. Both brilliant execution as a virtuoso and a supply of original compositions would be necessary conditions for such a tour; Wolfgang's prudent, worldly-wise father took care that he should be prepared on all points to insure the success of the undertaking.

The most remarkable of the clavier concertos, which in form and treatment resemble the violin concertos, is the last (271 K.), which, in its freedom of form, breadth of design and passion of expression, approaches very near to the divertimento in B flat major (287 K.), which belongs to the same period. The very beginning is original, the clavier striking in with the first bars, and so giving a peculiar tone to the whole movement. Not less original is the entrance of the solo passage proper, the clavier falling in to the last bars of the gradually expiring tutti passage, with a shake of several bars length, out of which the subject springs; the same turn is afterwards made use of at the close of the first movement. The middle movement is called andantino, but expresses deep and painful emotion, and the cantilene repeatedly assumes a recitative-like character (in one beautiful climax the violins are in imitation), ending with a perfect recitative. The last rondo (presto), a capital exercise for the fingers in its unceasing rapid movement,

has a far more important character than is usual with concluding movements. A long cadenza leads back to the subject; the second time, however, it does not lead to the subject, but to a “menuetto cantabile,” which, kept in check by an orchestral accompaniment, has more and more the character of a free fantasia, and at last goes back to the subject in a new cadenza, which leads to a brilliant conclusion.

A concerto for three claviers, written in February, 1776, in F major (242 K.), displays an increase in solo powers; a title-page, carefully written by the father, announces it as “Dedicato al incomparabile merito di S. Exc. la Sgra. Cont. Lodron, nata Cont. d’ Arco et delle sue figlie le Sgre. Cont. Aloisia et Giuseppa.” We must not look for the same contrapuntal independence of the three instruments which we find in Bach’s concertos, but there is no mistaking the cleverness and delicate sense of effect which are displayed in the varied combinations of the instruments — the doubling of parts, the strengthening of the melody or of the bass, the position of the accompaniment, and the alternation of the instruments. The main object of the first movement is to give equal and yet individual effect to each of the three claviers, although the third is hardly on a level with the other two; in the two last movements the third instrument is still more in the background, being chiefly confined to accompaniment, so that in the finale it does not even take part in the cadenzas. This made it easier for Mozart to arrange the concerto for two instruments; the solo parts, so altered, are preserved in his handwriting. The tone of the concerto is lively and cheerful; the whole is treated in an easy and happy vein of humour, which entertains the players quite as much as the audience. Mozart seems to have been fond of this concerto, and he informs his father with some satisfaction that it had been successfully performed both at Augsburg (October 24, 1777), and at Mannheim (March 24, 1778).

The orchestra has a perfectly independent part in this composition; but there is no very marked distinction between tutti and accompaniment; the orchestra and clavier mutually support and further each other, and their union results in a perfect work of art.

It is easy to estimate the claims made by Mozart upon the clavier-player. The principal are simple and tuneful delivery of the melody, clearness and precision in the embellishments (which were more numerous than at the present day, to suit the instrument then in use), skill and steadiness in the running passages and shakes. Technical difficulties, such as passages in octaves, thirds, or sixths, occur seldom or never at this period. The use of the left hand is also limited; rapidity is only required in accompaniment passages, and independence in the execution of left-hand melodies. What the composer was able to accomplish with the limited means at his command lies clear before us; the life which the virtuoso threw into his works by performances full of spirit and genius cannot be reproduced by any observation of form and mechanism.

CHAPTER XV. EARLY MANHOOD.

OUR examination of the development of Mozart’s youthful genius, as it is to be traced in the multiplicity and variety of his studies, may fitly be concluded by a rapid survey of what he had accomplished and the position which he held at his entry into manhood.

At twenty-one years of age he could hold his own with the first masters of his time as a performer on the clavier, the organ, and the violin, and his powers as an executant were far surpassed by his accomplishments in every branch of composition. Remembering his numerous and successful contributions to theatrical music in serious and comic operas, to church music of every kind and description, to instrumental music, both concerted and solo, we are amazed at the ease and fertility of his producing powers not less than at the steady perseverance and earnestness of his studies. He never begins at random and breaks off short, never yields to chance impulses, to be abandoned before their object is attained; his will is always consciously fixed on a definite end, and to that end he bends all the force and energy of his mind.

No small share of the merit of this happy development must be accorded to his father, whose careful and well-digested educational plan, as earnest and conscientious as it was far-seeing and full of love, counteracted the son’s easy and excitable nature, and concentrated his whole strength on his artistic cultivation. But the greatest share, after all, falls to the admirable organisation of Mozart himself. His nature was so genuinely artistic that musical perfection was the very germ of that inner being of which his works were the natural and inevitable expression.

The precocity of his talent, which had produced these works at an age when most minds are only beginning to put their thoughts into articulate

form, had in it nothing forced, strained, or disturbed; he seized instinctively on what was in harmony with his genius, absorbed it completely, and made it the stepping-stone to his upward progress.

We have seen how he laboured to become absolute master of every kind of form in his art, and how, step by step, his labours were rewarded. But no amount of external readiness and skill would satisfy him unless he could also give due expression to what moved his innermost soul, and impelled him to production. And so it is that even in his earliest works we find no opposition between their form and their substance; so it is that they are always a *whole* — at first insignificant enough both in substance and treatment, but still a whole — contained in a definite expression of artistic form. Looking back at the history of an art which has been begotten and fostered by any nation, we see how it is now favoured, now hindered, by external circumstances, how it strives and struggles through the long ages, possessing itself here by fits and starts, there by easy transitions, of all the means and forms necessary for its perfect practice. When at last the spiritual and intellectual life of the nation has become free and impelled to artistic activity, the great master arises, who, disposing at will of the inheritance of knowledge and genius bequeathed to him by his fathers, accomplishes the highest task of art in his representations of ideal beauty. The glorious contemplation of the organic development of a gifted nature, turning all to good account, and rejecting what impedes its growth so soon as it has served its turn, is open for us in Mozart. To him it was given to master the external conditions of his art on every side without injury to his individuality and creative force. Artist and man grew together; the deeper the passion and the more intense the emotion, the more grand and impressive became the forms in which they were embodied. And it is in this that consists the successful cultivation of any art in youth: in this mastery of the means whereby the man in his maturity makes his genius felt without

apparent effort. Whatever study and discipline could attain, Mozart had attained before he left Salzburg; it was time that he should emerge from his narrow surroundings, that he should win freedom and independence, both as a man and an artist, by contact with the world.

The position held by Mozart at Salzburg, disproportionate alike to his performances and their promise, could not but fail to satisfy him as soon as he became aware of his own powers.

His life would have been simply unendurable had it not been for the healthy family life which had been from earliest childhood the foundation of his moral and social existence.

He grew up in an atmosphere of conjugal and parental affection, of sincere religion and conscientious morality, and of well-ordered economy, which could not fail in its effect on his character. “After God, papa comes,” was his motto as a boy and as a man; it was the keynote of the *whole* household, and we have seen, and shall see further, how fully Leopold Mozart deserved the trust reposed in him.

It was absolute confidence, not timid fear, which bound wife and children to him, and candour and truth ruled all the family intercourse. Not only the parents and children, but the brother and sister, were devoted to each other; the similarity of their talents, far from exciting emulation or jealousy, only bound them closer together; the sister witnessed the brilliant successes of her younger brother with pure delight, and bore his teasing with unfailing good-humour, sure, in her turn, of his ready and hearty sympathy in her joys and sorrows, whether great or small. Such a true family life as this, in which the servants and even the pet animals had their share, became all the firmer and heartier in proportion as circumstances narrowed the circle composing it.

The primary motive-power was the father’s earnest devotion to duty, and his example gave weight to his unsparing demands on the labour and

industry of his children. He considered the accomplishments of an artist as no mere pastime for hours of recreation, no passing breath of visionary inspiration; but as the ripe food of ceaseless labour, of untiring progress in moral and artistic self-knowledge. He was not content to recognise in the wonderful receptive and productive powers of his son a passport to easy indolence, but strove to make him consider them as deposits to be turned to the best account by study and cultivation. He accustomed his children to work from their youth up, and made it his first object that their outer circumstances should afford them no excuse for idle hours. “Custom.” said he, “is an iron path.” For this reason he gave up every occupation (except the duties demanded by his official position) which might withdraw him from his children, especially all lessons, thereby entailing a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, for which the profits of his first professional journey could only partially compensate. But he had so firm a confidence in Wolfgang’s future, and he kept this object so clearly and continually in view, that nothing could divert him from it. In the boy himself there was no cause for anxiety; his trust in his father was unbounded, his nature was pliable, and his zeal for his art so great that it was never necessary to incite him to industry; indeed, his father often praises his energy and laboriousness. A further proof of the father’s beneficial influence is the fact that Wolfgang did not yield to the temptation common to talented and lively youth in following momentary and one-sided impulses; but that he advanced step by step in a thorough and judicious cultivation of all his powers. The great number of his compositions of every kind which we have already noticed gives us no small idea of his industry; and we must remember that these performances were only possible as the result of continuous study and exercise, of which no outward sign remains. The father insisted on Wolfgang’s making clear copies on quarto music paper, both of his own compositions and of examples of other composers. A long

list of such exercise-books, in gray-blue covers, with every kind of composition in Mozart's handwriting, arranged and titled by his father, affords the most speaking proof of the industry and regard for order and neatness in which Wolfgang was trained.

Added to this was the continual hard practice on organ and clavier which made him the finished performer he was, then his official duties at court and church, his frequent engagements to play in private circles, and finally the lessons which he was obliged to give — one wonders in fact where he found time for it all in a day of only four-and-twenty hours. Nothing but the anomalous union of extraordinary genius with regularity and order could have produced so anomalous a result. Then again, L. Mozart was too far-seeing and cultivated a man to be satisfied with an exclusively musical education for his son. He took care that he should attain proficiency in foreign languages; he had learnt Latin in early youth (p. 61), and some knowledge of it was indispensable for sacred composition, on which account his father enjoins him (October 15, 1777) always to use a Latin prayer-book. He learnt to speak French and Italian fluently on his journeys, and his father was careful to keep up his knowledge of them. No opportunity was lost of acquiring "any kind of useful knowledge," as Leopold writes (December 18, 1777), "in order to cultivate the understanding by the reading of good books in different languages." Unfortunately we are not told what books Wolfgang read, nor in what direction his literary taste lay. It is characteristic of the father that both the children were obliged every evening to write a short account in a journal of what they had learnt and done throughout the day, in order to cultivate their observation of themselves and the things around them.

L. Mozart knew well that hot-house plants fade quickly, and was careful not to overtax the powers of his son, but to preserve him in healthy freshness, both of mind and body, by means of due diversion and recreation.

He sought also to render him self-possessed and unconstrained in his intercourse with all classes of men, which Wolfgang's natural amiability rendered an easy task; it was far more difficult to impress him with the necessity for prudence and reserve, which not even the bitter experiences of after-life could teach him. Tied and hampered, as L. Mozart was, in all these endeavours by the conditions of his life in Salzburg, one support remained of which he could not be deprived; this was the beauty of the surrounding scenery. True, he makes no mention of it in his letters, but the dwellers in beautiful neighbourhoods seldom express enthusiastic admiration unless it is called forth by the observation of strangers. Whether consciously or not, however, the influence of rich and beautiful scenery must be felt by a finely organised mind, and the good fortune of a youth passed amid such impressions of surrounding nature is not less to be prized than any other happy dispensation which wakens to life the slumbering powers of the soul.

Intercourse with cultivated and art-loving men, so indispensable to a liberal education, was not easy of attainment in Salzburg. Such men were few, and almost exclusively belonged to the higher nobility. Two Counts Firmian, brothers to the Governor-General of Lombardy (p. no), were men of a lively interest in and appreciation of science and art. While still at the university they had founded a literary society which had considerable influence in spite of the strong opposition which its free scientific tendencies drew upon it. One of the brothers, Vigilius Maria, who was provost of the cathedral, possessed a carefully selected library, and was familiar with the literature of all the European countries; the other, Franz Lactantius, Lord High Chamberlain to the Archbishop, was a connoisseur of painting and possessed an excellent collection of pictures. But he seems to have had little idea of music; for although he was extremely well disposed towards Wolfgang, the latter writes to his father (July 9, 1778) that nothing can be done for music in Salzburg until it is altogether left to the

kapellmeister, so that the Lord High Chamberlain may have no power to interfere: “for you cannot make a kapellmeister out of a cavalier, although you may make a cavalier out of a kapellmeister.” Canon Count Anton Wilibald Wolfegg had travelled extensively in order to make himself acquainted with manufactures and industries, and had specially studied architecture. The Master of the Horse, Count Leopold Joseph Küenberg, was a well-read and accomplished man; the Bishop of Chiemsee, Count Ferdinand von Zeil, was as distinguished for intellect and cultivation as for nobility of disposition. We may gather that all these men were well disposed towards Mozart. The Chamberlain, Count George Anton Felix von Arco, the Court Marshal, Count Nicolaus Sebastian von Lodron, and the Captain of the Body-Guard, Count Leopold von Lodron, were also among his patrons. He had free entry into their houses, played at their entertainments, and gave lessons to their daughters, all the ladies, old and young, vying with each other in attentions to the distinguished virtuoso. Wolfgang sends a respectful kiss of the hand from Milan (February 17, 1770) to her Excellency Countess Arco, and thanks her for the kiss she had sent him, which he prized more highly than many a salute from a younger person. Differences of rank, however, and of personal circumstances rendered difficult any such friendly intercourse as would have been of advantage to Mozart both socially and professionally.

The circle was not an artistic one. Wolfgang praises Count Salem in Munich (October 2, 1777), and calls him a true connoisseur. “He says ‘Bravo!’ when the other cavaliers take a pinch of snuff, or blow their noses, or cough, or begin a conversation.”

The smaller or, as it was called, the “wilde” nobility lived for the most part on the numerous smaller court offices, the incomes of which did not enable them to make a show in proportion to their rank; they strove to indemnify themselves by pride and haughtiness, although there were some

few cultivated families among them. With some of these, and more particularly with their younger members, we find Wolfgang in close intercourse, but the friendship was in most instances a superficial one, which did not stand the test of years and absence. Herr von Mölk, son of the Court Chancellor, is mentioned as a friend of Wolfgang's, and an unsuccessful suitor of his sister Marianne; it was he who was so amazed and delighted with the performance of the opera at Munich that the Mozarts were ashamed of him, because it was evident that he had seen nothing all his life but Salzburg and Innspruck. Mozart was more attached, at least in his early years, to Fräulein W. von Mölk, to whom he sends a message that he would like the same reward from her that he had for the last minuets; she knows what that is. That his heart was somewhat susceptible of impression in youth is evident from the mysterious allusions which Wolfgang makes in his letters to his sister; she is to visit — she knows whom — to give tender messages, &c. When he went to Italy in 1772, an expression in a letter from his father points to a daughter of Dr. Barisani as his reigning goddess. Other friends of Mozart's youth were Herr von Hefner, son of the town syndic; Herr von Aman, of whom he was very fond as a boy, though the intimacy afterwards died out, and Joachim von Schiedenhofen, who disgusted Mozart by marrying for money. Von Schiedenhofen kept in his youth a "diary of his own doings," extracts from which, relating to the years 1774-1777, take note of all the visits of the Mozart family. These extracts prove that the Mozarts were on friendly terms with many other court officials. They visited each other in the afternoons and evenings, and either played cards or had music. Regular entertainments are mentioned, such as meetings for the bolt-shooting which we shall presently describe, and a card club; the friends also went to concerts and masquerades together.

Intercourse with families of the citizen class, which could not fail to result from the position held by the Mozarts, and from their many years

residence in the place, was more of a recreation for idle hours than a means of intellectual improvement; occasional allusions to Salzburg society are not of a favourable nature. Among their intimate friends was our old acquaintance Hagenauer, a merchant, and for many years their landlord. We may gather from the confidential letters addressed to him by L. Mozart on the first journey that he was not only sincerely attached to them and always ready with advice and help, but that he had cultivation and tastes in advance of his surroundings. His wife, judging from some remarks of L. Mozart, was somewhat bigoted and fond of priestly intercourse. The closest friend of the family, however, who possessed the confidence both of father and children, was Jos. Bullinger, a priest, who had been educated at the Jesuit seminary in Munich and was tutor in the family of Count Arco at Salzburg. "The faithful Bullinger" was "always a chief person" in the Mozarts' house; in Wolfgang's letters home he not only always sends messages to his "good friend Bullinger," but he begs that his letters may be read to him, and sometimes that important secrets may be told to no one but Nannerl and Bullinger. After the mother's death in Paris, Wolfgang intrusted him with the mournful task of breaking the news gently to his father, which Bullinger did with equal tact and sympathy; and when Wolfgang was forced, much against his will, to return to Salzburg, it was to his friend Bullinger that he poured out his heavy laden heart (August 7, 1778). And the attachment was mutual. When Wolfgang was on his way home from Paris, and his father and sister, anxious for news of him, confessed and communicated with many prayers for the preservation of their dear one, "the faithful Bullinger" also "prayed for him daily in the holy mass" (October 19, 1778). The father, too, had good cause to declare that Bullinger was his best and truest friend, from whom he had received "much courtesy and kindness," and who, when he was in embarrassment during Wolfgang's journey, assisted him by a considerable loan.

He placed the fullest confidence in Bullinger, shared with him all his plans for Wolfgang, and took counsel with him on many occasions. The friendship between them was well known in Salzburg; and in the efforts that were made to recall Wolfgang from Vienna Bullinger was employed as a go-between. He seems to have had some taste for music; at least, we hear of his taking part in some private concerts, which were held every Sunday at eleven o'clock; and Wolfgang writes, after his departure (October 11, 1777), begging him to "hold an official discourse, and give his compliments to all the members of the Academy."

Opportunities for social gaiety were more freely afforded to pleasure-loving Salzburg under Archbishop Hieronymus than under his predecessor Sigismund, whose tastes were not nearly so cheerful nor so liberal. Salzburg society was characterised as follows: "The country gentlemen hunt and go to church; those next below them go to church and hunt; the next lower rank eat, drink, and pray; and the lowest of all pray, drink, and eat. The two latter classes conduct their love affairs in public, and the two former in private; all alike live in sensual indulgence."

In 1775 a spacious hall, with some side apartments, were added to the town hall, and there, during the carnival, masked balls were given under the supervision of the magistrate, as well as concerts and other entertainments. Mozart, who was fond of dancing and jokes, excelled in masquerading; Schiedenhofen mentions his having amused every one as a peasant bridegroom, and another time as a young dandy.

But even in Salzburg the most popular entertainment was the play; a theatre was built expressly for the court on the right bank of the Salzach, and there in winter performances were given by the Munich or some other travelling company, sledge parties and others being formed for the purpose of attending. In summer, excursions were made to the numerous objects of

interest in the neighbourhood, a very favourite one being to the royal park of Hellbronn. The Mozarts rarely participated in these pleasures.

Although the father was able to write to his son (February 12,1778): “Consider whether I have not always helped you to procure every possible pleasure that was harmless and sensible, often at the cost of great personal inconvenience,” yet his limited circumstances prohibited any very frequent indulgence in such pleasures.

The increasing expenses, which he justly ascribed to the parsimonious system of the government, necessitated the strictest economy on his part. He laid these circumstances clearly before his son (February 16, 1778): —

It has been very hard work for me ever since your birth, and even before, to support a wife and seven children, besides your grandmother and several others, on twenty florins a month, taking into account child-births, deaths, and illnesses. If you calculate these expenses you will readily believe that not only have I never had a kreutzer to spend on my own pleasure, but that it has only been by the grace of God and hard work that I have kept free from debt. I have sacrificed my whole time to you two children in order that when the time came you might be able both to maintain yourselves, and also provide me with the means of spending a peaceful old age, occupied only with thoughts for the safety of my soul, and preparations for a happy death.”

But L. Mozart’s economy was judicious. “Buy nothing that is bad,” he wrote to his wife (October 26, 1771), “there is no saving in buying bad things.” The simplicity of the manners of the household, and the modest nature of the enjoyments, may be proved by the extreme and constant popularity among the whole circle of a game called “bolt-shooting” (bölzelschiessen). A number of intimates formed themselves into a sort of little guild, and met every Sunday at the various houses of the members. Each player in turn threw a bolt or quoit, and numerous were the jokes to

which the game gave rise. A sort of rivalry grew up in the furnishing of each quoit with inscriptions bearing on the foibles and peculiarities of the different players, and the tendency to joking and sarcasm of the good Salzburgers was thereby encouraged and indulged. A pleasant sociable kind of intercourse grew out of these constant meetings. The following instance will show the kind of pleasantry that was allowable on such occasions. Leopold tells his son (November 11, 1780) how one of the lady members, who was a little bit of a coquette, happened one day to trip on the step of a shop she was entering in full daylight, and to fall in a very inelegant posture. This was duly portrayed with appropriate verses on the quoit, to the uncontrollable merriment of the whole party. The bolt-shooting is never forgotten in the family correspondence; amusing quoit pictures are forwarded to absent members, and their share of the winnings received by their proxies. Mozart writes to his sister from Vienna (July 4, 1781) : “Is it not about time for the shooting supper? Pray do not forget to drink the health of a faithful shooter with due honours, and tell me when it comes to my turn, that I may paint a quoit.”

Under these circumstances, the encouragement which Wolfgang needed to render his arduous labours pleasant and satisfactory could only be looked for from the sympathy of his colleagues, and the favour with which his performances were received. But, unfavourable as the state of things was in Salzburg in other respects, on this point it was simply intolerable. Individual musicians, such as the faithful Schachtner, who were free from envy, and had cultivation and industry enough to appreciate intercourse with the Mozart family, formed a close and constant friendship with them. But, with the majority, intimacy was on many accounts out of the question, even when, as in the case of Michael Haydn and Adlgasser, they deserved all recognition as artists. It was in contrast to Salzburg that L. Mozart praises the orchestra at Mannheim as “young men of good morals, neither

tipplers nor gamblers, nor miserable blockheads, whose conduct and performances are alike admirable" (July 19, 1763). Wolfgang made similar observations in after years, and wrote to his father from Paris (July 9,1778) how businesslike everything was under Cannabich's conductorship, how implicitly he was obeyed, and what much better lives the musicians lived there than at Salzburg. "One of my chief reasons for detesting Salzburg is the impossibility of associating, as an honest man, with the coarse, stupid, dissolute musicians belonging to the court; one is quite ashamed of them, and it is they who bring music generally into disfavour." We can well understand how frequently the Mozart family would give offence to men of small cultivation and ill-regulated tastes. As a childish prodigy Mozart had amused them by his childlike candour and engaging confidence; but as a growing youth his performances became an intolerable source of annoyance and envy to them, not lessened by the brilliant recognition which he met with outside the walls of his native town. Their ill-will was doubtless also increased by the reserve of the Mozarts, their claims to superior cultivation, and the justification sometimes accorded to these claims; and although the father's prudence and the mother's good nature would prevent any open rupture with their colleagues, yet a tendency to severe criticism, sometimes jokingly, sometimes sarcastically expressed, is common to all the Mozarts. If we may judge of the tone of their actual intercourse by the numerous allusions in their letters (and Wolfgang's forte was certainly not prudent reserve), then, indeed, Salzburg might well dread the sharpness of the Mozart tongue.

The family were on least friendly terms with the Italians attached to the service of the Archbishop. Almost everywhere in Germany the idea was firmly rooted that the reputation of the musical establishments could only be upheld by summoning composers and virtuosi from Italy. When Wolfgang wrote to his father from Munich (September 29, 1777): "So it is!

All the great people have a rage for foreigners!" His father consoled him by answering (October 4,1777): "The rage for Italians is almost confined to Munich; it exists in an exaggerated degree. In Mannheim, everything is German, except a couple of male sopranos. At Trêves, under the Elector, Prince Clement of Saxony, the Maestro alone is Italian; Mayence is altogether German; and at Würzburg the only foreigner is Signor Fracassini, a violinist, now, I believe, kapellmeister, and that only for the sake of his German wife, a vocalist and a native of Würzburg. There are no foreigners at any of the smaller Protestant courts." Notwithstanding, however, the reduction of the operatic and court establishment of Stuttgart in 1768, by the dismissal of some of its chief members, the taste and feeling, as well as the majority of the *personnel*, continued to be purely Italian; and at Bonn many Italians belonged to the court establishment, under the leadership of Lucchesi. L. Mozart does not allude to North Germany, since it lay out of Wolfgang's projected path. The natural consequence of the intrusion of foreigners was ceaseless contention between the German musicians, who saw themselves slighted and aggrieved, and the Italians, who made their superiority most offensively felt. Mozart had to suffer from foreign intrigues not only in Milan while composing his opera (p. 130), but perhaps also in Munich, and certainly in Salzburg. Archbishop Hieronymus, who set a low value on anything belonging to Salzburg, although he paid a high price for many a native manufacture bearing a foreign stamp, introduced Italians into his band, because it had been blamed as "rough and rapid in execution, and not delicate nor in the best taste." The kapellmeister Lolli, having become old and incapable, was replaced by Fischietti in 1772; this was a disappointment to L. Mozart, whose claims to the office were well founded, since he was considered to have placed music on its then excellent footing. Among the soloists Brunetti was appointed to the violin, Ferrari to the violoncello, Ferlendi to the oboe, and Ceccarelli was male soprano.

These Italians were not only better paid than native artists, but the “foreign asses,” as Michael Haydn called them, relying on the favour of the Archbishop, conducted themselves with insolence and ill-breeding. There can be no question that the annoyance to the two Mozarts was great at seeing strangers, far below them in social position and talent, preferred before them, while all the hard labour devolved upon themselves. Fischietti’s compositions were few and far between; Wolfgang was always ready to compose operatic or sacred, vocal or instrumental music, as occasion arose. All this implanted a rooted dislike to foreigners in Mozart’s young mind which the experiences of his later years did much to confirm. But the artistic element of his nature was far too strong and too pure to allow personal consideration to influence his judgment on Italian music; his heart was so sound and good that he could overcome his dislike to the nation in his intercourse with individuals: it only transpires every now and then.

It was not very likely that the Mozarts — father or son — would be in high favour at court. We do not know much of their dealings with Archbishop Sigismund; but the difficulty L. Mozart had in renewing his leave of absence proves that the Archbishop was not overpleased with his repeated and lengthened stays abroad. Wolfgang received an official post and the title of Concertmeister some time before 1770, but no salary; and even after the production of “Ascanio in Alba” L. Mozart was in doubt as to whether the Archbishop would remember his son if any vacancy occurred (p. 134). It is not known whether the salary of 150 gulden a year which he drew as Concertmeister had been granted to him by Sigismund; in any case it was not raised until 1777 by his successor, whose own sister, the Countess Schönborn, as Wolfgang writes (September 26, 1777), “positively refused to believe that he had had a monthly keepsake of twelve florins thirty kreutzers.”

Mozart's position was still more unfavourable under Hieronymus, who never forgave the inhabitants of Salzburg their strongly expressed opposition to his election as Archbishop. He knew himself to be unpopular, and, instead of courting popularity, openly displayed his contempt for his subjects. He was a man of acute and enlightened intellect, and carried out some important reforms in his government with a firm hand; but he was self-willed, parsimonious, and unscrupulous. He seldom expressed satisfaction with his officials. His disdainful mode of address to all but those of the highest nobility, and the irritable tone of his conversation, kept all about him in timid subordination. Even his appearance (although he was of mean stature and sickly complexion) — the sharp glance of his grey eyes, the left eye rarely fully open, and the decided lines round his mouth — commanded respect and fear. There were other circumstances besides their German extraction and Salzburg birth which rendered the two Mozarts obnoxious to the Archbishop. Count Ferdinand von Zeil, afterwards Bishop of Chiemsee, to whose generous withdrawal Hieronymus owed his election, was one of Mozart's warmest and most constant supporters, and for him Mozart, like all Salzburg, felt the deepest love and respect. This was not the way to the favour of Hieronymus. L. Mozart's independent demeanour, doing his duty and going his way without obsequiousness or flattery, and Wolfgang's open-mouthed candour, causing him occasionally to forget his official position and the reserve it should have entailed, were so many reasons for additional tyranny on the part of the Archbishop. Added to this was the fact that Mozart, with his slender figure and boyish countenance, made a poor personal impression on Hieronymus, who was singularly apt to be imposed upon by men of commanding height and appearance. He refused any recognition of Wolfgang's musical accomplishments, and was unsparing in his criticism of them, telling him — as Leopold wrote to Padre Martini (December 22, 1777) — that he knew

nothing of his art, and should go and study at the Naples Conservatoire that he might learn something; a sufficiently unreasonable proposal to an academician of Bologna and Verona — to a young man who had traversed Italy in triumph as a composer and virtuoso. True, Mozart had no great respect for the Archbishop's critical judgment, but in the mouth of his Prince such an expression of opinion was of very unpleasant significance; for, in point of fact, Hieronymus was well aware of Mozart's genius, and never failed to honour him with commissions when any new composition was required, for which he never paid him a penny. Even if otherwise, those around him would have put him right on the point; it was of set purpose that he gave vent to these insults. He imagined that contemptuous expressions of opinion as to his performances would be the most effectual means of preventing the younger Concertmeister from preferring his claim to a higher salary than 150 gulden a year.

Such were the continual insults and opposition borne by the father and son, each on behalf of the other. "I hope" wrote Wolfgang, "that you are less annoyed than when I was in Salzburg, for I must acknowledge that I was the cause of it. I was badly treated; I did not deserve it. You naturally took my part, but too strongly; I assure you that was the chief reason that I hurried out of Salzburg." To this his father answers (November 17, 1777): "You are quite right as to my extreme annoyance at the tyrannical treatment you received; it gnawed at my heart, and prevented my sleeping; it was always in my thoughts, and would in the end have destroyed me. My dear son, when you are happy, I am happy; and your mother and sister — we are all happy; and this happiness I hope for, by the grace of God and my confidence in your own good sense." L. Mozart saw from the beginning that Wolfgang would never fill a position worthy of him in Salzburg; and he exerted himself in vain to procure a post for him at some other court. The greatest caution was necessary to keep his negotiations a secret at Salzburg;

for his enemies would not fail to seize the opportunity of injuring him, perhaps of displacing him altogether. Aware of the folly of endangering his assured position, uncomfortable though it might be, he strove to allay the growing impatience of his son. The latter desired that the whole family should gain their livelihood by a grand professional tour, until they could find a secure and happier position in some place or other. His father, wiser and more experienced, pointed out to him (December 18, 1777) how entirely their circumstances had altered since his childhood, how hard it would be to gain subsistence for a whole family journeying about, how uncertain their means of maintenance would be; Leopold duly appreciated also the cares and dangers of a nomadic life. Nor was he more inclined to trust his son entirely alone. He knew Wolfgang's incapacity in all the concerns of practical life, particularly in travelling, since he "did not know the differences of coinage, and had no conception of packing up, or anything of that sort." He saw the hindrances which envy and mistrust would be sure to lay in the path of a young man who was striving to win his way by surpassing talent and great doings. Above all, he feared the temperament of his son, knowing that his careless frankness and good nature, coupled with his excitability and proneness to hasty rejoinder, would make him the easy prey of any one who might wish to use or to injure him. He addresses Wolfgang in words of warning (February 16, 1778): —

My dear Son, — You are too hot and hasty in all your affairs. Your character has entirely changed since your childhood and boyhood. You were grave and earnest as a child; and when you were busy over your music, no one might venture the least jesting with you. Even your countenance was so grave that many people in different countries believed that your precocious talent and serious face betokened an early death. Now, on the contrary, it appears to me that you are far too ready to answer jestingly on every occasion, which is the first step to a kind of familiarity which one should

eschew if one desires to win respect in the world. It is your good heart which causes you to see no fault in a man, to give him your full confidence, provided he only extols you to the skies; whereas, as a boy, your excess of modesty made you cry when people praised you too much.

L. Mozart knew also that Wolfgang would be so engrossed in his art as to forget everything else, more especially whatever would be to his own advantage. He trembled for the dangers which would beset the inexperienced youth, leaving the narrow sphere of provincial life to encounter the temptations of the great world. He strove with all his might, therefore, to instil patience into his son, and represented to him that his probation in Salzburg was a necessary preparation for the tour, which would have far more certainty of success when he was somewhat maturer in age and education.

But even this patience had its limits. Wolfgang had not left Salzburg since he had produced the “Finta Giardiniera” at Munich, in 1775; if he did not wish to be altogether forgotten, he must again display his powers as a composer and executant. He had prepared himself for such a tour as he proposed by prolonged study and solo compositions. The numerous fair copies in the little books we have named had been made with the same object in view; they could be readily packed, and always at hand for performance, or to be copied again as presents. When everything was ready, the father and son applied to the Archbishop for permission to travel; this, as well as a petition for an increase of salary, was roundly refused; the Archbishop giving as his reason that he would not have his subjects “going on begging expeditions.”

But the cup was now full to overflowing; Wolfgang begged leave to resign his post at Salzburg, and the Archbishop, enraged at having the tables turned upon him, accepted the resignation in the most ungracious manner. It

was even expected that his anger would extend to the father, and that he had given orders to strike L. Mozart's name off the list of his musicians. This, however, was not the case; with an ungracious remark the Archbishop allowed him to retain his place.

Wolfgang's resignation excited much notice in Salzburg; and the universal regret was shared even by those immediately round the Archbishop. Count von Firmian, who was extremely fond of Wolfgang, was rejoicing on his return from a journey (as L. Mozart relates, October 4, 1777) in the pleasure that a riding-horse he had purchased for him would give his young friend, when he was met by the lamentable intelligence. When he paid his respects to the Archbishop, the latter remarked: "We have one musician less since you left." He answered, "Your Grace has lost a great performer." "How so?" "He is the greatest clavier-player that I ever heard in my life; he has done your grace good service on the violin, and he is a first-rate composer." Whereupon the Archbishop was silent. Canon Count Jos. Starhemberg too, declared later (June 29, 1778) that Mozart's complaints were fully justified, and that all visitors to Salzburg had admired young Mozart, by whom he himself was quite captivated.

But this turn of affairs gave L. Mozart the deepest anxiety; all the difficulties and objections to the journey pressed upon him with redoubled force now that it was to be undertaken under such unfavourable circumstances. It was, however, rendered inevitable. It would be incompatible with pride or self-respect to purchase Wolfgang's continuance in his office at the cost of abject submission to the Archbishop. It only remained, by energy and foresight, so to make use of circumstances as to preserve their honour with the Archbishop, and to insure a fixed position for Wolfgang. The visits must be arranged to the larger towns, especially residences, where concerts might cover the cost of the journey, and commissions for compositions might render possible a lengthened stay,

ending, perhaps, in a settled engagement. The tour was planned with these ends in view, and Leopold was never weary of impressing upon his son that his sole endeavour must be to win a name, to make money, and to obtain a position; personal gratification and mere amusement must be kept altogether in the background. “Money-making,” he writes (October 15, 1777), “must engross all your attention, and economy must be all your care, otherwise a journey is of no profit; on the contrary, it brings a man into debt.” And again (November 27, 1777): “The object of the journey is, was, and must be the acquirement of a fixed position and the making of money.” His extensive connections and great local knowledge enabled him to trace his son’s path out, and to gain him excellent introductions, and his zeal and activity were indefatigable. Wolfgang was enjoined to become acquainted with persons and events, to grasp quickly his probable prospects in any place, and either at once to turn them to good account, or if unfavourable, to leave the place. But Wolfgang had neither the experience nor the practical shrewdness of his father; he felt secure of his art, in which alone he lived, and imagined the rest would come of itse(l)f. The prospect of at last escaping from detested Salzburg was apparently too engrossing to allow him to pay much heed to his father’s warnings. The father knew all this, and knew that he must not go alone; he could not accompany him himself, and he therefore took the hard resolve of parting with his wife and sending her forth with their son.

He was quite aware that, as a woman, she could not occupy the same position towards Wolfgang as he himself; and he must have felt, too, that intense as her love for Wolfgang was, she had not the energy or superiority of intellect necessary to guide him. But she knew the world, and was an experienced traveller, and so he hoped that she would supply the carefulness and economy which Wolfgang lacked; she was specially enjoined to keep an exact account, and at once to inform her husband of any

propositions that were made, that he might advise and direct. She does not seem, however, to have quite answered his expectations, partly because she could not always withstand her son's impatient restlessness, and partly because she yielded to her own inclinations, although she often declared "she was ready to drop with the fatigue of packing-up." But Leopold could rely on her influence on the most important point of all. The mother's presence was a guarantee that her tenderly reared and devoted son would be careful of his health. He hoped, too, that her presence would preserve him from any dangerous or immoral intercourse, on which point he gives Wolfgang the benefit of his own experience (February 16, 1778): —

I sought only the acquaintance and friendship of persons of the higher classes, and even among them I avoided idle young fellows, whatever their rank. I invited no one to visit me frequently, and always preferred visiting others when I pleased. For if I do not care for a man, or am busy or engaged, I can stay away; but if he comes to me, I am at a loss to get rid of him; and, even if a pleasant visitor, he may hinder me at my work. You are a young man of twenty-two, so that it is not the gravity of your years which will prevent worthless fellows, old or young, from making your acquaintance and endeavouring to entice you to follow their example. One is led on irresistibly, and finds, when too late, that there is no return.

I will not enter on the subject of women, wherein nature herself is our enemy, and he who does not strenuously resist at first will strive in vain to escape from the labyrinth, and will find no release but death. How blindly one is often led on by jokes, flattery, &c., until returning sense awakens one to shame, you may have, perhaps, already experienced in some degree. I do not mean to reproach you. I know that you love me not as your father alone, but as your closest and surest friend.

Separation from his wife was not the only sacrifice made by the father to the well-being of his son. He foresaw that the profits of the journey would

hardly cover its expenses, and that he must arrange to have a sum always in hand in case of emergencies. He had no private property; the profits of the first journey had already disappeared; he was obliged to borrow, and debt was abhorrent to so conscientious a man; but his friends Hagenauer and Bullinger readily came to his assistance. He not only cut down to their lowest point the expenses of his housekeeping with Nannerl, but he undertook once more “the very uncongenial work of giving lessons,” badly paid and fatiguing as it was. A father who made such sacrifices for his son had a right to demand in return, not indeed filial love, and the gaining of artistic fame — that came freely and spontaneously — but a degree of prudence and forethought which should suffice for the demands of practical life. “I have, my dear Wolfgang,” he says (February 16, 1778), “not only not the smallest mistrust in you, but I place all confidence and all hope in your future. It all depends on the sound good sense which you certainly possess, if you would only pay heed to it, and on fortunate circumstances. These last are not to be forced, but you can always take sense to your counsel, and that I hope and pray you will.”

Thus was everything planned and prepared, the necessary means were provided, the outfit purchased, and a carriage in readiness which would contain the two travellers and their luggage, clothes, and instruments. This was the approved method of travelling at that time, and Leopold Mozart was determined to send his son forth into the world, not as an itinerant musician, but as an artist commanding respect and honourable treatment, even from his outward surroundings.

CHAPTER XVI. MUNICH AND AUGSBURG.

EARLY on the morning of September 23,1777, Wolfgang and his mother took their departure from Salzburg, leaving L. Mozart far from well, and inconsolable in his solitude.

"After you had set off," he wrote (September 25, 1777), "I went upstairs quite exhausted, and threw myself on a couch. It was with a great effort that I had restrained myself at parting, in order not to add to our grief, and in the confusion I had forgotten to give my son the paternal blessing. I ran to the window and sent it after you both; but as I did not see you drive through the gate, I came to the conclusion that you had already passed, and that I had sat immersed in my grief longer than I supposed." Nannerl wept till she made herself ill, and did not recover till the evening, when the two consoled themselves with a game of piquet.

Wolfgang, on the contrary, breathed more freely as soon as he had turned his back upon Salzburg; the feeling of relief from the galling oppression of years dispelled the sorrow of parting with his father and sister. In his former journeys he had experienced nothing but encouragement and success, and had been shielded from all the harassing cares of ordinary life; and so he took his way with artless confidence into the wide world. He little dreamt that he had in fact made the first step along a thorny path, to be met from henceforth to the end by difficulty, opposition, pain, and sorrow. His mind was fresh and youthful enough to be diverted by all the little incidents of such a journey. When he sat down in the evening, "*undecima hora noctis*," at Wasserburg, to acquaint his father of their safe arrival, he could think of nothing more important to tell him than of their having seen a cow "all on one side." He had met a fat gentleman who remembered having seen Wolfgang a year ago during a performance of "Mirabell"; he was in

company with Herr von Unhold, of Memmingen, and they both sent their compliments to Wolfgang's father and sister. It is plain that the boy rejoiced in the feeling of freedom and independence: "*Viviamo come i principi*, and want nothing but my dear father; but it is God's will, and all will go well. I hope you will be well and as contented as I am. I am getting quite expert, and, like another papa, taking care of everything. I have always to pay the postilions, for I can talk to the fellows better than mamma. Pray take care of your health, my dear father."

Their first stay was at Munich. The state of affairs there, coupled with their former failure, gave little hope of a prosperous visit; but it was necessary to make the attempt. Furnished with his diplomas of the Academies of Bologna and Verona, and with recommendations from Padre Martini, Wolfgang might present himself before the Elector Maximilian as a thoroughly trained musician; and might hope to gain such favour from influential patrons as would justify his undertaking new works. They took up their abode with their old acquaintance Albert, known as "the learned host." Wolfgang's first visit was to Count Seeau, the inspector of plays. He met with a friendly reception, and was advised by the Count to seek an audience of the Elector without delay, and if he did not succeed, to address him by letter; there was no doubt that a first-rate composer was wanted in Munich.

Wolfgang next paid his respects to the Prince Bishop of Chiemsee, Count Zeil, who was residing in Munich on a diplomatic mission. He conversed freely on Mozart's plans, and promised to do his best for him with the Elector and his consort. But some days later the Bishop said to him, "very politely" (September 29,1777): "I do not think you will do much here. I spoke privately on the subject to the Elector at Nymphenburg, and he answered, 'It is too soon yet, let him travel in Italy, and make himself a name; I do not refuse anything, but it is too soon yet.'" The Electress

promised to do what she could, but “shrugged her shoulders,” and doubted of success.

These unfavourable prognostics were justified when Mozart, introduced by the influential violoncellist, Frz. Xav. Wo-schitka (b. 1730), presented himself to the Elector, who was on the point of going hunting with his court. He gives the following account of the interview to his father (September 30, 1777) —

When the Elector approached me I said: “I trust your highness will allow me to lay myself and my services at your highness’s feet.” “Indeed! have you left Salzburg altogether?” “Altogether, your highness.” “Inded! Why? Were you kept too close?” “May it please your highness, I asked permission to travel, which was refused, whereupon I took a step which had long been in my mind, for Salzburg is no place for me, that is certain.” “*Mein Gott*, young man! But your father is still at Salzburg?” “Yes, may it please your highness; he lays his humble duty, &c. I have been in Italy three times already, have written three operas, and been elected Member of the Academy at Bologna, after writing a trial composition in one hour which usually takes candidates four or five hours of hard labour; all this proves that I am in a position to serve any court. My greatest wish is to serve your highness, who is himself a great”— “Yes, my dear fellow, but I have no vacancy.” “I assure your highness that I should do honour to Munich.” “No doubt, no doubt; but there is no vacancy.” This he said as he was going, and I could only take my humble leave.

The Elector being unable, as L. Mozart was aware, to engage any one unless there were a vacancy, no court office could be looked for at Munich, but there seemed fair prospects of an assured position in another direction. Count Seeau had interest enough to retain so distinguished a composer, whose energy and productiveness promised good services. He was not only manager, but also part proprietor of the theatre; the Elector paid the band

and the ballet, and gave a yearly contribution of 9,000 gulden to the expenses, which was received by Seeau. In return the latter provided the opera and the play, and engaged the members of the two companies, chiefly natives of Munich, who were to be had for eight to twelve gulden a month. The Italian opera was only given during the carnival, and at great court festivals, and then generally without remuneration; German operas were the rule, that is, adaptations from the French or Italian, for as yet original German opera did not exist. What a brilliant success might be expected, from the lively interest of the Munich public in all matters theatrical, if a man of Mozart's genius were to devote himself to German opera! Seeau inquired of the Bishop of Chiemsee if Mozart did not receive enough from home to allow him to remain there on a small salary; he should like to keep him; the Bishop doubted this. Count Seeau preferred receiving a proposal, and remained silent; but Mozart could perceive that he was turning the matter over in his mind. He himself was all on fire at the idea of having operas to compose. He gives his father an animated account of the impression made upon him by the performance of a German opera, and by the vocalist (October 2, 1777): —

The prima donna is named Keiserin; she is the daughter of the cook of a nobleman here, a pleasant girl, and pretty on the stage; I have not seen her nearer yet. She is a native of Munich. I heard her the third time that she played, and thought she had a beautiful voice, not very strong, but not weak either, and a pure, good intonation. Valesi is her teacher, and her style shows that her master understands singing as well as teaching singing. When she had to sustain a note for a couple of bars, I was surprised at the beauty of her *crescendo* and *decrescendo*. She has a slow shake, which I like extremely; it is all the clearer and purer when she wants to make it quicker, and the quicker it is the easier it is. She is an immense favourite with the people here, and I agree with them. Mamma was in the body of the theatre;

she went at half-past four, in order to secure a seat I did not go till half-past six, for I am well enough known to have the *entrée* to any of the boxes. I watched Mdlle. Keiserin with my glass, and she drew more than one tear from me; I cried “Brava, bravissima,” very often, remembering that this was only her third appearance. The piece was called “The Fisher-Girl” (La Pescatrice), a good translation, with Piccinni’s music, but with nothing original in it. They want to have a German opera seria soon — and they wish me to compose it.

Among the “wishers” was a certain Professor Huber, whom Mozart had met at the Messmers’ during his last visit to Vienna (1771); they renewed their acquaintance at Herr Albert’s, where the professor was a frequent visitor. He was the deputy-manager of the theatre, and had, as Mozart expressed it, “to read all the pieces submitted for performance, to improve, spoil, accept, reject them.” This censorship was necessary, since the management performed all that was sent in, and was bound to put in study every native production. And as at that time “almost every student and official in Munich was bitten with the mania for authorship,” they were overwhelmed with trash. Huber must have felt it a matter of importance to retain such a remarkable genius as Mozart for the Munich theatre.

The wish, indeed, was generally felt; Baron Rumling paid Wolfgang the compliment of saying: “The theatre is my delight, with good actors and actresses, good singers, male and female, and such a capital composer as you are!” Of this Wolfgang says (October 2, 1777): “It is only talk, certainly — and talk does not go far — but he never spoke so to me before.” Wolfgang played several days in succession before Count Jos. von Salem, the chief director of music and the opera (b. 1718); he played a good deal “out of his head,” then the two “cassatione” (247,287, K.) composed for the Countess Lodron, and the finalmusik (250 K.): —

You cannot think how delighted the Count was; he understands music, for he cried “Bravo!” every time that other fine gentlemen take a pinch of snuff, blow their noses, cough, or begin a conversation. I said to him that I wished the Elector were there, that he might hear what I could do, of which he knows nothing. All these great people believe whatever is told them, and refuse to judge for themselves. It is always the way. I offered him a trial; he was to get together all the artists in Munich, and any he chose from Italy, France, Germany, England, and Spain; I would undertake to write against any of them. I told him what had happened in Italy, and begged him, if the talk turned upon me, to remember all this. He said: “I have very little influence; but what I can do I will, with all my heart.”

He had some intercourse with musicians, too; Consoli had met him on his entrance into the town, and lost no time in visiting him, and his old friend Becke, the flautist, soon made his appearance. Albert arranged a little concert (“with a wretched clavier, alas! alas!”), and invited a clergyman, Dubreil, a pupil of Tartini, with the idea that he was a good judge, and a clever performer; but this turned out to be a mistake.

We first played Haydn’s two quintets, but it was dreadful; I scarcely heard him; he could not play four bars without mistakes; his fingering was bad, and he left out all the *sospiri*. He was very polite, and praised the quintets, but — Then I played my concerto (clavier) in C, in B flat, in E flat major (238, 246, 271, K.), and my trio (254 K.). The accompaniment was fine; in the adagio I had to play six bars of his part. Last of all, I played the last cassation in B (287 K.), and they all stared. I played as if I were the greatest fiddler in Europe (October 6, 1777).

Herr Albert, who took great interest in Wolfgang, far beyond merely entertaining him, made him a proposal which might render it possible for him to remain in Munich. He promised to bring ten friends together, who should each contribute one ducat a month, or 600 florins a-year; it would be

easy to get commissions from Count Seeau which would raise his income to 800 florins. “What do you think of this idea?” writes Wolfgang, overjoyed; “is it not an act of friendship? and should I not accept it, if it is really in earnest?” There was the immediate future to be provided for, and for this he was assured that the concerts would begin in November, and last until May (one was given in Herr Albert’s hall every Saturday), and then strangers came to the town; if he only stayed now, he was quite certain of an engagement. Wolfgang’s mother thought well of this proposal; but his father, as a man of the world, had many scruples (October 4, 1777): —

Herr Albert’s proposition is, indeed, as great an act of friendship as one can imagine; but, though it does not appear to have occurred to you, the difficulty, to my mind, will be to find the ten people who are to give the ducat a month. Who are these philanthropists and lovers of music? What is their connection with you, and what services will they demand in return? I do not see where they are to come from. Herr Albert would scarcely be able to speak to them all without delay; some of them may be away from Munich. For myself, I should prefer mercantile men to noblemen. It all depends upon whether they keep their word, and for how long. If the thing is feasible, well and good; it ought to be accepted; but, unless it can be settled at once, you cannot stay there spending money and losing time, for no profit is to be expected in Munich, in spite of all their compliments and promises.

He turned out to be right: the ten philanthropists and lovers of music did not come forward, and Wolfgang had to submit more than once to reproaches for his readiness to believe in “fires of straw, which burn up quickly and end in smoke.” But even without such aid, Wolfgang thought he might maintain himself in Munich for the present (October 2, 1777).

It would not be impossible for me to get on alone; I should get, at least, 300 florins from Count Seeau; I need not concern myself as to my board; I

should be always invited out, and even if I were not, nothing pleases Herr Albert more than my taking my meals with him.

I should contract with Count Seeau (on the advice of my best friends) to supply him yearly with four German operas, some *buffe*, some *serie*. Then if I had a *sera*, or benefit, on each, as is the custom here, that would give at least 500 florins, which would bring my income up to 800 florins, and probably more, for Reiner, a comedian and singer, took 200 florins for his *sera*, and I am a *great favourite* here; I should become a far greater if I helped to raise the German drama by my music.

Mozart had clearly some confidence in his own powers; he did not think it much to offer to write four German operas every year, and a salary of +three hundred gulden did not strike him as being poor pay for the work. But Count Seeau appears to have been too prudent to risk even so much as this, and L. Mozart was still less inclined to consent to a plan which based all its calculations on future and uncertain profits, and would not redound to Wolfgang's honour. "You might certainly manage to live alone in Munich," he wrote (October 6, 1777), "but what good would this do you? How the Archbishop would sneer! You can do that anywhere else as easily as in Munich. You must not make little of your talents, and throw yourself away; there is certainly no need for that." Wolfgang's sister was of the same opinion: "It would be no honour to you to remain in Munich without any official position. It would be better to seek one at some other court; you will soon find it." The father desired, therefore, that they should leave Munich as soon as possible. "Fine words and bravissimos pay neither the postboy nor the host. As soon as you find there is nothing to be got, you had better move on." The good friends he had made might go on working for him in his absence, and preparing the way for a future position for him. He suggested this to Count Seeau, as he tells his father (October 3, 1777).

“I have come to explain my affairs correctly to your excellency. I have been told that I ought to travel in Italy. I was sixteen months in Italy, and wrote three operas, as is well known. What happened further your excellency will see by these documents.” I showed him the diplomas. “I lay all this before your excellency in order that if there is any talk of me, and any injustice done me, your excellency may be able to set it right.” He asked me if I was going to France now. I said I should remain in Germany. He thought I meant Munich, and said, with a joyful laugh: “What! you are going to remain here?” I said: “No; I should like to have stayed; and, to tell the truth, I only sought service under the Elector in order that I might supply your excellency with my compositions, and that without any personal interest; I should have taken pleasure in it.” Whereupon he pushed back his nightcap.

This then was the end of all the fine promises and honours. But other prospects were opened to Wolfgang during his stay in Munich, which excited his liveliest interest. Misliweczeck, his Italian friend (p. 126), had produced at the carnival in Munich his opera, “Ezio,” and during Lent his oratorio, “Abraamo ed Isaaco,” both with astonishing success; he was engaged for the next carnival at Naples, and only kept in Munich by illness. He gave Wolfgang prospects of a *scrittura* in Naples, and wrote a letter on his behalf to the impresario, Don Gaetano Santorio. Mozart, with his “inexpressible longing to write an opera once more,” wrote joyfully to his father (October 10, 1777): —

I have my hundred ducats certain in the carnival; and, when I have once written at Naples, I shall be in request everywhere. As you know, in summer and autumn there is an opera buffa to be picked up here and there, which will do to keep one’s hand in. It is true that one does not make much, but it is always something, and one gains more honour and credit than by a hundred concerts in Germany. I am more pleased, too, because I have to

compose, which is my sole passion and delight, Then, if I obtain service, or the hope of it, the *scrittura* will be a great recommendation. I speak exactly as I feel from my heart, and if you can prove to me that I am wrong, I shall be ready, although unwillingly, to submit; for, if I only hear the name of an opera, I am quite beside myself.

But the father was not against it, and only thought that this interlude must not cause the main object of the journey to be lost sight of. He therefore corresponded with Misli-weczeck, but soon observed that the latter only mentioned the *scrittura* when he had some favour to ask for himself. In point of fact, nothing came of this proposal.

The same ill-success attended the father's effort to obtain for Wolfgang a commission to write an opera for the Feast of the Ascension in Venice; the impresario Michele dall' Agata returned no answer to two letters addressed to him (February 12, 1778).

On October 11 the travellers left Munich, and reached Augsburg the same evening. Following L. Mozart's minute directions they established themselves at "The Lamb" in the Kreuzgasse, "where you pay thirty kreutzers for dinner, get nice rooms and good society, English, French, &c." Wolfgang was well received by his uncle, and contracted a close friendship with his lively cousin Marianne, which may have compensated in some degree for the coldness of his reception generally in his father's native town.

In obedience to his father's strict injunctions, he waited at once upon "his Grace" the town-councillor Von Langen-mantel, with whom L. Mozart had been well acquainted in former years. But Wolfgang gained little encouragement from this audience, of which he gives his father the following account: —

My first visit was to the town-councillor, Master Longotabarro; my cousin, a dear, good man and an honest citizen, accompanied me, and had

the honour of waiting in the ante-room like a lackey until I came out from the arch-town-councillor. I did not fail to begin by presenting my father's humble respects. He was pleased to remember all about it, and asked me: "How has the gentleman been all this time?" to which I answered: "God be praised, quite well; I hope that your health has also been good." Afterwards he was still more polite, and said, "Sir," and I said, "Your Grace," as I had all along. Nothing would satisfy him but that I should go up with him to his son-in-law (on the second floor), and my cousin waiting on the steps all the while. It was with difficulty that I refrained from saying something, with all my politeness. Upstairs I had the honour of playing for three-quarters of an hour upon a good clavichord, by Stein, in the presence of the stiff and starched son of his long-necked, gracious, lady-wife, and her silly old mother. I played fantasias, and then everything he had *prima vista*, among others some very pretty pieces by a certain Edlmann. They were all exceedingly polite, and I was exceedingly polite, for it is my custom to be to people as I find them; it is the best way.

The next visit was to the celebrated organ and clavier maker, Georg Andr. Stein (1728-1792). The father conceived the idea that Wolfgang should present himself to Stein under a feigned name, and should pretend that he came from Innspruck with a commission to inspect some instruments. Such a joke was quite to Wolfgang's mind, and he told his father how it had passed. During his visit to the town-councillor he had expressed his intention of calling upon Stein after dinner: —

The younger gentleman thereupon volunteered to accompany me. I thanked him for his kindness, and promised to come at two o'clock. I came, and we set out in company with his brother-in-law, who looks exactly like a student. Although I had begged them not to say who I was, Herr von Langenmantel blurted out, "I have the honour to introduce to you a virtuoso

on the clavier." I protested, and said I was an unworthy disciple of Herr Sigl, of Munich, by whom I was charged with many compliments, &c. He shook his head, and at last said: "Have I the honour of seeing Herr Mozart?" "Oh, no," said I; "my name is Trazom, and I have a letter to you." He took the letter and was going to open it. I did not give him time, and said, "Why should you read the letter now? Let us go into the hall and see your pianofortes, which I am most curious to do." "With all my heart; but I do not think I am deceived." He opened the door of his show-room. I ran to one of the three claviers which stood there. I played. He could scarcely take time to open the letter, his curiosity was so excited. He read only the signature. "Oh!" he screamed, and embraced me, and crossed himself, and made grimaces, and was altogether very delighted.

Mozart, for his part, was equally delighted with Stein's pianofortes, of which he gives his father the following detailed account: —

Before I had seen Stein's work I preferred Späth's claviers to all others, but now I must give the preference to Stein's, for they mute much better than Späth's. If I strike hard, whether I raise my finger or not, the sound passes the instant I have heard it. I may come upon the keys as I like, the tone is always the same; it does not block, it neither becomes stronger nor weaker, nor does it cease altogether; in a word, it is all equal. Such a pianoforte, it is true, cannot be had under 300 florins, but the trouble and labour bestowed on it are inestimable. His hammers fall the instant the keys are struck, whether they are held down or not. When such an instrument is finished (he told me himself), he sits down and tries all sorts of passages, runs, and jumps, and works away until he is satisfied. He often said: "If I were not such a passionate lover of music myself, and were not able to play a little on the clavier, I should long ago have lost patience with my work; but I am a lover of instruments which do not tax the player, and which wear well." And his claviers do wear well. He guarantees that the sounding-board

shall not spring. When a sounding-board is ready for a piano, he exposes it to air, rain, snow, sun, so that it may warp, and then he puts on slips and glues them down, so that it is all strong and true. He is glad when it warps, because then he is sure that nothing more will happen. He has three such pianofortes finished. I have played upon them again to-day. The pedal, which is pressed by the knee, is better managed by him than by others. If I only just touch it, it acts; and when the knee is removed there is not the least vibration.

Mozart knew how to make the most of these improved instruments. His playing and his intelligent admiration so won Stein's approbation, that the latter followed the advice Wolfgang gave him concerning the education of his daughter. Maria Anna Stein (b. 1769) was the prodigy of Augsburg; in April, 1776, she had played her first concerto to universal admiration, and had received a beautiful medal from the town nobility. Wolfgang's criticism on her playing to his father (October 24, 1777) is somewhat severe, but so important as showing his views on pianoforte-playing in general that it must be given entire. The memory of the excellent Frau Nanette Streicher will not suffer from the bold criticism of the young Mozart: —

A propos of his daughter. Whoever sees her and hears her without laughing must be as much of a stone (Stein) as her father himself. She sits right up in the treble, instead of in the middle of the instrument, so that she may be better able to move about and make grimaces. Her eyes roll, and she simpers and smirks. If a thing comes twice over, it is played slower the second time; and if a third time, it is slower still. The arm goes high, up in the air when a passage comes, and the emphasis is given by the whole arm instead of the finger, clumsily and heavily. But the best of all is when, in a passage that ought to flow like oil, the fingers have to be changed; it makes

no difference at all to her, but, when the time comes, up goes her hand, and she begins again quite calmly; so that one is always in expectation of a wrong note, which makes the effect very striking. I only write all this to give you some idea of what clavier-playing and teaching may be brought to; I leave you to make your own use of the hints. Herr Stein is quite infatuated over his daughter; she is eight and a half years old, and learns everything by heart. She may turn out something — she has genius; but as she is going on at present she will not turn out anything; she will never gain fluency, because she is doing all she can to make her hand heavy. She will never learn the most difficult and most necessary part of music, that is *time*, because she has been accustomed from her earliest youth to play out of time. Herr Stein and I had at least two hours' talk on this point. I think I nearly converted him, and now he asks my advice about everything. He was quite infatuated in Beecké. Now he sees and hears that I play better than Beecké, that I make no grimaces, and yet play with so much expression that I show off his pianofortes better than any one. The correctness of my time astonishes them all. The *tempo rubato* in an adagio, with the left hand keeping strict time, was quite past their comprehension; they always follow with the left hand.

The expressions about Beecké, who was considered among the best pianoforte-players, are only repetition of what was said on all sides. "Count Wolfegg, and several others who are very enthusiastic for Beecké, said lately at a public concert that I had thrown Beecké quite into the shade," writes Wolfgang in confirmation of his own opinion. Even Archbishop Hieronymus was reported to have said aside to his favourites that Beecké was a charlatan and a merry-andrew, and that Mozart far surpassed him (June 29, 1778). He played a tolerably difficult sonata by Beecké, *prima vista*, "miserabile al solito"; how the kapellmeister Graf and the organist

Schmitthauer crossed themselves over the performance may be better imagined than described.

Mozart's organ and violin-playing created quite as much astonishment as his performances on the clavier: —

When I told Herr Stein that I should like to play upon his organ (in the Barfüsserkirche), for that I had a passion for the organ, he was greatly astonished, and said: "What! a man like you, a clavier-player, willing to play on an instrument which has no *douceur*, no expression; which allows of neither *piano* nor *forte*, but goes on always the same!" "All that has nothing to do with it. To my mind, the organ is the king of all instruments." "Well, do as you like." So we went together. I could guess by his way of talking that he did not expect me to do his organ much credit; he thought I should play clavier fashion. He told me how he had taken Chobert to the organ according to his request. "And I was sorry," said he, "for Chobert had told everybody, and the church was full. I had imagined the fellow would be full of spirit, fire, and rapidity, and that would tell on the organ; but as soon as he began I changed my opinion." I only said, "What do you think, Herr Stein? Are you afraid that I shall come to grief on the organ?" "Ah, you! that is quite different." We went into the choir; I began to prelude, at which he laughed with delight; then followed a fugue. "I can well believe," said he, "that you enjoy playing the organ, when you play like that." At first I did not quite understand the pedal, because it was not divided. It began C, then D E in a row. With us D and E are above, where E flat and F sharp are here. But I soon grew accustomed to it.

He played the organ also in the monastery of St. Ulrich, which had the dreadful steps, and often visited the monastery of the Holy Cross, where he was invited to dine on October 19, and entertained with music during the meal (October 24, 1777).

However badly they may play, yet I prefer the music of the monastery to the Augsburg orchestra. I played a symphony and the violin concerto in B flat by Wanhall with universal applause. The Dean is a good, jolly fellow; he is a cousin of Eberlin's, named Zeschinger, and remembers papa very well. In the evening at supper I played the Strasburg concerto (219 K.). It went as smooth as oil. They all praised the beautiful pure tone. Afterwards a little clavichord was brought in. I preluded, and played a sonata, and the Fischer variations. Then some one whispered to the Dean that he should hear me play organ fashion. I said he might give me a theme, but he would not, so one of the monks did. I led off with it, and in the middle (the fugue was in G minor) I began in the major, in a playful style but in the same time, and then came back to the theme. At last it occurred to me that I might use the playful style for the theme of the fugue. Without more ado I tried it, and it went as accurately as if it had been measured for by Daser (the Salzburg tailor). The Dean was quite beside himself. "I could never have believed it," said he; "you are a wonderful man. My Abbot told me that he had never in his life heard such correct and solemn organ-playing." The Abbot had heard me two or three days before, when the Dean was not there. Finally, some one brought a sonata which was fugued, for me to play. But I said, "Gentlemen, this is too much; I must acknowledge that I cannot play this sonata at once." "I think so, too," said the Dean, eagerly, for he was quite on my side; "that is too much; it would be impossible for any one." "Still," said I, "I will try it." And all the time I played I heard the Dean calling out behind me, "Oh, you rascal! oh, you young scamp!" I played until eleven o'clock. They bombarded me with themes for fugues, and laid siege to me on all sides.

In return for his kind reception and the pleasure expressed in his playing, Wolfgang presented the Abbot Barth. Christa (1760-1780) with several compositions, the Masses in F (192 K.), in C (220 K.), and the

“Misericordias Domini” (222 K.). He refers to them in writing to his father, as well as to a litany, “De venerabili” (November 20, 1777). What has become of this last we do not know.

In spite of all this applause from connoisseurs, the prospects of a concert were not good. At first a brilliant reception was expected. Herr von Langenmantel, son of the town-councillor, had taken the matter into his own hands and promised to arrange a “chamber concert” for the *patricii* only. But some days later he invited Wolfgang, and after he had played as long as the company pleased, explained to him that the concert could not take place, since “the *patricii* were not in funds.”

As if this was not enough, the *patricii* thought fit to make sport of him at table. In accordance with his father’s advice that he should insure respect and consideration for himself in places where there was no reigning prince, by wearing the order conferred on him by the great Pope Ganganelli, Wolfgang wore the cross of his order at Augsburg. This was made an occasion for mockery; and one officer in particular, Bach by name, was so rude and insulting that Wolfgang lost patience, and repaid him in kind, calling him “Herr von Kurzmantl”; but he does not seem ever to have worn the order again. He had promised to attend, and perhaps to play at, the weekly concert given during the winter months by a society of noblemen, both Catholic and Protestant; but, indignant at the treatment he had received, he declared he would only give a concert for a few invited friends and connoisseurs. They were Catholic nobles, however, who had insulted him, and Stein set in motion the evangelical (not Lutheran, as L. Mozart reminds his son) nobles, who made such friendly overtures that he attended a concert given by the “peasant nobles,” and played one of his symphonies, taking the violin himself, and then a concerto and a sonata. Compliments and eulogies were heaped upon him, and finally two ducats were presented

to him. Wolfgang's father thought him far too yielding: "One thing is very certain," he writes (October 20, 1777), "they would not have found me at their beggarly concert. In the meantime, through the exertions of his friends, a public concert was given on October 22: —

What do you think came next after the symphony? The concerto for three claviers (242 K.). Herr Demmler played the first, I the second, and Herr Stein the third. Then I played alone the last sonata in D (284 K.), then my concerto in B flat (238 K.), then a fugue in C minor, and a splendid sonata in C major out of my own head, with a rondo at the end. There was a tremendous noise and confusion. Herr Stein made one grimace after another for delight. Herr Demmler actually laughed. This eccentric being always laughs when anything pleases him. This time he began to swear. Count Wolfegg ran about the room, saying, "I never heard anything like it in my life." He said to me, "I must tell you that I never heard you play so well as to-day; I will tell your father so as soon as I get to Salzburg."

L. Mozart's heart was rejoiced by "a wonderfully fine article in the newspaper," probably from the pen of Herr von Sabnesnig, of whose charming poetry he had reminded Wolfgang.

On the other hand the receipts of the concert were small, considering that he had put forth all his powers; ninety gulden, with sixteen gulden thirty kreutzers' expenses. Wolfgang was not tempted to retract what he had written to his father in anger, about the behaviour of the aristocrats (October 16, 1777): —

I must say that if I had not found such good and charming cousins I should repent ever having set foot in Augsburg. I must tell you something about my dear little cousin, but I will wait till to-morrow, for I ought to be in good spirits to praise her as she deserves. Early on the 17th I shall write and assure you that our little cousin is pretty, sensible, charming, clever, and merry; she knows something of the world, having been in Munich some

time. We two suit each other exactly, for she is just a little wicked; we laugh at everybody, and have great fun.

Defending his cousin against a slighting expression of his father's, Wolfgang says, "Yesterday, to please me, she dressed *à la française*, and looked five per cent, prettier." He gave her his portrait in a little medallion, and made her promise to be painted in French costume. A mournful parting ended this happy visit, Stein having written to Wolfgang's father in the most eulogistic manner concerning his son's performances. At the next quoit-playing meeting in Salzburg there appeared on the quoit a representation of "the sad adieux of two persons dissolved in tears, Wolfgang and his cousin." "The quoit was charming," wrote the father (November 17,1777); "an Augsburg maiden stood at the right and presented a young man in top boots, equipped for travelling, and in the other hand she carried a wonderful linen cloth trailing on the ground, with which she dried her eyes. The gentleman had a similar cloth, which he was putting to the same use, and he held his hat in his other hand. Written above were six lines of poetry, expressive of the sorrowful emotions of the young couple."

This good-humoured participation in the little adventures of his son stands in striking and effective contrast to the earnest care which breathes from a letter addressed to Wolfgang on his fête-day (October 31): —

I must wish you happiness on your fête-day. But what more can I wish for you than I am always wishing? I wish that the grace of God may be with you everywhere, and never forsake you as long as you are diligent in performing the duties of a true Catholic Christian. You know me, and know that I am no pedant, no canting hypocrite; but you will not refuse your father one prayer. This is, that you will have such concern for your soul that you may cause your father no anguish on his death-bed in the thought that he has been careless of the things which concern your salvation. Farewell!

be happy; be wise. Honour and cherish your mother, who is troubled in her old age for your sake. Love me as I love you. Your faithful, anxious father.

The son's answer is in the tone of reverence which it becomes children to adopt on such occasions to their parents: —

I kiss your hand, and thank you humbly for your good wishes on my fête-day. Have no concern for me; I have God ever before my eyes; I acknowledge His omnipotence, I fear His anger; but I also acknowledge His love, His mercy and pity towards His creatures; He will never forsake His servants. I submit myself wholly to His will, and so it cannot fail I must be happy and content. I shall also be diligent to follow the commands and the counsel which you are so good as to give me.

On October 26 Wolfgang and his mother left Augsburg, and proceeded by way of Donauwörth and Nordlingen to Hohenaltheim, the residence of the Prince von Oetting-Wallerstein. Music was held in high honour at this little court; not only were celebrated performers, such as Janitsch, the violinist, Reicha, the violoncellist, Perwein, the oboist, &c., encouraged to settle there, but the whole orchestra was distinguished for its delicacy of execution. Rosetti, the conductor, had "carried his observance of the most delicate gradations of tone sometimes to the bounds of pedantry." Ignaz von Beecké, captain in a Wurtemberg dragoon regiment, was manager of the court music, and himself a distinguished clavier-player and composer. The Prince, a handsome young man, who had formerly invited Wolfgang to visit him in Naples, was suffering from an attack of melancholy, and unable to bear music; but the Mozarts were obliged to remain several days at Hohenaltheim on account of the mother's severe cold. A rumour reached L. Mozart that Wolfgang had been playing the buffoon there, that he had danced about, playing the violin, and had gained the reputation of being a wild, merry fellow. He considered that this would afford Beecké, who was jealous of Wolfgang, an excellent opportunity of depreciating his powers as

an artist (January 26, 1778), Wolfgang gave a decided contradiction to this report; he had “sat at the officers’ table with all due honour, and had not said a word to any one; when with Beecké, too, he had been quite serious.” Beecké had received him kindly, had promised him advice and support should he ever go to Paris, and had heard him play. They had talked about Vienna, too, and agreed that the Emperor Joseph was a fair executant, but not a true lover of music. Beecké said that he had only played fugues and such like “trifles” before him, and that he had heard music in the Emperor’s cabinet which was enough to frighten the very dogs away. They also confided to each other that music gave them both the headache; only good music had this effect with Beecké, and bad with Mozart.

The travellers entered Mannheim on October 30. Their stay was longer than they had intended, and although the hopes with which it opened were not destined to be fulfilled, yet the months passed in Mannheim were fruitful in their effect on Wolfgang’s development, both musical and

The Elector, Karl Theodor, had studied in his early youth under the Jesuits, and had then visited the Universities of Leyden and Lowen, displaying a great taste for science, poetry, art, and music, the last of which he practised himself. The extravagance which he lavished on his court and on his park of Schwetzingen — the Versailles of the palatinate — was carried also in some degree into the affairs of science and art.

CHAPTER XVII. MANNHEIM

The Palatinate Academy of Science, founded in 1763, encouraged historical and scientific research; collections of pictures and engravings, and an exhibition of plaster casts from the antique — at that time the only, and much-thought-of collection of the kind in Germany — served, in connection with an academy, to encourage the formative arts; and a German society, founded in Mannheim by the Elector in 1775, proved the desire of its members to take their share in the new impulse which German literature had then received.

Klopstock's presence in this year had not been without its influence; not content with native authors, such as Gemmingen, Klein, Dalberg, the painter Müller, the Elector sought, but in vain, to attract acknowledged celebrities, such as Lessing and Wieland. His zealous co-operation was given to the plan of founding a German drama in the place of the usual French one; the national theatre was built, and efforts were made to retain Lessing as dramatist and Eckhoff as actor. When this failed, the engagement of Marchand secured them at least a first-rate actor.

But music was incontestably the peculiar province of Mannhein, the "paradise of musicians." Here too, patriotic feeling was supreme. Original German operas took the place of the grand Italian opera, with its appendage of translated comic opera, generally borrowed from the French.

The performances of the Seiler company of actors, which had come to Weimar in the autumn of 1771 in the place of the Koch company, suggested to Wieland the idea of a grand, serious German opera in addition to the operettas which had met with so much success. His "Alcestis" was intended as an important step in this direction, as is proved by his "Letters on the German opera of 'Alcestis,'" which, by their comparison of himself

with Euripides, called forth Goethe's burlesque. His opera met with ready acknowledgment, but at the same time with severe and deserved blame. It was thought to be too evidently fashioned after Metastasio's pattern, both in plan and treatment; and to be wanting in dramatic interest, true passion, and lively characteristic; the public found the opera tedious and trivial, and took just umbrage at the conception of Hercules as a virtuous humdrum citizen. Wieland found in Schweitzer an ideal composer, who identified himself with the poet, who could be silent when the poet wished to speak alone, but who hastened to aid him at need with all the resources of musical art; a composer, too, who thought more of producing a true impression on the mind of his hearers, than of flattering their ears, inciting their curiosity or even adhering too closely to the mechanical rules of his art. Wieland was not content with placing Schweitzer on a level with the best Italian composers; in a letter to Klein he speaks of Gluck's "Alceste" as a divine work, but does not hesitate to declare Schweitzer's composition to be the best that had ever been heard of the kind. Schweitzer's music was in fact much applauded, and he was judged to have accomplished more than the poet. His efforts after a true and forcible musical expression of emotion, and after originality, are worthy of all praise; and phrases here and there, particularly in the accompanied recitative, are of charming effect, while the orchestra is carefully treated, and not at all after the usual manner of Italian opera. On the other hand he has been justly blamed for his slavish adherence to the old form of the aria, with da capo, middle passage, bravura passages, and ritomello; he is unequal, too, and his effects are all those of detail. What is wanting is genius, original power of creation, which forms details into one great whole, and produces something altogether new and complete. This was felt by Zelter and by Mozart, who wrote to his father that the best part of Schweitzer's melancholy "Alceste" (besides the beginnings, middles and endings of some of the songs) was the beginning

of the recitative, “O Jugendzeit,” and the worst (together with the greater part of the opera) was the overture. This consists of two movements, an adagio and a fugue, which are both unimportant and commonplace.

“Alceste” was first performed in Weimar on May 28, 1773, and frequently repeated, always with the greatest success; this was also the case in Gotha and Frankfort; and on August 13, 1775, Karl Theodor produced the opera with great brilliancy at Schwetzingen. The success was great, and it was considered as marking an epoch that a German opera, written by a German poet, composed by a German musician, and sung by German artists, should be produced successfully by a German Prince. In the following summer Wieland received a commission to write a new opera, which Schweitzer was to compose under his immediate direction.

The way being once cleared, it was easy to take further steps in the same direction. The Elector hit upon the idea of representing scenes from the national history in German musical dramas. Professor Anton Klein, formerly a Jesuit, and always one of the most zealous supporters of the patriotic struggle then proceeding, wrote for this purpose “Günther von Schwarzburg,” which was composed by Holzbauer, and performed on January 5, in the magnificent opera-house, with all the expenses guaranteed. Schubart had anticipated with joy “the glorious revolution in taste,” and the applause was great, although the success was not so deep and lasting as might have been expected. The critics found much in the text at which to take exception; Wieland shrank from speaking in the “Mercury” about “this so-called opera” for fear lest, absurd as it might appear, his criticism might be taken for envy. An evident effort is made to give the work a deeper tone than one of mere patriotic sentiment; but in spite of the exalted emotion and passion of the words and music, and of all that could be done in the way of scenic accessories, the opera was too wanting in dramatic treatment and characterisation to take very deep root. The

phraseology is in imitation of Klopstock, but the effort after force and originality is so clumsily made that Wieland's contempt is justified. Of the music, it was said by the minister Hompesch that the predominant feeling and ideas were neither French nor Italian, but genuinely German; Schubart praised its mixture of German feeling and foreign grace, and other critics spoke of its stamp of genius and its gentle grace. Mozart, who saw the opera the day after his arrival at Mannheim, wrote to his father (November 16, 1777): "Holzbauer's music is very fine; far too good for the poetry. I am amazed at the spirit of so old a man as Holzbauer, for you would not believe the amount of fire in his music." The force and animation of Holzbauer's music are still apparent, though it is wanting in elevation and true musical sentiment. He has not attained to original dramatic characterisation except in single touches, more especially in the recitatives; he never deviates from the customary Italian form, but the adaptation of this form to German song was in itself considered a remarkable innovation.

The most distinguished vocalists, male and female, of the Mannheim opera were, thanks to Holzbauer's excellent school of music, almost all Germans. Among them was Dorothea Wendling (*née* Spumi, 1737-1811), "the German Melpomene of Mannheim's Golden Age," who excited universal admiration by her perfect and expressive singing. According to Wieland she surpassed even Mara, and he found in her his ideal of song, as the language of the mind and the heart, every note being the living expression of the purest and most ardent emotion, and the whole song a continuous thread of beauty. Her beauty (Heinse saw in her countenance all that was caressing, soft, and feminine, combined with the glow and animation of a passionate nature) and her excellent acting elevated her performances to a very high point. Her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Auguste Wendling (*née* Sarselli, 1746-1786), though less famous, and hindered by continued ill-health, was nevertheless a praiseworthy singer; while

Franciska Danzi (1756-1791), married afterwards to the oboist, Le Brun, was an artist of the first rank, in her beauty and the compass of her voice, as well as in her thorough musical cultivation: at the time of Mozart's visit to Mannheim she was in London on leave of absence.

But the fame of these youthful singers was far surpassed by that of the now elderly tenor Anton Raaff. He was born in 1714 at the village of Holzem, not far from Bonn, and was educated at the Jesuit seminary in Bonn. He had a beautiful voice, and the ease with which he sang by ear made it a great labour to him to learn his notes. The Elector Clemens August, who heard him sing in church, provided for his education as a singer, and gave him a salary of 200 thalers. After causing him to study a part in an oratorio, the Elector took him to Munich, where he was engaged by Ferrandini (p. 133) to appear in opera. This led to his going to study at Bologna under Bemacchi, from whose severe school he came forth as one of the finest tenor singers of the century. He sang in 1738 at Florence, at the wedding of Maria Theresa, left Italy in 1742 to return to Bonn, where his salary was raised to 750 florins, and sang at different German courts; in 1749 he performed in Jomelli's "Didone" at Vienna, to Metastasio's great satisfaction. After a short stay in Italy, he repaired in 1752 to Lisbon for three years, and from thence in 1755 to Madrid, where he lived in close friendship with his musical director, Farinelli. In 1759 they went together to Naples; here, it is said, his singing made so deep an impression on the Princess Belmonte-Pignatelli as to cure her of a deep melancholy into which she had been thrown by the death of her husband. On his return to Germany, in 1770, the Elector Karl Theodor besought him to enter his service, on which Raaff modestly declared that he should esteem himself happy if the Elector would be content with the small remnant of his powers which was left to him. His voice was of the finest tenor quality that could be heard, from the deepest to the highest notes even, clear, and full. With a

perfect mastery of the art of song, displaying itself in his extraordinary power of singing, at sight and of varying and introducing cadenzas, he combined a feeling delivery “that seemed but an echo of his own good heart,” and a clear, deliberate judgment on things musical. Added to all this his enunciation was so distinct that even in the largest hall not a syllable was lost. When Mozart first heard him in “Günther von Schwarzburg” his chief impression was that of an old man’s failing strength. He writes (November 8, 1777): —

Herr Raaff sang his four songs and about 450 incidental bars in such a manner as to show that it is want of voice which makes it so bad. Unless one reminds oneself all the time that it is Raaff, the old and celebrated tenor, who is singing, one cannot help laughing. As for myself, if I had not known it was Raaff, I should have died of laughing. As it was, I took out my handkerchief and blew my nose. He never was, they tell me, anything of an actor; he should only be heard, not seen; his presence is not at all good. In the opera he has to die, singing a long, long, slow air, and he died with a smiling mouth, his voice falling so at the end as to be quite inaudible. I was sitting in the orchestra, next to Wendling, the flute-player, and I remarked that it was unnatural to expect a man to go on singing till he fell down dead. “Never mind,” said I, “a little patience, and it will soon be over.” “I think it will,” said he, and laughed.

After hearing him oftener, Mozart did more justice to Raaff’s artistic skill, but he always thought his style wanting in simplicity. In a letter from Paris (June 12, 1778) he pronounces a more detailed judgment, true to his convictions, yet anxious not to wrong the excellent man, of whom he was extremely fond: —

At his *début* in the “Concert Spirituel” here he sang Bach’s scena, “Non so d’onde viene,” which is my favourite song. I never heard him sing it before, and he pleased me; his style suits the song, but the style in itself,

that of the Bernacchi school, is not at all to my taste. There is too much in it of *cantabile*. I grant that when he was younger and in his prime the effect must have been sometimes quite startling. I like it, too, but there is too much of it; it is often ludicrous. What really pleases me is his singing of certain little things andantino, which he does in his own style. Everything in its place. I imagine that his forte was bravura singing, which gives him still, in spite of age, a good chest and a long breath. His voice is fine, and very pleasant. If I shut my eyes when he is singing I hear considerable resemblance to Meissner's, only Raaff's voice is the pleasanter of the two. Meissner, as you know, has the bad habit of endeavouring to make his voice tremble; Raaff never does this; he cannot bear it. But, as far as true *cantabile* is concerned, I like Meissner better than Raaff, though he, too, according to my judgment, makes too much of it. In bravura passages and roulades, and in his good distinct utterance, Raaff bears off the palm.

All who saw Raaff on the stage pronounced him to be no actor, but only a singer. In private he preserved the serenity and moderation of an estimable and genuinely pious character. His moral conduct was faultless, his opinions earnest and severe. He had occasional fits of passion, but was for the most part good-humoured and benevolent, a true and self-denying friend. No wonder that Mozart conceived a strong and lasting attachment to such a man as this.

The most distinguished tenor singer in Mannheim, after Raaff, was his pupil Frz. Hartig (b. 1750).

Church music in Mannheim did not stand on the same high level as the opera. Schubart complains that little attention was paid to the true church style, that the old masses were despised, and new ones introduced in the most effeminate and mincing operatic style. Even Holzbauer's sacred compositions were far inferior to his operas. Mozart heard a mass by

Holzbauer, “written twenty-six years ago, but very good,” as he writes to his father (November 4, 1777); “he writes well, in good church style, with fine passages for the voices and instruments.” Notwithstanding, he was far from pleased with the Mannheim church music on the whole, and did not care, as he writes in the same letter, to have one of his own masses performed there: —

Why? On account of their brevity? No, for everything here is short. On account of their church style? Not at all; but only because, under present circumstances, it is necessary to write principally for the instruments, since nothing more wretched than the vocal department can be conceived. Six soprani, six alti, six tenori, and six bassi to twenty violins and twelve basses stand just in the proportion of 0 to 1, do they not, Herr Bullinger? They have only two male sopranos, and both old — just dying out. The soprano prefers singing the alto part, because his upper notes are gone. The few boys that they have are wretched, and the tenors and basses are like singers at a funeral.

The organ was still worse provided for, and Mozart pours out the full measure of his scorn on the two court organists: —

They have two organists here, for whose sake alone it would be worth taking the journey to Mannheim. I had a good opportunity of hearing them, for it is the custom here to omit the Benedictus, and for the organist to go on playing instead. The first time I heard the second organist, and the next time the first; but I have a better opinion of the second than of the first. When I heard him I asked, “Who is at the organ?” “Our second organist.” “He plays wretchedly.” When I heard the other I asked, “Who is that?” “Our first organist.” “He plays more wretchedly still.” I suppose if they were shaken up together the result would be something worse still. It makes one die of laughing to see them. The second goes to the organ like a child to the mud; he shows his trade in his face. The first wears spectacles. I stood at the

organ and watched him for the sake of instruction. He lifts his hands high up at every note. His *tour de force* is the use of the sext stop; but he oftener uses the quint, or the octave stop. He often playfully lets fall the right hand, and plays only with the left. In a word, he does as he likes; he is so far completely master of his instrument.

But Mannheim was distinguished most particularly for its instrumental music, the orchestra being unanimously considered the finest in Europe. It was more numerous and better appointed, especially as to wind instruments, than was customary at the time. It was here that Mozart first became acquainted with the clarinet as an orchestral instrument. “Oh, if we only had clarinetti!” he writes (December 3, 1778). “You cannot think what a splendid effect a symphony makes with flutes, oboes, and clarinets.”

Burney had only one fault to find, a fault common to all orchestras of the day, viz., the occasionally defective intonation of the wind instruments. The Mannheim orchestra was not only well-appointed and strong, but uniform and certain in execution, with delicate gradations of tone until then unknown. Piano and forte were rendered in the most varied degrees; crescendo and diminuendo were first invented at Mannheim, and for a long time other orchestras made no attempt at imitation; other means, too, such as the skilful blending of the wind and stringed instruments, were made the most of to produce a well-arranged, finely gradationed whole.

The excellence of the Mannheim orchestra — whose performances excited as much admiration among contemporaries as those of the Paris orchestra under Habeneck’s conductor-ship in our own time — gained for it the honour of taking a regular share in the Elector’s concerts (p. 288). The band contained some of the first artists and virtuosi of the day, such as Cannabich, Toeschi, Cramer, Stamitz, and Frànzel among the violins, Wendling as a flute-player, Le Brun and Ramm as oboists, Ritter as bassoonist, and Lang as hom-player. But its fame rested chiefly on the

excellent discipline of the orchestra, which, among so many first-rate artists, it was no easy task to maintain. The kapellmeister at the time of Mozart's visit was Christian Cannabich (1731-1798), who had succeeded Stamitz in 1775. His compositions were doubtless overrated by his contemporaries; but he was admirable as a solo violinist, and still better as an orchestral leader, besides being an excellent teacher. The majority of the violinists in the Mannheim orchestra had issued from his school, and to this was mainly owing the uniformity of their execution and delivery. Cannabich, who was more of an organiser than an originator, had experimented with every condition and device for producing instrumental effects, and he laid special stress on technical perfection of execution, in order to insure good tutti players. Uniting, as he did, intelligence and a genius for direction to "a true German heart," and a moral and temperate life, he possessed the confidence and esteem of his musicians, and was therefore the better able to bring their performances to the highest excellence.

The many-sidedness of musical performances in Mannheim had helped to form a very original taste, and Karl Theodor himself was careful to encourage composers and virtuosi of all kinds. The groundwork, both of thought and instruction, was Italian certainly; but the fact that the care of musical affairs was intrusted to German musicians, had an influence of its own, even before the national element had asserted its supremacy in Germany. French influence, too, made itself felt side by side with the Italian; the connection maintained by the Elector Palatine with the court of Versailles was profitable in every way to his musicians. Finally, the partiality for instrumental music which we have already noted must have tended to give an independent impulse to musical production in Mannheim.

His stay in a town so thoroughly and genuinely musical, must have had a more abiding effect upon Mozart than was exercised by Salzburg,

Augsburg, or even Munich. He came to Mannheim at a time when the minds of men were full of fresh and eager aspirations after artistic and literary excellence; and fortunately for him the interest was mainly centred on his own peculiar province — the drama. We cannot imagine, however, that he was dazzled or abashed by the wealth of musical knowledge, or by the accomplishments of the noted musicians with whom he came in contact; his confidence in his own powers preserved him from any feeling of constraint or distrust. At first he was surprised at the small amount of attention which his presence excited. On the day after his arrival he made the acquaintance of the violinist, Chr. Danner (b. 1745), and went with him to rehearsal. "I thought that I should not be able to keep from laughing, when I was introduced to people. Some of them, who knew me *per renommée*, were polite and respectful; but the rest, who did not know anything of me, stared at me in the most ludicrous manner. They think because I am little and young that there can be nothing great or old in me; but they shall soon see." Mozart always resented, even in later years, any reference to his small stature and unimposing appearance, even when it was made by way of contrast to his great performances.

His predictions were verified. It was not long before he had gained the esteem and admiration of the Mannheim musicians, the ready goodwill with which he placed his talents and services at their disposal, and his cheerfulness and good breeding in society, rendering him a universal favourite. His spirits rose in proportion as the memory of his position at Salzburg faded from his mind. Even from Munich he wrote to his father (September 26, 1777): "I am always in the best of spirits. I feel as light as a feather since I left all that chicanery behind! I am fatter, too, already." At Mannheim, in daily intercourse with cultivated artists, he must have felt completely at his ease. The members of the band were well paid and well treated; Karl Theodor's love of music and general affability gave them

considerable freedom of position, and intercourse with their circle was liberal and pleasant. Schubart declares that the houses, tables, and hearts of all the musicians were open to him during the whole of his stay, and that he had his share in their practisings and their festivities. Mozart's experience was the same; although, his stay being longer, he could not fail to observe that the superficial frivolity of court life had affected the tone even of the artistic circles.

His friendly reception by Cannabich led to an intimate friendship and daily intercourse with the whole family, in which Wolfgang's mother was included. He often dined with them, and no long time elapsed before he found himself "*al solito*" at supper and spending the evening with the Cannabichs; they chatted, played a little sometimes, or Wolfgang used to take a book out of his pocket and read. Occasionally the party became merrier and not quite so decorous, as the following mock confession made by Wolfgang to his father will show (November 14,1777): —

I, Johannes Chrisostomus Amadeus Wolfgangus Sigismundus Mozart, do hereby confess that both yesterday and the day before (and on various other occasions) I remained out until twelve o'clock at night; and that from ten o'clock until the above-named hour I was at Cannabich's house, in company with Cannabich, his wife and daughter, Herr Schatzmeister, Herr Ramm, and Herr Lang, making rhymes and perpetrating bad jokes in thought and word, but not in deed. But I should not have conducted myself in so godless a fashion had not the ringleader of the sport, the above-named daughter, Liesel, incited and abetted me therein; and I must acknowledge that I found it extremely amusing. I bewail all these my sins and transgressions from the bottom of my heart; and, hoping to confess the same thing very frequently, I make an earnest resolution to amend my former sinful life. I therefore beg for a dispensation, that is if it is an easy

one; if not, it is all the same to me, for the game is not like to come to an end very soon.

That Mozart was always ready when music was wanted we cannot doubt; on one of his first visits to Cannabich he played all his six sonatas one after the other. Cannabich was not slow to recognise his extraordinary talent, nor to make use of it on occasion, as when Wolfgang made good clavier arrangements of his ballets for him. But self-interest had no share in the feelings with which he came to regard Wolfgang; both he and his wife loved him as their own son, threw themselves zealously into all that concerned his wellbeing, and watched over him as true friends. The magnet which attracted Wolfgang to the house at first, and kept him chained there for a time, was Cannabich's eldest daughter Rosa, who was then thirteen, "a pretty, charming girl," as Wolfgang writes to his father (December 16,1777); "she has a staid manner and a great deal of sense for her age; she speaks but little, and when she does speak it is with grace and amiability." The day after his arrival (October 31) she played something to him; he thought her playing good, and began to compose a sonata for her, as a mark of attention to Cannabich. The first allegro was ready on the same day. "Young Danner asked me" he continues, "what I meant to do for the andante. 'I mean to make it exactly like Mdlle. Rose herself.' When I played it they were all wonderfully pleased. Young Danner said afterwards, 'You were quite right; the andante is exactly like her.'" On November 8 he wrote the rondo at Cannabich's, "consequently they would not let me away again. Mdlle. Rose's talent gained in interest for him when, on studying this sonata with her, he found that it had been neglected. "The right hand is very good, but the left is utterly ruined; if I were her regular master I would lay aside all music, cover the keys with a handkerchief, and make her practise passages, shakes, &c., first with the right hand and then with the left, slowly

to begin with until the hands were perfectly independent; after that I believe I should make an excellent player of her." The regular lessons followed in due time; he gave an hour daily to the young lady, and was very well satisfied with the result. "Yesterday she gave me indescribable pleasure," he writes (December 6,1777), "by playing my sonata most beautifully. The andante (a slow one) was full of feeling; she enjoys playing it." His father thought the sonata wonderfully good (December 11, 1777); there was a little of the Mannheim affected taste in it, but not enough to spoil Wolfgang's own good style.

Another musician with whom Mozart entered into very friendly relations was the distinguished flute-player, Joh. Bapt. Wendling. Cannabich introduced him; "every one was as polite as could be" he informs his father. "The daughter Augusta, who was at one time the Elector's mistress, plays the clavier well. Afterwards I played. I was in an excellent humour, and played everything out of my head, and three duets with the violin, which I had never seen before in my life, and the name of whose author I did not even know. They were all so delighted that I was obliged — to kiss the ladies! I had no objection as far as the daughter was concerned, for she is not by any means ugly." He composed a French song for this Mdlle. Gustl, of whom Wieland said that she was so like one of Raphael's or Carlo Dolce's Madonnas, that he could hardly refrain from addressing a "Salve Regina" to her. She had given him the words, and her delivery of them was so charming that the song was called for every day "at Wendling's," and they all "raved about it." He promised to compose some more for her, and one at least was begun at a later time. An aria with recitative was also sketched out for Dorothea Wendling, the mother; she had herself selected the words from Metastasio's "Didone" (II. 4), "Ah! non lasciarmi no, bell' idol mio," and she, as well as her daughter, "went wild over this song." It was Mozart's custom in sketching his songs to write out the bass entire, and

even some indications of the accompaniment, so that the song could be sung and in some measure accompanied from the sketch. Whether this particular song was ever completed we do not know. Mozart did not forget Wendling himself. We are told that a concerto of his was rehearsed at Cannabich's, to which Mozart had arranged the instruments (November 22, 1777). He had a dislike to the flute and a mistrust of flute-players, but he made an exception in favour of Wendling. When Wend-ling's brother teased him for this he said: "Yes, but you see, it is quite another thing with your brother. He is not a piper, and one need not be always in terror for fear the next note should be too high or too low — *he* is always right, you see; his heart and his ear and the tip of his tongue are all in the right place, and he does not imagine that blowing and making faces is all that is needed; he knows too what adagio means."

Wolfgang presented his oboe concerto to the oboist Friedr. Ramm (b. 1744), whom he met at Cannabich's, and who "went wild" over it (November 4, 1777). He made it his *cheval de bataille*, playing it five times during the same winter (February 13, 1778) with great success, "although it was known to be by me."

Mozart soon became universally liked and admired, as well for his readiness and good-nature in composing as for his performances on the organ and clavier; but we hear nothing more of his violin-playing. He gave a humorous description to his father of the effect made by his organ-playing soon after his arrival in Mannheim (November 13, 1777)

Last Sunday I played the organ in the chapel for a joke. I came in during the Kyrie, played the end of it, and, after the priest had given out the Gloria, I made a cadenza. Nothing like it had ever been heard here before, so that everybody looked round, especially Holzbauer. He said to me, "If I had only known I would have chosen another mass." "Yes," said I, "in order to do for me altogether." Old Toeschi (the concertmeister) and Wendling stood

near me. The people were inclined to laugh, because every now and then, when I wanted a *pizzicato* effect, I gave little bangs to the notes. I was in my best humour. A voluntary is always played here instead of the Benedictus; I took the idea of the Sanctus and carried it out as a fugue. There they all stood and made faces. At the end, after the Missa est, I played another fugue. The pedal is different from ours, and that puzzled me a little at first, but I soon got used to it.

When the new organ in the Lutheran Church was tried (December 18) all the kapellmeisters were invited, and Wolfgang's mother writes how a distinguished Lutheran came and invited him also. He admired the organ both in *pieno* and in its single stops, but he disliked Vogler, who played it; he would not play much himself, only a prelude and fugue, but he arranged to go again with a party of friends, and then he meant to "have some rare fun on the organ." In the Reformed Church also, where the organ was considered a remarkably fine one, he once played to a friend for an hour and a half.

The great admiration he excited as a clavier-player is described by his mother (December 28, 1777): —

Wolfgang is made much of everywhere; but he plays quite differently from what he does at Salzburg, for there are nothing but pianofortes here, and you never heard anything like the way he manages them; in a word, every one that hears him declares that his equal is not to be found. Although Beecké has been here, as well as Schubart, they all agree that he surpasses them both in beauty of tone, in gusto, and delicacy; and what they most admire is his playing out of his head whatever is laid before him.

Clavier-playing was less esteemed in Mannheim than proficiency on an orchestral instrument, and Peter Winter, a true representative of the Mannheim band, could not play the clavier at all, and could not abide such

jingling noise, as he used to tell his friends. But Mozart had plenty of opportunity for comparing himself with other clavier-players.

The Abbé Joh. Fr. Xav. Sterkel (1750-1817), one of the most celebrated performers of the day, came from Mayence (where he was pianist and chaplain to the Elector) during Mozart's stay at Mannheim. "Last evening but one," he informs his father (December 26, 1777), "I was *al solito* at Cannabich's, and Sterkel came in. He played five duets, but so quick as to be unintelligible, and neither distinctly nor in time — they all said so. Mdlle. Cannabich played the sixth, and she really did it better than Sterkel."

The same fault that he found with Sterkel, viz., the endeavour to make an effect by rapid execution and playing at sight, in reality a mere device to hide imperfect execution, Mozart found also with the playing of Vogler (1749-1814), the solitary clavier performer resident at Mannheim.

He tells his father (January 17, 1778) of his meeting Vogler at a large party: —

After dinner he had his two claviers brought, which were tuned together, and also his tiresome printed sonatas. I was obliged to play them, and he accompanied me on the other clavier. I was obliged, at his pressing request, to have my sonatas brought also. Before dinner he had stumbled through my concerto — the Litzau one (246 K.) — *prima vista*; the first movement went prestissimo, the andante allegro, and the rondo really prestissimo. He played almost throughout a different bass to the one that was written, and sometimes the harmonies, and even the melodies, were altered. Indeed, this was inevitable, owing to the great speed: the eye could not see and the hand could not grasp the music. But what kind of playing at sight is that? The hearers (those

I mean, who are worthy of the name) can only say that they have *seen* music and clavier-playing. They hear and think and *feel* just as little as the

performer himself. You can imagine that the worst part of it to me is not being able to say: *Much too quick*. After all, it is much easier to play fast than slow; notes can be dropped out of passages without being noticed; but is that desirable? The rapidity allows the right and left hand to be used indiscriminately: but should that be so?

In what does the art of playing at sight consist? In playing the piece correctly, in strict time, giving the proper expression to every passage and every note, so that it might be imagined that the player had composed the piece himself. Vogler's fingering is atrocious; his left thumb is like Adlgasser's, and he makes all the runs for the right hand with his first finger and thumb.

Mozart's antipathy to Vogler shines through this description, and is equally apparent whenever he has occasion to mention him. Personally he had nothing to complain of in Vogler: "Herr Vogler positively insisted on making my acquaintance," he writes to his father (January 17, 1778); "after plaguing me very often to go to him, he put his pride in his pocket and paid me the first visit." No assurance will be needed that the rivalry of the two in composition, organ and clavier-playing, would not lead Mozart to disparage great merit where it existed. It might have contributed to sharpen his judgment, which, however, was essentially the same as that passed on Vogler by the whole orchestra, "from the highest to the lowest." He was regarded as an interloper, who had usurped an important position in Mannheim, and had intrigued against such men as Holzbauer for the purpose; the violet stockings which he wore as papal legate were thought absurd; and his habit of taking a prayer-book into society, together with his music, and of frequently keeping visitors waiting while he performed his devotions, was considered mere affectation; many complaints were made of his haughty and depreciatory manner; and his own performances fell far short of the expectations excited by himself.

But apart from all influence of partisanship or gossip, it is quite conceivable that two such diverse natures should exercise a mutual repulsion on each other. Vogler was no doubt an original and striking character; the very fact that his contemporaries were either his enthusiastic admirers or his sworn enemies affords proof of this. He possessed musical talent, intellect and shrewdness, together with much energy of character, so that his attainments were extensive both in the arts and sciences.

But these qualities, uncombined with creative genius, could not reach the highest beauty and truth, either in art or science. We find Vogler, therefore, in whom creative genius did not exist, seeking for effect in the technicalities of his art, and as a consequence, in something outside the art itself. He prided himself especially on his programme music, which was full of purely sensuous effects, and on his playing, which was crowded with theoretical difficulties. The principal charm was in both cases imported from without, not an essential product of the art itself. Vogler was the first to give this direction to musical activity, striving to hide a deficiency in creative power under general cultivation of mind, and, as a necessary result, hampering the natural development of true art. His celebrated pupils Weber and Meyerbeer have rendered the same tendency fruitful in consequences to modern music. A consistent endeavour after what is true and beautiful in art presupposes a singleness of mind in the artist which cannot exist with inordinate ambition and a calculating spirit. In truth the contradictions in Vogler's moral nature, which were remarked even by his adherents, were as striking as those in his artistic nature. If we consider the impression such a man must have made on Mozart, whose creative genius was its own measure and law, penetrating the very essence of his being, and elevating even the drudgery of his profession to the freedom of high art, we can comprehend how he would instinctively recoil from Vogler; and how his

own severe education, which had elevated and refined his nature without injuring his healthy love of truth, would prevent his doing full justice to his rival's merits. There can be no doubt that Mozart's opinion of Vogler, which he took no pains to conceal, gave great offence to the latter; but there is no evidence that he "plotted against him," as the father conjectures, nor does Wolfgang himself make any such accusation. Among Vogler's adherents in Mannheim was Peter Winter (1755-1826) who was "almost the only friend, that is the only intimate friend, that Vogler had." His daily offerings to Vogler's vanity were much to be regretted; he objected, however, in after-days to be called Vogler's pupil. He seems to have taken a dislike to Mozart, which the latter had cause to feel very sensibly.

The remaining members of the orchestra, however, were only the more attracted to Mozart by the position which he assumed in regard to Vogler. Wendling and Ramm meditated a journey to Paris during Lent, and Ritter, the bassoonist, was to precede them thither; they intended to give concerts together, and Wendling proposed to Wolfgang to accompany them, since such a composer and virtuoso as he would immeasurably strengthen their company. Wolfgang was strongly inclined to consent, and wrote to his father (December 3, 1777): —

If I stay here until Lent, I shall accompany Wendling, Ramm the oboist (and a very fine one), and Lauchery, the ballet manager, to Paris. Herr Wendling assures me that I shall have no cause to repent it. He has been twice in Paris (has only lately returned), and says it is the only place where fame and money can be made. "You are a man," says he, "who can do anything. I will show you how to set about it: you must compose operas, serious and comic, oratorios, and everything." Whoever has written a couple of operas in Paris is a made man at once; then there are the Concerts Spirituels, and the Académie des Amateurs, where you get five louis d'ors for a symphony. If you give lessons, it is at the rate of three louis d'ors for

twelve. Sonatas, trios, and quartets are printed by subscription. Cannabich and Toeschi send a great deal of their music to Paris. Wendling is a man who understands travelling. Pray write me your opinion on the subject. It seems to me a good idea. I shall travel with a man who knows the Paris of the present day thoroughly, for it has altered very much. I should spend little, indeed I think not half so much as now, for I should only have to pay for myself; mamma would remain here, and probably stay with the Wendlings. Herr Ritter, who plays the bassoon very well, sets out for Paris on the 12th inst. Ramm is a right honest, merry fellow of about thirty-five; he has travelled much, and knows the world well. The greatest and best musicians here like and esteem me. I am always called Herr Kapellmeister.

Wolfgang's mother was not opposed to the project; she writes to her husband (December 11, 1777): —

About Wolfgang and his journey to Paris you must consider what is right: nowadays Paris is the only place to get on. Herr Wendling is an honourable man, well known to all: he has travelled much, and been in Paris thirteen times, so that he knows it thoroughly; our friend Herr von Grimm is his best friend also, and has done much for him. So you must decide as you like — I shall be ready to agree. Herr Wendling has assured me that he would act as Wolfgang's father. He loves him as his own son, and will, I am sure, take as good care of him as I do. You can well imagine that I am averse to parting from him; and if I have to come home alone, the long journey will be a great trial to me: but what can be done? The journey to Paris would be more fatiguing and too expensive; for one does not spend a fourth part travelling alone.

If this plan was to be carried out, Wolfgang must remain at Mannheim through the winter. His first endeavour, therefore, was to obtain a situation in the band from the Elector, and his friends eagerly seconded his efforts.

Holz-bauer had taken him soon after his arrival to the manager, Count Savioli (November 4, 1777),where Cannabich chanced to be present: —

Herr Holzbauer said to the Count in Italian that I wished for the honour of playing before his Highness the Elector: I had been here fifteen years before, when I was eight years old; I was now older and taller, and my music had improved also. “Ah,” said the Count, “that is young-,” somebody or other for whom he mistook me. Then

Cannabich began to speak. I pretended not to listen, and talked to some one else, but I noticed that he spoke very earnestly. Then the Count said to me, “I hear that you play fairly well on the clavier.”

I made an obeisance.

The Elector happened to be holding court at the time, and Count Savioli at once presented Wolfgang to the Electress, who received him very graciously, and remembered his being there fifteen years before, though she would not have recognised him. On November 6 there was a grand state concert, at which Mozart played a concerto, and before the closing symphony a sonata, and something “out of his head”: —

The Elector and his wife and all the court were pleased with me. At the concert, every time I played she and the Elector came quite near my clavier. After the concert, Cannabich intimated that I might speak to the Elector. I kissed hands, and he said, “I think it is fifteen years since you were here before?” “Yes, your highness; fifteen years since I had the honour”— “You play remarkably well.” When I kissed the hand of the Princess she said, “Monsieur, je vous assure, on ne peut pas jouer mieux.”

The Electress informed him that she should like him to play to her alone, and they were obliged to remain until the command to do so should arrive. Some days after, Count Savioli handed him his present, a beautiful gold watch; ten gold caroli would, however, have been more useful to him than the watch, which was valued at twenty. “I have now with your permission

five watches. I have a great mind to have a pocket made on each side, and to wear two watches (which is the fashion now) so that it may not occur to any one to give me another."

In his father's opinion Wolfgang would do wrong to remain in Mannheim any longer than necessary, unless he had certain prospects of a situation there; his good friends could watch over any future interests in his absence, and he ought not to lose the opportunity of making himself known in different places, and of earning money. According to intelligence received from Frankfort, there was nothing to be made there; but at Mayence, with the support of the concertmeister, Georg Ant. Kreuser, concerts might be arranged both in private, before the enthusiastically musical Elector, and in the town. Something, too, might be made at Coblentz out of the Elector Clemens, between whom and the Elector Wolfgang had sat at table and composed with a pencil in Munich, when they were returning from England (p. 48). Nothing could be done in Bonn.

They might return to Mannheim after such expeditions as these, if there was any prospect of remaining there over the winter. Paris must only be thought of as a last resource; it would be a difficult and a risky undertaking. To L. Mozart, who was continually revolving schemes in his mind, it seemed in no way right that the travellers should have settled themselves so comfortably at Mannheim. Wolfgang, finding himself for the first time in a congenial professional atmosphere, and in familiar intercourse with cultivated minds, was only too ready to hearken when every one said to him: "Where can you go in the winter? The season is too bad for travelling; stay here!" And then the prospects which so many good friends opened to him appeared to him in no wise uncertain. His mother allowed herself to be led by her son and his friends, and was easily persuaded that to stay in Mannheim would be most advantageous for Wolfgang.

The Elector had ordered Mozart to be conducted before his natural children, whom he visited for some hours every afternoon, taking great interest in their studies. Mozart, who was accompanied by Cannabich, thus describes the interview (November 8, 1777): —

I talked to the Elector quite familiarly. He is both gracious and good. He said to me, “I hear that you wrote an opera at Munich.” “Yes, your highness. I humbly crave your grace, it is my greatest wish to write an opera here. I pray your highness not to forget me. I can write German, too, God be praised.” Well, that may happen. He has one son and three daughters; the eldest and the young Count play the clavier. The Elector consulted me quite confidentially about his children. I spoke quite openly, but without blaming their master. Cannabich was of my opinion, too. When the Elector left he thanked me very politely.

Some days after he went again, and “played with his whole heart” three times at the request of the Elector, who sat by him “motionless”; a certain professor gave him a subject for a fugue. This seemed the surest way to the favour of the Elector. At Cannabich’s instigation, as he tells his father (who counted on Cannabich’s friendship, his interest being concerned on his daughter’s account), he asked Count Savioli whether the Elector would not keep him there during the winter, and he would engage to give the children lessons. Cannabich promised to propose and support this plan to the Elector, but he must wait until after the gala days, and then the best results might be expected. But a thing like this must not be hurried, and patience would be required, as Wolfgang informs his father, and admonishes him not to lose time in speculations, which generally prove useless. In the meantime he had drawn on the banker for 150 gulden, “for the host would rather hear the jingle of money than of music.”

This did not in any way please Wolfgang’s father, who delivers a sharp reproof for his thoughtless expression as to the father’s speculation being

useless. “Gerechter Gott!” he writes, “you tell me not to speculate when I am in debt already on your account 450 florins, and you think you will put me in good humour by writing all sorts of absurd nonsense.” He shows them how little use they have made of their time so far, and scolds them for not announcing their plans beforehand, so that proper preparations could be made. “I beg you, my dear Wolfgang, to be more thoughtful, and not to wait to write about things until they are past; otherwise all will go wrong.” He points out how they have been living hitherto almost entirely on hope, leaving to him the care of the money which they required; he had not even received the accounts which his dear wife had promised him, and they had drawn money without giving him proper notice: —

A journey like this is no joke: you have not felt it hitherto. You must have something more serious in your head than nonsense: you have to foresee, to consider, to calculate, or else you will find yourself in a mess, without money — and no money means no friends, even if you give lessons a hundred times over, and compose sonatas, and play the fool every night from ten to twelve o’clock. Ask these friends of yours for credit! All the jokes will come to an end, and the most jocular countenance will turn grave on a sudden.

Hereupon followed a very vague money account from the wife (December 11, 1777): —

My dear Husband, — You wish to know what we have spent on our journey. We sent you Albert’s bill, and the Augsburg one was thirty-eight florins. Wolfgang has told you that we were twenty-four florins short, but he has not included the expenses of the concert, which were sixteen florins, nor the hotel bill. So that when we came to Mannheim we had not more than sixty gulden, and if we had left in a fortnight, there would not have

been much over. For travelling costs more, since things have grown so dear; it is not what it was — you would be surprised.

The irritated and somewhat despondent tone in which Wolfgang replied to his father's reproaches (November 20, 1777), shows that he felt their truth, and that the easy-going comfort of his life at Mannheim was disturbed by the first indications of his duty: —

If you consider the cause of my inaction to be laziness and want of care, then I can do nothing but thank you for your good opinion, and lament from my heart that my father does not know me better. I am not careless, I am only resigned to everything, and so can wait with patience and bear all, provided my honour and my good name of Mozart do not suffer. Well, if it must be, it must. But I pray you beforehand not to rejoice or to be sorry before it is time: for whatever happens it is all right if one is only healthy; happiness consists in the imagination (November 29, 1777).

But his father was not satisfied with all this moral philosophy, and calmly criticises the saying that happiness consists in imagination as being worthy only of a wild herb. He calls upon his son to realise the situation of being asked to pay, and having no money. "My dear Wolfgang, that is a saying fit for those who are satisfied with nothing."

The negotiations with the Elector continued, and Wolfgang sought to enlighten his father concerning Cannabich's intentions and behaviour (November 29, 1777): —

In the afternoon (after the first interview with Savioli) I was at Cannabich's, and, as it was by his advice that I had gone to the Count, he asked me whether I had been. I told him all. He said, "I should be very glad if you remained with us all winter; but it would be still better if you could take service here altogether. I said, "I could wish for nothing better than to be always with you, but I do not see how that is possible. You have two kapellmeisters already, and I could not consent to come after Vogler." "Nor

need you," said he; "no musician here is under the kapellmeister, nor even under the manager. The Elector could appoint you his chamber composer. Just wait a little; I will speak to the Count about it." The following Thursday was the state concert; when the Count saw me he apologised for not having spoken, but said he was waiting for Monday, when the Court would be over. I let three days pass, and then, as I heard nothing, I went to inquire. He said, "My dear Mons. Mozart [this was Friday, that is, yesterday], to-day the Elector went hunting, and I could not possibly ask him; but to-morrow at this time you shall certainly have an answer."

I begged him not to forget. Truth to tell, I was a little annoyed when I came away, and I determined to take my easiest six variations on the Fischer minuet (179 K.) — I had already copied them out for the purpose — to the young Count, that I might have an opportunity of speaking to the Elector myself. When I brought them the governess could not contain her delight. I was politely received; when I produced the variations and said they were for the young Count, she said, "O, you are very good; but have you nothing for the Countess?" "Not at present," said I; "but, if I remain here long enough, I shall"— "*A propos*," she said, "I am glad that you are to remain the winter here." "Indeed!

I did not know"— "That is curious. I am surprised. The Elector told me himself." "Well, if he has said it, I suppose it is so; for of course my staying here depends on the Elector." I then told her the whole story. We agreed that I should come to-morrow at four o'clock, and bring something for the Countess. She would speak to the Elector before I came, and I should meet him there. I have been to-day, but he had not been there. I will go again to-morrow. I have a rondo for the Countess. Now, have I not reason enough to remain here and await the issue? Ought I to leave now that so important a step is taken? I have an opportunity of speaking to the Elector myself. I think I shall probably remain the winter here, for the Elector likes me,

thinks much of me, and knows what I can do. I hope to be able to give you good news in my next letter. I beg you again not to sorrow or rejoice about it too soon, and to tell the affair to no one but Herr Bullinger and my sister.

But the affair was not so easily settled; in his next letter (December 3, 1777) Wolfgang could only tell his father of the many incidents which seemed to promise a good result: —

Last Monday, after three successive attempts morning and afternoon, I was fortunate enough to meet with the Elector. We all thought that our trouble was again in vain, for it was getting late; but at last we saw him coming. The governess at once placed the Countess at the clavier, and I sat near her, giving her a lesson: the Elector saw us so when he entered. We stood up, but he told us to continue. When she had finished playing, the governess remarked that I had written a charming rondo for her. I played it, and he was highly pleased. Then he asked, “But will she be able to learn it?” “O yes,” said I, “I only wish that I could have the happiness of teaching it to her myself.” He took snuff and said, “I should like it, but would it not do her harm to have two masters?” “Oh, no, your highness, it only signifies whether she has a good or a bad one. I hope your highness would have no doubt — will have confidence in me.” “Oh, certainly,” said he. Then the governess said, “M. Mozart has also written variations on Fischer’s minuet for the young Count. I played them, and he was again very pleased. Then he began to play with the children, and I thanked him for the presentation watch. He said, “Well, I will think about it. How long shall you remain here?” “As long as your highness commands. I have no engagement elsewhere.” And that was all. This morning I was there again, and was told that the Elector had said several times last night that Mozart would remain all winter. Now that it has gone so far I must wait. To-day I dined at Wendling’s for the fourth time. Before dinner, Count Savioli came in with the kapellmeister Schweitzer, who arrived yesterday. Savioli said co me, “I

have spoken several times to the Elector, but he has not yet made up his mind." I told him I should like to say a word to him, and we went to the window. I told him the doubts of the Elector, complained of being kept waiting so long, and begged him to induce the Elector to engage me; only I feared, I said, that he would offer me so little that I should not be able to remain. Let him give me work: I wanted work. He promised to do as I asked — it may be this evening, since he does not go to court to-day; but to-morrow he has promised me a decided answer. Now, let what may happen, I shall be content. If he does not keep me, I shall ask for a parting gift, for I do not intend to make the Elector a present of the rondo and the variations. I assure you I take the affair quite composedly, knowing that all will be for the best, as, come what may, I have resigned myself to the will of God.

But for several days yet no answer could be obtained from the Elector except a shrug of the shoulders, and "I have not made up my mind." At last Mozart was able to acquaint his father with the result of all these negotiations; it was such as L. Mozart had expected from the first (December 10, 1777): —

There is nothing to be done with the Elector at present. The day before yesterday I went to the concert at court to get my answer. Count Savioli avoided me as long as he could, but I went up to him, and when he saw me he shrugged his shoulders. "What!" said I, "no answer yet?" "A thousand pardons," said he; "but, unfortunately, nothing can be done." "Eh bien!" I answered, "the Elector might have told me that sooner." "Yes," said he, "he would not have made up his mind now if I had not urged him to it, and represented to him how long you had been waiting already, and spending your money at the hotel." "That annoys me most of all," I answered; "it is not at all well done. But I am exceedingly obliged to you, Count (he is not called Excellency), for your endeavours on my behalf, and I shall be obliged if you will thank the Elector in my name for his gracious, though

somewhat tardy, intelligence, and assure him that, if it had pleased him to engage me, he would not have repented doing so." "O," said he, "I am more sure of that than you believe."

The unexpected turn of affairs made quite as unpleasant an impression upon the Mannheim circle of friends as upon Mozart. He went at once to Cannabich's, and he being out hunting, related the whole story to his wife: —

When Mdlle. Rose — who was three rooms off and busied with the linen — had finished, she came in and said to me, "Is it your pleasure that we begin?" for it was time for a lesson. "I am at your service," said I. "We will have a good steady lesson to-day," said she. "We will indeed," I answered, "for it will not last much longer." "How so? Why?" She went to her mamma, who told her. "What!" said she, "is it really true? I do not believe it." "Yes, yes; quite true," said I. She played my sonata through quite seriously; believe me, I could not refrain from weeping; and before it was ended there were tears in the eyes of the mother and daughter, and of Herr Schatzmeister, who was present, for the sonata was a favourite with the whole house. "You see," said Schatzmeister, "when Herr Kapellmeister [they always call me so] goes away, he makes us all cry." I must say that I have made good friends here, and one learns to know them under such circumstances.

Wendling was specially concerned at the intelligence; when Mozart communicated it he grew "quite red," and said very hastily, "We must find some way of keeping you here, at all events for the two months before we go to Paris together." When Wolfgang went to dine with him next day he made him what seemed a very satisfactory proposal. A Dutchman (Dejean or Dechamps) nicknamed the Nabob, who lived on his means, and had been a friend and admirer of Wolfgang, offered to give him 200 florins for three short and easy concertos and two quartets for the flute; then Cannabich

would guarantee at least two well-paying pupils, and Mozart was to have duets for clavier and violin printed by subscription. Wendling offered him board, and he could have free quarters at the house of the chamberlain Serrarius. Mozart was rejoiced at the prospect of being able to remain in Mannheim, and thought he should have enough to do for all winter in composing three concertos, two quartets, four or six clavier duets, besides a grand mass, which he intended to present to the Elector. The following day he set himself to find small, cheap lodgings for his mother, which was not an easy matter.

It was a satisfaction to Wolfgang's father, who was not surprised that Wendling should seek to retain so excellent a fourth party for the expedition to Paris, to have the state of affairs laid clearly before him. He stipulated only that the journey should not take place during the cold of winter, and thought the plan feasible, provided the Dutchman could be relied on; if not, they must at once proceed to Mayence. But on no account were the mother and son to separate. "As long as your mother remains, you must remain with her," he writes (December 18, 1777); "you must not think of leaving your mother to the care of others as long as you and she can be together." The small difference in rent was not worth considering, and it was impossible for her to go home at present. "Be most careful to remain with your mother and care for her, even as she has cared for you." It was not only physical care that he had in his mind, but watchfulness over his son's moral and religious behaviour. He expresses some anxiety on these points (December 15).

Let me ask you whether Wolfgang has not forgotten to go to confession lately? God before everything! From Him alone can we expect earthly happiness and eternal safety. Young people are apt to be impatient when told this; I know it, for I have been young myself; but, God be praised, I never failed to come to myself in time after any youthful folly, to flee from

all danger to my soul, and to keep God and my honour, and the dangerous consequences of sin, always before my eyes.

His wife reassured him by saying that Wolfgang had confessed at the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and that they had heard mass regularly on Sundays, though not always on week-days. Wolfgang justified himself, not without a touch of irritability (December 20, 1777): —

I have written that your last letter gave me great pleasure, and that is true; but one part of it vexed me a little — the question whether I had not somewhat neglected confession. I have nothing to reply to this, except to make you one request, which is — not to think so ill of me again. I am fond of fun, but be assured that I can be serious on occasion. Since I left Salzburg (and even before) I have met with people whose speech and actions I should have been ashamed to imitate, although they were ten, twenty, or thirty years older than myself; so I beg you earnestly to have a better opinion of me.

Under these circumstances, the offer of Serrarius to afford lodging, firing, and light to both mother and son, came very opportunely; Wolfgang was to give lessons to his daughter in return. The mother was especially pleased at the change, having been somewhat lonely at the hotel during Wolfgang's long absences. They had good beds, careful attendance, and she supped and spent the evenings with her hostess, chatting with her often until eleven o'clock. Wolfgang does not seem to have been particularly struck with the talent of the daughter of the house, Theresa Pierron, who had played the clavier since she was eight years old; he seldom mentions the "house nymph." Nevertheless, she practised one of his concertos, and performed it at a large musical party at home; and afterwards she played the third and easiest of his concertos for three claviers at a concert. Before his departure from Mannheim he composed (March 11, 1778) a clavier sonata

with violin accompaniment for her (296 K.). He gave lessons in composition to young Danner, in return for which his mother dined there every day; he himself boarded at Wendling's. "Wolfgang," writes his mother, "has so much to do with composing and giving lessons that he has no time to pay visits to anybody. So you see that we can comfortably stay here during the winter; and it is all Herr Wendling's doing; he loves Wolfgang as his own son." Wolfgang himself gives his father the following account of his daily life (December 20, 1777): —

We cannot rise before eight o'clock, for our room, being on the ground-floor, is not light until half-past eight. Then I dress quickly; at ten o'clock I set to work composing until twelve or half-past; then I go to Wendling's and write a little more until half-past one, when we dine. At three, I go to give lessons in gallantry and thorough-bass to a Dutch officer (De la Potrie), for which, if I do not mistake, I shall have four ducats for twelve lessons. At four I return home to give a lesson to the daughter of the house: but we never begin before half-past four, because we are waiting for lights. At six I go to Cannabich's and teach Mdlle. Rose; I stay there to supper, and then we talk or play a little, or some-times I take a book out of my pocket and read, as I used to do at Salzburg.

His mother had reason to say that Wolfgang was so busy he did not know which way to turn; and she might well add that her husband could not conceive how highly Wolfgang was esteemed for his music and other things, so that every one said that he had not his equal, and his compositions were literally idolised. At the same time the father is informed that Wolfgang's beard has to be removed; and on his question as to whether it has been cut, burnt, or shaved off, the answer is duly given: "The beard has not been shaved yet, only cut with scissors; but it cannot be done so any more, and next time the barber must be called in."

The great musical event which was engrossing public attention at this time was the approaching production of Wieland and Schweitzer's "Rosamunde."

As the result of flattering overtures made to him during the summer of 1776, Wieland set to work on his text in the spring of 1777. The subject — a curious one to choose for Mannheim, where the Elector had many Rosamunds, and the Electress took little pains to conceal her chagrin thereat (facts of which Wieland had no suspicion) — inspired him with the greatest enthusiasm. This caused him to be all the more unpleasantly surprised when Jacobi and Goethe declared the opera a failure, and the minister Hompesch pressed for a revision of the last act. He wished to withdraw it altogether, although Schweitzer had already composed three acts of great beauty; but Hompesch would on no account consent to this, and he was obliged to undertake the revision.

Wieland was far from being satisfied with his own share of the opera, but he declared that Schweitzer had produced a work which would attract people for miles round to hear it.

Wieland was invited to assist in person at the production of his opera. Dissatisfaction with the work, and domestic and economical considerations, caused him some hesitation; but the wish once more to enjoy music to the full finally prevailed, and he looked forward with pleasure to a meeting with old friends; Jacobi, Sophie la Roche and her daughter, and Max Brentano promised to come to Mannheim for the occasion. The production of the opera had been first fixed for the fête-day of the Elector (November 4, 1777), but owing to the delay caused by the revision it did not appear until January, 1778. When all the preparations, the splendid scenery and costumes were completed, Schweitzer came to Mannheim to conduct the final rehearsals himself. Mozart, who made his acquaintance at once, found

him a good, honest man, but dry and positive like Michael Haydn, “only that his language is more refined (December 3, 1777). “There are beautiful things in the new opera, and I doubt not that it will succeed. ‘Alceste’ was a success, and is not half so fine as ‘Rosamunde.’ Certainly its being the first German opera had much to do with the success; and now that the novelty has worn off it has ceased to make the same impression.” The opera was rehearsed daily, and it affords proof of the esteem in which Wolfgang was held by the band that, when Schweitzer was unwell, he had “to take his place, and conduct the opera with several of the violins at Wendling’s” (December 18, 1777). Repeated hearing of the opera did not increase Mozart’s admiration for it. “Wolfgang does not care for the new opera,” writes his mother (December 18, 1777), “he says there is no nature in it, and much exaggeration, and that it is not well written for the singers; we must wait to see what effect it will produce.” He writes himself (December 10, 1777): “‘Rosamunde’ was rehearsed at the theatre to-day; it is — good, but nothing more; and if it were bad, could it not be performed just the same?”

Later on (September 11, 1778), he pities Aloysia Weber on account of her poor part in “Rosamunde.” “She has one song, which might be made something of, but the voice part is *à la* Schweitzer, like the barking of dogs; she has a kind of rondo in the second act, which allows her to sustain her voice, and display it a little. Woe to the vocalist, male or female, who falls into Schweitzer’s hands! He will never acquire the art of writing for the voice.”

The arrival of Wieland, who was esteemed before all German poets at Mannheim, was eagerly looked for by the public, and Wolfgang looked forward to making his acquaintance. Wieland arrived on December 21, and was equally delighted with his reception by the Elector and with the homage of the populace. “Every one is anxious to have me, and each day is

distinguished by something which makes the remembrance of it pleasant," he writes on December 26 to Sophie la Roche; and to Merck on the following day: "I can say nothing more than that I am well both in soul and body, for the reason that I have to play no part but the one natural to me, and that my affairs, so far as it appears, are prospering. God grant that I may not grow *too happy* among these people. But that is provided against."

Mozart was not carried away by the universal enthusiasm for the celebrated poet, and sends his father the following impartial description (December 27, 1777): —

I have made the acquaintance of Herr Wieland, but he does not know me as well as I know him, for he has not heard me play yet. He is not at all what I had expected to find him. His speech seems to me somewhat affected; he has a childish voice — a fixed stare — a certain scholarlike bluntness, and yet sometimes a stupid condescension. I am not surprised at anything in his behaviour here, whatever it may be in Weimar or elsewhere, for the people look at him as if he had come down from heaven. Every one yields to him, and there is silence directly he opens his mouth. It is only a pity that he keeps people in suspense so long, for he has a defect in his utterance, and has to speak very slowly, and stop every six words. He is extremely ugly, covered with pockmarks, and with a very long nose. His height is somewhat greater than your own.

After Wieland had learnt to know Mozart also, he writes (January 10, 1778): "Herr Wieland, after hearing me twice, is quite enchanted. The last time he paid me all manner of compliments, ending up with, 'It has been a real happiness to me to meet you here!' and a squeeze of the hand."

Wieland was delighted with Wendling, and all the preparations for the opera were found satisfactory.

The first performance was fixed for January 11, and he hoped to obtain much honour for his "Rosamunde" in Mannheim, if only the illness of the

Elector of Bavaria did not frustrate all his hopes. But this fear was unhappily realised. The Elector Maximilian died on December 30; the intelligence reached Mannheim as Karl Theodor was attending a religious service for the New Year, and the following evening he set out for Munich. All the festivities came to an end. “The death of Maximilian Joseph,” writes Wieland to Baron von Gebler (January 5, 1778), “has disappointed both myself and the public. My opera “Rosamunde,” set to admirable music by Herr Schweitzer, was to have been given for the first time on the 11th, and repeated eight times during the carnival. I had every prospect of as great a success as perhaps an opera ever had, when the death of the Elector of Bavaria brought about an alteration on the stage of public events, the lugubrious decorations of which have quite suppressed mine.” The opera was rehearsed once more in his honour, and then he travelled back to Weimar, content with the result of his visit, though his main object was defeated.

The change of government had more lasting effects for Mannheim, and especially for the musicians there, than a mere temporary suspension of gaiety. The patriotic inhabitants of the Palatinate could not indeed believe that their Elector would transfer his capital to Munich; but the prospects of the future were uncertain and alarming, owing to the threatening turn taken by political events.

If Mozart had felt himself moved to write German operas in Munich, the impulse must have been vastly strengthened by his stay in Mannheim. He had offered his services to the Elector with this object. When the offer was declined, a new prospect was opened to him in Vienna, with which he acquaints his father (January 11, 1778): —

I know for certain that the Emperor is thinking of establishing opera in Vienna, and that he is seeking everywhere for a young kapellmeister, a German and a genius, who is capable of producing something new. Benda

is seeking in Gotha, but Schweitzer has more influence. This would be just the thing for me; well paid, of course. If the Emperor gives me 1,000 florins I will write him an opera, and if he does not pay me it is all the same. Pray write to all imaginable friends in Vienna that I am in a position to serve the Emperor. If needs be, he may try me with an opera, and what he does after, I really do not care. Adieu. I hope you will put the affair in motion at once, or some one may be beforehand with me.

L. Mozart was not the man to let this opportunity slip. He applied at once to Heufeld, who had formerly been well disposed towards them, and whose knowledge and influence could be relied on, begging him to exert himself on Wolfgang's behalf. Letters from Messmer (pp. 86,145) had just arrived from Vienna, asking why Wolfgang did not come to Vienna, where there was "always room for true talent." He should have board and lodging with him as long as he liked, and his friends would see to his interests. But the prospects, so far as the opera was concerned, were not very promising. L. Mozart was of opinion (January 29, 1778) that the Emperor was like the Archbishop— "he wanted a good thing at a very cheap rate." A letter from Heufeld was definitive (January 23, 1778): —

It is true that His Majesty the Emperor, to whom his mother has quite resigned the care of the theatre, wishes to establish German opera. All orders come through the High Chamberlain, Count von Rosenberg, to the company, among whom there is a sort of council for the regulation of the pieces and parts. At the opera, which is now combined with the national company," the additional singers are Mdlle. Cavalieri, and Schindler's daughter, married to Langin, with a bass, whose name I forget (Fuchs). To-day was the first rehearsal of the first opera ("Die Bergknappen"), of which Herr Weidmann has furnished the words, and Herr Umlauf, who plays the viola in the orchestra, the music. The performance will take place shortly. All this is only an experiment to see if anything can be done with the

Germans in this line. It is certain that no composer will be engaged at present, particularly as Gluck and Salieri are in the Emperor's service. To recommend any one at present would be the surest way to failure; and no advocate can be employed to reach the Emperor's ear, since he arranges everything himself according to his own ideas and inclinations. Every one knows this, and no one ventures on a proposal or recommendation. His Majesty has sought out Gluck and Salieri, and most of those who are now in his service, in the same way. I could give you several examples of people who have applied indirectly to His Majesty and have failed in their suit. The way in which you propose approaching him seems to me far from good, and the reason I decline presenting a petition is my certain conviction that it would be useless, and, indeed, prejudicial to your interests. There is another more creditable and more certain way open to first-rate talent, and that is the production of some work, for which there is every opportunity. Let your son take the trouble of setting any good German opera to music and submitting it to the supreme pleasure of the Emperor, and then let him wait the event, and follow in person if his work is well received. In this case, indeed, his presence will be necessary. Your son may be without any apprehension with regard to Benda and Schweitzer; I can answer for there being no trouble from that quarter. Their fame is not so great here as elsewhere. Perhaps even Wieland's great opinion of these gentlemen has somewhat abated since his stay at Mannheim. I have a letter of the 5th inst. from him, in which he acknowledges to having received altogether new ideas upon music in Mannheim.

When this letter reached Mozart he was in a very excited state (the reason for which will be presently noted), and the effect it produced was greater than mere disappointment. His self-love, which had been raised to so high a pitch by the appreciation of his Mannheim admirers, was

wounded by the proposal that he should write a comic opera on approval, like a beginner. Even the condescending good nature of Heufeld to his “dear Wolfgang” increased his annoyance.

His father was full of plans and cares for his son’s advancement. An opportunity which offered for a settlement in Salzburg was little likely to please Wolfgang. The city had been thrown into consternation on December 21, 1777, by the paralytic seizure of Adlgasser while he was playing the organ. His death followed the same evening. It soon became clear that Wolfgang’s return and application for the vacant post would not be unacceptable to the authorities; and his father informs him of several hints he had received to that effect (January 12, 1778): —

His Excellency the Lord High Steward apprised me that his Serene Highness had commanded him to inquire from Haydn and myself if we knew of a really good organist; he must also be an excellent clavier player, of good appearance and manners, and able to give lessons to the ladies of the court. “What!” said I, “did his Serene Highness mention me?” “Yes; you in particular,” said he, and laughed. I said, “I know nobody with all these qualities.” If there is such an one in Mannheim, he may make his fortune.

But even if his father had been willing to take these hints, Wolfgang would have had no ear for them.

With the idea that a longer stay in Mannheim might yet result in a permanent engagement, L. Mozart wrote to the Padre Martini in December, 1777, sending him Wolfgang’s promised portrait, and begging him to use all his influence with the Elector. With his usual good nature, the Padre promised to write to Raaff authorising him to say to the Elector “in his name everything imaginable in Wolfgang’s favour, and to praise him according to his deserts; even if the political situation should operate unfavourably at the moment, the appeal would certainly bear fruit at a future time.” No such letter, however, reached Raaff from Padre Martini;

but Wolfgang made it the occasion of forming a closer acquaintance with Raaff, and advancing his own claims. He writes (February 28, 1778): —

Yesterday I took Raaff a song which I had just written for him. The words are “Se al labro mio non credi, bella nemica mia,” &c. I do not think they are Metastasio’s. The song pleases him greatly. One has to go carefully to work with a man like this. I selected the words with care, because I knew that he had sung them before, and that they would come easier and more pleasantly to him. I asked him to tell me candidly if he did not care for them or like them, and I would alter the song to his pleasure, or write it over again. “Heaven forbid!” said he, “let the song remain as it is, for it is very fine; only I must beg you to shorten it a little, for I have lost the power now of sustaining my voice so long.” “Willingly,” said I; “as much as you please. I took care to make it long, for it is much easier to curtail than to lengthen a song.” After he had sung the second part, he took off his spectacles, looked hard at me, and said, “Beautiful, beautiful! That is a charming second part,” and he sang it three times. When I went away, he thanked me cordially, and I assured him in return that I would arrange the song to his satisfaction. I like a song to be fitted to the singer, like a well-made garment.

The aria (295 K.), without the introductory recitative, has the following words: —

Se al labro mio non credi,
Bella nemica mia,
Aprimi il petto e vedi,
Quai sia 1’ amante cor;
Il cor dolente e afflito
Ma d’ ogni colpa privo,
Se pur non è delitto
Un innocente ardor.

The treatment is more strictly orthodox than had latterly been usual with Mozart, apparently out of consideration to the singer. The first part is an elaborate adagio, full of simple melody and fervent expression; the tone of deep sorrow given to the words “aprimi il petto” is very impressive, melodious and pleasing, with few passages, and those not florid. The second part (allegretto, 3-8, in G minor), is especially rhythmical and original in its harmonies, animated, and full of expression. Although the arrangement of this part is quite in the old style, it has decided individuality, and contrasts so effectively with the adagio that one can easily understand the delight with which it inspired the old singer. The song does not exceed the compass of —

and keeps to the position of the tenor voice proper, full opportunity for effective display being afforded to the singer. The free and finely coloured accompaniment never obscures the voice, and the whole song is not inferior to later and better known works.

The time had now arrived for the expedition to Paris, and Mozart’s anxious father was unsparing in thought and wise counsel. He advised them to prepare in good time for the mother’s journey from Mannheim to Augsburg at the beginning of March, and he impressed upon Wolfgang that his stay in Paris was not to be limited by weeks or months, but was to last until he had gained both fame and money; he must therefore wind up all his affairs in Mannheim before he left. His father also gave him circumstantial rules for his guidance in society; he was to avoid intimacies, especially with other composers, such as Gluck, Piccinni, and Grétry, whose rivalry might be feared, “de la politesse, et pas d’autre chose!” He was above all to observe the greatest prudence in his dealings with the female sex, who were always on the watch for young men of great talent whom they might dupe and entangle, or even marry; “that would be my death,” says his father, and he sends him a long list of their patrons during their former stay, whom he

was to seek out immediately on his arrival. He is especially assured of the tried friendship of Grimm, and of his own studies and duties: “Think daily what you owe to God, who has given you such extraordinary talents.”

To L. Mozart’s astonishment he received a letter from Wolfgang (February 4, 1778), informing him of his intention of giving up the journey to Paris, and of the reasons which had led to this determination: —

Mamma and I have talked it over, and agreed that the life which Wendling leads does not suit us. Wendling is a thoroughly honest, good man, but he and all his household are totally without religion; his daughter’s relations to the Elector sufficiently prove this. Ramm is good at heart, but a libertine. I know myself, and know that I have so much religion that I should never commit an action that I could not proclaim to the whole world; but the mere thought of travelling with people whose way of thinking is so opposed to mine (and to that of all honourable men) frightens me. They may do as they please, but I have no wish to accompany them; I should not have a happy hour, I should never know what I was saying; for, in one word, I have no confidence in them. Friendship without a religious basis is not lasting. I have already given them a little *prægusto*. I have told them that letters have reached me, of which I can say nothing further than that they interfere with my journey to Paris with them; I may be able to follow, but perhaps I shall have to go elsewhere, and they must not depend upon me.

The mother corroborates all this, and declares she had never approved of the society of Wendling and Ramm, but that she had said nothing, for she was never listened to. In her next letter she asserts that it would certainly be dangerous companionship for Wolfgang, and tells her husband: “It is true that Herr Wendling is the best-natured man in the world, but neither he nor his family have any idea of religion, nor care for it; neither the mother nor daughter enter a church all the year round, nor do they ever confess nor hear

mass, but they are always going to the play; they say the church is not healthy."

L. Mozart was not a little surprised that his wife and son should so suddenly discover this lack of faith at the end of a long acquaintance. "You are quite right not to travel in undesirable company," he answers (February 16, 1778); "but you must have been aware of the bad qualities of these men for a long time, and you have had so little confidence in your anxious father, that you have never written to ask his advice on the subject, and (shocking!) neither has your mother done so." There was not much to be said in answer to this, except that they had allowed themselves to be deceived by the universal praise of Wendling, and by his really good qualities, and had overlooked his want of religion.

Wolfgang gave his father other reasons against the expedition (February 7, 1778): —

I have already given you my chief reason for not going with these people to Paris. The second is that I cannot quite see what I should have to do in Paris. My only means of advancement would be lesson-giving, and that work is distasteful to me. I have had a striking example of that here. I might have had two pupils. I went to each of them three times, then I found one of them out; consequently I did not go again. I will gladly give lessons as a favour, particularly to any one who shows genius and a real wish to learn. But to be obliged to go to a house at a certain hour, or to be obliged to wait at home for a pupil, is what I cannot do, even if it were to bring me some profit. I leave that to those who can do nothing but play the clavier. I am a composer, and a born kapellmeister; I ought not to bury my talent for composition which a merciful God has so richly bestowed upon me (I may say it without pride, for I feel it now more than ever); and pupils are most distracting to the mind. I would rather (so to speak) neglect the clavier than

composition; for the clavier is only a subordinate affair; only, God be praised! a very powerful subordinate.

He had said the same to Wendling, and told him that if he would only put something certain in his way, he would gladly follow to Paris, “especially if it was an opera; opera-writing is my chief idea and object, French rather than German, but Italian rather than either French or German. Wendling and his friends are all of opinion that my compositions would be wonderfully successful in Paris; for, as you know, I can adapt myself to every sort and style of composition.”

All things considered, we cannot but feel that Wolfgang’s father was justified in writing as follows (February 23, 1778)

So you intend only to give lessons as a favour, do you? and you mean to leave your old father in his present straits? For a young fellow like you lesson-giving is far too much trouble, even when it is well paid. It is more fitted to your old father to run from house to house for a wretched pittance in order to support himself and his daughter, and to send the little that remains to you, instead of paying his debts; and all that you may amuse yourself by giving lessons to some silly girl for nothing! My son, reflect, and give ear to your own good sense. Reflect whether you do not deal more hardly with me than our prince himself. God has given you an excellent judgment, and two things only hinder you from employing it on your own affairs: first, a trifle too much of conceit and self-love, and, secondly, an inclination to be over-confiding and to open your heart to every one you meet.

He made him easy as to lesson-giving in Paris (February 16, 1778)

In the first place, no one will discharge his master at once in order to take you; and, in the second place, no one would venture to engage you, nor should you take any one, except a lady, now and then, who plays well already and has a fancy for learning from you, for which she is willing to

pay well. Such lady pupils as these will take endless trouble to collect subscriptions for your compositions. The ladies in Paris are omnipotent; they are great amateurs of the clavier, and many of them play extremely well. They would be your best allies for getting commissions; and you will be able, by their help, to make both fame and money with clavier pieces, violin quartets, symphonies, and such collections of French songs with the clavier as you lately sent me; then, at last, you will arrive at an opera. Why do you hesitate? But you always want things done in a moment, before you have been either seen or heard. Look down the long list of our former acquaintances in Paris; they are all, at least the greater number, the best people in the town. They are all most anxious to see you again, and if only six of such persons (nay, a single one would suffice) were to take you by the hand, you might do as you pleased.

All this notwithstanding, however, we cannot but feel that Wolfgang's consciousness of his true vocation and his lively protest against any sort of pressure from without did honour to him, far more honour than the insinuation of unbelief against his true friend Wendling, to whom he was already deeply indebted. Not that Mozart was insincere — he was a faithful son of his Church — but other feelings were at work here, which obscured his judgment. Wendling was inconsolable at Wolfgang's refusal to join the party; and the latter endeavoured to persuade himself that motives of personal interest had a share in the regret of his friend. Be it as it may, Wendling and Ramm set off for Paris on February 15, leaving Wolfgang at Mannheim, not quite free from compunction. "If I thought," he writes to his father (February 14, 1778), "that you were really annoyed about my not going to Paris with them, I should repent having remained here; but, after all, the road to Paris is not closed to me."

L. Mozart was not altogether displeased at the turn of affairs; what really angered him was to hear from Wolfgang (February 4, 1778): "I am getting

on at my ease with the music for Mons. de Jean, for which I am to have 200 florins; I can stay here as long as I like, for neither my board nor lodging cost me anything." His father had warned him before (December 11, 1777): "If you examine your conscience you will find that you have a strong tendency to procrastination"; and now he writes (February 12, 1778): "I am astonished to hear that you are finishing Mons. de Jean's music at your ease. Can it be that you have not already completed it! And you were thinking of leaving Mannheim on the 15th, and have been making expeditions to Kirchheim? Well, never mind, only beware that Herr Wendling and Mons. de Jean do not play you false, for the proposal was only made with the intention of enabling you to go with them. Let me have an answer by the next post, that I may know how the matter stands." The information which Wolfgang furnished (February 14, 1778) was not consolatory: —

Herr de Jean, who also goes to Paris to-morrow, has paid me only ninety-six florins (miscalculating the half by four florins) because I had written only two concerti and three quartetti. But he will be obliged to pay me the whole, for I have arranged with Wendling to send the music after them. It is not extraordinary that I should not have been able to finish it. I never have a quiet hour; night is my only time for writing, for I cannot even get up early. Besides, one is not always in the humour for writing. I could certainly scribble away the whole day; but when a thing is to go forth to the world bearing my name, I am determined that I will not be ashamed of it. You know how stupid I am when I have always to compose for one instrument (and that one which I dislike). I have written other things from time to time for a change, such as clavier duets and portions of masses. But now I have set to work in earnest on the clavier duets, so that I may have them printed.

In a letter from Paris (July 20, 1778) he mentions only "two quartets for the flute," and on October 3, 1778, he speaks of "the flute concerto." Two

quartets for flute, violin, viola, and violoncello are known. One of them (281 K.) is inscribed, “Mannheim il 25 Dec., 1777,” and must therefore be the same which is mentioned in the letter of December 18 as being almost finished. It is in D major, in the usual three movements, the middle one, an adagio 3-8, being accompanied throughout *pizzicato*, the flute leading the melody. The whole piece is easy, both in style and composition, the flute kept mainly in the foreground, and the accompanying parts firmly and skilfully handled, without any actual elaboration. The second quartet (298 K.), according to a notice appended by a strange hand to the original manuscript (in the imperial library at Vienna), was composed in Paris in 1778. It is in A major, and begins with variations on a simple theme, in which each instrument in succession comes in obbligato. Then follows a minuet, and as a finale a “rondieaoux,” the heading of which testifies to Mozart’s merry humour; it runs: “Allegretto grazioso, ma non troppo presto, perö non troppo adagio, cosi, cosi, con molto garbo ed espressione.” It is likewise easy in every respect, shorter, and somewhat fresher than the first movement. A flute concerto in D major (314 K.) bears much the same character, and was composed for the “true philanthropist, the Indian Dutchman.” It is lively and cheerful, without laying claim to deeper significance; the accompaniment, although kept well in hand, betrays in little touches the practised hand of a master. An andante in C major for the flute, with orchestral accompaniment has also been preserved (315 K.). The original is not dated, but the handwriting, the Mannheim paper, and the well-founded assumption that Mozart never wrote for the flute, except by commission, point to this time. Fürstenau, however, remarks that Mozart treats the flute with a perfect knowledge of the instrument, its *technique* and easily attained effects.

Nothing is known of the mass on which he was engaged at Mannheim, unless a detached Kyrie in E flat (322 K.), serious and dignified in

expression, original and free in treatment, may be referred to this period.

He writes on the 28th February, 1778, that he has still two clavier sonatas to write: “But I am not in a hurry with them, for they cannot be printed here. Nothing can be done by subscription — it is beggary, and the engraver will not take the risk on himself unless I promise him half the profits. I would rather have them printed in Paris, where the publishers are glad of something new, and pay capitally, and where much also can be done by subscription.” One of the sonatas (304 K.) was, according to the inscription, finished in Paris; all the six were published there in 1778 by Sieber, and were dedicated to the Electress (301-306 K.).

Wolfgang’s dilatoriness was a hard blow to his father, who had counted on the price of these compositions to cover the cost of the Mannheim visit and of the journey to Paris. He saw plainly that he must not only defray these himself, but must also provide for the future, and he found himself in great perplexity. He writes in troubled strain (February 16, 1778): —

We have tried every means to make you happy, and ourselves through you, and at least to set your future career on a firm foundation: but fate has willed that we should not succeed. Our last venture has sunk me very low indeed, and, as you know, I am now seven hundred florins in debt, knowing not how I am to support myself, your mother and sister, on my monthly pay; not a kreuzer can I hope for from our prince. You cannot but see clearly, therefore, that the future fate of your old parents, and of your good devoted sister, is in your hands.

The sister, an ever-present witness of the cares and perplexities of her father, at a loss to know how the new year’s bills were to be met, or how he was to procure the new clothes he needed, grasped the state of affairs very thoroughly. She practised the clavier with redoubled zeal, and had made great efforts thoroughly to master thorough-bass and the art of preluding; she foresaw that after her father’s death her music would be her mother’s

and her own sole dependence. She was deeply grieved at the bad news from Wolfgang, and “had her full share of weeping.” Wolfgang wrote crossly that she “should not cry for nothing” (February 19, 1778); but he must have felt ashamed of himself when his father’s answer to this came (February 26, 1778)

She did not cry over nothing when she cried over your letter; but, nevertheless, she said when she heard that you had not got the 200 florins, “Thank God that it is no worse!” although she has considerable interest in the matter, and knows that, in order to go on helping you, her own just claims must be laid aside.

And why was it, the father must have asked himself, that Wolfgang was so suddenly blind to his own interests, and forgetful of his duty to his family? It required no great skill in reading between the lines to find the answer in his son’s own letters. The stay in Mannheim influenced his artistic life through the intellectual atmosphere of a capital in which flourished German science and German art; but beyond and above this, it was there that he was seized by the passion which sways the innermost being of man, and blunts for the time every other feeling. We have seen how susceptible he always was to female charms, and how he delighted in intercourse with agreeable women, whose attractions often threw a favourable light on his opinion of their musical acquirements.

Now, for the first time, there awoke in his heart a passionate attachment to a young singer of extraordinary talent; the beauty of her voice as it developed under his loving tuition, coupled with the unhappy circumstances of her life, increased the young man’s generous ardour, and aroused his lively sympathy. Aloysia Weber, the second daughter of a man in a subordinate position at the theatre, was fifteen years of age, and of great beauty. His letters, outwardly expressive only of his admiration for her singing, are not the less indicative of the state of his heart; artistic delight

and loving passion are charmingly and unconsciously blended in every sentence. The view which it is permitted us to take of the innocent heart of a youth who could feel as warmly and tenderly as he could judge impartially and artistically, is the more striking, since it helps us to apprehend how much was torn away with this bud, destined never to unfold into blossom. Wolfgang first mentions her in an account of a little professional tour (January 17, 1778)

Next Wednesday I am going for a few days to Kirchheim-Poland, to the Princess of Orange (p. 43); I have heard so much that is good of her, that at last I have decided. A Dutch officer, and my very good friend, was dreadfully scolded by her for not bringing me with him, when he went to pay his respects at the new year. I shall get at least eight louis-d'or; for she is a great musical amateur, and I have had four songs copied for her; I shall give her a symphony, too, for she has a nice little orchestra, and gives concerts every day. The copying of the songs will not cost me much, for it has been done by a certain Herr Weber, who is going over with me. He has a daughter of fifteen, who sings extremely well, with a beautiful, pure voice. She only wants action to be fit for a prima donna on any stage. Her father is a good, true-hearted German, who has brought up his children well, which is the reason that the girl is persecuted here. He has six children, five daughters and one son. For fourteen years he supported himself and his family on 200 florins a year, and because he has always faithfully fulfilled his duties, and has provided the Elector with a first-rate singer, he has now actually 400 florins. She sings my song for De Amicis with the fearful passages excellently well; she is going to sing it at Kirchheim-Poland.

After his return he narrates the particulars of this "holi-day-trip" (February 2, 1778)

We sent a note at once to the castle, and next day the concertmeister, Rothfischer, waited on us. In the evening we went to the court, it being Saturday; Mdlle. Weber sang three songs. I pass over her singing with one word, *excellent*. I spoke to you of her merits in my last letter, and I shall not be able to close this without saying more, as I am now learning to know her better, and to appreciate her full powers.

Afterwards we supped at the officers' table. Sunday and Monday we dined at court; there was no music on Sunday evening; there never is, so that they have only about 300 musical evenings in the year. We might have joined the gaming-table, but much preferred remaining at home. We would willingly have dispensed with the dinner at court, since we are never so happy as when alone together; but we looked at it from an economical point of view, having spent enough already. On Monday there was music, and again on Tuesday and Wednesday; Mdlle. Weber sang in all thirteen times, and twice played the clavier, which she does very well. What surprises me most is her correctness. Only imagine, she played my difficult sonatas slowly, but without missing a note, *prima vista*, upon my honour. I would rather she played my sonatas than Vogler. I have played in all twelve times, and once by desire on the organ in the Lutheran church, and I have waited on the Princess with four symphonies; for all this I have received seven louis-d'ors in silver money, and my poor dear Weber five — basta! We have lost nothing by it. I have clear forty-two florins profit, and the inexpressible pleasure of having made the acquaintance of true-hearted Catholic and Christian people. *A propos*, you must not be surprised that my seventy-seven florins have been reduced to forty-two florins. It was a true pleasure to come together with good sympathetic people. I could not do otherwise than pay half the expenses; but that will not happen on any other journey; I have said already I shall only pay for myself. Afterwards we stayed five

days at Worms, where Herr Weber has a brother-in-law, the Dean of the monastery, who stands in fear of Herr Weber's sharp-pointed pen. We were very merry, and dined and supped every day with the Dean. I can truly say that this little journey has been good practice on the clavier for me. The Dean is a very wealthy, sensible man. Now it is time that I conclude; if I were to write all that I think I should run short of paper.

After his return to Mannheim he devoted almost his whole time to the Webers, and to the musical education of their gifted daughter. He studied with her all the songs which he had brought, and begged his father to send him from Salzburg "an aria cantabile, cadenzas, and anything else suitable." Then he procured her an opportunity of being heard. He writes (February 14, 1778): —

Yesterday Cannabich gave a concert, and everything performed — except the first symphony by Cannabich himself — was mine. Mdlle. Rose played my concerto in B flat (238 K.); then, by way of a change, Herr Ramm played for the fifth time my oboe concerto for Ferlendi, which has made a great sensation here; Ramm makes it his *cheval de bataille*. Afterwards Mdlle. Weber sang De Amicis' *aria di bravura* quite charmingly. Then I played my old concerto in D (175 K.), because it is such a favourite here; then I improvised for half an hour, and afterwards Mdlle. Weber sang with great applause "Parto m' affretto" ("Lucio Silla," 135 K.). My overture to the "Re Pastore" was the finale.

He had the satisfaction of hearing from Raaff, "who certainly never flatters," when asked his true opinion: "She sang like a professor, not like a learner." As an expression of his feelings for Aloysia, Wolfgang composed the song (294 K.) which comes more direct from his heart than any other of his compositions (February 28, 1778): —

I have taken the aria, "Non sò d'onde viene," &c., as an exercise in composition, just because it has been so beautifully done by Bach, and

because I know and admire his rendering so much that it is always in my ears; I wanted to try whether, in spite of this, I could not write a song which should not be like Bach's. It is not at all, not in the least like. I intended the song for Raaff at first, but the beginning was too high, and it pleased me too much to be altered; besides, the instrumentation seemed to make it more fitted for a soprano. I therefore decided to write the song for Mdlle. Weber. I laid it aside, and set to work on "Se al labro" for Raaff. But it was of no use, I could write nothing else while the first song was in my head. So I finished it, and set myself to make it exactly suited to Mdlle. Weber. It is an andante sostenuto, following a short recitative. In the middle comes the second part, "Nel seno a destarmi;" then again the sostenuto. When it was finished, I said to Mdlle. Weber, "Learn the song for yourself; sing it according to your own taste; then let me hear it, and I will tell you candidly what pleases me and what does not please me." In two days she sang it to me, and accompanied herself. I was obliged to acknowledge that she sang it as well as I could wish, and just as I would have had it done. It is the best song which she has, and will gain her applause wherever she sings it.

This assertion was justified at a concert given by Cannabich, at which Rose Cannabich, Mdlle. Weber, and Mdlle. Pierron Serrarius, after three rehearsals, played the concerto for three claviers very well: —

Mdlle. Weber sang two of my songs, "Aer tranquillo," from the "Re Pastore," (208 K.), and the new one, "Non sö d'onde viene." The dear creature did herself and me infinite honour. Every one said that she surpassed herself in this song; she sang it just as it should be sung. Cannabich called out aloud when it was finished, "Bravo, bravissimo, maestro! veramente, scritta da maestro! This was the first time I had heard it with the instruments. I wish you could have heard it as it was sung then, with such accuracy of taste, such *piano* and *forte*. Who knows? you may

hear it yet. I hope so. The orchestra have not left off yet praising and talking of the song.

And he himself cannot leave off talking of it: —

I do certainly wish you could hear my new song sung by her; I say by her, for it is just made for her. You, who know what is meant by singing with *portamento*, would find rare satisfaction in her singing of it.

He proceeds to beg his father not to allow the song (which he sends him) to be sung by any one else, since it was written only for Mdlle. Weber, and fits her like a garment.

In truth this song is very beautiful, the simple and natural expression of what he felt and wished to imply to the singer, original in form and treatment. Strikingly original are the short violin passages between the phrases of the recitative. The chief movement is adagio, *cantabile* throughout, in its calm steady progress beautifully expressive of alternate doubt and resolution. A very effective contrast is formed by the animated allegro agitato, which leads back to the adagio in an unexpected but charming manner; the adagio is not simply repeated, but the important points are accentuated, partly by the harmonic treatment, partly by stronger emphasis, and the grouping and connection are varied. The loving care of the composer is displayed again in his management of the orchestra. The stringed instruments are accurate in detail, and written with a view to effect; for instance, when the voice in its highest, sharpest tones, is accompanied by the violins in a far lower position, the effect is excellent. The second violin part is well thought out, and the accompaniment rich without being overpowering. As wind instruments, the flutes, clarinets, horns and bassoons, are’ so combined as to give intensity and brilliancy to the colouring of the whole; they are employed with a full mastery of effect, either alone or in varied combination.

The following is the original situation in Metastasio's "Olimpiade." Clisthenes, King of Sicyon, has doomed to death an unknown youth (as afterwards appears, his son), because he has attempted to assassinate him. But in the act of delivering him to death, he feels himself wonderfully moved by the aspect of the youth, and turns to his confidant with the words: —

Alcandro, lo confesso, stupisco di me stesso. Il volto, il ciglio, la voce di costui nel cor mi desta un palpito improwiso, che lo risente in ogni fibra il sangue. Fra tutti i miei pensieri la cagion ne ricerco e non la trovo. Che sarà, giusti Dei, questo ch' io provo?

Non si d' onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto, che ignoto
Mi nasce nel petto
Quel gel, che le vene
Scorrendo mi và.
Nel seno a destarmi
Si fieri contrast!
Non parmi che basti
La sola pietà.

Mozart describes graphically how the voice and singing of Mdlle. Weber floated before him, and inspired his composition, but he does not tell us how Metastasio's words, released from their dramatic connection, became the soliloquy of a young heart, feeling with amazement the first stirrings ot love, and scarcely venturing to realise the depth and intensity of its passion; for pity is assuredly not enough to excite such expressions of emotion. This was the condition of his own heart, and what he felt himself, that he also placed in the heart of his beloved, and, being an artist, on her lips — certainly without analysing his feelings or hers. The song expresses purely

and beautifully the emotions of a maiden who stands in doubt and perplexity at the innocent impulses of her heart, incomprehensible even to herself. But her budding inclination has not yet become a dominant passion, and she feels that she stands at the turning-point of her whole existence. There reposes, therefore, on the whole song the calmness and purity of innocence, together with intense warmth and deep agitation, and Mozart has lent to these emotions the inexpressible charm of melody.

The charm is not broken by the occurrence of sharper discords than are usual with Mozart; but they are both appropriately placed, and in full harmony with the tone of the whole.

The song gives a favourable indication of the powers of the singer. The style is simple and sustained throughout, varied by original and expressive embellishments, and at the close by a couple of quick runs going up to —

It excites no small astonishment to find such capabilities of voice, execution, and delivery in a girl of fifteen. Mozart composed the same song again for the bass singer Fischer, in March, 1787 (512 K.). The construction of the song is, as the words require, the same, but the treatment is as different as possible. This time the true sense of the dramatic situation is grasped; a man, a ruler, who has a long life's experience behind him, feels his strong mind moved to a tenderness which he cannot understand, and which therefore troubles him; he seeks to resist it, but falls ever again under its irresistible sway. The sense of surprise and passionate resistance is powerfully rendered, and many passages— "Quel gel che scorrendo le vene mi và," for instance — are of wonderful power and beauty. In fact, the song presupposes the union of strength and softness, flexibility of voice and cultivated delivery, which existed to perfection in Fischer; it might be said as truly of him as of Mdlle. Weber, that the song fitted him like a garment.

Mozart's change of determination with regard to the Parisian journey is easily explained by the light of his love for Mdlle. Weber, although he was

far from acknowledging this, even to himself. No doubt he was sincere in writing to his father (February 4, 1778): “It is out of the question for me to travel with a man who leads a life of which the youngest among us would be ashamed, and the thought of assisting a poor family, without doing harm to myself, pleases me to the very depths of my soul.” He longed ardently to liberate the Weber family from their trying position; but love for his Aloysia was the most powerful, although the secret motive. The direction of his thoughts may be gathered from his remarks on the wealthy marriage made by his friend Herr von Schiedenhofen (February 7, 1778): —

It is a mercenary marriage, and nothing further. I would not marry in that way; I should like to make my wife happy, and not expect to make my fortune through her. So I will let it alone for the present, and enjoy my freedom, until I can afford to support a wife and family. It was necessary for Herr von Schiedenhofen to choose a rich wife for the sake of his title. The nobility can never marry from inclination or love, but only from interest and various considerations; it would not become such high personages to love their wives when once they have brought into the world a fat little son and heir. But we poor common folk, not only *may* we take a wife whom we love, and who loves us, but we ought, can, and will take such an one; for we are not nobly born, aristocratic, or rich, but lowly, mean, and poor, and so not needing a rich wife; our wealth dies with us, for it is in our brains — and no one can take it from us, unless he cut off our head — and then we should not want anything more.

The father must have shaken his head at this diatribe. Wolfgang’s wish at least to live in the neighbourhood of Aloysia, until he could call her his own, was joined to his irresistible impulse to compose operas. In order to attain both these ends he had conceived a project which would, he supposed, be of equal advantage to her family and his own. The Webers were quite ready to fall in with what was clearly to their advantage, and it

only remained to obtain the consent of Wolfgang's father to his remaining in Mannheim and completing the compositions he had undertaken: —

At the same time Herr Weber will be exerting himself to get concert engagements for himself and me; we shall travel together, too. Travelling with him will be just the same as travelling with you. In fact, the reason I like him so much is that, excepting in appearance, he resembles you entirely; his temper and turn of mind are identical with yours. If my mother were not, as you know, averse to much writing, she would say the same thing. I must acknowledge that I enjoyed travelling with the Webers; we were happy together, and merry; and I had the satisfaction of conversing with a man like yourself. I had no need to trouble myself about anything; if anything was torn I found it mended; in fact, I was treated like a prince. This oppressed family has become so dear to me that it is my greatest wish to make them happy — which is perhaps in my power. My advice is that they should go to Italy. You would be doing me a great favour if you would write as soon as possible to our good friend Lugiati (p. 108), and inquire from him what is the highest sum paid to a prima donna in Verona — the higher the better, for it is easy to lower one's terms — and perhaps she could get a better engagement afterwards in Venice. I will stake my life on her singing, and I know that she does me honour. She has profited much by my instruction, even in this short time, and I have not much doubt as to her acting powers.

If all this takes place, we — that is, M. Weber, his two daughters and I — shall have the honour of paying a passing visit in a fortnight or so, to my dear father and my dear sister, and my sister will find a friend and companion; she enjoys the same reputation here on account of her good bringing up as my sister does in Salzburg; her father is respected as mine is; and the whole family is like the Mozart family. This arouses envy in the same way, of course; but when it comes to the point the most envious are

obliged to speak the truth; honesty is the best policy. I cannot tell you how pleased I should be to bring them to Salsburg, only that you might hear her.

She sings my songs written for De Amicis — the bravura songs, as well as “Parto m’ affretto” and “Dalla sponda tenebrosa” — quite superbly. I beg that you will do your best to help us to go to Italy; you know my greatest ambition — to write operas. I would gladly write an opera for thirty sequins at Verona, that she might gain reputation by it; for if I had not written it I fear she would be sacrificed. In the meantime I shall make so much money by the expeditions I shall make with them that I shall not be in any way injured. I think we shall go to Switzerland, perhaps also to Holland; write to me soon about it. If it all comes to pass, the other daughter, who is the elder, will be very useful, for she cooks well, and we can keep house for ourselves. I only beg you not to delay answering me. Do not forget my wish to write operas! I am jealous of every one who writes one; I could weep for vexation when I hear or see an aria. But Italian, not German; seria, not buffa!

Now I have laid open my whole heart to you, and my mother is quite of my way of thinking. I kiss your hand a thousand times, and am, till death, your obedient son.

In a later letter he repeats his pressing request (February 14, 1778): —

I earnestly entreat you to do what you can for Weber; I have his success very much at heart; a man and his wife, five children, and an income of 450 florins! Remember my request as to Italy, and also about myself; you know my ambition and my passion. I hope it will all go right; I put my trust in God, and He will not forsake us. Now farewell, and do not forget my earnest petition and recommendation.

Wolfgang’s mother was not quite so much of his opinion as he imagined; this is apparent from her postscript, which shows also that she was entirely without influence over her son: —

My dear Husband, — You will perceive from this letter that when Wolfgang makes a new friendship he is ready to sacrifice his life and all he holds dear for the object of it. It is true that she sings divinely, but one should never so entirely set aside one's own interests. I have never approved of the companionship with Wendling and Ramm, but I dared not make any objection, and I am never listened to. But as soon as he knew the Webers, he altered his mind altogether. In fact, he prefers being with other people to being with me; I object to this thing and that which does not please me, and that annoys him. So you must decide for yourself what is to be done. I write this in the greatest secrecy while he is dining.

And what said the father? This letter was a greater blow than any which had yet befallen him, and Wolfgang's romantic project almost bereft him of reason. He did not indeed doubt that "much persuasion had been brought to bear on Wolfgang, to induce him to prefer a vagabond life to the fame which could be acquired in a city so celebrated, and so ready to welcome true talent, as Mannheim"; but he was horrified to find that the influence of strangers could so deprive him of consideration for himself and others. "Your kind heart leads you to see no fault in any man who praises you loudly and exalts you to the skies, and to bestow all your love and confidence on him; when you were a child, on the contrary, your modesty was so excessive that you wept when you were openly praised." Sharp remedies seemed in this case necessary, and these L. Mozart applies with all the authority of an experienced man, and the severity of a conscientious father. He lays before his son in an exhaustive letter how far he has hitherto been from attaining the main object of his journey, and how much he is in danger of forgetting his duty to his family and himself, for the gratification of a senseless passion. It was not difficult to show that the idea was immature and impracticable of producing a young girl, who had never sung

in public, nor appeared on the stage, before an Italian public, which would be certain to condemn her even if she sang like Gabrielli herself. L. Mozart goes on to show how, with war threatening, the present was not the time for a professional tour, and how a wandering life with a stranger and his daughters would deprive him of his reputation, ruin his prospects, and bring disgrace on his family: “It lies now in your own power alone to raise yourself to as high a position as a musician has ever attained; you owe all to the extraordinary talent bestowed upon you by the all-gracious God, and it depends upon your own sense and behaviour whether you become an ordinary musician, forgotten by the world, or a celebrated kapellmeister whose fame shall be handed down to posterity in books — whether you herd all together in a room full of squalling brats, on a heap of straw, or spend a Christian life, full of honour, pleasure and profit, and die respected by all the world, leaving your family well provided for.”

L. Mozart felt that immediate action was necessary; all his former objection to the journey to Paris vanished before the necessity of extricating his son from his present dangerous entanglement. “Away with you to Paris, and that soon!” he cried. “Put yourself at the side of great men — *aut Cosar aut nihil!* The mere thought of seeing Paris should have preserved you from all passing distractions. The name and fame of a man of great talent goes through all the world from Paris.” The company of Wendling and Ramm was not as important to him as his was to them. But his mother must go with him in order to arrange everything properly; they were not to limit their stay to a few months, but were to remain as long as was necessary to gain renown and money; the more so since Paris was the safest place to live in during war. Hard as it was upon him, the father undertook to provide money and letters of credit for the journey.

In making this appeal to the conscience, the ambition, and the better judgment of his son, L. Mozart was wise enough not to allude directly to his

attachment to Aloysia Weber, although he must have been well aware of its existence. Wolfgang had not openly expressed it, and his father was careful not to oppose a sentiment which was invincible because inaccessible to reason. But as a proof that he was not indifferent to the misfortunes of those with whom Wolfgang had so much sympathy, he did not withhold the advice for which he had been asked. The man who could best help them was Raaff; Wolfgang should endeavour to interest him in Mdlle. Weber, and his influence would be all powerful with the impresaii. He further advised that she should make her *début* on the Mannheim stage, were it only for the sake of practice.

The effect of this letter was what he anticipated. Wolfgang was brought to a knowledge of the fact that he had nearer duties to fulfil, to which his dreams and aspirations after an uncertain future must give way. He yielded with a heavy heart but with childlike submission to his father’s will, and answered (February 19, 1778)

I always anticipated that you would be against the journey with the Webers, for I never seriously entertained the idea myself; that is, under our present circumstances; but I had given my word that I would write to you about it. Herr Weber does not know how we stand; I have told no one; and so because I wanted to be free from care for any one, and to be happy together, I forgot the present impossibility of the affair, and also to inform you of my true opinion of it. What you say concerning Mdlle. Weber is all true; and, as I wrote before, I know as well as you do that she is too young, and wants the power of acting, and should therefore recite in the theatre as often as possible; but one has to proceed cautiously with some people. The good Webers are as tired of being here as some one else you know was elsewhere; and they are inclined to think everything possible. I had promised them to write to my father; but even before my letter had reached Salzburg I had been advising them to be patient, that she was a little too

young, &c. They take everything well from me, for they have a high opinion of me. The father has spoken by my advice to Madame Toscani (an actress) about giving his daughter instruction in acting. All that you say of Mdlle. Weber is true, except one thing: that she sings like a Gabrielli; I should be very sorry if she did. Every one who has heard Gabrielli says she was nothing but a passage and roulade maker; in a word, that she sang with art, but no understanding (p. 135). But Mdlle. Weber sings from her heart, and *cantabile* by preference. I am now making her sing passages in the great arie, because it is necessary if she goes to Italy that she should sing bravura songs; she will not forget her *cantabile,* because it comes natural to her. Now you know all, and I recommend her to you with my whole heart.

But it was a hard struggle that he had to make with himself; it affected his health, and he was for several days confined to his room. His father's warnings had struck chords in his innermost being, which vibrated painfully; the thought of having forfeited his father's full confidence rendered him inconsolable. "Believe whatever you please of me, only not that I am wicked. There are people who believe it is impossible to love a poor girl without having evil intentions. I am no Brunetti, and no Misliweczeck — I am a Mozart, a young but an honourable Mozart." Gradually, however, his loving trust in his father regained its old supremacy. "'God first, and then papa'; that was my motto as a child, and I am true to it still." He and his mother began to prepare in earnest for their departure, and the father was ready with instructions and good advice, nor did he withhold the paternal blessing from his well-loved son: —

How deeply I feel the wider separation that is about to take place between us you can partly imagine, but I cannot expect you to feel the intensity with which it oppresses me. If you will only reflect seriously on all that I did for you two children in your early years, you will not certainly

accuse me of timidity, but you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I am, and always have been, a man with courage to venture anything. At the same time I used all possible prudence and foresight; against accidents no one can provide, for God alone sees into the future. I have not, my dear Wolfgang, the least mistrust in you; on the contrary, I have perfect confidence and hope in your filial love. Everything now depends on the sound understanding which you certainly possess if you will only listen to it, and upon fortunate circumstances; these last are not to be controlled, but I hope and pray that you will always take counsel of your understanding. You are now about to enter a new world, and you must not believe that I am prejudiced in considering Paris so dangerous a place; *au contraire*, my own experience gives me no cause to think it at all dangerous. But the circumstances of my former and your present stay there are as widely asunder as heaven and earth.

After explaining this in more detail, and giving Wolfgang minute directions as to the position he should take in Paris. L. Mozart concludes with the words: —

I know that you look upon me not only as your father, but as your truest and firmest friend; and that you are well aware that our happiness and misery — nay more, my long life or speedy death are, under God, so to speak, in your hands. If I know you aright, I have nothing to look forward to but that pleasure which will be my only consolation in your absence, and I must resign myself to neither seeing, hearing, nor embracing you. Live like a good Catholic Christian; love God and fear Him; pray to Him sincerely and devoutly, and let your conduct be such that should I never see you again, my death-bed may be free from anxiety. From my heart I bless you, and remain till death your loving father and firmest friend.

It was only when Mozart's departure from Mannheim drew very near that the loss on both sides was fully realised. The farewell concerts which he arranged as displays for himself, his compositions, and his pupils, impressed his extraordinary talents on the public mind. Regrets at his departure were heard on all sides, not only from musicians, but from all men of cultivation who had the fame of Mannheim at heart, among them the author of the "Deutsche Hausvater" (March 24, 1778): —

Before leaving Mannheim I made copies for Herr von Gemmingen of the quartet (80 K.) which I wrote that evening in the inn at Lodi; also of the quintet (174 K.), and of the Fischer variations (179 K.). He wrote me an extremely polite note, expressing his pleasure at the remembrance, and sent me a letter to his very good friend, Herr von Sickingen, adding, "I am well assured that you will do more to recommend this letter, than it can possibly do to recommend you." And he sent me three louis-d'or to cover the cost of copying the music. He assured me of his friendship, and begged for mine in return. I must say that all the cavaliers who knew me, the court councillors, chamberlains, court musicians, and other good people, were vexed and disappointed at my leaving. There is no mistake about that.

He was in some degree consoled by the prospect of finding opportunities for composition in Paris (February 28, 1778)

What I chiefly look forward to in Paris is the Concert Spirituel, for which I shall probably have to write something. The orchestra is so good and strong, and my most favourite compositions, choruses, can be well performed there; I am very glad that the Parisians are so fond of them. The only fault that was found with Piccinni's new opera "Roland" was that the choruses were weak and poor, and the music altogether a little monotonous; otherwise it was very well received. The Parisians were accustomed to Gluck's choruses. Rely upon me, I shall do all that is in my power to bring honour to the name of Mozart; I am not afraid.

The parting from Mdlle. Weber had still to be gone through; he describes it candidly to his father (March 24, 1778)

Mdlle. Weber very kindly netted me a purse as a remembrance and small acknowledgment of my services. Her father copied all that I wanted for me, and gave me some music-paper and Molière's comedies (which he knew I had not read), with the inscription, "Ricevi, amico, le opere del Molière in segno di gratitudine e qualche volta ricordati di me." When he was alone with mamma, he said, "We are losing our best friend, our benefactor. Yes, there is no doubt that your son has done much for my daughter, and has interested himself in her so that she cannot be grateful enough to him." The day before I left they wanted me to sup with them, but I could not be away from home, so refused. But I was obliged to spend a couple of hours before supper with them, and they never left off thanking me, and wishing they were in a position to testify their gratitude. When at last I went away they all wept. It is very foolish, but the tears come in my eyes whenever I think of it. He went down the steps with me, and stood at the house-door till I had turned the corner, when he called for the last time, "Adieu!"

This time the father painted no leave-taking on the quoits, but thanked God in his heart that his son had escaped a great danger. Wolfgang did not openly declare that his love for Mdlle. Weber was heartfelt and sincere, and that he believed it to be returned, that he went forth with the full determination of winning a position, and being able to call her his own; but he was little careful to conceal these hopes from his father as to hide from him the correspondence which he carried on with the Webers. The father, with full confidence in the honourable character of his son, was content to leave this connection to the future so soon as he saw the first step assured in Wolfgang's professional career.

Our glance must needs linger with approbation on the picture of a youth glowing with ardent passion, yet with self-mastery enough to listen to the

first warning of his good and wise father, and so sure of the constancy of his feelings as to be willing to yield his warmest wishes to the fulfilment of his moral duties. In the love and confidence existing between father and son we rejoice to acknowledge the best and truest ornament of a German artist-life.

ENDNOTES.

[1] An artist named Anton Mozart is mentioned by P. v. Stetten as settled in Augsburg, in the seventeenth century (Kunstgesch d. Stadt Augsburg, p. 283).

[2] An oil portrait, preserved in the Mozarteum at Salzburg, shows him to have been a tall, handsome man, but with no resemblance either to his son or grandson.

[3] A description of Leopold Mozart is given by Hamberger (Christenthum u. moderne Cultur, p. 25).

[4] R. P. Hist. Univ. Salisb., pp. 29, 90 (s. Meyer d. ehem. Univ. Salzburg.)

[5] Schubart's Aesthetik der Tonkunst, p. 157.

[6] Marpurg, Hist. krit. Beitr., III., p. 183.

[7] Schubart's Aesthetik d. Tonk., p. 157.

[8] "Have you a good subject for an oratorio?" writes L. Mozart to Lotter (December 29, 1755). "If I had it in time I would compose another for Lent. Have you the one which I composed last year, Christus begraben? We have to produce two Oratoria every Lent, and where are we to find subjects enough? It must not be de passions Christi, but it might be some penitential story. Last year, for instance, we produced one on Peter's Repentance, and another is now being composed on David in the Wilderness." He must have composed the above-mentioned oratorio twice, for as early as 1741 it had been printed in Salzburg as "Christus begraben; Cantata for three voices: Magdalena, Nicodemus, Joseph von Arimathaea. Chorus of disciples and friends of our Lord. Words by S. A. Wieland. Music by J. G. L. Mozart]."

[9] Gerber includes among these "Semiramis," "Die verstellte Gartnerin," "Bastien und Bastienne," compositions of Wolfgang's, of which the scores were left in his father's possession. "La Cantatrice

ed il Poeta," an intermezzo mentioned by Gerber, is quite unknown to me.

[10] Catalogo delle sinfonie che si trovano in manuscritto nella officina musica di G. G. J. Breitkopf in Lipsia, P. I. (1762), p. 22. Suppl. I. (1766), p. 14. Suppl. X. (1775),p. 3.

[11] Mozart published it in 1759 with the title "Der Morgen und Abend den Inwohnern der hochfurstl. Residenzstadt Salzburg melodisch und harmonisch angekündigt." A notice of it is to be found in Marpurg's Histor. krit. Beitr., IV., p. 403.

[12] A "Divertimento à 4 instr. conc., Viol., Violone., 2 Co.," is included in Breitkopfs Cat., Suppl. II. (1767), p. zi.

[13] Haffner's Ouvres mêlées (Würzb.), V. 4, VI. 5, IX. 4.

[14] Cacilia, XXVI., p. 82.

[15] A Max d'or (about thirteen shillings) was paid to him for copies of four flute concertos, a ducat for a pastoral symphony, and a florin for two shorter ones.

[16] A. M. Z., XXIII., p. 685.

[17] This was the Society of Musical Science, founded at Leipzig in 1738 by Mag. Lor. Mitzler; s. Mitzler's Musik Bibl., III., p. 346; Musik. Almanach, 1782, p. 184. In his Violin Method, p. 7, L. Mozart praises this Society, and hopes that it will direct its scientific researches to questions of practical interest in music

[18] A long series of letters to his friendly publisher J. J. Lotter, at Augsburg, written during 1755 and 1756, when his work was in the press, testify to L. Mozart's care for accuracy of expression, orthography, and printing.

[19] Ph. Era. Bach advises clavier-players to hear as much good singing as possible; "it gives the habit of thinking in song, and it is well always to sing a new idea aloud to oneself, so as to catch the right delivery" (Versuch über die wahre Art das Klavier zu spielen, I., p. 90).

[20] "Wherein consists good execution?" says Ph. Em. Bach (Versuch über die wahre Art das Klavier zu spielen, I., p. 86). "In the power of expressing musical ideas to the ear correctly and with full effect, whether singing or playing."

[21] Marpurg's Hist. krit. Beitr., III., p. 160.

[22] Schubart's Aesth. d. Tonk., p. 157.

[23] Briefw. m. Goethe, V., p. 191.

[24] Schubart's Aesth. d. Tonk., p. 158.

[25] Stranitzky, who introduced the buffoon (Hanswurst) on the Vienna stage, gave him the Salzburg dialect (Sonnenfels ges. Schriften, VI., p. 372), and the buffoon was ever afterwards a native of Salzburg. The people of Salzburg were credited not only with boorish manners, but with a dulness of intellect amounting to stupidity. Mozart complains of it, and there was a proverb in Salzburg itself: "He who comes to Salzburg becomes in the first year stupid, in the second idiotic, and in the third a true Salzburger."

[26] The full name in the Church Register is Joannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus (Gottlieb, the father writes), and in his earlier letters he adds his "Confirmation name" Sigismundus. On several of his early works and on the Parisian engraving of 1764 his signature is J. G. Wolfgang, but afterwards he always signed Wolfgang Amade.

[27] I have taken this account from Schlichtegroll's Nekrolog, which is founded on communications from Wolfgang's sister.

[28] Recensionen, 1864.x., p. 512. The exercise-book is a square folio, with the title "Pour le Clavecin. Ce livre appartient à Marie Anne Mozart. 1759." It was perfect when Fröhlich saw it (A. M. Z., XIX., p. 96); now, unfortunately, a number of leaves are wanting. Nissen has given specimens from this book, some of the earliest compositions.

[29] Das Neueste aus der anmuth. Gelehrs., 1761, p. 60.

[30] The original is in the possession of Aloys Fuchs, who communicated it to me. Schlichtegroll and Nissen have both made use of it.

[31] "Both as a child and a boy you were serious rather than childish," writes L. Mozart, February 16, 1778, "and when you were at the clavier, or otherwise engaged with music, you would not suffer the least joking to go on with you. Your very countenance was so serious that many observant persons prophesied your early death on the grounds of your precocious talent and serious expression."

[32] “As a boy, your modesty was so excessive that you used to weep when you were overpraised,” writes L. Mozart (February 16, 1778).

[33] He was so docile, even in trifles, that he never received corporal punishment. He loved his father with unusual tenderness. The latter reminds him (February 12, 1778) how, every evening at bedtime, he used to make him sit on a stool by his side and sing with him a melody of his own finding with nonsensical words, Oragnia figa taxa, &c., after which he kissed his father on the tip of his nose, promised to put him in a glass case when he grew old, and give him all honour, and went contentedly to bed.

[34] Upon a separate scrap of paper.

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER XVIII. FRENCH OPERA.

MOZART and his mother left Mannheim on March 14, and arrived in Paris on the 23rd, after a journey of nine days and a-half. “We thought we should never get through it,” writes Wolfgang (March 24, 1778), [1] “and I never in my life was so tired. You can imagine what it was to leave Mannheim and all our dear, good friends there, and to be obliged to exist for ten days without a single soul even to speak to. God be praised, however, we are now at our journey’s end. I am in hopes that, with His help, all will go well. To-day we mean to take a fiacre and go to call on Grimm and Wendling. Early to-morrow I shall go to the Electoral Minister Herr von Sickingen, who is a great connoisseur and lover of music, and to whom I have letters of introduction from Herr von Gemmingen and Herr Cannabich.” L. Mozart was full of hope concerning this visit to Paris, and believed that Wolfgang could not fail to gain fame and, as a consequence, money in the French capital. He remembered the brilliant reception which had been given to him and his children fourteen years before, and he was convinced that a like support would be accorded to the youth who had fulfilled his early promise to a degree that to an intelligent observer must appear even more wonderful than his precocious performances as a child. He counted upon the support and assistance of many distinguished and influential persons, whose favour they had already experienced, and more especially on the tried friendship of Grimm, who had formerly given them the benefit of all his knowledge and power, and with whom they had continued in connection ever since. Grimm had lately passed through Salzburg with two friends, and was pleased to hear his “Amadeo,” as he called Wolfgang. He chanced to arrive at Augsburg on the evening of Wolfgang’s concert there, and was present at it without making himself known, since he was in haste, and had heard that Wolfgang was on his way to Paris. L. Mozart, who placed great confidence

in Grimm’s friendship and experience, had made no secret to him of his precarious position in Salzburg, and of how greatly Wolfgang was in need of support; he commended his son entirely to Grimm’s favour (April 6, 1778): —

I recommend you most emphatically to endeavour by childlike confidence to merit, or rather to preserve, the favour, love, and friendship of the Baron von Grimm; to take counsel with him on every point, and to do nothing hastily or from impulse; in all things be careful of your own interests, which are those of us all. Life in Paris is very different from life in Germany, and the French ways of expressing oneself politely, of introducing oneself, of craving patronage, &c., are quite peculiar; so much so, that Baron von Grimm used always to instruct me as to what I should say, and how I should express myself. Be sure you tell him, with my best compliments, that I have reminded you of this, and he will tell you that I am right.

But, clever as he was, L. Mozart had miscalculated on several points. He did not reflect that Grimm had grown older, more indolent, and more stately, and that even formerly a tact and obsequiousness had been required in order to turn the great man’s friendship to account, which, natural as they were to himself, his son never did and never would acquire. He had not sufficiently realised that the attention of the public is far more easily attracted by what is strange and wonderful, than by the greatest intellectual and artistic endowments. This was peculiarly the case in Paris, where interest in musical performances only mounted to enthusiasm when some unusual circumstance accompanied them. True, such enthusiasm was at its height at the time of Mozart’s visit, but his father could not see that this very fact was against a young man who had so little of the art of ingratiating himself with others. To us it must ever appear as an extraordinary coincidence that Mozart, fresh from Mannheim, and the efforts there being

made for the establishment of a national German opera, should have come to Paris at the very height of the struggle between Italian opera and the French opera, as reformed by Gluck, a struggle which appeared to be on the point of being fought out. In neither case did his strong feelings on the subject tempt him to take an active part; he maintained the attitude of a neutral observer, in preparation for the tasks to which he might be appointed.

If we are clearly to apprehend the musical situation, we must remind ourselves in order of the circumstances which had brought it about.

Jean Baptiste de Lully (1633-1687), a native of Florence, had gained such distinction by his violin-playing and ballet music, that in 1652 he was appointed kapellmeister by Louis XIV., and in 1672 he received full power to establish and direct the Académie Royale de Musique. Not only was he the founder of this still existing institution, but he established by its means the grand opera in France. Faithful to the traditions of his birthplace, Florence, he kept in view the first attempts which had been made in Italy to revive ancient tragedy in opera (Vol. I., p. 154 et seq.). As in Italy, so in Paris, operatic performances were originally designed for court festivals; Lully's privilege consisted in his being allowed to give public representations of operas, "even of those which had been produced at court" ("même celles qui auront été représentés devant Nous "). They were preceded by ballets, in which the connection of the action was indicated by vocal scenes; but the singing was quite subordinate to the long succession of dances, in which the distinguished part of the audience, and even the king himself, took part. Dances, therefore, became an essential ingredient of the opera, and it was the task of the poet and the composers to give them appropriate connection with the plot; to this day, as is well known, the ballet is the special prerogative of the Grand-Opéra at Paris. It was not less important to maintain the reputation of the most brilliant court in the world

by means of variety and magnificence of scenery, costumes, machinery, &c.; in this respect, also, the Grand-Opéra has kept true to its traditions. [2]

But whilst in Italy the musical, and especially the vocal, element of the opera had always the upper hand, in Paris the dramatic element held its ground with good success. It was the easier for Lully to found a national opera in Paris, since he found a poet ready to hand in Quinault, who had the genius to clothe his mythological subjects in the dramatic and poetical dress of his own day. To us, indeed, his productions seem far apart from the spirit of ancient tragedy, and more rhetorical and epigrammatic than poetical in their conception. But his operas (or rather tragedies) expressed truly the spirit of the age, and they became more distinctively national in proportion as the reign of Louis XIV. came to be considered as the golden age of France. It was Lully's task to give musical expression to the national spirit, and in this he succeeded to the admiration of his contemporaries and of posterity. His music is closely connected' with those first attempts in Italy. We find none of the set forms of the later opera seria, no regular arie, no duets, no ensembles. The words are for the most part simply rendered in recitative. There is sometimes a figured bass accompaniment; but even then it is not the free movement of Italian recitative, but is much more precisely apportioned, and the harmonies of the accompaniment change more frequently. When the sentiment becomes rather more elevated, a sort of compromise is effected between recitative and song. The words are rendered with a declamatory spoken accent; and not only are they strictly in time, but the harmonies are so arranged that a full orchestral chord is given to every note of the song. The melodies are therefore limited in every respect; the phrases are generally too small in compass to be well carried out, and hang loosely together without any proper design; it was difficult to develop an elaborate musical form out of such elements as these. Independent songs occur seldom, and then only in the most precise of

forms, tending generally to dance melodies (airs). When several voices unite they alternate with each other; or if they sing together note follows note, with only exceptionally real ensemble passages. The choruses are formed by a simple harmony in several parts, the soprano not being always appointed to give the melody. The orchestra, except in the dance music, has seldom any independent significance, but simply gives the full harmony to every note of the bass. Instrumental effect is seldom aimed at, and the different instruments are only occasionally employed singly. Lully's merit chiefly consists in his having accentuated his music in a manner which suited the French language, and also in his having succeeded in throwing a certain amount of characteristic pathos into some of his passages. It is comprehensible that at first, musical cultivation being in its infancy, this quality should be most readily felt and acknowledged; but in every art, and especially in music, it is the fate of individual characteristics to become the soonest incomprehensible, and, therefore, unpleasing. For this reason, the reaction against Lully's music attacked just this mode of treating the text. It was considered monotonous, tiresome, and heavy; and the isolated significant phrases having lost their power to please, were compared with the plain-song (plain-chant) of church psalmody. [3]

The delivery of the vocalists, male and female, is described as dreadful; monotonous droning alternating with violent shrieks and exaggerated accent (*urlo francese*). [4]

Notwithstanding all this, Lully's operas held undisputed possession of the stage during his life, [5] and even after his death, a sure proof that his success was not merely the result of the favour personally accorded to him. The composers whose operas found favour after his (such as Campra, Colasse, Desmarets, Blamont, and Mouret) are of less importance historically, because they all copied his manner. Any part of their works

which pointed to the influence of the opera seria, as it was being formed in the Neapolitan school, was rejected by the national vanity. [6]

Jean Phil. Rameau (1683-1764) came to Paris from the provinces as an established musician in 1721. He succeeded by his force of character, and the powerful protection of the Farmer-General, La Popelinière, in placing his operas on a level with those of Lully in the public estimation. When he produced his “Hippolyte et Aricie” in 1732, he was met by the most determined opposition on the part of Lully’s supporters; but the very decided success of his acknowledged masterpiece, “Castor et Pollux,” in 1737, [7] placed him, if not above Lully, certainly on an equality with him during the remainder of his career. His opponents became gradually reconciled to his supremacy, and acknowledged that French music had not been essentially altered by Rameau, only developed and perfected. [8] And there can be no question that this was the case. Before Rameau had produced any operas he had made his reputation as an organist and instrumental composer, and more especially as the founder of a theory of harmony. On this latter point his operas also show considerable progress — the harmonic treatment is rich and varied, though sometimes the straining after novelty and effect leads to affectation and over-elaboration. Rameau’s accompaniments are free and independent; the orchestra is used with striking effect by means of variety of tone-colour-ing in the instruments as well as of independent subjects, which serve to accent the details. Rameau’s employment of the orchestra shows a marked improvement, not only on Lully, but even on Italian opera as then existing. In the same way we find the choruses released from the fetters of strict thorough-bass, and the parts moving freely and expressively. In the lyrical portions of the opera, much is evidently due to the advance in the art of solo singing, both rhythm and melody move more freely, and embellishment is not wholly wanting. But Rameau has not avowedly adopted the Italian style, although he spent a

short part of his youth in Italy. The accepted forms of Italian opera are entirely disregarded, both in the choruses and solos. The slow, uniform progress of Lully's operas becomes freer and more animated in Rameau's, the dramatic expression has more energy and life, and the music has more of individual colouring; but the foundation remains. The same is the case with the treatment of the dialogue. It is still severe, stately, recitative-like singing in varied measure, but Rameau's harmonic art is displayed in his incomparably greater power of expression. Rameau's opera, notwithstanding its independent invention and advance in artistic feeling, is the natural development of Lully's principles, not a revolution against them. It was debated at the time with much warmth whether Rameau's peculiarities were to be accepted as improvements, or to be looked upon as injudicious attempts at novelty. The points which then excited the liveliest interest now seem to us most trivial. But the main fact is not to be denied, that Rameau, by the efforts of his own genius, constructed a national French opera upon the foundations laid by Lully, and that the further development of the grand opera proceeded along, the lines laid down by him. Not only can the framework and design of these early operas be recognised in the grand opera of the present day, but French dramatic music, spite of many transformations, betrays its relationship with the early masters in many peculiarities of melody, rhythm and harmony; a sure proof that national feeling lies at the root of the traditions.

The well-wishers of the national French opera were right in settling their disputes about Lully and Rameau by the recognition of them both; for both alike were threatened by a formidable irruption of Italian taste, which now so completely governed the remainder of Europe that France could not fail to be in some measure affected by it. In August, 1752, a company of Italian singers came to Paris under the direction of a certain Bambini, and having received permission to represent comic operas (intermezzi) in the hall of the

Grand Opéra, were called “Les Bouffons.” [9] Their first representation of Pergolese’s “Serva Padrona” was a failure, but subsequently it was applauded with enthusiasm. The chief singers of the company, Manelli and Anna Tonelli, were highly esteemed both for their singing and acting, although they did not reach to the highest level of Italian opera; the others were indifferent. [10] But they were Italian throats, Italian ways of singing and acting which lent all their powers to the interpretation of opera buffa, with its polished, pleasing form, simply and easily grasped harmonies, and sustained melodies. They found in Paris an appreciative audience, and very soon even the Parisian orchestra, where the conductor beat time audibly, [11] while the Italian conductor only directed from the clavier, was described, in comparison to the Italian, as a company of uneducated musicians whose great aim was to make as much noise as possible. The supporters of the national school of music naturally took up arms against the Italian enthusiasts, and so arose the well-known struggle between the “coin du roi” (nationalists) and the “coin de la reine” (Italians). [12]

Grimm, who always manifested great interest in musical matters, had become acquainted with Italian opera in Germany, and afterwards in Paris, where he took up his abode in 1749; his intercourse with Rousseau and other sympathetic friends increased his partiality for it. His burlesque of “Le Petit Prophète de Boehmischbroda” (1753), which foretold in the biblical prophetic style the downfall of good taste if Paris were not converted to Italian music, [13] proved a powerful ally to Italian music; he was joined by Diderot, who, like all the encyclopedists, was personally antagonistic to Rameau on account of his attack on the “Encyclopédie.” [14] Jean Jacques Rousseau, who in his “Devin du Village” had shown the delighted public how far the treasures of the Italian opera could be turned to good account in the French (Vol. I., p. 87 et seq.), threw all the weight of his influence into the scale of the Bouffonists; not content with mercilessly exposing the

shortcomings of the French opera, he undertook to prove that the French language was unfitted for composition, and French music altogether an impossibility. [15] The enraged musicians threatened to punish this daring outrage on the nation [16] with horsewhipping, assassination, or even the Bastille; but a flood of angry discussion was all that actually resulted. [17] Those, however, whose interests were attacked, especially the proprietors and singers of the opera-house, took such measures as obliged the Italian singers to quit Paris in March, 1754. [18]

It may well be wondered at that men like Rousseau [19] and Diderot, [20] who upheld simplicity and nature as the true canons of art, should have evinced a preference for Italian music. For though doubtless the Italian style was grounded originally on the nature of music, it had already become conventional, and far removed from what the philosophers called natural. At the same time it must be remembered that their partiality always turned in the direction of opera buffa, which sought from its commencement to free itself from the conventional restraint of opera seria (Vol. I., p. 203). Then, too, the musical element, as distinguished from the poetical or dramatic, had always been the foundation of Italian opera, and an opposition directed against the French opera, with its poetical and dramatic proclivities, would be sure to uphold the purely musical development of the Italians, even though the exaggerations into which it was carried might be displeasing to the philosophers.

The influence of the Bouffons survived their departure. The Comédie Italienne (aux Italiens) produced Italian comedies in masquerade, French comedies, and parodies of qperas, the charm of which consisted mainly in their vocal parts, on which account they were called opéras comiques. [21] A dangerous rival to the Comédie Italienne was the Théätre de la Foire, whose representations took place originally on the Feasts of St. Germain, St. Laurent, and St. Ovide. The two companies were always inimical, and the

“Comédiens de la Foire” were from time to time suppressed by their stronger rival, [22] but always revived, until at last in 1762 the two companies were amalgamated. [23] In this soil was planted opera buffa, and, favoured by circumstances, it grew into a great national institution. [24] Translations and adaptations of favourite Italian operas satisfied the public at first, and were decried by the Bouffonists as travesties of the original. [25] But very soon, especially after the brilliant success of Vade’s “Les Troqueurs” in 1753, a new school of composers sought to reconcile the excellencies of the Italian music, especially in singing, with the exigencies of the national taste. It was difficult at first to break loose from the defined outline and simple design of the intermezzi, but gradually the French taste became apparent in the greater connection and interest of the plot, and the delicacy and wit of the composition. The lively interest of the public induced poets of talent, such as Favart, Sedaine, and Marmontel, to devote themselves to operatic writing, and the French comic opera soon surpassed the opera buffa, from a dramatic as well as a musical point of view. These various impulses were all the more lasting since they were founded on the national character. [26]

Egidio Romoaldo Duni (1709-1775), born and educated in Naples, having made his reputation on the Italian stage, was led by his connection with the court at Parma, which was French in manners and in taste, to compose French operettas, as, for instance, “Ninette ä la Cour.” The applause with which they were received induced him to go to Paris in 1757, where he made an exceptionally favourable début with the “Peintre Amoureux,” and during the next thirteen years produced a succession of comic operas, the easy style and simple form of which secured them both the favour of the public and the imitation of untrained French composers. [27]

Duni was followed by Pierre Alex. Monsigny (1729-1817), [28] a dilettante, who was so excited by the performances of the Bouffons that he applied himself to the study of music, and at once began to compose operas.

In 1759 he put his first opera, “Les Aveux Indiscrets,” on the stage, and this was rapidly succeeded by others. Sedaine was so interested in Monsigny that he intrusted all his operatic librettos to him. [29] A wider sphere was opened to him with the three-act opera, “Le Roi et le Fermier,” which was the commencement of the most brilliant success. It must be allowed that the co-operation of a poet to whom even Grimm allows all the qualities of a good librettist [30] was an important element in this success; but Monsigny’s work was quite on a level with that of his collaborateur. His music expresses with instinctive truth the most amiable side of the French character. Monsigny not only had at his command a wealth of pleasing sympathetic melodies, but possessed as decided a talent for pathos as for light comedy, and a sure perception of dramatic effect, combined with life, delicacy, and grace. His natural feeling for beauty of form concealed the want of thorough artistic training, [31] and his operas were universally admired, some of them, such as “Le Déserteur,” [32] acquiring more extended fame.

A better theoretical musician was Franç. André (Danican) Philidor (1727-1795), who enjoyed the reputation of extraordinary genius as a chess-player before appearing as a composer with his first opera, “Blaise le Savetier,” in 1759. [33] His fame as a musician was soon established, and he ruled the comic stage with Duni and Monsigny until Grétry took possession of it. He was reproached with justice for too great a display of musical scholarship, and for making his accompaniments too prominent. [34] He had more force and energy than Monsigny, with greater power of passionate expression, but his fun is coarser, and he is inferior in grace and tenderness. He finally abandoned music, partly from disinclination to enter into rivalry with Grétry, and partly from his passion for chess.

It was characteristic that comic opera, the outcome of vaudeville and chanson, should have been nursed in its infancy by composers like Duni, who had no pretensions to great genius, Monsigny, who was half a dilettante, and Philidor, who only composed music as a pastime. André Ern. Grétry, on the contrary (1741-1813), threw himself into the pursuit with all his powers, and with zealous ardour. He it was who perfected the comic opera, making it, what it still remains, the representative of the French national character in the province of dramatic music. As a boy, he had delighted in the performances of Italian opera singers in his native town of Liège, and as a youth he had been in Rome during the most brilliant part of Piccinni's career, had studied there for several years, and at last produced an intermezzo, "Le Vin-demiatrici," which was well received, and gained even Pic-cinni's approval. In Paris, although Monsigny and Philidor received him kindly, he had to contend with difficulties; but after the complete success of his opera "Le Huron," in 1768, [35] even his remarkable fertility in production could hardly satisfy the demands of the public for his works. Marmontel, Sedaine, and other poets offered him libretti which were in themselves pledges of success. The idea that dramatic poetry should represent human nature in its naked reality, which had emanated from the encyclopedists, found its realisation in the drama of common life, and had considerable influence on the development of the comic opera.

The strict line of demarcation between opera seria and buffa did not exist in Paris. The effort to give more dramatic interest and freer scope to operatic music led to the portrayal of the deeper and noble emotions, and opera approached more and more nearly to serious comedy in plot, situations, and psychological intention. Merriment gradually ceased to be the predominating element, and became nothing more than a flavouring thrown in; it was replaced by that mixture of seriousness and playfulness which, in opposition to the former prohibition of any amalgamation of

different styles, was now considered as the true expression of music. [36] A characteristic distinction between comic and serious opera in France was the adoption by the former of spoken dialogue instead of recitative. [37] Any attempt to imitate the free, declamatory recitative of the Italians would have been thought too daring, and was perhaps actually prohibited by the privileges of the Grand-Opéra. But in renouncing recitative, the dialogue gained the freedom of witty and sparkling conversation, without which the French cannot exist; and this note, once struck, soon regulated the whole character of operatic music, which, elevated as it may be, nevertheless starts from the idea of a conversation.

No one could be better fitted than Grétry for the development of such a style as this. [38] His was a pliant and amiable nature, but not a great one. He was excitable and susceptible to any emotion, but without depth; his wit was delicate and versatile, and he possessed the power of giving it the most striking and appropriate expression. He was determined that his music should always faithfully render some definite emotion, even to the minutest detail of the dramatic situation and characters. He held that a composer could only attain this end by working himself up into a pitch of intense excitement, [39] and living for the time in the drama that was under his hands. [40] The actual means which he employed was song, that is, melody. He learnt the art of tuneful song from the Italians, [41] and made its expressiveness depend upon intonation in delivery, which it is the composer's part to suggest and control. [42] He laid great stress upon true and strongly accentuated declamation, [43] which he had studied under good actors. [44] This lent a liveliness and piquancy to his musical style, [45] and rendered it essentially French. [46]

Grétry accomplished wonders for musical form, as far as grace and freshness, lively emotion and wit go, but his powers did not attain to

anything truly great or important to art. The art of melodious expression was developed by him almost to the exclusion of other means, such as rich and well-chosen härmonies, [47] artistic accompaniments, and instrumental effects, all of which he treated as subordinate and unimportant.

He inveighs against the misuse of the instruments, especially of the wind instruments, which Gluck's example had introduced, even if he were not personally responsible for it; [48] but he recommends the moderate use of them for characterisation, [49] and prides himself on his very questionable invention in his "Andromaque" of assigning special instruments to the recitatives of each principal character — Andromache, for instance, having always three flutes. [50] A saying of Grétry's, that in opera song is the statue, and the orchestra the pedestal, and that Mozart sometimes put the pedestal on the stage, has often been repeated. Whether this is authentic or not, the fact remains that Grétry's neglect of the orchestra was not altogether of set purpose, but that this branch of artistic education was unknown to him and interested him as little as did the minute elaboration and hard study which are dear to all first-rate musicians. His idea that a musician of genius may spoil his inventive powers by too much study is truly comical; what he tells of his own studies shows how shallow they were, and his productions are all of a piece. On the other hand he lays great weight upon reflection, which does not properly concern music at all; but his simplicity, which almost amounted to barrenness, served to heighten his truly excellent qualities, and to make him the popular idol he was. It is quite conceivable that the encyclopedists, who were the champions of Italian music, should have seen in him the man who united beauty and melody with Italian truth and characteristic expression. Diderot wrote under Grétry's portrait the motto: "Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet, ut magus"; [51] Rousseau thanked him for having reopened his heart to emotion by his music; [52] Grimm, who had received him with approbation from the first, [53] declared during the heat of

the struggle between Gluckists and Piccinnists that connoisseurs and others were all agreed that no composer had succeeded like Grétry in fitting Italian melody to the French language, and in satisfying the national taste for wit and delicacy. [54] Suard and Arnaud, Gluck's supporters, stood by Grétry, [55] as well as Marmontel, who was opposed to Gluck. [56] And with what enthusiasm the public received his operas! Many of them — to mention only "Zemire and Azor" — made their way throughout Europe, and had unquestionably much influence on the formation of musical taste.

While comic opera was thus flourishing more and more richly and abundantly, the grand opera was confined almost exclusively to Lully and Rameau; it might almost seem that it had reached its limits, and that the interest of the public was henceforth to be centred on comic opera. [57] But fresh trials awaited the grand opera. Doubtless the light breezes which sprang from the reformed comic opera were precursors of the coming storm; but the actual impulse to it was not given in Paris itself.

Christ. Wilh. Gluck (1714-1787), after doing good service to Italian opera in Italy and London, went to Vienna in 1748, and there wrote, partly for the Prince of Hildburg-hausen, partly and chiefly for the imperial court, a succession of Italian operas of no very striking originality. It was precisely the time when the traditional forms were becoming more and more conventional formulas, and when the vocal art was demanding the sacrifice of simplicity, nature, and truth to the whim of each virtuoso. The decadence of operatic music, which Metastasio bitterly laments (Vol. I., p. 163), inspired Gluck with the desire to lead it back to its first principles. He was a man of earnest thought and strong will. The tendency of German literature to give dignity and importance to poetry did not pass by him unnoticed, and he was a warm admirer of Klopstock, whose odes he set to music. [58] The efforts then being made to raise the German stage in Vienna had an

influence on him, and his own first attempts at reformation were greeted with loud applause by Sonnenfels.

Gluck has professed his principles of dramatic composition in the well-known dedication to his “Alceste.” He declares his opposition to the abuses introduced by the vanity of singers and the servility of composers, by which the most beautiful and stately drama becomes the most tiresome; he refused to interrupt the action at a wrong time by a ritornello, to sacrifice expression to a run or a cadenza, to neglect the second part of a song when the situation demands that peculiar stress shall be laid on it, in obedience to the custom which requires the fourfold repetition of the words of the first part, or to give an ending to the song against the sense of the text; his overtures were to be characteristic of the drama which was to follow, and to prepare the minds of the spectators for it. His fundamental law of operatic music was its due subordination to the words, so that every turn in the action should be suitably expressed, without any superfluous adornment, just as colour gives life and expression to a sketch. He professed his highest aim to be simple beauty; [59] he condemned all difficulties which hinder clearness, all novelties which do not proceed from the necessities of the situation; he set aside all rule in order to obtain true effects.

There can hardly be a doubt as to the justice of these principles in general, and we are only concerned with the result of their adoption on musical progress. [60] Our remarks on a style of music which professes itself the handmaid of poetry, and is content with giving the fittest expression to verse, must be prefaced by some notice of the poets who supplied the verse.

Ranieri de’ Calsabigi came to Vienna in 1761, after making himself known by an edition of Metastasio’s works, with an aesthetic introduction proving their perfection as tragedies and operas; he had also written several libretti for operas and cantatas. He had formed an idea that music fitted for dramatic poetry must approach as nearly as possible to natural, energetic

declamation; for since declamation was only unperfected music, dramatic song could only be elaborated declamation enriched by the harmonies of the accompaniment. The poetry for such music must be intense, forcible, passionate, moving, and harmonious, and it could not fail of its result. Full of this idea he wrote “Orfeo,” and submitted it to Count Durazzo; the latter wished it to be put on the stage, and recommended Gluck as the composer who could best carry out the intentions of the poet. Calsabigi declaimed his “Orfeo” repeatedly before Gluck, and noted his declamation in the text-book with signs which he illustrated by remarks. [61] Gluck, while giving full justice to the impulse which he had received from his poet, [62] could only partially yield to his whimsical exaggeration of declamatory music. But Calsabigi’s ideas accorded with his own so far as to aid him in giving them clearness and precision.

Gluck’s demands on the musical drama went farther and deeper than Calsabigi’s comprehension and powers could reach. [63] But in the meantime he accepted what was offered to him, and so were produced “Orfeo ed Euridice” (1762), “Alceste” (1767), and “Paride ed Elena” (1769).

Not one of these works betrays any apprehension of true tragedy, any trace of the antique mind; when the poet seeks to escape from the rhetoric of Italian poetry, he draws not from the Greek but from the French tragedy. Nor do the operas possess any proper dramatic interest. Instead of having a well-connected, symmetrical plot, they consist of a succession of detached situations closely resembling each other, which are too often repeated, while in details they are too broad and rhetorical. Gluck’s principle of making music the simple exponent of the poet’s words was calculated to give them dignity and influence. Gluck possessed not only boldness and energy united with intellectual acuteness; he had, what is a rare quality at all times, a deep perception of true grandeur. But although Calsabigi strove to simplify his plots and to excite the deeper and more powerful emotions of

his audience, of *greatness* there was no trace in his librettos. Gluck, perceiving the latent capabilities which the poet had failed to develop, brought them out, as it were, instinctively, and while he believed himself to be following the poet, he was in reality himself creating all that was great and new in the work. His fame will be immortal, and rests upon the stately breadth of his designs, upon the simple truth of his representations — in short, upon the greatness of his artistic genius. His weakness consisted in his one-sided tendency to characterisation, a tendency in no way identical with those qualities which made his reputation.

Gluck does not abandon any of the accepted forms in his Italian operas; he rather, in many respects, revives older traditions. His strict treatment of the aria, the simplicity of his melodies, and the moderation of his adornments, together with his careful recitative, and especially his correct expression, were certainly variations on the then ruling taste, but not innovations on the earlier method. But in his desire to replace by accurate musical characterisation the ear-flattering artificial degeneration of operatic singing, he made use of stronger means than had hitherto been known. His harmonies in especial are not only more important and interesting in themselves, but they are used of set purpose for dramatic characterisation. In a similar manner the orchestra is made of higher use. The instruments are treated according to their individualities, not as combining to a purely musical effect, but as giving by their tone-colouring definite expression to a variety of moods; light and shade are carefully adjusted, and much lively execution is allotted to the orchestra. The effect is still further heightened by the frequent use of the chorus, which is intricately treated, and so becomes a powerful factor in the musical characterisation.

Gluck extended his care to the details of scenery, to marches and dances; everything was to be in accordance with and characteristic of the situation. Here he had been preceded by Jean George Noverre (1727-1810) who, in

his “Lettres sur la Danse et sur les Ballets” in 1760, strove for a reformation in the ballet on the same principles which Gluck employed for the opera. He condemned stereotyped forms of set dances, and demanded a plot for the ballet; expression should be the task of the dancer, with nature for his model, and the ballet-master should be both poet and painter. The ballets which he produced upon these principles at Stuttgart until 1764, then at Vienna, and after 1776 at Paris, were finished productions of a very pure taste, and effected a complete revolution in the art of dancing.

Gluck laid great stress upon recitative. He almost entirely abandoned the customary plain recitative, and used accompanied recitative as most fitting for the dignified language of musical drama. Truth and power of expression are combined with a wealth of delicate and characteristic detail, and Gluck rarely falls into the error of destroying the impression of the whole by over-elaboration of detail; his nature was averse to all forms of triviality.

But here again the one-sided application of Gluck’s principle becomes a weakness. As, according to his view, music is to be subservient to the words, he follows with his strongly marked recitative every turn of the dialogue, rhetorical and inflated as it might be, so that he not only employs all the resources of his art on an unworthy object, but fritters away the interest, on which he makes claims at once too extensive and too rapidly succeeding one another. Musical representation works immediately upon the mind and the emotions, and can do this so much more strongly and vividly than verse, which, however forcibly declaimed, appeals primarily to the intellect and the imagination, that a painful incongruity occurs when music, with all her resources of accurate characterisation, follows step by step the words of the poet. It is therefore an error to suppose that the music must always yield to the words; “as in a correct and well-composed picture,” adds Gluck, “the animation of the colouring and of well-disposed light and shade vivifies the forms without distorting the outlines.” But the

true painter does not colour or illumine the naked outline; he considers the form in its total effect as a piece of colouring, and it exists for him only in this totality, which it is his object to represent. The distinction between form and colour is only technically important, and does not affect artistic perception and production. In the same way the musician has something more to do with respect to the words of his text than to colour given outlines. The conceptions which the poet has formed, with the consciousness that they could only attain complete independence by their combination with music, must be absorbed by the musician, and reproduced in the forms appointed by the nature of his art.

The exaggerations attending on all forms of opposition and attempted reformation will not suffice to explain this important error. [64] In dealing with so great and powerful a mind as Gluck's we must go deeper, and seek for the cause in his artistic organisation alone. An ardent admirer of Gluck has pronounced [65] that he was "more intellectually than musically great"; and certainly his musical productions do not correspond to the energy of his feelings and his will. His organisation fitted him for a reformer; as a creative artist his weakness became apparent. Gluck's works are not exactly one-sided; he expressed every variety of passion with equal skill, and he is never wanting in grace and charm; but he cannot be said to be rich or spontaneous. The lofty sentiment which he expresses in firm and comprehensive melodies is natural to him, but his exact and confined mode of composition is in part the result of his limited power of invention. The final cause of his desire to deprive music of her rights as an independent art in favour of verse lies in this weakness of his musical organisation. Closely connected with this is another phenomenon. It has been justly remarked [66] that Gluck's powers of characterisation extend only to soliloquies, that he failed to give proper expression to the dialogue proper, the contrast of voices and characters which, either in opposition or agreement, demonstrate

their different natures; the polyphonal power of music, in its intellectual sense, remained undeveloped by Gluck. Failing in this, he failed in the highest object of music, by virtue of which alone she can make any claim to dramatic force. The fact that Gluck did not feel himself impelled to express his dramatic situations after this fashion is a proof that his imagination was more easily stirred poetically than musically. The narrow limits within which he occasionally confines even the music whose expression is intended to be purely lyrical may be traced to the same source. For Gluck did not think it necessary that action on the musical stage should maintain the same uninterrupted flow as in real life. He thought it far more important to give a well-sustained musical representation of some one mood or disposition; and the more broadly such moods were indicated by the poet the better he was pleased. It is true that even then he keeps within the limits of the strictest form, but he is fond of employing frequent repetition, particularly when the chorus and a solo voice are set in opposition to each other. This way of rendering a dramatic idea is often of powerful effect; but, considered from an artistic point of view, it should be subordinated to the design of a grandly conceived composition expanding into a living organism.

It cannot be denied, therefore, that Gluck failed in the working out of his subjects, and that he sometimes betrays a certain amount of weakness as well in the structure of his compositions as in their details. It was not for want of industry or care; it was that he did not feel the necessity for mastering this important side of musical representation, and the fact affords fresh testimony of the singularity of his musical organisation.

Gluck’s first opera, “Orfeo ed Euridice,” adheres most closely to the usual Italian style, and was indeed successfully performed in Italy. [67] Of action in this opera there is hardly any; the introduction of Cupid at the beginning and the end gives it the cold allegorical character of the then

customary festival entertainments. The broadly represented situations in which Orpheus mourns for Eurydice, and charms by his music the demons of the lower world, form the main portions of the opera; and they are expressed with striking fidelity and fervour of sentiment, as well as with great force and beauty. The use which is made of the chorus, and the cultivation of the orchestra, betoken great and important advances on the older style. The opera was well received by connoisseurs, both in Vienna and Paris, [68] but it does not appear to have been regarded as the inauguration of a reformation in music; indeed, during the next few years Gluck composed several Italian operas quite after the old fashion.

"Alceste," however, is an avowed attempt towards a reformation of dramatic music, and it manifests the settled purpose and the complete individuality of the master. The poet offers nothing but a succession of situations without any progressive action; the situations turn exclusively on the decision of Alceste, and are employed less as psychological developments of character than as opportunities for a rhetorical representation of certain frames of mind. The character of Hercules is omitted, and the task of deliverance is entrusted to Apollo as an apparition in the clouds; this destroys an effective contrast; and the two confidants retain a suspicious likeness to the *parte seconde* of Italian opera. But Gluck considered the separate scenes not only with regard to their fitness for musical treatment; he felt firm ground in which he might strike root. It testifies to his marvellous energy of mind that no weakness was discernible in the repetition of such closely allied situations, and that he had always new shades of expression and climacteric effects at his command. The connection with the forms of Italian opera is not by any means completely severed; an unprejudiced survey discovers numerous traces of this, and many of the main features of the composition are the results of the particular way in which Gluck made use of these forms.

The Vienna public received the opera with indifference, but the critics welcomed it eagerly as the inauguration of a new era. Unhappily the critics were not by any means competent judges; Sonnenfels and Riedel were not cultivated musical connoisseurs. [69] The opera scarcely reached a more extended circle; in Italy little notice was taken of it; Frederick the Great had several portions of it performed before him without finding any enjoyment in them; [70] North German critics, while doing full justice to the new work, raised objections to some of the essential points of Gluck's principles, as carried out in it. [71] Gluck remarks with some resentment, in his dedication to "Paride ed Elena," on the lukewarmness of the public, and the want of insight and justice on the part of the critics; he goes on to blame the cowardice and stupidity of musicians, none of whom had ventured to follow his lead, and proudly declares his intention of maintaining his principles, to the correctness of which this new opera was to testify on altogether new grounds. This was an unlucky announcement, for "Paride ed Elena" gave no proof of Gluck's exceptional powers. The subject, a sufficiently poor one, is deprived of every vestige of interest by the interposition of Cupid in disguise between the lovers — a fiction which turns the whole drama into an absurdity. The meagre story is spun out into five acts, while to the love scenes, which are wanting in any true passion, independent choruses and dances are attached, calling for nothing beyond outward display. Gluck's genius for depicting the wider and deeper emotions found no task fitted to its powers, and the inclination to mere grace and superficiality was one altogether foreign to his nature. Beauties of detail do not suffice in the consideration of a work of art. The opera was a failure, however, and it does not appear to have been reproduced.

Perhaps Gluck would now have paused in his endeavours, [72] had not new prospects opened which seemed to promise good results. A Frenchman named Du Rollet, attached to the embassy at Vienna, and an enthusiast for

poetry and music, asserted that the tendency of Gluck's principles was in essentials the same as that of French opera style. He therefore assured him that in Paris only would his reformation meet with approval, and urged that a true tragedy ought always to be the foundation of an opera. As an example, he suggested Racine's "Iphigénie en Aulide," and commissioned him to arrange it as an opera, and to take the preliminary steps for its production in Paris. Gluck accepted the proposal without hesitation.,

The circumstances were, in fact, very favourable. The principal difficulty against which Gluck had hitherto to contend, viz., the deep-rooted partiality for Italian music and its accepted forms, did not exist in Paris; for opera seria in its developed form had made as little way there as the display of fine execution, and even lovers of Italian music would have been loth to introduce its abuses and exaggerations of set purpose. French opera, on the contrary, in accordance with the genius of the nation, made its first principle dramatic and characteristic expression, which could only be attained by correct yet free treatment of musical forms, and by well-considered treatment of recitative. Choruses, too, which were for Gluck an important aid to climax and dramatic effect, were indispensable in French opera; and since Rameau's time the orchestra had been successfully employed as a means of characteristic expression. But the French school had hitherto failed to combine dignity and beauty with their dramatic force and expression; and here Gluck's Italian training enabled him to supply the deficiency. As far as comic opera was concerned, Grétry had preceded him with similar efforts, and had accustomed the ear of the Parisians to the mingling of French and Italian music. But to carry out such a reformation in the grand opera required a man of commanding qualities; and such an one Gluck had proved himself to be.

The choice of subjects was a happy one. Racine's tragedy was known as a masterpiece to the whole nation, and unless the adaptation were very

clumsily made, success for the poetic share of the opera was assured. The advance on earlier operas is a very decided one. An important event forms the centre of the plot, dramatic contrasts, passions, and characters, are effectively portrayed. It is true that the spirit of the age of Louis XIV. runs through it all; [73] we have Greeks in patches and powder, Monseigneur Achille and Princesse Iphigénie behave with becoming courtesy and gallantry, and even the artistic representation is made subordinate to the ceremonial. But Gluck had been trained among these impressions, the forms were not irksome to him, and the greatness of his artistic individuality is nowhere more plainly seen than in his power of exhibiting at momentous crises the purely human and poetic emotions stripped of their outward disguise, and reflecting the ideal spirit of antique art by means of music in a way of which the poet had never dreamed. Gluck did not venture to depart from the national form of the versification; he was well aware that he must yield to the demands of French taste if he wished to influence the French on his main points. He not only strove to conform to external conditions, as, for instance, to the great extension of the ballet, [74] endeavouring to turn them to his own ends; he carefully studied the language, in order to declaim it and treat it musically in a way suitable to its character; he also eagerly studied the operas of his predecessors, Lully and Rameau, that he might adopt all that was truly and genuinely national in them. The influence of these studies may be recognised even in details; but Gluck turned to account whatever he adopted in a perfectly free and independent manner, and developed it still further. His most important innovation was the substitution of free Italian recitative, with the grand capabilities for characteristic expression given to it by Gluck himself, for the old “psalmodie.” He changed throughout the fundamental character of the musical representation, and here he had no predecessors; for the treatment of the several parts of the composition after the Italian style, comic opera had, as

we have seen, in some degree prepared the way. A further advance, brought about by the greater vividness of the dramatic impersonations, was the cultivation of ensemble pieces; but this, as has been already remarked, is the weakest side of Gluck's performances.

Although Gluck's "Iphigénie" might rightfully claim to have perfected the French grand opera in its national sense, yet it was a difficult undertaking to gain recognition for this fact in Paris, and to produce there the work of a foreign, if not of an unknown composer. Du Rollet published a letter to D'Auvergne, one of the directors of the Grand-Opéra, in the "Mercure de France" (October, 1772), in which he acquaints him of Gluck's wish to produce his "Iphigénie" in Paris. He laid stress on Gluck's having preferred the French language and music to the Italian, and declared that his composition of Racine's masterpiece was altogether after the French taste; he hoped in this way to gain the favour of the public and the theatre management. As this met with no response, Gluck himself published a letter in the "Mercure" (February, 1773), in which, without undue submission, he reiterates the wish; he wastes great praise on J. J. Rousseau, who was destined to be the most determined opponent of the French language and music. At last Gluck succeeded in gaining the interest of the Dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, all difficulties were overcome, and in the autumn of 1773 Gluck went to Paris to put his opera in rehearsal. [75] Again hindrances were thrown in his way which it required all the force and vigour of his character to overcome. The hardest struggle was with the vocalists, male and female, and with the orchestra; they must be attached to him at all costs. But he was an implacable conductor, [76] and never gave way before a storm. [77] After six months rehearsing, "Iphigénie" was performed (February 14, 1774); the success of the first performance was not brilliant, but the second quite confirmed the victory. Gluck had succeeded (an important point in Paris) in raising public expectation to a high pitch beforehand, and he found zealous

supporters among the journalists, especially the Abbé Arnaud; the opposition engendered by the enthusiastic partisanship of his admirers was in his favour in so far that it prevented the interest of the public from becoming faint. [78]

Opposition came, as might have been expected, from both sides; [79] the followers of Lully and Rameau would not grant any progress made, and saw in Gluck's innovations nothing but the harmful influence of Italian music, [80] while the partisans of the Italians looked upon Gluck's music as essentially identical with the "old French," and complained of the "tudesque" modifications of the Italian style. [81] As usual, neither party was satisfied with the concessions made to it, and still less would either acknowledge that its strong places had been overthrown. J. J. Rousseau alone acknowledged himself vanquished; and as he had previously done justice to Grétry's efforts, so he now extolled Gluck's music as being genuinely dramatic. [82] Not so Grimm. He was too well versed in Italian music not to perceive that if Gluck's ideas became prevalent, those forms which he held to be essential would soon be annihilated; Gluck's operas appeared to him a revival of the old French style, which would only hinder or retard the triumph of the Italian. It is true that out of deference to public opinion, and to that of many of his friends and of Gluck's royal patroness, he does not express himself very positively on the subject, but his real views cannot be mistaken. [83]

With just discrimination the directors had declared that they would not risk appearing before the public with one of Gluck's operas; if he would write six, they might have a chance of success. Gluck himself was aware that if he was to succeed in the long run, his "Iphigénie" must not be left long alone. He rapidly revised and elaborated "Orphée et Euridice," not at all to the advantage of the opera, in which he was induced, quite against his principles, to insert a long bravura aria by Bertoni. [84] It was performed on

August 2, 1774, with great success, [85] and was followed on February 27, 1775, by a one-act opera, “L’Arbre Enchanté,” and on August 11, 1775, by an opera in three acts, “La Cythère Assiégée,” neither of which had any lasting effect. In order to insure a fresh and lasting success Gluck took in hand his “Alceste” anew. The text was thoroughly revised by Du Rollet, with the adoption of Rousseau’s suggestions, especially in the second act; Hercules is introduced again, but not very skilfully. [86] Gluck’s revision was a very thorough one; the old music was transposed, curtailed, or lengthened, the details altered, and new passages inserted, generally with admirable discrimination. [87] Then, in order to put new works in direct competition with his old compositions, he undertook to set operas by Quinault to music unaltered, and chose “Roland” and “Armida.”

While Gluck was engaged on these works in Vienna, the supporters of Italian music, who were now convinced of the possibility of procuring foreign composers for the grand opera, sought on their side to oppose a rival to Gluck. Some time previously Madame Dubarry had been induced by La Borde’s influence to obtain the presence in Paris of Piccinni, the most esteemed of Italian composers. [88] The Neapolitan ambassador, the Marquis Caraccioli, by his intellect and position a powerful patron of the arts and sciences, had been mainly instrumental in summoning Piccinni; and the young Queen, Marie Antoinette, who saw no necessity for bending her inclinations to party interests in the matter of music, and who, like her brother the Emperor, was personally attached to Italian music, gave her consent to Piccinni’s appointment.

Marmontel declared himself ready to adapt an opera by Quinault for Piccinni, of whose music he announced himself the champion. [89] When Gluck heard that the work selected was the “Roland,” on which he was already at work, he published a letter (“Année Littéraire,” 1776), in which he bitterly complained of this affront, and violently assailed his adversaries.

Open war was now declared between the critics of the Gluckists and the Piccinnists, and carried on in pamphlets, journal articles, and epigrams, with so much violence that even the public were led into a partisanship more eager than had ever before arisen from a question of art. [90] The leaders of the Piccinnists were Marmontel and La Harpe, while Gluck's faithful partisans were Arnaud and Suard, who appeared as the Anonymous of Vaugirard. [91] Grimm took no direct share in the contest; but his comments on it show him, in spite of apparent impartiality, to have been decidedly on the side of Piccinni.

The first performance of "Alceste," on April 23, 1776, was a failure, and it only gained in public favour by slow degrees. [92] "Iphigénie," too, which was reproduced, was severely criticised. But this severity served but to increase public sympathy, and Gluck's operas drew full houses, and became more and more unmistakably popular.

Piccinni arrived in Paris quite at the end of 1776. He was welcomed by all the composers, Grétry alone failing to pay his respects to him. For this he was severely censured, since on first coming to Paris he had announced himself as a pupil of Piccinni, which he was not. [93] Strange and unknown in Paris, Piccinni took a great distaste to its harsh climate, its unaccustomed way of living. His ignorance of the French language isolated him and debarred him from any personal share in the contest of which he was the subject.

His easy-going and peace-loving temperament prevented his wishing to join in the fray, while for Gluck's passionate nature it was a satisfaction to give vent to angry vituperation in the public journals.

Marmontel relates how he had to instruct Piccinni in French by reading him his opera every day as a task, and translating what Piccinni had to compose. [94] Thus slowly proceeded the work of the dissatisfied maestro, and every day he doubted of its success more and more. [95]

Gluck began the rehearsals of his “Armide” in July, 1777, and it was performed on September 23. The opera, on which Gluck had built such confident hopes of success, was very coolly received. [96] Its failure was owing partly to the dangerous rivalry of Lully, partly to the fact that the subject was not suited to his genius, [97] and partly also to the premonitory shadow of Piccinni’s new work. Justice was not done to “Armide” until later. [98]

La Harpe attacked it bitterly, and Gluck, in a violent retort, called for the aid of the Anonymous of Vaugirard, which did not tarry. Then began the rehearsals of Piccinni’s opera, and the storm of partisanship was let loose. [99] Piccinni was incapable of restraining it. While his friends espoused his cause with zeal, while Gluck himself sought to restrain the singers and the orchestra, [100] Piccinni looked sorrowfully to heaven and sighed, “Ah! toutte va male, toutte!” Firmly convinced that the opera would be a failure, and resolved to return to Naples on the following day, he went to the first performance (January, 1778), consoling his family with the assurance that a cultivated nation like the French would do a composer no bodily harm, even if they did not admire his operas — and experienced a brilliant triumph. [101]

CHAPTER XIX. PARIS, 1778.

SUCH was the condition of musical affairs at the time of Mozart’s arrival in Paris. The successes on either side, and the violence of partisan controversy, had, as might have been expected, prevented any decisive conclusion of the dispute. We know now that Gluck remained master of the field, and that the influence of Lully and Rameau sinking henceforth into oblivion, Gluck determined the character of French opera in all its essential points as it still exists, in spite of its many Italian modifications. But at the time of which we are speaking the Gluckists and Piccinnists were carrying on the warfare with greater bitterness than ever, and the old national party, although pushed into the background, was seeking to free itself from both influences.

The interest of the public was more eagerly excited than ever, but, as usual, more for the sake of the literary scandal and personal animosity than with any love of art, and when audiences flocked to the opera they desired not to enjoy but to participate in what was going on.

This was an unfortunate state of things for a young composer whose object was to acquire an honourable position for himself; he must, in order to be heard at all, attach himself to one or other party, and so lose his independence, the only true foundation of excellence. To put an end to the dispute by forcing the combatants to acknowledge a success greater than that of either was at this juncture beyond the power of even a transcendent genius; and Mozart brought nothing with him to Paris but his genius.

He had failed in obtaining an introduction to the Queen Marie Antoinette from Vienna, and access to the circle of the nobility was no easy matter. Mozart had little to expect from the support of his fellow-artists, for they were all ranged against each other, and had enough to do to fight their own battles. Gluck had left Paris when Mozart entered it; he renewed his

acquaintance with Piccinni, whom he had known in Italy (Vol. I., p. 111), and was polite in his greetings when he met him at the Concert Spirituel and elsewhere; but there the intercourse ended. “I know my affairs, and he his, and that suffices” (July 9, 1778).

We find no traces of any acquaintance with Grétry, who never mentions Mozart in his “Mémoires.” He was resigned to professional envy, and had already experienced his full share of it; but in Paris at that time the “gens de lettres” were the arbiters of taste and fashion. Pamphlets and critical articles, epigrams and *bon mots*, proceeding from the literary circle, ruled public opinion, and a thorough knowledge of music was, as a rule, the last requirement thought of by those who strove to influence its progress.

It was a new world to Wolfgang, in which he would have found it difficult to move successfully and uprightly, even if he had gained access to its favour.

Grimm, who might have introduced him, was himself a partisan, and esteemed only by his own party; besides which, he could not fail soon to discover that Mozart was the last man in the world for this kind of intercourse. Nevertheless, he received him very kindly, and sought to make him known wherever he could; they were always quite of accord in their opinions of French music. “Baron Grimm and I,” writes Mozart (April 5, 1778), “often pour out our wrath over the music of the present day, but in private, be it understood; in public, it is all ‘bravo, bravissimo,’ and clapping one’s hands till the fingers burn.” And in another letter he says: “What annoys me is that the French have improved their taste just enough to enable them to listen to good music. But their own is still very bad. Ay! upon my word, but it is! and their singing! *oime!* If they would only let Italian songs alone, I could forgive their Frenchified chirruping; but it is really unpardonable so to spoil good music.”

Mozart's outward circumstances were not pleasant. In order to economise (for his mother found everything in Paris half as dear again as elsewhere) they took a dark, uncomfortable lodging, so small that Wolfgang could not get his clavier into it. But their life was rendered considerably more cheerful by the presence of their Mannheim friends. "Wendling," writes the mother (April 5) (there is no more talk of his irreligion), "has prepared Wolfgang's way for him, and has now introduced him to all his friends. He is a true benefactor, and M. von Grimm has promised him to use all his influence, which is greater than Wendling's, to make Wolfgang known." In Paris, too, Mozart became better acquainted with Raaff, and learned to value him as an artist and as a friend. This was greatly owing to the interest Raaff took in the Weber family; he appreciated Aloysia's talents, promised to give her lessons, and approved of Mozart's liking for her; this was all the greater consolation since he dared not speak openly on the subject to his father, although he did not attempt to conceal his correspondence with the Weber family. Nor could his wishes and feelings fail to be perceived when he wrote (July 3, 1778): —

I have never been backward, and never will be. I will always use my powers to the uttermost. God can make all things good. I have something in my mind, for which I pray to God daily; if it is His Divine will it will come to pass; if not, I am content. I have at least done my best. If all goes well, and things turn out as I wish, then you must do your share, or the whole business will fall through; I trust to your kindness to do it. Do not attempt to discover my meaning, for the immediate favour I have to beg of you is to let me keep my ideas to myself until the right time comes.

He does not seem to have been very hopeful (March 29, 1778)

I am pretty well, thank God: but for the rest, I often scarcely know or care for anything; I am quite indifferent, and take little pleasure in anything. What most supports and invigorates me is the thought that you, dear father,

and my dear sister are safe and well, that I am an honest German; and that although I cannot always say what I like, I can always think what I like — which is the main point.

In a mood like this the encouragement of musical compatriots would be doubly grateful to him. This was freely bestowed on him by the ambassador from the Palatinate, Count von Sickingen, to whom Gemmingen and Cannabich had given him letters, and Raaff a personal introduction: —

He is a charming man, a passionate lover and true judge of music. I spent eight hours with him quite alone; we were at the clavier morning and afternoon, and up to ten o'clock in the evening, all the time making, praising, admiring, altering, discussing, and criticising nothing but music: he has about thirty operatic scores.

He maintained this acquaintance zealously, often dining with the Count, and spending the evening over his own compositions with so much interest that the time went without their knowing it (June 12, 1778).

The Mannheim friends were engaged for the Concert Spirituel, which had been founded in 1725. Anne Danican Philidor, elder brother to the composer already mentioned, was accorded the privilege, on payment of a fixed sum, of giving about four-and-twenty concerts in the course of the year, on festivals when there was no grand opera. They were given in a hall of the Tuileries, and consisted of instrumental music, and sacred or classical compositions for chorus or solo singing. Wolfgang was introduced to the director, Jean le Gros (1739-1793), and at once received from him a commission, with which he acquaints his father (April 5, 1778).

The kapellmeister, Holzbauer, has sent a Miserere; but the Mannheim chorus being weak and bad, while here it is good and strong, his choruses make no effect; therefore M. le Gros has commissioned me to write other choruses. Holzbauer's introductory chorus remains; the first by me is

“Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego,” &c., allegro; the second, adagio, “Ecce enim in iniquitatibus”; then, allegro, “Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti,” up to “ossa humiliata.” Then an andante for soprano, tenor and bass soli, “Cor mundum créa”; and “Redde mihi lætitiam,” allegro as far as “te convertentur.” Then I have done a recitative for the basses, “Libera me de sanguinibus,” because it is followed by a bass song by Holzbauer, “Domine, labia mea.” In the same way, because “Sacrificium Deo, spiritus” is an andante tenor air for Raaff, with solo oboe and bassoon, I have added a little recitative, “Quoniam si voluisses,” also with oboe and bassoon concertante: recitatives are very much in vogue here. “Benigne fac” up to “muri Jerusalem,” andante moderato, chorus. Then “Tunc acceptabis” to “super altare tuum vitulos,” allegro, tenor solo (Le Gros), and chorus together. I must say I am glad I have finished this work, for it is confoundedly awkward when one is in a hurry with work and cannot write at home. But it is finished, thank God, and will, I think, make an effect. M. Gossec, whom you must know, told M. Le Gros, after seeing my first chorus, that it was charming, and would certainly tell in performance; that the words were well arranged, and admirably set to music. He is a good friend of mine, but a dry, reserved man.

That this scampering work (for Mozart was only a few days over it) should form his *début* before the French public caused his father great uneasiness; but it was uncalled for, for in his next letter Wolfgang informs him (March 1, 1778)

I must tell you, by the way, that my chorus work came to nothing. Holzbauer’s Miserere is too long as it is, and did not please; besides which, they only performed two of my choruses instead of four, and left out the best. It did not much matter, for many people did not know that they were mine, and many more never heard of me. Notwithstanding, they were

highly applauded at rehearsal, and, what is more important (for I do not think much of Parisian applause), I liked them myself.

Another work was occasioned by the presence of the Mannheim performers, with whom was associated the celebrated hornist, Joh. Punto (1748-1803), who in Mozart's opinion "played magnificently." Mozart set to work at a Sinfonie Concertante for flute (Wendling), oboe (Ramm), French horn (Punto), and bassoon (Ritter), which was to be performed at one of the concerts. But he was soon obliged to write to his father (May 1, 1778): —

There is another "hickl-hackl" with the Sinfonie Concertante. I believe there is something behind, for I have my enemies here, as where have I not had them? It is a good sign, however. I was obliged to write the symphony in great haste, worked hard at it, and thoroughly satisfied the four performers. Le Gros had it four days for copying, and I always found it lying in the same place. At last, the day but one before the concert, I did not find it; searched about among the music, and found it hidden away. I could do nothing but ask Le Gros, "*A propos*, have you given the Sinfonie Concertante to be copied?" "No, I forgot it." Of course I could not order him to have it copied and played, so said nothing. The day it should have been performed I went to the concert; Ramm and Punto came up to me in a rage, and asked why my sinfonie concertante was not played. "I do not know; this is the first I have heard of it." Ramm was furious, and abused Le Gros in French, saying that it was unhandsome of him, &c. What annoyed me most in the whole affair was Le Gros not telling me a word about it, as if I was to know nothing of it. If he had only made an apology, that the time was too short, or anything; but no, not a word. I think Cambini, an Italian composer here, is at the bottom of it, for I was the innocent cause of his being extinguished on his first introduction to Le Gros. He has written some pretty quartets, one of which I had heard at Mannheim; I praised it to him,

and played the beginning; Ritter, Ramm, and Punto were there, and they left me no peace, insisting that I should go on, and make up myself what I could not remember. So I did it, and Cambini was quite beside himself, and could not refrain from saying, “Questa è una gran testa!” But it must have been sorely against the grain with him.

The father was of the same opinion, and warned Wolfgang that Cambini would not be the only one who would seek to injure him; but he must not allow himself to be disconcerted (April 29, 1778). Wolfgang expressed himself with considerable dissatisfaction: —

If this were a place where the people had ears to hear, and a heart to feel, and just a little understanding and taste for music, I would laugh from my heart at all these things; but, as far as music is concerned, I am among a set of dolts and blockheads. How can it be otherwise? They are just the same in all their transactions, love-affairs, and passions. There is no place in the world like Paris. You must not think that I exaggerate in speaking so of the music here. Ask whom you will (only not a native Frenchman), and they will tell you the same. Well, I am here, and must make the best of it, for your sake. I shall thank the Almighty if I come out of it with unvitiated taste. I pray to God daily to give me grace to stand firm, and do honour to myself and the German nation, and that He will grant me success, so that I may make plenty of money, help you out of all your present troubles, and that we may meet once more, and all live happily together again.

Through the good offices of Grimm, Mozart was recommended to the Duc de Guines, who had been recalled from his post as Ambassador in London after his notorious lawsuit with secretary Tort in 1776, and stood high in favour with the Queen. L. Mozart wrote (March 28, 1778): —

My dear Son, — I beg that you will do your best to gain the friendship of the Duc de Guines, and to keep well with him; I have frequently read in the papers of his high place in the royal favour; the Queen being now *enceinte*,

there are sure to be grand festivities when the child is born; you may get something to do, and make your fortune; for in these cases everything depends upon the pleasure of the Queen. The Duke was amusing and fond of music; as Mozart himself says, he played the flute inimitably, and his daughter the harp magnificently. He gave Mozart a commission to compose a concerto for flute and harp. These were exactly the two instruments which Mozart could not endure. But this did not prevent his accomplishing his task to the perfect satisfaction of the Duke. The concerto (299 K.) is in C major, with accompaniments for a small orchestra, and consists of the usual three movements. In conformity with the nature of the instruments the character of the concerto is cheerful and graceful, and it is excellent of its kind. Each movement is well and compactly formed, and has an abundance of rich melody, enhanced in effect by the harmonic treatment, the varied character of the accompaniment, and the alternation of the solo instruments. The thematic treatment is only lightly sketched in so as to keep the interest alive; but in the middle movement of the first part the harmonic arrangement betrays a master-hand; at its close a fresh melody is introduced, as was then the rule, in order to excite the attention anew. Especially graceful and tender is the Andantino, accompanied only by a quartet. The solo instruments are brilliant without being particularly difficult; the orchestra is discreetly made use of to support the delicate solo instruments without interfering with their effect; but the easy setting *ä jour* is elaborated in detail with great skill and decision, both as regards the sound effects and the passages and turns of the accompaniment.

Besides this, Mozart gave the Duke’s daughter two hours’ lessons in composition daily, for which generous payment might be expected. He describes the lessons minutely (May 14, 1778): —

She has talent and even genius, but especially has she a marvellous memory: she knows two hundred pieces, and can play them all by heart.

“Once when we were talking of instruments, Mozart said that he detested the harp and the flute.”

She is, however, very doubtful whether she has any talent for composition, particularly as regards ideas and imagination; but her father — who, between ourselves, is a little infatuated about her — says she has plenty of ideas, but is over-modest, and has too little confidence in herself. Well, we shall see. If she does not get any ideas or imagination (at present she has absolutely none) it is all in vain, for, God knows, I cannot give them to her. Her father has no intention of making her into a great composer. “I do not wish her,” says he, “to write operas, concertos, songs, or symphonies, but only grand sonatas for her instrument and mine.” To-day I gave her her fourth lesson, and, as far as regards the rules of composition and exercises, I am fairly satisfied. She has supplied a very good bass to the first minuet which I set her. She is beginning now to write in three parts. She does it, but she gets *ennuyée*. I cannot help it, for I cannot possibly take her farther. Even if she had genius it would be too soon, and unhappily she has none — everything must be done artificially. She has no ideas, and so nothing comes of it. I have tried her in every sort of way. Among other things, it came into my head to write down a very simple minuet, and to try if she could write a variation on it. No; it was in vain. “Well,” I thought, “she does not know how to begin;” so I began to vary the first bar, and told her to go on with it, and keep the same idea; and at last she managed it. When that was done, I told her to begin something herself, only the first part of a melody. She reflected for a quarter of an hour, but nothing came of it. Then I wrote the first four bars of a minuet, and said, “See what a donkey I am; I have begun a minuet, and cannot even finish the first part. Be so kind as to do it for me.” She thought it was impossible. At last, after much trouble, something came to light; and I was very glad of it. Then I made her

complete the minuet — only the first part, of course. I have given her nothing to do at home but to alter my four bars, and make something out of them — to invent a new beginning, even if the harmony is the same, so long as the melody is altered. I shall see to-morrow what she has made of it.

The father was justly astonished at the demands made by Wolfgang on the talent of his pupil, and on the earnestness with which he threw himself into his task (May 28,1778): —

You write that you have just given Mdlle. de Guines her fourth lesson, and you want her to write down her own ideas; do you think that everybody has your genius? It will come in time. She has a good memory; let her *steal*, or more politely, *adapt*; it does no harm at the beginning, until courage comes. Your plan of variations is a good one, only persevere. If M. le Duc sees anything, however small, by his daughter, he will be delighted. It is really an excellent acquaintance.

But Wolfgang had not the art of cultivating such acquaintances any more than of giving lessons in composition to young ladies of no talent; he wrote later that she was thoroughly stupid and thoroughly lazy (July 9, 1778), and in conclusion the Duke offered him two louis-d'or, which he indignantly rejected.

He had some other pupils, and might have had more had not the distances in Paris been so great that his time was too much curtailed thereby; he complains (July 31, 1778): —

It is no joke to give lessons here. You must not think that it is laziness; no! but it is quite against my nature, my way of life. You know that I, so to speak, live in music; that I am busy at it the whole day, planning, studying, considering. Lessons come in the way of this; I shall certainly have some hours free, but I need them rather for rest than for work.

Highly distasteful to him also were visits to people of rank, and attempts to gain their favour. He enumerates all the disagreeables of it (May 1,

1778): —

You write that I should pay plenty of visits to make new acquaintances and renew old ones. It is really impossible. To go on foot takes too long and makes one too dirty, for Paris is inconceivably filthy; and to drive costs four or five livres a day, and all for nothing; the people pay compliments and nothing more; engage me for such or such a day, and then I play, and they say “Oh! c’est un prodige, c’est inconcevable, c’est étonnant!” and then adieu. I have already spent money enough in that way, and often uselessly, for the people have been out. No one can know the annoyance of it who is not here. Paris is very much altered; the French are not nearly so polite as they were fourteen years ago; they approach very near to rudeness now, and are dreadfully arrogant.

The example which he gives his father sufficiently justifies his complaints, and is as significant of the impertinence of the nobility towards artists as of Mozart’s powerlessness to resent such behaviour: —

M. Grimm gave me a letter to Madame la Duchesse de Chabot, and I went there. The purport of the letter was principally to recommend me to the Duchesse de Bourbon (then in a convent), and to bring me again to her remembrance. A week passed without any notice taken; but, as she had already commanded my presence in that time, I went. I was left to wait half an hour in an icily cold, very large room, with no stove or means of heating it. At last the Duchesse de Chabot came in, and politely begged me to make allowances for the clavier, since she had none in good order; would I try it? I said I should have been delighted to play something, but that I could not feel my fingers for the cold, and I begged her to allow me to go to a room where at least there was a stove. “Oh, oui, monsieur; vous avez raison,” was her only answer. Then she sat down and began to draw for at least an hour with some other gentlemen, who all sat round a great table. I had the honour of standing waiting this hour. The doors and windows were open; very

soon, not only my hands, but my feet and whole body were stiff with cold, and my head began to ache. No one spoke to me, and I did not know what to do for cold, headache, and fatigue. At last, to cut it short, I played on the wretched, miserable pianoforte. The most vexatious part of all was that Madame and all the gentlemen went on with their employment without a moment's pause or notice, so that I played for the walls and chairs. All these things put together were too much for my patience. I began the Fischer variations, played the half, and got up. Then followed no end of *éloges*. I said what was quite true, that I could do myself no credit with such a clavier, and that I should be very pleased to appoint another day when I could have a better clavier. But she did not consent, and I was obliged to wait another half-hour, till her husband came in. But he sat down beside me, and listened with all attention; and then I — I forgot cold, and headache, and annoyance, and played on the wretched clavier as you know I can play when I am in a good humour. Give me the best clavier in Europe, but with an audience who do not or will not understand and feel with me when I play, and I lose all pleasure in it. I told the whole affair to M. Grimm.

Wolfgang tells his father (May 14, 1778) of a prospect of a settled position, in which, however, he was disappointed: —

Rudolph (the French horn-player) is in the royal service here, and very friendly to me. He has offered me the place of organist at Versailles, if I like to take it. It brings in 2,000 livres a year, but I should have to live six months at Versailles, the other six where I chose. I must ask the advice of my friends, for 2,000 livres is no such great sum. It would be if it were in German coin, but not here; it makes 83 louis-d'or and 8 livres a year; that is, 915 florins 45 kreutzers of our money (a large sum), but only 333 dollars and 2 livres here, which is not much. It is dreadful how soon a dollar goes! I cannot be surprised at people thinking so little of a louis-d'or here, for it is

very little; four dollars, or a louis-d'or, which is the same thing, are gone directly.

His father, who considered a settled position of such importance that a certain amount of concession should be made for it, advised him to reflect well on the proposal, if indeed Rudolph (1730-1812), who had been a member of the band since 1763, had sufficient influence to bring it about (May 28, 1778): —

You must not reject it at once. You must consider that the 83 louis-d'or are earned in six months; that you have half the year for other work; that it probably is a permanent post, whether you are ill or well; that you can give it up when you like; that you are *at Court, consequently* daily under the eyes of the King and Queen, and so much the nearer your fortune; that you may be promoted to one of the two kapellmeisters' places; that in time, if promotion is the rule, you may become clavier-master to the royal family, which would be a lucrative post; that there would be nothing to hinder your writing for the theatre, concert spirituel, &c., and printing music with dedications to your grand acquaintance among the ministers who frequent Versailles, especially in summer; that Versailles itself is a small town, or at all events, has many respectable inhabitants, among whom pupils would surely be found; and that, finally, this is the surest way to the favour and protection of the queen. Read this to the Baron von Grimm, and ask his opinion.

But Grimm took Wolfgang's view of the matter, expressed in his answer to his father (July 3, 1778): —

My inclination has never turned towards Versailles; I took the advice of Baron Grimm, and others of my best friends, and they all thought with me. It is small pay. I should have to waste half the year in a place where nothing else could be earned, and where my talents would be buried. For to be in the royal service is to be forgotten in Paris — and then to be only organist! I

should like a good post extremely, but nothing less than kapellmeister — and well paid.

Mozart's absorbing desire was to have an opportunity of distinguishing himself as a composer, above all things by an opera. There seemed a fair prospect of doing this soon after his arrival in Paris. He had renewed his acquaintance with Noverre (p. 145), who, after giving up the direction of the ballet at Vienna in 1775, had, through the Queen's influence, been appointed ballet-master to the Grand-Opéra in 1776. He took such a liking for Mozart that he not only invited him to his table as often as he chose, but commissioned him to write an opera. He proposed as a good subject, "Alexander and Roxane," and set a librettist to work at the adaptation of it. The first act was ready at the beginning of April; and a month later Mozart was in hopes of receiving the whole text. It had then to be submitted to the approbation of the director of the Grand-Opéra, De Vismes; but this did not seem to offer any difficulty, Noverre's influence being powerful with the director.

As soon as L. Mozart heard of the prospect of an opera, he wrote (April 12, 1778): —

I strongly advise you, before writing for the French stage, to hear their operas, and find what pleases them. In this way you will become quite a Frenchman, and I hope you will be specially careful to accustom yourself to the proper accent of the language.

And he continues to impress upon him (April 29, 1778): —

Now that you tell me you are about to write an opera, follow my advice, and reflect that your whole reputation hangs on your first piece. Listen before you write, and study the national taste; listen to their operas, and examine them. I know your wonderful powers of imitation. Do not write hurriedly — no sensible composer does that. Study the words beforehand with Baron von Grimm and Noverre; make sketches, and let them hear

them. It is always done: Voltaire reads his poems to his friends, hears their judgments, and follows their suggestions. Your honour and profit depend upon it; and as soon as we have money we will go to Italy again.

Wolfgang was aware of the difficulties which lay before him, especially with regard to the language and the vocalists, and expressed himself energetically on both points (July 9, 1778)

If I do get as far as writing an opera, I shall have trouble enough over it; that I do not mind, for I am used to it, if only this cursed French language were not so utterly opposed to music! It is truly miserable; German is divine in comparison. And then the vocalists, male and female! they have no right to the name, for they do not sing, but shriek and howl, and all from the nose and the throat.

In spite of all this, he was eager to set to work (July 31, 1778): —

I assure you that I shall be only too pleased if I do succeed in writing an opera. The language is the invention of the devil, that is true; and the same difficulties are before me that beset all composers; but I feel as well able as any one else to surmount them; in fact, when I tell myself that all goes well with my opera, I feel a fire within me, and my limbs tingle with the desire to make the French know, honour, and fear the German nation more.

In the meantime L. Mozart heard that at the very time when Noverre was interesting himself so warmly in Wolfgang’s opera, he had engaged him to write the music for a ballet which was coming out (May 14, 1778). When, after a considerable lapse of time, the father inquired what had become of this ballet, and what he had made by it, Wolfgang had almost forgotten the subject (July 9, 1778): —

As to Noverre’s ballet, I only wrote that perhaps he would be making a new one. He just wanted half a ballet, and for that I provided the music; that is, there were six pieces by other people in it, consisting of poor, miserable French songs; I did the overture and contredanses, altogether about twelve

pieces. The ballet has been performed four times with great applause. But now I mean to do nothing without being sure beforehand what I am to get for it, for this was only as a good turn to Noverre.

But such “good turns” were precisely what Noverre had in view. It suited him, as it did Le Gros, to have at command the services of a young artist eager to compose and ready to accept hope and patronage in lieu of payment, whose name it was not necessary to risk bringing before the public, since he was only employed as a stop-gap. But it would be a very different and far more serious thing for them to bring forward an original work, such as an opera, by this same unknown young man. In case of failure the protectors would share the responsibilities of the *protégé*, while success would bring fame and profit to the latter alone. Nothing shows more clearly Mozart’s unsuspecting nature than his explanation of the long delay of his libretto (July 9, 1778): —

It is always so with an opera. It is so hard to find a good poem; the old ones, which are the best, are not in the modern style, and the new ones are good for nothing; for poetry, which was the only thing the French had to be proud of, gets worse every day, and the poetry of the opera is just the part that must be good, for they do not understand the music. There are only two operas *in aria* which I could write — one in two acts, the other in three. The one in two acts is “Alexander and Roxane,” but the poet who is writing it is still in the country. That in three acts is “Demofoonte” (by Metastasio), translated and mixed with choruses and dances, and specially arranged for the French theatre» and this I have not yet been able to see.

The father saw through it all more plainly, and cautioned Wolfgang, if he wanted to succeed with an opera in Paris, to make himself known beforehand (August 27, 1778): —

You must make a name for yourself. When did Gluck, when did Piccinni, when did all these people come forward? Gluck is not less than

sixty, and it is twenty-six or twenty-seven years since he was first spoken of; and can you really imagine that the French public, or even the manager of the theatre, can be convinced of your powers of composition without having heard anything by you in their lives, or knowing you, except in your childhood as an excellent clavier-player and precocious genius? You must exert yourself, and make yourself known as a composer in every branch; make opportunities, and be indefatigable in making friends and in urging them on; wake them up when their energies slacken, and do not take for granted that they have done all they say they have. I should have written long ago to M. de Noverre if I had known his title and address.

But this way of pushing his talents was completely foreign to Wolfgang's nature; and so it followed, in the natural course of things, that after a delay of months Noverre declared that he might be able to help him to a libretto, but could not insure the opera being performed when it was ready.

One success, however, was to be granted him in Paris. He had naturally ceased to visit Le Gros since the latter had so ruthlessly rejected his Sinfonie Concertante, but had been every day with Raaff, who lived in the same house. He had chanced to meet Le Gros there, who made the politest apologies, and begged him again to write a symphony for the Concert Spirituel. How could Mozart resist such a petition? On June 12 he took the symphony which he had just finished to Count Sickingen, where Raaff was. He continues: —

They were both highly pleased. I myself am quite satisfied with it. Whether it will please generally I do not know; and, truth to say, I care very little; for whom have I to please? The *very few* intelligent Frenchmen that there are I can answer for; as for the stupid ones, it does not signify much whether they are pleased or not. But I am in hopes that even the donkeys will find something to admire. I have not omitted the *premier coup d'archet!* — and that is enough for them. What a fuss they make about that,

to be sure! *Was Teufel!* I see no difference. They just begin together, as they do elsewhere. It is quite ludicrous.

The symphony pleased unusually, however, as he tells his father (July 3, 1778): —

It was performed on Corpus Christi day with all applause. I hear that a notice of it has appeared in the “Courrier de l’Europe.” I was very unhappy over the rehearsal, for I never heard anything worse in my life; you cannot imagine how they scraped and scrambled over the symphony twice. I was really unhappy; I should like to have rehearsed it again, but there are so many things, that there was no time. So I went to bed with a heavy heart and a discontented and angry spirit. The day before, I decided not to go to the concert; but it was a fine evening, and I determined at last to go, but with the intention, if it went as ill as at the rehearsal, of going into the orchestra, taking the violin out of the hands of M. La Houssaye, and conducting myself. I prayed for God’s grace that it might go well, for it is all to His honour and glory; and, *ecce!* the symphony began. Raaff stood close to me, and in the middle of the first allegro was a passage that I knew was sure to please; the whole audience was struck, and there was great applause.

I knew when I was writing it that it would make an effect, so I brought it in again at the end, *da capo*. The andante pleased also, but especially the last allegro. I had heard that all the last allegros here, like the first, begin with all the instruments together, and generally in unison; so I began with the violins alone *piano* for eight bars, followed at once by a *forte*. The audience (as I had anticipated) cried “Hush!” at the *piano* but directly the *forte* began they took to clapping. As soon as the symphony was over I went into the Palais-Royal, took an ice, told my beads as I had vowed, and went home.

So brilliant a success was not wanting in more lasting results: “M. Le Qros has taken a tremendous fancy to me,” he writes (July 9, 1778); and he was commissioned to write a French oratorio for performance at the Concert Spirituel during the following Lent: —

My symphony was unanimously applauded; and Le Gros is so pleased with it that he calls it his best symphony. Only the andante does not hit his taste; he says there are too many changes of key in it, and it is too long; but the real truth is that the audience forgot to clap their hands so loud as for the first and last movements; the andante is more admired than any other part by myself, and by all connoisseurs, as well as by the majority of the audience; it is just the contrary of what Le Gros says, being unaffected and short. But for his satisfaction (and that of others, according to him) I have written another. Either is good of its kind, for they differ greatly; perhaps, on the whole, I prefer the second one.

The symphony (297 K.), well known, by the name of the French or Parisian Symphony, was repeated with the new andante on August 15. It consists of three movements in the customary form, except that none of the parts are repeated entire, although they are perfectly distinct. This was a concession to the Parisian taste. Wolfgang writes to his father (September 11, 1778) that his earlier symphonies would not please there: “We in Germany have a taste for lengthy performances, but in point of fact, it is better to be short and good,” The first and last movements are unusually animated and restless, with an almost unbroken rapidity of movement; and the different subjects offer no contrasts as to character, being all in the same light, restless style. Thematic elaboration is only hinted at, except in the well worked-out middle movement of the finale. Melodies are scattered through the whole in great abundance, often connected with each other in a highly original and attractive manner. Suspense is kept up by strong contrasts of forte and piano, by sudden breaks and imperceptible

modulations, and by striking harmonic effects. The general impression given by both movements is animated and brilliant, but they are more calculated to stir the intellect than to awaken the deeper emotions, and are therefore well suited to a Parisian audience. The same is the case with the tender and beautiful andante, which only now and then, surreptitiously as it were, betrays the existence of deep feeling. There are, as has been seen, two versions of the andante, both still existing in Mozart's handwriting — the second considerably shorter than the first. The leading part is minutely given throughout the score of the whole piece (which is marked andantino), besides a fixed subject being indicated for the bass, and in some places for the other instruments. After thus laying down, as it were, the ground plan, he proceeded to details, making few alterations beyond some slight abbreviations. When, in working out the movement, he came to a passage which seemed to him tedious or superfluous, he struck it out, and went on with the next. This has been the case with several unimportant passages, and with one longer one, a transition to the theme by means of an imitative passage (after page 36, bar 6, of the score); soon after, too, a middle passage with flute and oboe solos is cut out. After thus elaborating the movement, he hastily copied it all, as it is now printed. The later andante is printed in a Parisian edition of the symphony; it is far less important than the first, and was rightly rejected by Mozart. It is worthy of remark that the violoncello is employed as a leading instrument.

The orchestral workmanship shows that Mozart had not listened to the Mannheim band in vain; the different instruments form a well-ordered whole, in which each has its individual significance. It is only necessary to examine the thematic arrangement in the last movement (score, page 54) to perceive how skilfully the effect of varied tone-colouring is taken into account, while at the same time, by means of contrapuntal treatment, due prominence is given to the purely melodious element. It may well be

imagined that Mozart would not let slip the opportunity of trying the splendid effect of a symphony with flutes, oboes, and clarinets (Vol. I., p. 385). But the clarinets are sparely used as a foreign importation, and, together with the trumpets and drums, are altogether omitted from the andante. Large demands are made on the executive delicacy of the orchestra, and in many places the whole effect depends on a well-managed *crescendo*, as it had never done in previous works; in fact, it is not too much to say that many of the subjects would not have been conceived as they are, without the prospect of their performance by a well-organised orchestra.

During this interval Mozart also completed the clavier sonatas, with violin accompaniment, which he had begun at Mannheim (301-306 K.), the fourth bearing the inscription "ä Paris," and busied himself to find a publisher for them who would pay him well. He found leisure, also, to compose a capriccio for his sister's birthday.

Thus we see Mozart, disliking Paris and the Parisians, deriving little practical gain from all his exertions, and yet striving in his own way to attain the position which was his due, when an event occurred which plunged himself and his family into the deepest grief. Paris had never agreed with the Frau Mozart. Their lodging in the "Hötel des quatre fils d'Aymon," in the Rue du Gros-Chenet — a musical quarter — was bad, as well as the living, and she sat all day "as if under arrest," Wolfgang's affairs necessitating his almost constant absence. She was ill for three weeks in May, and intended, on her recovery, to seek out better lodgings, and manage the housekeeping herself. But in June she fell ill again; she was bled, and wrote afterwards to her husband (June 12, 1778) that she was very weak, and had pains in her arm and her eyes, but that on the whole she was better. But the improvement was only apparent, and her illness took a serious turn; the physician whom Grimm sent in gave up hope, and after a fortnight of the deepest anxiety, which Wolfgang passed at his mother's bedside, she

gently passed away on July 3. His only support at this trying time was a musician named Heina, who had known his father in former days, and had often, with his wife, visited Frau Mozart in her solitude. Wolfgang's first thought was to break the news gently to his father, who was ill prepared for so crushing a blow. He wrote to him at once, saying that his mother was ill, and that her condition excited alarm; at the same time he acquainted their true friend Bullinger with the whole truth, and begged him to break the dreadful news to his father as gently as possible. In a few days, when he knew that this had been done, he wrote again himself in detail, offering all the consolation he could, and strove to turn his father's thoughts from the sad subject to the consideration of his own prospects. This letter affords a fresh example of the deep and tender love which bound parents and children together, and of Wolfgang's own sentiments and turn of mind. The consolations he offers, and the form in which he expresses them, are those of one who has himself passed through all the sad experiences of life; but to his father, whose teaching had tended to produce this effect, his expressions were justified and correct. With a natural and genuine sorrow for his irreparable loss is combined a manly composure, which sought not to obtain relief by indulging in sorrow, but to look forward calmly and steadily to the future and its duties.

As a loving son, he set himself to the filial task of comforting and supporting his father. After hearing that the latter was aware of his wife's death, and resigned to God's will, Wolfgang answers (July 31, 1778): —

Sad as your letter made me, I was beyond measure pleased to find that you take everything in a right spirit, and that I need not be uneasy about my dear father and my darling sister. My impulse after reading your letter was to fall on my knees and thank God for His mercy. I am well and strong again now, and have only occasional fits of melancholy, for which the best

remedy is writing or receiving letters — that restores my spirits again at once.

He felt, and with justice, that his father's anxiety on his account would now be redoubled. In keeping him informed of all his exertions and successes he satisfied his own longing to confide in his father, and gave the latter just that kind of interest and occupation of the mind which would serve to dispel his grief. It is touching to see the pains he takes to keep his father informed of all that he thinks will interest him, and how a certain irritability which had occasionally, and under the circumstances excusably, betrayed itself in his former letters, now completely disappears before the expression of tender affection: even the handwriting, which had been blamed as careless and untidy by his father, becomes neater and better. Trifles such as these are often the clearest expression of deep and refined feeling.

When the heavy blow fell, Wolfgang was alone, his Mannheim friends having left Paris; his father might well be apprehensive lest he should neglect the proper care of himself and his affairs. But Grimm now came forward; he, or more properly, as Mozart declares, his friend Madame D'Epinay, offered him an asylum in their house, and a place at their table, and he willingly agreed, as soon as he was convinced that he should cause neither appreciable expense nor inconvenience. He soon found himself obliged occasionally to borrow small sums of Grimm, which gradually mounted "piecemeal" to fifteen louis-d'or; Grimm reassures the father by telling him that repayment may be indefinitely postponed. But Wolfgang soon found the way of life in Grimm's household not at all to his mind, and wrote of it as "stupid and dull." And, indeed, a greater contrast cannot well be imagined than when, from the house whence issued with scrupulous devotion bulletins of Voltaire's health, contradictory reports of his religious condition, and finally the announcement of his death (May 30, 1778),

Wolfgang should write to his father (July 3, 1778): “I will tell you a piece of news, which perhaps you know already; that godless fellow and arch-scoundrel Voltaire is dead, like a dog, like a brute beast — that is his reward!” The condescending patronage with which he was treated soon became intolerable to him, and he complains of Grimm’s way of furthering his interests in Paris as better fitted to a child than a grown man. We can well imagine that Grimm, like Mozart’s own father, desired that he should make acquaintances, should gain access to distinguished families as a teacher and clavier-player, and should seek to win the favour of the fashion-leading part of the community; no doubt, too, Grimm felt it his duty to remonstrate openly with Wolfgang for what he considered his indolence and indifference. It is impossible to deny the good sense and proper appreciation of the position of all Grimm’s remarks, but they were resented by Mozart on account of the tone of superiority with which they were enforced. Grimm was indeed openly opposed to Mozart, and told him frankly that he would never succeed in Paris — he was not active, and did not go about enough; and he wrote the same thing to Wolfgang’s father.

It soon became apparent that Grimm was not really of opinion that Mozart’s talents were of such an order as to offer him a career in Paris; he said that he could not believe that Wolfgang would be able to write a French opera likely to succeed, and referred him for instruction to the Italians. “He is always wanting me,” writes Mozart (September 11, 1778), “to follow Piccinni or Caribaldi (Vol. I., p. 77), in fact, he belongs to the foreign party — he is false — and tries to put me down in every way.” He longed above all things to write an opera to show Grimm “that I can do as much as his dear Piccinni, although I am only a German.” Grimm’s character was not a simple one; he had both won and kept for himself under adverse circumstances an influential position, which was no easy matter in Paris at

any time. Queer stories were told of him, and his love of truth was not implicitly relied on. Rousseau describes him as perfidious and egotistical. Madame D'Epinay, on the other hand, extols him as a disinterested friend, and others speak of his benevolence and ready sympathy. There is, at any rate, no reason to suspect that he meant otherwise than well by Mozart, although he did not appreciate his genius, and interested himself more for the father's sake than the son's. He had striven for years to assert the supremacy of Italian music, and his ideal was Italian opera performed in Paris by Italian singers in the Italian language. When De Vismes, who was anxious to propitiate all parties, engaged a company of Italian singers, Grimm hailed the auspicious day on which Caribaldi, Baglioni, and Chiavacci appeared in Piccinni's "Finte Gemelle" (June n, 1778). It is therefore quite conceivable that he renounced all interest in Mozart's artistic future as soon as he was convinced of his falling off from purely Italian notions, and it is interesting to us to have so clear an indication that even thus early in his career Mozart had set himself in opposition to the Italian school. He had long since learnt all that it had to teach, and he fully recognised the fact that it was his mission to carry on the reform set on foot by Gluck and Grétry, at the same time retaining all that was valuable in the Italian teaching.

A confirmation of this is found in a later expression of opinion made by Mozart to Joseph Frank, who found him engaged in the study of French scores, and asked him if it would not be better to devote himself to Italian compositions; whereupon Mozart answered: "As far as melody is concerned, yes; but as far as dramatic effect is concerned, no; besides, the scores which you see here are by Gluck, Piccinni, Salieri, as well as Grétry, and have nothing French but the words." This view was confirmed by his stay in Paris, a stay quite as fruitful for his artistic development as that at Mannheim had been. Grimm's accounts show that Mozart had opportunities

for hearing the operas of numerous French composers. Besides Gluck's "Armide" which was still new, "Orpheus," "Alceste," and "Iphigenia in Aulis," which had been revived, Piccinni's "Roland," Grètry's "Matroco," "Les Trois Ages de l'Opéra," and "Le Jugement de Midas" were given, as well as Philidor's "Ernelinde," Dezaide's "Zulima," Gossec's "Fête du Village," Rousseau's "Devin du Village." Added to these were Piccinni's Italian opera "Le Finte Gemelle," and doubtless many others of which we know nothing. It may well excite wonder that Mozart's letters to his father describe none of the new artistic impressions which he must have received in Paris. But, apart from the fact that personal affairs naturally held the first place in his home correspondence, it must be remembered that abstract reflections on art and its relation to individual artists were not at that time the fashion, and were besides quite foreign to Mozart's nature. His aesthetic remarks and judgments whether they treated of technical questions or of executive effects, are mostly founded on concrete phenomena. The practical directness of his productive power, set in motion by every impulse of his artistic nature, prevented his fathoming the latest psychical conditions of artistic activity, or tracing the delicate threads which connect the inner consciousness of the artist with his external impressions, or analysing the secret processes of the soul which precede the production of a work of art. He does not seem any more actively conscious of the effect wrought upon him by the works of others. Some men's impressions of a great work are involuntary, and they seek later to comprehend the grounds of their enjoyment; others strive consciously to grasp the idea of the work and to incorporate it into their being; but to the man of creative genius alone is it given to preserve his own totality while absorbing all that is good in the works of other artists.

Without ever losing his own individuality, an artist of true genius absorbs impressions from nature and from other works of art than his own, and

constructs them anew from his inner consciousness. He accepts and assimilates whatever is calculated to nourish his formative power, and rejects with intuitive right judgment all that is foreign to his nature. Just as in the production of a true work of art invention and labour, inspiration and execution, willing and doing, are inseparably interwoven, so in the consideration by a genius of the works of other men and other ages, delighted appreciation is combined with criticism, ready apprehension collects materials for original work in its truest sense; it is a natural process, which perfects itself in the mind of the artist without any conscious action on his part.

Therefore the judgment that one artist pronounces on another is not always in perfect accord with the influence which has been brought to bear on himself by that other. The deeper the influence penetrates into the roots of an artist's inner being, the more will it become part and parcel of his productive powers, and the consciousness of any outside influence will be rapidly lost. It remains for future historical inquirers to ascertain and define the influence of the intellectual current of the age on the individual, and the mutual action on each other of exceptional phenomena.

Small as the visible results of Mozart's stay in Paris might be, and far as he remained from the object with which he had undertaken the journey, it yet enabled him, with great gain to his progress as an artist, to free himself from the Italian school, after such a thorough study of its principles as convinced him of the value of the element of dramatic construction which lay concealed in it. It may indeed be considered as a fortunate circumstance that no sooner had this conviction taken root in him than he turned his back on party disputes and left the place which was of all others the least fitted to encourage the quiet steady progress of genius.

L. Mozart had other and very different reasons for wishing to shorten Wolfgang's stay in Paris as much as he had hitherto desired to prolong it.

With his wife’s death he had lost the assurance that Wolfgang’s life in Paris would be of no detriment to his moral nature. Indulgent as she had been to her son, in this respect her influence was unbounded; and now it might be feared that Wolfgang’s easy-going nature would lead him into bad company. Grimm’s account convinced him that Wolfgang had no prospects of success in Paris, the less so as he took no pains to conceal his dislike of the place. His dearest wish at this time was to be appointed Kapellmeister to the Elector of Bavaria; he hoped thus to be able to improve the position of the Weber family, and to claim Aloysia as his own. The project was not disapproved of by his father (who, however, was told nothing of the last item); on the contrary, he wrote to Padre Martini describing the state of affairs, and earnestly requesting him directly and through Raaff to gain the Elector for Wolfgang; this the Padre readily undertook. As for Raaff, his friendship for Mozart and the interest which he took in Aloysia Weber were incentives enough for exertion, and Mozart had other influential friends among the musicians, besides being able to count on the support of Count Sickingen.

In Munich especially, where there was no German operatic composer of merit — Holzbauer being too old to have much influence — the need of a kapellmeister and composer was strongly felt; but the circumstances were very unfavourable. After it had been finally decided that the court should be removed from Mannheim to Munich, and all had been prepared for the move, threatenings of war threw everything into confusion again. Wolfgang felt this a heavy blow to the interests of the Webers, concerning whom he writes to his father (July 31, 1778): —

The day before yesterday my dear friend Weber wrote to me, among other things, that the day after the Elector’s arrival it was announced that he intended to take up his residence at Munich. This news came like a thunderbolt to Mannheim, and the joy which had been testified by the

illuminations of the day before was suddenly extinguished (p. 404). The court musicians were all informed that they were at liberty to follow the court to Munich, or to remain in Mannheim with their present salary; each one was to send in his written and sealed decision to the Intendant within fourteen days. Weber, whose miserable circumstances you know, wrote as follows: “My decayed circumstances put it out of my power to follow my gracious master to Munich, however earnestly I may wish to do so.” Before this happened there was a grand concert at court, and poor Mdlle. Weber felt her enemies’ malice; she was not invited to sing — no one knows why. Immediately afterwards was a concert at Herr von Gemmingen’s, and Count Seeau was present. She sang two of my songs, and was fortunate enough to please, in spite of the wretched foreigners (the Munich singers). She is much injured by these infamous slanderers, who say that her singing is deteriorating. But Cannabich, when the songs were over, said to her, “Mademoiselle, I hope that you will go on deteriorating after this fashion! I will write to Herr Mozart to-morrow, and acquaint him with your success.” As the matter now stands, if war had not broken out, the court would have removed to Munich; Count Seeau, who positively *will have Mdlle. Weber*, had arranged everything so as to take her, and there was hope that the circumstances of the whole family would improve in consequence. But now the Munich journey is no more talked of, and the unfortunate Webers may have to wait here long enough, their debts growing heavier day by day. If I could only help them! My dear father, I recommend them to you with my whole heart. If they had only 1,000 florins a year to depend upon!

Thereupon his father reminds him that his anxiety about the Webers is unbecoming, as long as he does not bestow the same care on himself and his own family (August 27, 1778). Besides there was no prospect for him in Munich at present, and his father therefore wished him to remain in Paris, at all events until the matter was decided.

In the midst of this uncertainty a favourable prospect opened in Salzburg itself. Since Adlgasser's death it had become more and more evident at court that Wolfgang's recall would be of all things most advantageous; it was signified to L. Mozart through Bullinger that, as he doubtless wished to retain his son near him, the court would be prepared to give him a monthly salary of fifty florins as organist and concertmeister, and he might look forward with certainty to being made kapellmeister; but the Archbishop could not make the first advances. Bullinger duly performed his mission, but L. Mozart, who well knew the perplexity the Archbishop was in, required that the proposition should be made direct to him. So, therefore, it was obliged to be; and the diplomatic skill, "worthy of a Ulysses" as Wolfgang says, with which L. Mozart contrived to hold his ground and to avail himself of his strong position in an interview with the canon, Count Joseph Stahremberg, is minutely described by himself (June 29, 1778): —

When I arrived no one was there but his brother the major, who is staying with him to recover from the fright into which he has been thrown by Prussian powder and shot. He told me that an organist had been recommended to him, but he would not accept him without being sure that he was good. He wished to know if I was acquainted with him — Mandl, or some such name, he did not remember what. "Oh, you stupid fellow!" thought I; "is it likely that an order or a request should be received from Vienna with reference to a candidate whose name is not even mentioned." As if I could not guess that all this was by way of inducing me to mention my son! But not I! no, not a syllable. I said I had not the honour of knowing any such person, and that I would never venture to recommend any one to our prince, since it would be difficult to find any one who would altogether suit him. "Yes," said he, "I cannot recommend him any one; it is far too difficult! Your son should be here now!" "Bravo! the bait has taken," thought I; "what a pity that this man is not a minister of state or an

ambassador!" Then I said, "We will speak plainly. Is it not the case that all possible measures were taken to drive my son out of Salzburg?" I began at the beginning and enumerated every past circumstance, so that his brother was quite astonished, but he himself could not deny the truth of a single point, and at length told his brother that young Mozart had been the wonder of all who came to Salzburg. He wanted to persuade me to write to my son; but I said that I would not do so — it would be labour in vain, for that unless I could tell him what income he might expect, my son would laugh at the proposition; Adlgasser's salary would be totally insufficient. Indeed, even if his Grace the Archbishop were to offer him fifty florins a-month, it would be doubtful whether he would accept it. We all three left the house together, for they were going to the riding-school, and I accompanied them. We spoke on the subject all the way, and I held to what I had said; he held to my son as the only candidate for him. The fact is, that the Archbishop can hear of no other good organist who is also a good clavier-player; he says now (but only to his favourites) that Beecké was a charlatan and a buffoon, and that Mozart excels all others; he would rather have him whom he knows than some one else highly paid whom he does not know. He cannot promise any one (as he would have to do if he gave a smaller salary) an income by pupils, since there are but few, and those are mine, I having the name of giving as good lessons as any man. Here then is the affair in full swing. I do not write, my dear Wolfgang, with the intention of inducing you to return to Salzburg, for I place no reliance on the words of the Archbishop, and I have not yet spoken to his sister the Countess; I rather avoided the opportunity of meeting her; for she would take the least word as consent and petition. They must come to me, and if anything is to be done, I must have a clear and advantageous proposal made, which can hardly be expected. We must wait, and hold fast to our point.

Wolfgang, who disliked Salzburg more even than Paris, at first took no notice of all this. But the death of the old kapellmeister Lolli, coinciding with that of his mother, brought matters in Salzburg to a crisis, and under the circumstances L. Mozart was more than ever convinced that Wolfgang should have a good position there. Good old Bullinger was again employed as a mediator to reconcile Wolfgang to the idea. He wrote to his young friend that he would be wronging his family by refusing so advantageous a position as that now offered to him, and that life might be endurable even in so small a place as Salzburg. He mentioned casually that the Archbishop intended engaging a new singer, and hints that his choice might be turned towards Aloysia Weber. Thereupon Wolfgang wrote candidly to Bullinger (August 7, 1778): —

You know how hateful Salzburg is to me! — not alone on account of the unjust treatment received there by both my father and myself — though that in itself is enough to make one wish to wipe the place clean out of one's memory. But even supposing that things turned out so that we could live *well* — living *well* and living *happily* are two things, and the latter I should never be able to do without the aid of magic — it would be against the natural order of things! It would be the greatest pleasure to me to embrace my dear father and sister, and the sooner the better; but I cannot deny that my joy would be doubled if the reunion took place anywhere but in Salzburg. I should have far more hope of living happily and contentedly.

He goes on to explain that it is not because Salzburg is small that he dreads returning to it, but because it offers no field for his talent, music being but little esteemed there; he remarks with bitter satire how the Archbishop pretends to seek with much parade for a kapellmeister and a prima donna, and in reality does nothing.

Soon after his father gives him further information as to the position of affairs (August 27, 1778): —

I have written to you already that your recall here is desired, and they beat about the bush with me for a long time without getting me to commit myself; until at last, after Lolli's death, I was obliged to tell the Countess that I had addressed a petition to the Archbishop, which, however, simply appealed to his favour by drawing attention to my long and uncomplaining services. The conversation then turned upon you, and I expressed myself as frankly upon all necessary points as I had previously done to Count Stahremberg. At last she asked me whether you would come if the Archbishop were to give me Lolli's post, and you Adlgasser's, which, as I had already calculated, would bring us in together one thousand florins a year; I could do nothing else but answer that I had no doubt that if this happened you would consent for love of me, especially as the Countess declared that there was not the least doubt that the Archbishop would allow you to travel in Italy every second year, since he himself had said how important it was to hear something new from time to time, and that he would furnish you with good letters of introduction. If this were to happen, we might reckon securely on one hundred and fifteen florins a month; and, as things now are, on more than one hundred and twenty florins. We should be better off than in any other place where living is twice as dear, and, not having to look so closely after money, we should be able to think more of amusement. But I am far from thinking the affair a certainty, for I know how hard such a decision will be to the Archbishop. You have the entire goodwill and sympathy of the Countess, that is certain; and it is equally certain that old Arco, Count Stahremberg, and the Bishop of Konigsgratz, are all anxious to bring the matter to a conclusion.

But there are reasons, as is always the case; and, as I have always told you, the Countess and old Arco are afraid of my leaving also. They have no one to succeed me as a clavier-teacher: I have the name of teaching well — and, indeed, the proofs are there. They know of no one; and, should a

teacher come from Vienna, is it likely that he would give lessons for four florins or a ducat the dozen, when anywhere else he would have two or three ducats? This sets them all in perplexity. But, as I have said before, I do not reckon on it, because I know the Archbishop. It may be true that he sincerely wishes to secure you; but he cannot make up his mind, especially when it concerns *giving*.

Probably Wolfgang counted on this fact, and refrained on that account from treating the matter seriously. Just at this time his discomfort in Paris was lightened by a pleasant event. His old London friend Bach, (Vol. I., p. 39), had been invited to write an opera ("Amadis") for Paris. "The French are asses, and always will be," remarks Wolfgang thereupon (July 9, 1778); "they can do nothing themselves, but are obliged to have recourse to foreigners. Bach came to Paris to make the necessary arrangements, and Wolfgang wrote (August 27, 1778): —

Herr Bach has been in Paris for the last fortnight. He is going to write a French opera. He has come to hear the singers; then he goes back to London, writes the opera, and returns to put it on the stage. You may imagine his joy and mine at our meeting. Perhaps mine is more sincere, but it must be acknowledged that he is an honest man, and does people justice. I love him, as you know, from my heart, and have a high esteem for him. As for him, he does not flatter or exaggerate as some do, but both to myself and others he praises me seriously and sincerely.

Bach had introduced Wolfgang to the Marshal de Noailles, and the latter had invited them both, as well as Bach's "bosom friend" Tenducci (Vol. I., p. 41), to St. Germain. There they spent some pleasant days together, and it need hardly be said that Mozart composed a scena for Tenducci, with pianoforte, oboe, horn, and bassoon accompaniment, the instruments being taken by dependents of the Marshal, chiefly Germans, who played well.

Meanwhile the time for decision drew near. The Salzburg authorities had made a definite proposal to L. Mozart, as he had wished, and he wrote to his son in a way which hardly left him a choice (August 31, 1778): —

You do not like Paris, and I scarcely think you are wrong. My heart and mind have been troubled for you until now, and I have been obliged to play a very ticklish part, concealing my anxiety under the semblance of light-heartedness, in order to give the impression that you were in the best of circumstances and had money in abundance, although I well knew to the contrary. I was very doubtful of gaining my point because, as you know, the step we took and your hasty resignation left us little to hope from our haughty Archbishop. But my clever management has carried me through, and the Archbishop has agreed to all my terms, both for you and myself. You are to have five hundred florins, and he expressed regret at not being able to make you kapellmeister at once. You are to be allowed to act as my deputy when the work is beyond me, or I am unfit to do it. He said he had always intended to give you a better post, &c.; in fact, to my amazement, he made the politest apologies. More than that! he has given five florins additional to Paris, so that he may take the heaviest duties, and enable you to act as concertmeister again. So that we shall get altogether, as I told you before, an income of one thousand florins. Now I should like to know whether you think my head is worth anything, and whether or not I have done my best for you. I have thought of everything. The Archbishop has declared himself prepared to let you travel where you will, if you want to write an opera. He apologised for his refusal last year by saying that he could not bear his subjects to go about begging. Now Salzburg is a middle point between Munich, Vienna, and Italy. It will be easier to get a commission for an opera in Munich than to get an official post, for German composers are scarce. The Elector’s death has put a stop to all appointments, and war is breaking out again. The Duke of

Zweibrücken is no great lover of music. But I would rather you did not leave Paris until I have the signed agreement in my hand. The Prince and the whole court are wonderfully taken with Mdlle. Weber, and are absolutely determined to hear her. She must stay with us. Her father seems to me to have no head. I will manage the affair for them if they choose to follow my advice. You must speak the word for her here, for there is another singer wanted for operatic performances.

He was now so sure of the affair that he concluded his letter with the words, “My next letter will tell you when to set off.”

L. Mozart was not mistaken in his son; however great the sacrifice it entailed upon him, he prepared to yield to the will of his father. “When I read your letter,” he answered (September 11, 1778), “I trembled with joy, for I felt myself already in your embrace. It is true, as you will acknowledge, that it is not much of a prospect for me; but when I look forward to seeing you, and embracing my dearest sister, I think of no other prospect.” He did not conceal from his father his repugnance to the idea of a residence at Salzburg, on account of the want of congenial society, the unmusical tone of the place, and the little confidence placed by the Archbishop in sensible and cultivated people. His consolation was the permission to travel, without which he would hardly have made up his mind to come. “A man of mediocre talent remains mediocre whether he travels or not; but a man of superior talent (which I cannot without hypocrisy deny myself to be) becomes bad if he always remains in the same place.” The possibility that Aloysia Weber might come to Salzburg filled him with joy; for, indeed, if the Archbishop really wanted a prima donna, he could not have a better one. He is already troubled by the thought “that if people come from Salzburg for the Carnival, and ‘Rosamund’ is played, poor Mdlle. Weber will perhaps not please, or at least will not be judged of as she deserves, for she has a wretched part — almost a *persona muta* — to sing a

few bars between the choruses" (Vol. I., p. 403). "When I am in Salzburg," he continues, "I shall certainly not fail to intercede with all zeal for my dear friend; and in the meantime I earnestly hope you will do your best for her — you cannot give your son any greater pleasure." He begs for permission to take Mannheim on his way home, in order to visit the Webers.

L. Mozart, knowing how deep and well-founded an antipathy Wolfgang had for Salzburg, sought to convince him that he would find himself in a much better position there now than formerly. "Our assured income," he wrote (September 3, 1778), "is what I have written to you, and your mode of life will not come in the way of your studies and any other work. You are not to play the violin at court, but you have full power of direction at the clavier." This was an important point to Wolfgang, and his father recurs to it again (September 24, 1778): —

Formerly you were really nothing but a violinist, and that only as concertmeister; now you are concertmeister and court organist, and your chief duty is to accompany at the clavier. You will not think it any disgrace to play the violin as an *amateur* in the first symphony, since you will do it in company with the Archbishop himself, and all the court nobility. Herr Haydn is a man whose musical merit you will readily acknowledge — should you stigmatise him as a "court fiddler" because, in his capacity as concertmeister, he plays the viola in the smaller concerts? It is all by way of amusement; and I would lay a wager that, rather than hear your compositions bungled, you would set to yourself with a will."

He consoles him also by reminding him that the concerts at court are short, from seven o'clock to a quarter past eight, and that seldom more than four pieces are performed — a symphony, an aria, a symphony or concerto, and another aria (September 17, 1778). Since the payment of their debts did not press, they could pay off annually a few hundred gulden, and live easily and comfortably. "You will find amusement enough here; for when one has

not to look at every kreutzer, it makes many things possible. We can go to all the balls at the Town-Hall during the Carnival. The Munich theatrical company are to come at the end of September, and to remain here the whole winter with comedies and operettas. Then there is our quoit-playing every Sunday, and if we choose to go into society it will come to us; everything is altered when one has a better income." But the father knew that the point on which Wolfgang would be most open to persuasion was not the prospect of Salzburg gaieties, but that of a union with his beloved Mdlle. Weber; and he goes on to speak on this subject too. Not only does he say, "You will soon be asked about Mdlle. Weber when you are here; I have praised her continually, and I will do all I can to gain her a hearing," but he continues: "As to Mdlle. Weber, you must not imagine that I disapprove of the acquaintance. All young people must make fools of themselves. You are welcome to continue your correspondence without interference from me. Nay, more! I will give you a piece of advice. Every one knows you here. You had better address your letters to Mdlle. Weber under cover to some one else, and receive them in the same way, unless you think my prudence a sufficient safeguard."

The paternal permission to make a fool of himself was calculated to hurt the lover's tenderest feelings, and he does not disguise that this is the case in narrating a proof of the genuine attachment of the Webers for him. "The poor things," he writes (October 15, 1778), "were all in great anxiety on my account. They thought I was dead, not having heard from me for a whole month, owing to the loss of a letter; they were confirmed in their opinion because of a report in Mannheim that my dear mother had died of an infectious illness. They all prayed for my soul, and the dear girl went every day to the church of the Capucins. You will laugh, no doubt? but not I; it touches me; I cannot help it." About the same time he received the news that Aloysia had obtained an operatic engagement at Munich with a good

salary, and he expresses the mingled feelings with which he heard it simply and truly: —

I am as pleased at Mdlle. Weber's, or rather at my dear Aloysia's appointment as any one who has taken such a warm interest in her affairs was sure to be; but I can no longer expect the fulfilment of my earnest wish that she should settle in Salzburg, for the Archbishop would never give her what she is to have in Munich. All I can hope for is that she will sometimes come to Salzburg to sing in operas.

This turn in affairs must have strengthened Mozart's secret wish to obtain an appointment under the Elector of Bavaria, and his determination to do all he could towards this end on his journey through Mannheim and Munich, and to "turn a cold shoulder" on the Archbishop. His father had nothing to oppose to such a project except the uncertainty of its prospects; he sought, therefore, to convince Wolfgang that his only right course now was to accept the certainty offered to him, and to keep Munich in view for a future time. He gave him definite instructions on the point (September 3, 1778): —

Since the Electoral Court is expected in Munich on September 15, you can speak yourself to your friend Count Seeau, and perhaps to the Elector himself on your journey through. You can say that your father wishes you to return to Salzburg, and that the Prince has offered you a salary of seven or eight hundred florins (add on two or three hundred) as concertmeister; that you have accepted it from filial duty to your father, although you know he has always wished to see you in the electoral service. But, N.B., no more than this! You may want to write an opera in Munich, and you can do so best from here; it cannot fail to be so, for German operatic composers are very scarce. Schweitzer and Holzbauer will not write every year; and should Michl write one, he will soon be out-Michled. Should there be those who throw doubts and difficulties in the way, you have friends in the profession

who will stand up for you; and this court will also bring out something during the year. In short you will be at hand.

It was now quite necessary that Wolfgang should leave Paris; and in anticipating what he had to expect in Salzburg, he began to feel what he was leaving in Paris. He was angry with Grimm, who desired that he should be ready for his journey in a week, which was impossible, since he had still claims on the Duc de Guines and on Le Gros, and must wait to correct the proofs of his sonatas, and to sell the compositions he had with him. He had no small desire to write six more trios, for which he might expect good payment. Grimm's evident wish that he should go, and his offer to pay the journey to Strasburg (which seemed to the father a proof of friendship) was considered by Wolfgang as distrust and insincerity. Grimm no doubt wished to be relieved of the responsibility he had undertaken as soon as possible, and may have offended his *protégé* by too open an expression of his desire; but there is no doubt that he acted according to the mind of the father, and in the sincere opinion that the unpractical and vacillating young man required decided treatment. But Wolfgang was so firmly convinced that his departure from Paris was premature, that he wrote to his father from Strasburg (October 15, 1778), that it was the greatest folly in the world to go to Salzburg now, and only his love to his father had induced him to set aside the representations of his friends. He had been praised for this, but with the remark that —

If my father had known my present good circumstances and prospects, and had not believed the reports of certain false friends, he would not have written to me in a way that I could not withstand. And I think myself that if I had not been so annoyed in the house where I was staying, and if the whole thing had not come upon me like a thunderbolt, so that there was no time to consider it in cool blood, I should certainly have begged you to have a little more patience, and to leave me in Paris; I assure you I should have

gained both money and fame, and been able to extricate you from all your embarrassments. But it is done now. Do not imagine that I repent the step, for only you, my dear father, only you can sweeten for me the bitterness of Salzburg, and we shall do it — I know we shall; but I must frankly own that I should come to Salzburg with a lighter heart if I did not know that I was to be in the service of the court. The idea is intolerable to me.

In the meantime business was wound up, the mother’s property and the heavy baggage was sent direct to Salzburg; and on September 26 Wolfgang left Paris, having gained much experience but little satisfaction, as depressed and out of humour as he had entered it.

CHAPTER XX. THE RETURN HOME.

WOLFGANG'S father expected that he would perform his homeward journey without any unnecessary delay, and his anxiety became serious when day after day passed and he received no tidings of his son's approach to Strasburg.

"I confessed and communicated together with your sister," he writes (October 19, 1778), "and earnestly prayed for your preservation; good old Bullinger prayed for you daily in the holy mass." The fact was, that instead of providing Mozart with means to travel by the diligence, which accomplished the journey to Strasburg in a week, Grimm had satisfied himself with an ordinary conveyance, which occupied twelve days on the road. Mozart's patience was tired out in a week, and he halted at Nancy. Here he met with a German merchant, the best man in the world, who at once conceived a paternal attachment for him, and wept at the idea of their parting. With this new friend Wolfgang, determined to travel to Strasburg as soon as an opportunity of doing so cheaply should occur. They were obliged to wait a considerable time, and it was the middle of October before they reached Strasburg: —

Things are not promising here; but the day after to-morrow (Saturday, October 17) I intend, *quite alone* (to avoid expense), to give a subscription concert to certain friends and connoisseurs; if I had engaged any other instruments it would, with the lighting, have cost me more than three louis-d'or; and who knows if it will bring in so much?

It was a shrewd guess, for his next letter had to announce three louis-d'or as the exact sum made by this "little model of a concert": —

But the principal receipts were in "bravos" and "bravissimos," which resounded from all sides. Prince Max of Zweibrücken, too, honoured the

concert with his presence. I need scarcely say that every one was pleased. I should have left Strasburg immediately after this, but I was advised to stay until the following Saturday, and give a grand concert in the theatre. At this I made the identical same sum, to the amazement and indignation and shame of all Strasburg. I must say, however, that my ears ached as much from the applauding and hand-clapping as if the theatre had been crammed full. Every one present openly and loudly denounced the conduct of their fellow-townsmen; and I told them all that if I could have imagined that I should have so small an audience, I would gladly have given the concert gratis, for the pleasure of seeing the theatre full. Indeed, I should have preferred it; for nothing can be more dismal than to lay a table for eighty guests and receive only three — and then it was so cold! But I soon grew warm; and in order to show my gentlemen of Strasburg that I was not put out, I played a great deal for my own entertainment; I gave them a concerto more than I had promised, and improvised for a long time at the end. Well, it is over and done with, and at least I have gained the reputation and honour.

Besides the concerts, he played publicly on the two best of Silbermann's organs in the Neue Kirche and the Thomas Kirche, and the roads being flooded and his departure for the present impossible, he resolved to give another concert on his fête-day, October 31. This he did at the solicitation and for the gratification of his friends Frank, De Beyer, &c., and the result was — *one* louis-d'or. No wonder that he was obliged to raise money in order to continue his journey, a fact which he remembered years after with indignation.

By the advice of friends who had made the journey he continued his way by diligence via Mannheim; the better roads and more comfortable carriage amply compensating for the *détour*. At Mannheim he alighted on November 6, and was welcomed with acclamations by his friends. The journey viä

Mannheim seemed to Leopold Mozart a most senseless proceeding on Wolfgang's part; the Weber family and all his best friends had migrated to Munich, and there was nothing to be gained by the visit.

He stayed with Madame Cannabich, who had not yet left, and who was never tired of hearing about himself; all his acquaintance tore him in pieces, for "as I love Mannheim, so Mannheim loves me." The old associations woke in him the old hopes and wishes. The Mannheim people were anxious to believe that the Elector could not stand the coarse manners of the Bavarians, and would soon be tired of Munich. It was reported that Madame Toscani and Madame Urban had been so hissed that the Elector had leant over his box and cried "Hush!" As this had no effect, Count Seeau had begged some officers not to make so much noise, since it displeased the Elector; but they answered, that they had paid for their admission to the theatre, and no one had any right to give them orders there. Every one was convinced that the Elector would soon bring the court back to Mannheim, and Wolfgang was only too ready to believe the assurances of his friends that when this took place, a fixed appointment would certainly be offered to him. Between Mannheim and Salzburg — what a difference! "The Archbishop," he wrote to his father (November 12, 1778), "cannot give me an equivalent for the slavery in Salzburg. I should feel nothing but delight were I only going to pay you a visit: but the idea of settling myself for good within that beggarly court is pain and grief to me." At Mannheim there were already prospects of immediate employment, besides — and what did he want more? — the opportunity for dramatic composition. Amid the universal desolation which was spread over Mannheim by the removal of the electoral court to Munich, patriotic men were not wanting who strove to resuscitate the intellectual and material prosperity of the town. Heribert von Dalberg failed indeed in his project for removing Heidelberg University to

Mannheim, but he gained the express support of the Elector to the establishment of a theatre for carrying out the idea of an established national drama (Vol. I., p. 369). Dalberg undertook the management with zeal and intelligence, and both the choice of pieces and the manner of representation were considered entirely from an artistic point of view.

The Mannheim theatre first attained its peculiar importance and celebrity in the autumn of 1779, when the principal members of the Gotha Court company, with Iffland among them, were engaged at Mannheim. When Mozart was on his way back from Paris, Seyler was there with his company, which was only available for operetta and vaudeville. But higher notions were in the air; the idea of a German national opera had never been abandoned, and to enlist in its service such a composer as Mozart was a prospect not to be despised. How ready he was for the service we know. He had not been in Mannheim a week when he wrote, full of enthusiasm, to his father (November 12, 1778): —

I have a chance of earning forty louis-d'or here! I should be obliged to stay six weeks or, at the longest, two months. The Seyler troupe are here; no doubt you know them by reputation. Herr Dalberg is manager, and refuses to let me go until I have composed a duodrama for him. I have made no objection, for I have always wished to write a drama of this kind. I do not remember if I told you anything about these duodramas when I was here before. I have been present at the performance of one of them twice with the greatest pleasure. In fact, I never was more surprised! for I had always imagined such a piece would have no effect. You know that the performers do not sing, but declaim, and the music is like an obbligato recitative. Sometimes speaking is interposed with first-rate effect. What I saw was "Medea," by Benda. He wrote another, "Ariadne on Naxos," both excellent. You know that Benda was always my favourite among the Lutheran kapellmeisters. I like these two works so much that I carry them about with

me. Now you may imagine my joy at having to do just what I wished. Do you know what I should like? To have recitatives of this kind in opera, and only sometimes, when the words are readily expressible in music, to have them sung.

The duodrama which he was thus burning to compose was “Semiramis,” and the poet was his friend and patron, Herr von Gemmingen (Vol. I., p. 429). It was he probably who wished Mozart to remain to compose “Semiramis,” for Dalberg had other views for him. He had written an opera (“Cora”) which he much wished to have composed. He had already applied to Gluck and to Schweitzer, but not feeling sure of either of them, he now sought to secure Mozart. The latter wrote to him (Mannheim, November 24, 1778): —

Monsieur le Baron, — I have already waited upon you twice without having had the honour of finding you at liberty; yesterday I believe you were at home, but I was not able to speak with you. I must therefore ask you to pardon me for troubling you with a few lines, for it is very important to me that I should explain myself fully to you. Monsieur le Baron, you know that I am not mercenary, especially when I am in a position to be of service to so great a lover and so true a connoisseur of music as yourself. On the other hand, I feel certain that you would not desire that I should be in any way injured by the transaction; I am therefore bold enough to make my final proposition on the matter, since I cannot possibly remain longer in uncertainty. I undertake, for twenty-five louis-d’or, to write a monodrama, to remain here two months longer, to arrange everything, attend the rehearsals, &c.; but with this proviso, that, let what will happen, I shall be paid by the end of January. That I shall be free of the theatre is a matter of course. This, Monsieur le Baron, is the utmost I can offer; if you consider it, I think you will see that I am acting very moderately. As far as your opera is concerned, I assure you that I should like above all things to set it

to music. That I could not undertake such a work as that for twenty-five louis-d'or, you will readily allow; for it would contain at the most moderate computation quite as much work again as a monodrama; the only thing that would make me hesitate to undertake it is that, as you tell me, Gluck and Schweitzer are already writing it. But even supposing that you offered me fifty louis-d'or for it, I would as an honest man dissuade you from it. What is to become of an opera without singers, either male or female? At the same time, if there were any prospect of its being well produced I would not refuse to undertake the work from regard for you; and it would be no trifle, I give you my word of honour. Now I have told you my ideas clearly and straightforwardly, and I must beg for a speedy decision. If I could have an answer to-day I should be all the better pleased, for I have heard that some one is going to travel alone to Munich next Thursday, and I would gladly profit by the opportunity.

Mozart would hardly have left Mannheim as long as a glimmer of hope remained — he, who was so overjoyed at finding employment there that he wrote to his father (November 12, 1778): "They are arranging an Académie des Amateurs here, like the one in Paris. Herr Franzl is to lead the violins, and I am writing them a concerto for clavier and violin." But his father, who was very dissatisfied with the "foolish fancy" for remaining in Mannheim, came to the point, and represented to him (November 19, 1778) how impossible it would be for the Elector to return to Mannheim. It was especially undesirable now to seek a post in the Bavarian service, since the death of Karl Theodor had "let loose on the world a whole army of artists, who are in Mannheim and Munich seeking a mode of livelihood. The Duke of Zweibrücken himself had an orchestra of thirty-six performers, and the former Mannheim establishment cost 80,000 florins." He cares nothing for the "possible earning of 40 louis-d'or," but emphatically orders: "Set off as

soon as you receive this!” And to meet any conceivable remonstrance, he once more sets plainly forth the true position of affairs (November 23, 1778): —

There are two things of which your head is full and which obscure your true judgment. The first and principal is your love for Mdlle. Weber, to which I am not altogether opposed. I was not formerly, when her father was poor, and why should I be so now when she may make your fortune instead of you hers? I conjecture that her father is aware of your love, since all Mannheim knows it, since Herr Fiala (oboist in Salzburg) has heard it, since Herr Bullinger, who teaches at Count Lodron’s, told me of it. He travelled with some Mannheim musicians from Ellwang (where he was in the vacation), and they could talk of nothing but your cleverness, compositions, and love for Mdlle. Weber.

In Salzburg, the father goes on, he would be so near Munich that he could easily go there, or Mdlle. Weber could come to Salzburg, where she might stay with them. Opportunities would not be wanting. Fiala had told the Archbishop a great deal about Mdlle. Weber’s singing and Wolfgang’s good prospects in Mannheim. He might also invite his other friends — Cannabich, Wendling, Ritter, Ramm. They would all find hospitable welcome in his father’s house

Most especially will your acceptance of the present office (which is the second subject of which your head is full) be your only certain opportunity for revisiting Italy, which is what I have more at heart than anything else. And your acceptance is indispensably necessary, unless you have the abominable and unfilial desire to bring scorn and derision on your anxious father — on that father who has sacrificed every hour of his life to his children to bring them credit and honour. I am not in a position to pay my debts, which now amount in all to one thousand florins, unless you lighten the payment by the receipt of your salary. I can then certainly pay off four

hundred florins a year, and live comfortably with you two. I should like, if it is the will of God, to live a few years more, and to pay my debts, and then you may, if you choose, run your head against the wall at once. But no! your heart is good. You are not wicked, only thoughtless — it will all come!

This was not to be withstood. Wolfgang wrote that he would set off on December 9, but he still declined to travel the shortest way (December 3, 1778): “I must tell you what a good opportunity I have for a travelling companion next Wednesday — no other than the Bishop of Kaysersheim. One of my friends mentioned me to him; he remembered my name, and expressed great pleasure at the idea of travelling with me; he is a thoroughly kind, good man, although he is a priest and a prelate. So that I shall go viä Kaysersheim, instead of Stuttgart.”

The farewell to Mannheim was a sad one, both to Mozart and his friends. Madame Cannabich, who had earned the right to be considered as his best and truest friend, and who placed implicit confidence in him, was specially sorrowful; she refused to rise for his early departure, feeling unequal to the leave-taking, and he crept silently away that he might not add to her distress.

He was loth to give up his monodrama: “I am now writing,” he says (December 3, 1778), “to please Herr von Gemmingen and myself, the first act of the declamatory opera which I was to have finished here; as it is, I shall take it with me, and go on with it at home; my eagerness for this kind of composition is uncontrollable.”

The Bishop took such an “extraordinary liking” for him that he was persuaded to stay at Kaysersheim, and to make an expedition with his host to Munich, where he arrived on December 25. Here he looked forward to some pleasant days in the society of all his Mannheim friends, and above all to reunion with his beloved Aloysia. In order that nothing might be wanting to his pleasure he begged his cousin to come to Munich, and hinted that she

might have an important part to play there: he had no doubt of the success of his suit. But he almost immediately after received a letter from his father, ordering him in the most positive manner to set out by the first diligence in January, and not on any account to be persuaded by Cannabich to make a further postponement. L. Mozart foresaw that Wolfgang would make another effort to escape the slavery in Salzburg, and that his friends would encourage him to hope for a place under the Court at Munich. In anticipation of this he once more laid plainly before him that the settlement in Salzburg would afford the only possibility of putting their affairs in order. This representation arrived very inopportunely for Wolfgang. Cannabich and Raaff were, in point of fact, working “hand and foot” for him. By their advice he had already undertaken to write a mass for the Elector, and the sonatas (Vol. I., p. 415; II., p. 70) which he had dedicated to the Electress had arrived just in time to be presented by him in person; and in the midst of all this his father’s letter dashed his hopes to the ground, and added to his gloomy anticipations of life in Salzburg the fear that he would not be kindly received. He opened his heart to their old friend the flautist Becke (Vol. I., p. 228), who moved him still further by his account of the kindness and indulgence of his father. “I have never written so badly before,” he writes to his father (December 29, 1778); “I cannot do it; my heart is too much inclined for weeping. I hope you will soon write and console me.”

Becke also wrote on behalf of Wolfgang: —

He burns with desire to embrace his dearest and best-beloved father, as soon as his present circumstances will allow of it; he almost makes me lose my composure, for I was an hour or more in quieting his tears. He has the best heart in the world! I have never seen a child with a more loving and tender affection for his father than your son. He has a little misgiving lest your reception of him should not be as tender as he could wish; but I hope quite otherwise from your fatherly heart. His heart is so pure, so childlike,

so open to me; how much more so will it not be to his father! No one can hear him speak without doing him justice as the best-intentioned, most earnest, and most honourable of men.

L. Mozart answered at once that his son might rely on the most loving welcome, and that everything would be done to entertain him; the autumn festivities and quoit prize-meetings had been postponed on his account. But he bids him observe that his long delay, the appointment being already four months old, is beginning to make the Archbishop impatient, and it must not go so far as to cause him to draw back in his turn.

To this Wolfgang answered (January 8,1779): —

I assure you, my dear father, that I feel only pleasure in coming to you (not to Salzburg) now that I see by your last letter that you have learnt to know me better. There has been no other cause for this last postponement of my journey home than the doubt I felt (which, when I could no longer contain myself, I confided to my friend Becke) as to my reception. What other cause could there be? I know that I am not guilty of anything that should make me feel your reproaches. I have committed no fault (for I call that only a fault which is not becoming to an honourable man and a Christian). I look forward with delight to many pleasant and happy days, but only in the society of you and my dear sister. I give you my honour that I cannot endure Salzburg and its inhabitants (that is, natives of Salzburg). Their speech and their way of living are thoroughly distasteful to me.

Mozart had other causes than this for despondency; before he left Munich he was destined to be painfully undeceived. He had been kindly welcomed by the Webers, who insisted on his staying with them; Aloysia had made striking progress as a vocalist, and Mozart, as might well be expected from him, rendered anew his musical homage to her by writing for her (li 8 di Gennaio, 1779) a grand aria (316 K.). He had designedly chosen

as a subject the recitative and air with which Alceste first enters in Gluck's Italian opera; Schweitzer's "Alceste" had been performed in Munich, so that Mozart entered the lists with both composers. In order to provide his friends, Ramm and Ritter, with a piece of brilliant execution, he made the oboe and bassoon accompany obbligato, and emulate the voice part. The song is admirably adapted for a bravura piece, affording to the singer an opportunity for the display of varied powers and great compass, together with artistic cultivation of the voice. The recitative may be considered as an attempt at dramatic delivery of a grand and dignified kind; the song itself affords in both its parts, Andante sostenuto e cantabile, and Allegro assai, the most charming instances of sustained singing and brilliant execution. It is written for a high soprano, seldom going so low as generally upwards from What is expected of the singer in the way of compass and volubility may be judged by passages such as — in the Allegro. But the importance of this song does not depend alone on the brilliancy of its passages.

The recitative, undeniably the most important section of the composition, is second to none of Mozart's later recitatives in depth and truth of expression and noble beauty, and is richly provided with unexpected harmonic changes, such as he used more sparingly in later songs. The very first entry of the voice is striking and beautiful, with a long and pathetic prelude: — and the close of the recitative is equally effective: —

If this carefully and minutely elaborated recitative be compared with Gluck's simple secco recitative there can be no doubt that Mozart's is far superior, both in fertility of invention and marked characterisation. But it must not be left out of account that if Mozart, treating the recitative and air as one independent whole, was right to emphasise and elaborate details, Gluck had to consider the situation in its connection with a greater whole; in which respect his simple but expressive recitative is quite in its right place. The song itself in depth of tragic pathos is not altogether on a level

with the recitative. It consists of two movements, an Andantino and an Allegro, very nearly equal in length and compass, and each of them independently arranged and elaborated. The motifs in both are simple and expressive (especially the passionate middle part of the Allegro in C minor), but in performance the attention to bravura, necessitated by the emulation of the wind instruments, detracts from the intensity and earnestness of tone. The treatment is masterly, both of the voice and the two instruments, whether considered singly or in relation to each other; it is equally so of the orchestra (quartet and horns), which forms a foundation for the free movement of the solo parts. In the hands of a first-rate performer the song could not fail to have a brilliant and striking effect. But the exclusive reference to individual talents and executive powers detracted of necessity from the dramatic effect, and if the composer had given full sway to his passions the harmony he calculated on between his work and the performer would have been lost. As far as we can judge of Aloysia Weber as a singer from the songs composed for her by Mozart, the powerful rendering of violent and fiery passion was not her forte. Her delivery cannot be said to have been wanting in depth of feeling, and yet a certain moderation seems to have been peculiar to her, which Mozart turned to account as an element of artistic harmony. This song was a parting salutation to Aloysia Weber. A touching memorial of the parting is preserved in the voice part of a song ("Ah se in ciel") written by Mozart's hand in 1788 (538 K.). At the close of it she has written the words: "Nei giomi tuoi felici pensa qualche volta al Popoli di Tessaglia."

L. Mozart, with his custom of reckoning on the selfishness of mankind, had already expressed apprehension lest Weber, now that he no longer required Wolfgang's good offices, should cease to desire his friendship. This was not indeed the case, but he found a great change in Aloysia's sentiments. "She appeared no longer to recognise him for whom she had

once wept. So Mozart sat down to the clavier and sang loud: ‘Ich lass das Mädel gern, das mich nicht will.’” This renunciation might satisfy his pride, but not his heart; his love was too true and deep to evaporate as lightly as the whim of a woman whose true character he learnt to know later. And yet he wrote from Vienna to his father (May 16, 1781): “I was a fool about Lange’s wife, that is certain; but who is not when he is in love? I loved her in very deed, and I feel that she is not yet indifferent to me. A good thing for me that her husband is a jealous fool and never lets her out of his sight, so that I seldom see her!” On January 7, 1779, Mozart was presented to the Electress by Cannabich, and handed her the sonatas he had composed for her; she conversed with him very graciously for a good half-hour. A few days after, he saw Schweitzer’s “Alceste,” which was the Carnival opera, and at last, after repeated injunctions from his father, he set out for Salzburg in the comfortable carriage of his fellow-traveller, a Salzburg merchant named Gschwendner.

CHAPTER XXI. COURT SERVICE IN SALZBURG.

MOZART was welcomed to the paternal roof with open arms; everything was prepared for his reception; “a convenient cupboard and the clavichord were placed in his room,” the cook Theresa had cooked capons without number, the high steward Count von Firmian (Vol. I., p. 345) offered him his horses, and Dr. Prexl also placed his “beautiful bay mare” at his disposal; in short, Mozart’s return home was a happy and triumphant event to all the good friends of his youth. We know the feelings with which he returned. Disappointed in his hopes of rapid and brilliant success, he returned to the old condition of things, and the yoke must have pressed on him all the more heavily now that his illusions were dispelled and he no longer saw a prospect of shaking it off. He had buried his mother in a foreign land, and his warm true heart had been deceived in its first love; in poverty he returned to his father’s house. He was not in a position to see as clearly as we do how powerfully his added experience of life and manifold artistic impressions had contributed to his moral and mental development, and he could scarcely be expected to look to this development for the strength and courage necessary to face the future.

The commencement of his residence in Salzburg was cheered by the presence of his lively young cousin; she had followed him from Munich on his entreaties, to pay a visit of some weeks to her uncle. Mozart’s amiability and cordial manners renewed many pleasant intimacies, but the actual cause of his distaste to Salzburg, viz., the want of cultivation and of a disinterested love of art among its inhabitants, remained as before, and his long absence was likely to make him feel it all the more sensibly. The Archbishop, compelled by circumstances and his surroundings to recall

Mozart, had not by any means forgiven his voluntary resignation of his former office, and the disinclination to return which Mozart had so evidently displayed, was certainly not calculated to appease his ill-will. We shall soon learn the kind of treatment which Mozart had to expect from him. The Salzburg public are described by Wolfgang in a letter to his father (May 26, 1781): “When I play in Salzburg, or when any of my compositions are performed, the audience might just as well be chairs or tables.” He declares that, although he actually loves work far better than idleness, the want of congenial intercourse and inspiring surroundings make it often almost impossible for him to set to work at composition. “And why? Because my mind is not at ease.” Again, he says (April 8, 1781): “To dawdle away one’s youth in such a wretched hole is sad enough, and harmful besides.” This and similar expressions might lead one to suppose that Mozart had neglected composition during these years, but a survey of the works which are known to us suffices to dispel this idea.

His musical activity took as a matter of course, in all essential points, the same direction as formerly; his official position as concertmeister and as court and cathedral organist (for so he was entered in the Salzburg Court Calendar), gave occasion for instrumental and church compositions, the style and materials of which were as restricted as before.

The first instrumental composition, in G major (318 K.), dated April 26, 1779, seems to have been written for some very special occasion. The orchestra is strongly appointed (besides the quartet there are two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, four horns in G and D, and two trumpets in C, and used for effects which must have startled the Salzburgers. It is in the form now usual for overtures, but out of date for concert symphonies, viz.: three connected movements, Allegro spiritoso 4-4, which contains, besides the principal energetic motif with which it begins, and which constantly recurs in different ways, two independent, quieter motifs in succession: Andante 3-

8, gentle and soft, somewhat longer than is usual for middle movements, but simple and without thematic elaboration; it leads back to the first Allegro, shortened (by the omission of the second subordinate subject) and modified in the elaboration. The individual and dramatic character of this composition, expressed most particularly in the commencement and the close of it, makes it probable that it was written as an introduction to a drama. We shall see that there was no lack of occasion for such works. Also belonging to this period are two symphonies in the usual three movements. The earlier, in B major (319 K., part II), composed in the summer (July 9) of 1779, was evidently the results of "a pleased frame of mind"; it is a genuine product of Mozart's humour, lively, cheerful and full of grace and feeling. The second, a year later (August 29, 1780), in C major (338 K., part 10), is grander in conception and more serious in tone. This is particularly noticeable in the first movement; a constant propensity to fall into the minor key blends strength and decision with an expression not so much of melancholy as of consolation. In perfect harmony of conception, the simple and fervent Andante di molto combines exceeding tenderness with a quiet depth of tone. The contrasting instrumentation is very effective in this work; the first movement is powerful and brilliant, but in the second only stringed instruments (with doubled tenors) are employed. The last movement is animated throughout, and sometimes the orchestral treatment is rapid and impetuous.

A Serenade in D major (320 K.) belongs also to 1779, composed probably for some special festival, and (except that the march is omitted) quite in the style of the early already-noticed serenades (Vol. I., p. 301). A short Adagio serves as introduction to a brilliant Allegro, arranged exactly like the first movement of a symphony, and worked out at considerable length; to this follows a minuet. Then there is inserted a concertante, described as such in the title, consisting of two movements, an Andante

grazioso 3-4, and a rondo, Allegro ma non troppo 2-4, both in G major. In earlier days, when Mozart figured as a violin-player, a violin solo played the chief part in such compositions; but now the wind instruments, two flutes, two oboes, and two bassoons are employed concertante; the stringed instruments and horns form the accompaniment proper. These two pieces are elaborated with great care and accuracy, and are clear and perspicuous as well as tender and graceful; the rondo is somewhat lighter in tone than the first movement. Of bravura, properly so called, there is none to be found, and the ornamental passages are confined to moderate amplifications of the melodies. The instruments are solo in that they bear the principal part throughout, concertante in that they emulate each other in manifold and changing combinations; their strife is playful, with sometimes almost a mischievous tone.

The Andantino which follows offers a strong contrast to both movements of the concertante. This is marked at once by the fact that the stringed instruments are here put forward as the exponents of the musical idea, while the very sparely used wind instruments only emphasise certain sharp points of detail. But the contrast is deeper than this; the light and sunshiny mood of the two previous movements accentuates the serious melancholy of the Andantino, which seems to tell not of the pain of an existing passion, but of the inner peace of a sorrow overcome. After a less noticeable minuet the serenade closes with a long elaborate Presto, an important movement full of life and force; the most emphatic contrapuntal arrangement of the principal theme is in the middle passage; it is lively and original, as well as technically correct.

The melodies and subjects of these works show unmistakable progress; they are of maturer invention, have more musical substance, if the expression may be allowed, more delicacy and nobility of apprehension. Technical progress is visible in the greater freedom of the contrapuntal

treatment, which had already been fully developed in Mozart's vocal compositions. This is most obviously apparent in those parts where thematic elaboration predominates, which are richer and freer than hitherto. There are also many motifs which owe their importance mainly to their contrapuntal treatment. But, above all, we recognise Mozart's sure tact in preserving the limits that prevent the interest in the different combinations of counterpoint to which a motive can be subjected from becoming essentially technical, and losing its artistic character.

Equally surely has his genius preserved him from the mistake of ascribing any absolute value to the contrapuntal method, or favouring the logical element which lies in it to the disadvantage of sensuous beauty. He makes use of the forms of counterpoint only to arrest the attention and to heighten the interest, without wearying the mind, intruding a foreign element into the original essence of the work, or neglecting beauty of form; Mozart never forgets that music must be melodious. Therefore a receptive although uncultivated hearer receives a pleasing impression from artistic and even intricate passages, without at all suspecting the difficulties which he enjoys.

But the influence of the contrapuntal method reaches far deeper than well-defined and scholastic forms, just as a well-considered discourse does not consist merely in the observance of syllogistic forms. The principle of the free movement of the separate members of one whole penetrates the minutest divisions;

and the combined effects of creative ability and artistic cultivation are nowhere so well displayed as in the independent construction of the separate elements which go to form the whole work. We admire Mozart's art in devising his plan, in accurately distributing his principal parts, and in disposing his lights and shades; but where he is in truth inexhaustible is in his power of strewing round a wealth of small touches which assist the

characterisation and give to each part its peculiar effect and, in some respect, the justification of its existence. This power, which always seems to have something at command beyond the necessities of the case (although, in fact, every detail which seems to be the chance expression of individual vigour is conditioned of necessity by the whole conception), is the prerogative of genuine creative genius. It approaches the eternal power of nature, whose apparent prodigality is revealed to the deeper view as the wisest economy, or rather as the unruffled harmony of a great whole. So a statue by Phidias suggests to the spectator the impression of animated nature, because it not merely puts before his eyes in general features a representation of the bodily form of man, but suggests to him the totality of the muscular movements which are in a living body in incessant activity. It is in art as in nature: the further we penetrate the fewer and less complex become the governing forces and impulses. Many details may be considered as trifling until it is asked whether they, in their place, have the required effect as part of the whole. When a work of art gives an effect of an artistic whole, in a way which cannot be explained by a consideration of its apparently insignificant parts, this may be taken as the surest proof that the artist worked downwards from his conception of a great whole to the minutest details of his work. We must not undervalue, on the other hand, Mozart’s more exact knowledge and freer use than formerly of external means. His residence in Mannheim had given him an altogether new conception of the performance of a good orchestra, both as to sound-effects and execution. The result is present in these compositions, although Salzburg surroundings and customs limited him greatly in his choice of means. It may be that for these reasons his instrumental combinations show no marked progress on former works, but the skilful use of the forces at his command become all the more apparent.

It is remarkable how, without any alteration in the instrumentation as a whole, the body of sound has become richer and fuller, the result of a more careful consideration of the particular nature of each instrument. This is most striking in the management of the wind instruments. The bassoons predominate throughout, independently treated, whereas formerly they only strengthened the bass; and the use of the horns, with their long-sustained notes, shows marked progress. The combination of the wind instruments, sometimes in opposition to the stringed instruments, sometimes in unison with them, is another advance. Effective as are the wind instruments in combination, they are still more so in the delicacy of their individual features, and the perfection of their treatment could not fail to influence that of the stringed instruments, which show the same higher conception of what orchestral performances ought to be.

The Mannheim experiences were not without result either in respect to the executive delivery of the orchestra. Mozart must have been particularly impressed with the effect of *crescendo*, for almost in every passage we meet with phrases built upon a long-drawn *crescendo*. The contrast between *piano* and *forte* is also made the most of. Regular alternations of long passages *forte* and *piano* were formerly the custom, but now we have a rapid succession of very varied shades, *fortissimo* and *pianissimo* being also brought into use. But all these are only the outward signs of a higher intellectual apprehension, for which it was necessary also to give credit to the performers; the composer, far from relying only on external effect, makes it the mere expression of the deeper meaning and intrinsic value of his compositions; it is from this point of view that the progress made by Mozart in the manipulation of his artistic materials acquires its true worth in the eyes of a musical critic.

We may imagine that Mozart found it no easy task to substitute a completely new style of execution for the time-honoured customs of the Salzburg band. The energy with which he was able at a later date to inspire the Leipzig orchestra, wedded as it was to its own traditions, gives some indication of his way of proceeding as a young man at Salzburg. His cousin used to hold forth later on Mozart's eccentric behaviour when conducting, and we may imagine that she witnessed some of the extraordinary scenes she describes during her present visit to Salzburg.

Mozart never appeared again as a violin-player, and we therefore find no compositions for the violin belonging to this period. After such an expression of opinion concerning the Salzburg public as that noted above, we cannot wonder that he was not over-anxious to appear before them as a clavier-player. We doubtless owe the Concerto for two claviers with orchestral accompaniment in E flat major (365 K., part 17) to his wish to play a duet with his sister.

In design and treatment it is essentially similar to the earlier triple concerto. There is no intention apparent of making the two instruments independent; the players emulate each other in the delivery of the melodies and passages, sometimes together, sometimes in succession, often breaking off in rapid changes and interruptions; the melodies are sometimes simply repeated, sometimes with variations so divided between the two instruments that neither can be said to have the advantage over the other. There are somewhat greater difficulties of execution than have been usual hitherto, a few passages, for instance, in octaves and thirds, but very modest ones; the passages generally have more variety and elegance. The orchestra is simply and judiciously, but very delicately treated, the wind instruments in sustained chords, as a foundation for the clavier passages; the effect of the *crescendo* and a greater attention to light and shade show the influence of

Mannheim. Altogether the concerto is a well-arranged composition, clear and melodious, as well as accurately constructed, with a free, cheerful expression, which is most strikingly shown in the fresh gaiety of the last movement.

As organist, Mozart was under the necessity of playing the organ at festivals, but as a rule only for accompaniments and for interludes at set places, which gave him opportunities for improvising — his special delight. We have some organ sonatas with orchestral accompaniments belonging to this time (328, 329, 336, K.), quite in the style of those already noticed (Vol. I., p. 286); compositions after the fashion of the first movement of a sonata, without a trace of ecclesiastical severity, either in the technical construction, which is very light, or in the style, which is brilliant and cheerful. The organ occurs as an obbligato instrument only in one of these sonatas (329 K.), which is the most elaborated, but still very moderate in style, and without any florid passages.

Of more important church compositions there belong to this period two Masses in C major, of which the earlier (317 K.) is one of Mozart's best-known works of the kind, bearing date March 23, 1779, and the later (337 K.) was written in March, 1780. They are quite after the prescribed manner, not too long, not too serious, and yet not light; in no respect difficult or important, and closely allied in substance and treatment to the earlier works which have already been analysed (Vol. I., pp. 263 et seq.). The easy invention, never at a loss for fitting expression, the talent for organisation which arranges the parts into a connected and coherent whole, the technical sureness which gives to every detail its due share of interest — above all, the inexhaustible gift of melody and symmetry: all these qualities are here to be found, and it is by their aid that, in spite of hampering circumstances, such great and healthy work was done.

Nevertheless, these Masses show more plainly even than earlier works of the same kind how the fetters of outward control check the impulses of inner strength and feeling. We see Mozart as it were in court dress; he is expert enough to move in it with tolerable freedom, but he is disguised rather than clothed. Conventional influence is most apparent in the instrumentation, which, as a whole, is little different from that of the earlier works. Some passages are remarkable even in their instrumentation; for instance, the Et incarnatus and Crucifixus of the first Mass have an expressive violin passage, and in the second the treatment of the wind instruments in the Crucifixus and Resurrexit, and the organ, oboe, and bassoon in emulation with the voice in the Agnus Dei, remind us of Mannheim.

But these are details, and in its general features the tone-colouring of the orchestra is the same as formerly; rapid violin passages predominate, the trombone follows the voice regularly and *forte*, and so on. But in other respects original features are not wanting, nor even passages of surprising beauty, to which belongs, for instance, the unusually melodious close of the first Mass, in which the Benedictus, contrary to custom in a serious choral movement, is in strict counterpoint. These are signs of a great genius, which make us regret all the more that the whole work is not dictated and inspired by the same spirit. To this period also, according to the handwriting, belongs a Kyrie sketched by Mozart and not preserved quite complete (323 K.), which has been completed and printed as a Regina coeli by Stadler. It is characterised by a rapid sextole passage which is distributed among the wind instruments in uninterrupted movement. The voices take their own independent course throughout. Among other unfinished attempts by Mozart preserved in the Mozarteum at Salzburg, and both by the handwriting and instrumentation, as well as from other reasons, to be referred to this time, we may particularise the beginning of a Mass with

obbligato organ (Anh., 13 K.) and the beginning (two pages) of a Kyrie (Anh., 16 K.), which is in such strict counterpoint that the Mass, if it had been finished, would have been among the most elaborate of them all. But Mozart had neither inducement nor the means for producing such compositions in Salzburg.

Two Vespers by Mozart (321, 339, K.), of the years 1779 and 1780, have much the same resemblance in substance and compass to masses that litanies had at an earlier period, but they stand higher in many respects.

Five psalms and the Virgin's hymn of praise form the part of the Vespers which is in varied chant; every division ends with the doxology, and is complete in itself. In the Litany the principal part is framed in, as it were, by two equally original and characteristic movements, the Kyrie and Agnus; the Vespers, on the other hand consist of six separate movements which have no connection, either actual or artistic. More striking differences of key are therefore permissible than is generally the case with the movements of one composition, and it was possible to put together at pleasure psalms belonging to different compositions, sometimes even by different composers. The Dixit and Magnificat, as the two corner-posts, were considered the principal parts; they were generally specially composed, and: others inserted between them. As the words of the doxology (Gloria Patri) recur at the close of each movement, it would have been natural that the idea should arise of giving them the same musical rendering, and suggesting a relation between the different movements by this kind of refrain. But they are, on the contrary, in close connection with the words to which they serve as a conclusion, so as to characterise the use of the general formula as dependent on the special nature of each case. For the most part, therefore, a principal subject of the piece which it concludes is utilised for the doxology, and it is astonishing of what a variety of appropriate and expressive musical renderings these words are capable.

A settled custom became established, both as to the general conception and the distinguishing characteristics of these compositions, which was closely followed even by Mozart. In the main, the conception and treatment resembled those of the litanies; the effort is evident to reconcile the requirements of Divine service with the prevailing and somewhat trivial musical taste of the times. But the vespers preserved the dignity and solemnity of church music more strictly than the litanies. There is no sign of a leaning to operatic style, concessions to bravura are sparely and exceptionally made, the orchestra preserves the simplicity of the traditional church orchestra, and limited scope is allowed even to grace and pleasing fancies. Nevertheless, the expression of dignity and solemnity shows the influence of a time which did not exact from sacred art the absorption of the inner man in the sacred and the divine, but was satisfied with a decent observance of the forms of external homage. It was left to the artist, who had a deeper spiritual craving, and such a delicate artistic sense as forbade the use of form without substance, to give a higher tone to his work. In this sense we may include by far the larger portions of these vespers among Mozart's great works.

As concerns the musical construction in detail, a narrow mode of treatment resulted throughout from the conditions of worship; the words had to be composed straight through, just as in short Masses. A broader rendering of separate portions which might seem to lend themselves to musical expression was not admitted, and the endeavour after a dramatic characterisation of certain points did not come within the artistic usages of the time. The important point, therefore, was not to render the words in music, so as to give a new and fitting expression to each detail, but to invent characteristic motifs for the important points which should be suitable for further elaboration, and which, in spite of individual distinction, should spring from the fundamental conception of the whole work. The task of the

composer is not made easier by the words of the psalms; they do not offer a good basis for musical construction, nor are the ideas conveyed in them generally such as would incite to musical production. The composer must therefore be original in no ordinary degree, and it is excusable if he now and then handles the rules and forms of his art with a certain amount of abruptness, and even makes verbal expression subservient to them, so far as it can be done without harmful pressure.

In order to introduce variety among these closely allied compositions a certain type had been formed, which was not exactly the inevitable consequence of the effort to satisfy the rules of art and of good taste, but, as in the litanies, exercised considerable influence over the treatment of the text. The two vespers we are considering are very similar in form and workmanship. Various parts are treated in both with marked preference, and it is scarcely possible to place one before the other in merit, except that perhaps the earlier one is the more serious.

The first psalm, Dixit Dominus, is formed into an animated, restless movement, full of strength and dignity; while the same tone predominates in both, there is more fire and brilliancy in the first composition, more mildness and tranquillity in the second. The kind of treatment may be compared to that of the Gloria and Credo of the Mass. Without any sustained thematic elaboration, certain principal motifs are maintained and emphasised in different ways. The animated string passages are not only in varied harmonic combinations, but often in counterpoint, either imitative or a combination of the different subjects. The voices are free and independent, but with a few trifling exceptions they are treated harmonically; solo voices sometimes alternate with the chorus, but without any special prominence.

The second psalm, Confitebor tibi, Domine, is in the earlier Vesper (321 K.), a chorale with solo intermixed, accompanied only by the organ and

stringed instruments (E minor 3-4). This mature and beautiful composition approaches the Mass in F major (Vol. I., p. 257) both in tender and fervent sentiment and in simplicity and purity of form. But there the treatment is contrapuntal throughout, here it is essentially harmonic. The independent progress of the voices displays a succession of rich and startling harmonies in animated but natural development; notwithstanding many suspensions and unexpected turns, they are always clear and melodious, and always the true and natural expression of the sentiment to be conveyed. The frame of mind represented is not one of fanatical remorse, but rather of a soul penetrated with the feeling of guilt, and impelled to acknowledge it with shame and anguish. The moderate expression of such a mood, which might easily pass over into the sentimental, coincides with the symmetry of form observable in the main features as well as in the details of the work. The corresponding movement of the second Vesper (339 K.) is not to be placed on the same level as this. It maintains on the whole the tone of the first movement, with an increase of earnestness, and is a clever and melodious composition, with good effect in its place; but the poetical beauty of the other is altogether wanting.

The third psalm, Beatus vir, has least original colouring. It is in both Vespers a lively, powerful, one might almost say, cheerful movement, suggestive of the Gloria or Credo of more than one mass, but without the solemnity which characterises them. Here, too, solo voices alternate with the chorus without interrupting the steady flow of the composition. In the earlier work there are some beautiful harmonic effects; in the later, contrapuntal phrases sometimes occur; an animated rapid accompaniment by the violins is common to both.

As in the Litany, the Pignus futuræ gloriæ, so in the Vesper the fourth psalm, Laudate pueri, was treated in severe counterpoint, and here it was that a thoroughly trained church composer made good his claim to the title.

In the first of the Vespers that we are considering this psalm is a clever piece of counterpoint, original in form, and deviating from the strict regularity which usually characterises Mozart.

It begins with an infinite canon. The twelve bars melody for the soprano —

is imitated three bars later by the alto in unison. Then follows the tenor an octave higher, and then the bass in unison. After the completion of the melody the soprano again takes it up, alto and tenor follow. The regular progress of the canon is then broken by a complete final cadenza, in which all the voices unite on the last note of the bass melody. A short theme introduced by the bass — is imitated by the other parts in similar or in contrary motion, and soon passes over into a short passage ending in D minor. Hereupon the soprano interposes with a new and characteristic melody —

the first bars of which are taken up by the other voices; but instead of a further elaboration, a new theme is introduced by the alto, followed by a counter-theme, which are both imitated together —

whereupon the alto raises a new melody, which is figured by the other parts in imitation as Cantus firmus, and closes in A minor. Then the alto begins with the previous soprano subject, but now in F major; the soprano follows with the second, but the imitative figuring soon gives place to a fine harmonic elaboration, followed by the third passage; the imitative parts maintain the same character, and the alto has now another Cantus firmus. To this at last is appended a long coda, formed of detachments of previous subjects, variously elaborated in stretto and contrary motion, ending in organ point on the dominant. It cannot fail to be remarked how tuneful and melodious, as well as independent, characteristic, and striking in their effect are the different parts. The melodies which compose the Cantus firmus may have been, in part at least, borrowed from church tones. Far more ambitious

is the contrapuntal work in the second Vesper, which consists of a close succession of difficult problems solved after the severest and most rigorous rules. After the first regular enunciation of the theme — there occurs a second motif — which is at first treated freely, and issues into a short harmonic passage, which is afterwards used again as an interlude. Then the two motifs are combined — and elaborated together, after which this section closes on the chord of the dominant in a stretto arrangement of the chief subject, while the violins take up the subordinate motif. When the chief subject has again asserted itself, there follows its inversion as a counter-subject — and regular elaboration, ending in the above interlude, after which the subject and its inversion appear together as an organ point on the fundamental tone, while the violins proceed with an independent accompaniment: —

After the previous stretto has again occurred on the chord of the dominant the two first subjects reappear in new original climacteric treatment, divided between the voices and the accompaniment; —

A free conclusion brings the artistic and forcible work to an end.

As if for refreshment after this effort, the fifth psalm, Lau-date Dominum, is treated as a solo movement of a pleasing character. In the earlier vesper it is a soprano solo with organ obbligato, not certainly set in prescribed aria form, but in its brilliant passages and easy grouping of the melodies more akin to secular music than any other of Mozart's church compositions of this period. In the second vesper the psalm has a more solemn character, but even here it is a mild and tender soprano solo, somewhat pastoral in tone, and supported by a solo bassoon; simple throughout, and with a fine climax at the close, the doxology being sung by the chorus.

The Virgin's hymn of praise, "Magnificat anima mea," which forms the conclusion of the Vespers, is by its form the part best fitted for musical

rendering. But the connection in which it here stands with the preceding psalms obliges a corresponding treatment both as to extent and conception. We must not therefore look either for a comprehensive treatment giving free development to the details of the separate sentences, such as is to be found in the Magnificats of some great masters, or for such an amount of dramatic characterisation as the words give scope for. The text is tersely and precisely treated, with the avowed intention of concluding the work with a movement in contrast to the first psalm. This is evident not only in the external arrangement, which introduces trumpets and drums, and returns to the original key, but in the technical treatment and the closely allied tone of expression. The expression of firm and cheerful confidence, which is common to both, is naturally accentuated in the Magnificat in accordance with the text, and the lively expectation of the first psalm is now turned into thanksgiving for its fulfilment. The technical treatment of the Magnificat is consistently more important and animated, especially in the extended use of the forms of counterpoint; but in the main the two compositions have the same tone and colour, and the same condensed and impulsive style. The words “Magnificat anima mea Dominum” form a solemn introduction as a short slow movement; “Et exultavit” is in quicker tempo, which is maintained to the end, chorus and solo alternating in the usual way. Here again it is to be noticed that different points are accentuated in the earlier Magnificat chiefly by harmonic means, in the second chiefly by counterpoint.

Having in these works followed Mozart’s steady upward progress along the path which he had previously entered on, a progress maintained against most unfavourable surroundings, let us now turn to his attempts in the new province of music as an adjunct to the drama. Remembering his intense desire to write for the stage, a desire which had been increased by the manifold influences of his travels, we shall not be surprised that even

theatrical undertakings in Salzburg offered him the opportunity he sought. When he returned home a theatrical company was performing under Böhm's management; in 1780 we find Shikaneder there with his travelling *troupe*, a friend of the Mozart family, joining in their quoit contests and quite ready to turn Wolfgang's talents to his own advantage. Two great works owe their origin to these performances, although the exact time of their production cannot now be ascertained.

The first is the music to "Thamos, King of Egypt" (345 K.), an heroic drama, by Baron Tob. Phil, von Gebler, who, in spite of his exalted position, had devoted himself zealously since 1769 to the reform of the Vienna theatre. The contents of the piece need be given but briefly, since it is as good as lost: —

Menes, King of Egypt, has been deposed by a usurper, Rameses, and as it is thought, assassinated; but he is living under the name of Sethos as high priest of the Temple of the Sun, the secret being known only to the priest Hammon and the general Phanes. After the death of Rameses his son Thamos is heir to the throne. The day arrives when Thamos attains majority, is to be invested with the diadem, and to select a bride. The friends of Menes seek in vain to persuade him to dispute the throne. He will not oppose the noble youth whom he loves and esteems. But Pheron, a prince and confidant of Thamos has, in conjunction with Mirza, the chief of the virgins of the sun, organised a conspiracy against Thamos, and won over a portion of the army. Tharsis, daughter of Menes, who is believed by all, even her father, to be dead, has been brought up by Mirza under the name of Sais. It is arranged that she shall be proclaimed rightful heir to the throne, and as she will then have the right to choose her consort, Mirza will secure her beforehand for Pheron. When she discovers that Sais loves Thamos, and he her, she induces Sais to believe that Thamos prefers her playmate Myris,

and Sais is generous enough to sacrifice her love and her hopes of the throne to her friend. Equally nobly Thamos rejects all suspicions against Pheron, and awards him supreme command. As the time for action draws near, Pheron discloses to Sethos, whom he takes for a devoted follower of Menes, and consequently for an enemy to Thamos, the secret of Sais' existence and his own plans. Sethos prepares secretly to save Thamos. Sais also, after being pledged to silence by an oath, is initiated into the secret by Mirza and Pheron, and directed to choose Pheron. She declines to give a decided answer, and Pheron announces to Mirza his determination to seize the throne by force in case of extremity. Sais, who believes herself not loved by Thamos, and will not therefore choose him as consort, but will not deprive him of the throne, takes the solemn and irrevocable oath as virgin of the sun. Thamos enters, and they discover to their sorrow their mutual love. Sethos, entering, enlightens Thamos as to the treachery of Pheron, without disclosing the parentage of Sais. Pheron, disturbed by the report that Menes is still living, comes to take council of Sethos, and adheres to his treacherous design. In solemn assembly Thamos is about to be declared king, when Mirza reveals the fact that Sais is the lost Tharsis, and heiress to the throne. Thamos is the first to offer her his homage. When she is constrained to choose between Thamos and Pheron she declares herself bound by her oath, and announces Thamos as the possessor of the throne. Then Pheron calls his followers to arms, but Sethos steps forward and discloses himself as Menes; whereupon all fall at his feet in joyful emotion. Pheron is disarmed and led off, Mirza stabs herself, Menes, as father and ruler, releases Sais from her oath, unites her with Thamos, and places the pair on the throne. A message arrives that Pheron has been struck with lightning by Divine judgment, and the piece ends.

Mozart wrote music to this drama at Salzburg in 1779 or 1780, according to the evidence of the handwriting and paper of the score, as well as of the

treatment of the orchestra. It consisted at first of four instrumental movements which were played between the acts, and one which formed the conclusion of the whole piece. It was not a new idea to compose appropriate music to a drama of importance instead of the usual indifferent or inappropriate instrumental movements. Joh. Ad. Scheibe (1708-1776) wrote music for “Polyeucte” and “Mithridate” in 1738, and afterwards wrote an article on this kind of music in the “Kritischen Musicus.” He maintained that the overture should be composed with reference to the whole piece, and should lead up to its commencement; that the symphonies between the acts should be connected both with the act which preceded and that which followed, so as to lead the audience insensibly from the one frame of mind to the other. The closing symphony should be in close relationship to the end of the piece, so as to intensify the impression made by the *denouement* upon the audience. He considered a change of instruments particularly necessary, in order to keep up the attention of the audience; but care must be taken to select the most appropriate instruments for each movement, so as to express what had to be expressed in the most effective manner possible.

Scheibe was followed by Joh. Christ. Hertel (1726-1789) with the music to Cronegk’s “Olint and Sophronia,” and by others (among them Agricola) with the music to “Semi-ramis” (after Voltaire), which Lessing thought worthy of an analysis, and declared his opinion that the entr’actes should have no reference to the following act, but should only amplify and conclude what had gone before. Vogler’s overture and entr’actes to “Hamlet” were given in Mannheim in 1779. Even in Salzburg M. Haydn had composed in 1777 special music for the performance of Voltaire’s “Zaire” by French actors, which was received with great applause.

The music to “King Thamos” has, curiously enough, no overture, which is perhaps accounted for by the fact that the play begins with a chorus, and

so is opened by music. Each *entr'acte* is in connection with the last scene of the preceding act, and seeks to express the same set of emotions by means of music; Mozart has each time noted down what seemed to him the prevailing idea to be represented. Thus, he writes concerning the first movement: "The first act ends with the determination of Mirza and Pheron to place the latter on the throne." Upon the last words of Mirza— "Mirza, a woman, trembles not. Thou art a man; conquer, or die!" — the orchestra strikes in with three solemn chords, the effect heightened by long pauses; then begins a restless and agitated Allegro (in C minor). The prevailing tone is one of excitement, and those who were in the theatre might well receive the suggestion of Mirza, as an eager passionate woman, inciting Pheron to action; but the characterisation is not very striking. It is only noticeable that the separate phrases of the subject are shorter and in greater contrast than is usual with Mozart; otherwise we have before us a movement in two parts, with a coda arranged in the ordinary manner, but not elaborated.

The second act has, if possible, a still more general application: "The noble nature of Thamos is displayed at the end of the second act; the third act opens with Thamos and the traitor Pheron," and the dialogue wherein Thamos declares his belief in Pheron's fidelity, and resigns Sais to him, while Pheron continues to dissemble. Here, too, Mozart has written an ordinary movement in two parts (Andante, E flat major); but he has resorted to the expedient of denoting the character of the two personages by means of distinct subjects, which he indicates by superscriptions: —

It is easy to be seen here that musical contrast is the main point, and that the characterisation is very general, quite apart from the fact that integrity and hypocrisy cannot be expressed in music, as Mozart was well aware, in spite of his naïve superscriptions. The inadequacy of such characterisation is shown in the second part, where both characters occur together: —

Here the expression has become still more general, and we have only the musical development of a given subject, not the progress of a dramatic situation; more than this it is out of the province of the musician to give.

The suggestions for the music of the third *entr'acte* are more promising. The music is connected in the first place with the last scene: 44 The third act closes with the treacherous dialogue between Mirza and Pheron,,, expressed by means of an agitated, strongly accented Allegro, which, however, soon breaks off, and dies away. Thereupon the music turns to the fourth act, which begins with the vow of the deluded Sais. Here the influence of the melodrama upon Mozart becomes apparent, for he follows with his music every turn in the monologue of Sais, indicating each by a superscription. We may, indeed, doubt whether he had not some idea of a melodramatic delivery of the music, although there are no pauses left for spoken sentences, and the flow of the music, notwithstanding frequent changes of time is uninterrupted. This movement would be most open to the adverse criticism of Lessing, for it anticipates the whole of the following scene. In itself it is the most expressive and the most successful; in spite of its division into separate points it preserves connection and unity, and a tone of tender grace such as becomes a bashful maiden.

The fourth *entr'acte* is again an animated movement (Allegro vivace assai) which is to depict "the universal confusion" with which the fourth act concludes. We can recognise in the wild, restless subject, in opposition to which is placed another full of dignity and reserve, the intended contrast between the conspirators and Thamos with his followers; but we need, of course, to be told what it is that the music means to represent.

Since the spectators were in a position to transfer the factitious presumption from the stage to the music, a general characterisation would suffice for them. The music therefore fulfils its primary aim, but it has undertaken a task which lies beyond its province, and a previous knowledge

of the subject treated is indispensable to the due appreciation of it; in this way the music is as dependent as though it were a setting to words without the advantage of the direct intelligibleness given to it by words.

The closing movement describes “Pheron’s despair, blasphemy, and death.” As this situation coincides with a fearful thunderstorm, the musical characterisation is confined to a representation of it without any dramatic detail; it is a wildly forcible movement, and the effect accords well with the suggested idea.

It is unquestionable that Mozart, excited by the melodrama, has set himself eagerly to express dramatic details in music, and yet in almost every case the exigencies of musical construction have been too much for him. The impressions he has received from the drama become only impulses, leading him to accent more sharply and set in stronger contrast the various points of his composition; the special points of the dramatic situations are not fully brought out in the music. This is in great measure the fault of the play, which affords few powerful or effective suggestions to the composer either through its characters or its situations; great poetical or dramatic power would no doubt have called forth other music. That such a play should have been received with interest and applause, that it should have incited Mozart to composition, is a speaking proof of the taste of the time. Shakespeare and Goethe had not yet penetrated the intellectual atmosphere in which Mozart had grown up; before poetry could assert its sway in the province of music it had to express and realise the demand for a characterisation bringing to view the most individual traits of human character.

Gebler had sought to invest his drama with peculiar dignity by providing it with choruses, for which Racine’s “Athalie” may have furnished him with an example. The play begins with a solemn sacrifice in the Temple of the Sun, the priests and virgins singing hymns to the Godhead; in the same way,

at the beginning of the fifth act, the coronation of the king is introduced by a sacrifice, the priests and virgins again singing a hymn. These choruses gave Mozart opportunity for a magnificent style of composition, with all the brilliancy that external support could give.

The hymns were well-known ones with Latin words inserted later, for which, however, a German translation was again substituted. Our judgment as to style and conception will naturally be affected by the fact that the hymns were written for the theatre, and not as church music proper; and yet these very hymns have been widely circulated by countless performances in churches, and are made to serve as the principal evidence of Mozart's style of church music. There is no question that their whole conception is grander, freer, and more imposing than that of any of his masses belonging to that period, but this is because he felt himself unfettered by conventional restrictions. A solemn act of worship was represented on the stage, the expression of reverence to the Supreme Being was heightened in effect by the Egyptian surroundings; and Mozart's endeavour was to render the consequent emotions with all possible truth and force. But he was fully conscious that the expression must be *dramatic*. Therefore everything was avoided that directly suggested the church, and an impression of splendour and brilliancy was given which in this fashion was foreign to the church; above all the subjective points of sentiment are thrown into strong relief, and forcibly expressed. But although there is an essential difference between these choruses and Mozart's contemporary church music, yet we cannot fail to perceive a certain amount of resemblance in the manner in which the solemnity and importance of religious ceremony is rendered both here and in the "Zauberflöte." The drama itself has some resemblance to the "Zauberflöte," both in its deistic-humani-tarian tendency and its Egyptian costume and sun-worship. Freemasonry may have exerted some influence over Gebler's mind — it could have had none at that time over Mozart.

In the music to the “Zauberflöte” everything, more especially the power of concentrating ideas in the strictest forms, shows mature development, while here we are aware of the youthful genius, rejoiced at the opportunity of pouring forth his best in full measure, and thereby satisfying his nature to the utmost. The consideration of these choruses explains his joy at finding the chorus in Paris strong and good, (Vol. I., p. 429), and choruses, his “most favourite compositions,” well performed and much thought of; we can imagine what he would have made of the choruses if he had written a grand opera in Paris. They leave Gebler’s words (out of which, according to Wieland, Gluck could have made something excellent) so far behind that the music and the poetry, considered from an artistic point of view, seem to belong to different periods. For actual representation they are no doubt too grandly and broadly conceived and executed; they overpower the whole drama with their weight. The impression of solemnity and grandeur produced on the mind by symbolic ceremonies is rendered with dignity, and at the same time with fire and energy. The chorus and orchestra unite to give the effect of splendour and magnificence, and startling harmonies are borne along as if on an irresistible stream; the lighter subordinate subjects (divided between male and female chorus as well as solo voices) are less marked. The style and treatment of the choruses have afforded a precedent for many similar works in later days; so also has the way in which the choruses and a full orchestra are united so as to give a massive effect, both of arrangement and construction. Mozart himself had no opportunity of again uniting chorus and orchestra on a large scale, and proceeding further in the same direction; Haydn in his oratorios inherited this portion of Mozart’s genius, and numerous efforts have since been made to accomplish what Mozart began.

The orchestra is provided with all the external advantages that Salzburg could offer; no instruments employed at a later date are wanting, except the

clarinet, which Mozart missed so sensibly. It is organised and constructed exactly as we find it at the present day; the wind instruments of wood and brass and the stringed instruments are united in definite groups, but in perfect freedom of treatment. Most striking is Mozart's progress in his treatment of the brass instruments. The trombones are no longer with the voices, and where they support them they do it in an independent manner, generally by sustained chords. But they also take their own place in the orchestra, the horns and trumpets united with them, and then again the horns combine with the wood-wind instruments; while the trumpets, with the drums, occasionally assert their peculiar character. In the same way, the other wind instruments are combined among themselves, as well as with the other instruments; it is in accordance with their nature that the rendering of the more delicate details should fall to their share. Such an extended employment of the wind instruments must naturally have influenced the treatment of the strings. These are independently and forcibly placed in contrast with the wind instruments, so that, while the latter heighten the colouring, the former determine the fundamental character of the work and maintain unity of tone. In short, all important effects which can be produced by different combinations of the instruments are here brought into use, not merely as sound effects produced by changes of tone colouring, but as the means of giving due expression to musical ideas.

The chorus also takes a different position in conjunction with an orchestra such as this. It is no longer the principal object in the sense of making everything else subservient to itself; but the independence of the instruments renders it freer in its own motion. Since so much was left to be rendered by the orchestra, the chorus was able to characterise what belonged essentially to it all the more sharply and strongly; and the powerful and effective orchestra called forth all the strength of the chorus that they might keep pace with each other. For this there was requisite,

besides an intensified meaning in the subjects, a free and melodious treatment, which made the separate voices the foundation for the display of natural and forcible effects of sound. To satisfy these varied conditions in detail, and to unite them harmoniously into combined effect, has been Mozart's successfully executed task. Let any one place those earlier works, in which the voices supply the harmonies to a continuous violin passage and a *basso continuo* side by side with these hymns where an independent chorus, complete in itself, is united with an equally independent and carefully arranged orchestra, so as to form a compact and solid whole, and what an extraordinary progress is apparent!

Mozart, who executed this work with loving care, composed both choruses twice over. The first chorus, in the earlier and completely carried-out attempt, has essentially the same features as the later, only the solo parts are simpler and without the delicate accompaniment which gives them their chief charm. The voices are only altered in the details of the main portions of the chorus, but the orchestra is subjected to a thorough elaboration. At first there were no flutes, and the addition of these has given to the oboes a different position and in many ways caused a different grouping of the instruments. But, apart from this, there are so many improvements in detail that this work may be considered as a regular study in instrumentation. The difference between the two versions of the second chorus are more essential. Only the beginning and the fundamental ideas of some of the subjects in the first attempt are identical with the later elaboration. The working-out is quite different, not only much shorter, but in every respect scantier and less important; and more especially are the orchestral parts far removed from their present rich perfection. Mozart did not even finish this first attempt; it breaks off in the middle of the last passage, although only a few bars are wanting. The difference in the elaboration proves once more

that the true gift of an artist consists in the unerring judgment with which, after no matter how many experiments in the process of his work, he seizes in the end on what is best for his purpose. It is instructive to follow the progress of development from the earlier ideas and attempts — in the second chorus the main features are more carefully perfected, in the first the details.

The magnificent effect of these two choruses seems to have suggested the idea of bringing the drama to an impressive close by means of another chorus. In the place of the instrumental movement which represented Pheron's death, there was introduced a short exhortation by the High Priest to fear the Divine wrath, which is taken up by the chorus, and passes into joyful trust in the protection of the Almighty.

Mozart's composition (to words provided by a Salzburg

{ZAIDE, 1780 (1779-Einstein:"Mozart")}

local poet — perhaps by Schachtner) is altogether worthy of the two first hymns. The bass solo of the High Priest foreshadows the Commendatore in "Don Giovanni." The chorus which follows gives the right expression of humble reverence on the part of the bystanders; and the cheerful dignity of the conclusion is quite appropriate when we take into account that the chorus was intended for the stage and not for the church.

Another composition falling within Mozart's present residence at Salzburg is a German operetta, for which honest Schachtner provided the libretto. It was almost finished when Mozart went to Munich in November, 1780.

His father wrote (December 11, 1780) that nothing could then be done with "Schachtner's play" on account of the public mourning at Vienna. This was all the better, since "the music was not quite ready." But Wolfgang begs him (January 18, 1781) to bring with him "Schachtner's operetta." "People come to see Cannabich, with whom the hearing of such things does not

come *mal ä propos*." Later on the father revived the idea of producing the operetta in Vienna, but Wolfgang answered (April 18,1781): "Nothing can be done with Schachtner's operetta, for the same reason that I have often given before. I could not contradict Stephanie; I could only say that the piece — except the long dialogues, which could easily be altered — was very good, but not suited for Vienna, where they only care for comic pieces."

There can be no doubt that this is the opera in two acts, without a title, preserved in Mozart's carefully executed original score, and complete all but the overture and the conclusion (344 K.), which was published by André, with the suitable title of "Zaide." The handwriting, style, and instrumentation, as well as some special circumstances to be presently noted, prove this beyond a doubt. The plot may be conjectured in its general features by the songs and music: —

Gomaz has been betrayed into the power of the Sultan Soliman and set to servile tasks. He has won the love of Zaide, who is in the seraglio of the Sultan, but the passion of the latter for her affords little hope to the lovers. Finding Gomaz, overcome with toil, asleep in the garden, she leaves him her likeness. This leads to a declaration of their mutual love. To them attaches himself Alazim, the Sultan's favourite, and apparently the overseer of the slaves, who represents the humane and enlightened Mussulman. He procures for them Turkish dresses, and accompanies them in their flight. At the beginning of the second act we find the Sultan in violent wrath at the treachery he has just discovered. He rages against the fugitives, whom Zaram undertakes to pursue and capture. They are, in fact, soon brought back, and Soliman is not moved to clemency either by the prayers and constancy of Zaide, or by the exhortations of Alazim. In what way a happy *denouement* is at last brought about cannot be conjectured.

This serious operetta is written in the manner and after the scale of the vaudeville of the time; it does not depend upon the executive powers of the performers nor upon large expedients, and the standard throughout is a modest one. The orchestral combinations prove that it was intended for performance in Salzburg, and the treatment of the separate parts may have had reference to the available *personnel*.

Zaide lays no claim to anything but a certain amount of fluency. The part of the Sultan requires a strong penetrating voice, but for the rest the requirements of the music are well within the compass of ordinary theatrical singers; musical feeling, and a natural, correct judgment Mozart always displays, because they were in fact a part of himself which could not be laid aside.

In the construction of the songs the traditional arrangement of the Italian aria is not closely adhered to. An effort is evident to make use of the fundamental law requiring contrasting motifs to be compacted into a whole, in developing the individuality of the characters and of the dramatic situations. Nevertheless, the influence of the old tradition is visible in many phenomena, such as the change of tempo, the long ritomelli, the division of the different motifs by regular rests, and their amplification. Yet it is no longer servile obedience to an external type, but an evident determination to evolve the form out of the given situation.

Every artist, no matter how many-sided his genius, feels his nature impelled in a certain direction in which his creative strength works freely and independently, while other paths remain strange to him or are altogether closed. Experience and cultivation go far to equalise his powers, but they are powerless to alter the original impulse. Now dramatic representation makes demands upon the artist for the satisfaction of which he must not indeed overstep the bounds of his individuality — that no man can do with

impunity — but he must stretch them to their extremest limits. Here it is that he seeks aid from the poet. The latter can elevate the musician by the strength and vividness of his situation and characters, by the style and vigour of his language, while it needs but little to stimulate his musical production to activity. This aid was denied to Mozart when as a young man he first sought to write dramatic music in its true sense. The first act of the opera before us has no events except the love passages between Gomaz and Zaide, which take their peculiar tone from the mixture of pity for suffering innocence and from the danger threatening in the background. Here Mozart is quite in his element. The tendency and fervour of his own sentiments are involuntarily expressed; but, graceful and interesting as is this first act, the poetical expression of the words discovers nothing of the more delicate features of the music. Again, in the second act, the Sultan raging in jealousy, Zaide at first beseeching, then also furious, Alazim moralising — these are elements in the treatment of which Mozart might well look for aid from the poet. And here it was that the poet left him in the lurch altogether. We fancy ourselves in a marionette-show when the Sultan sings: —

Ich bin so bos als gut,
Ich lohne die Verdienste
Mit reichlichem Gewinnste;
Doch reizt man meine Wuth,
So hah’ ich auch wohl
Waffen Das Laster zu bestrafen,
Und diese fordern Blut.

And Zaide: —

Tiger! wetze deine Klauen,
Freu’ dich der erschlichnen Beut’!
Straf ein thörichtes Vertrauen
Auf verstellte Zartlichkeit!

Komm nur schneli und tödt’ uns beide,
Saug’ der Unschuld warmes Blut,
Reiss’ das Herz vom Eingeweide
Und ersättge deine Wuth

The music totters under the weight of such words as these. The songs, which follow one after the other, are indeed well conceived and carefully executed, and even for the most part characteristic; but their characterisation is all external, and when suggested by different touches in the text it is rarely happy. There is a want of harmony and balance, as well as of impulse and warmth, so that the really beautiful separate ideas have no proportionate effect. It is remarkable that these songs are all too long, and their cadenzas are especially tedious, as if quantity was to make up for quality. Further adherence to the antiquated aria form is particularly noticeable; as if, when the musical construction no longer proceeded directly from the impulse of the dramatic situation, the old forms involuntarily asserted their sway. The quartet (16) in which the musical and dramatic interest is, as it were, concentrated, contrasts very favourably with the solo songs. The *dramatis personæ* are all happily characterised; the Sultan, implacable in his anger, Gomaz seeking to console Zaide, who, in her turn, strives to purchase his life by the sacrifice of her own, and Aiazim, overcome with grief at being unable to see a way out of the complications that he himself has brought about. Here too we have a conflict of opposing emotions faithfully and accurately delineated, and all directed to one central point; it is, in fact, a situation which fulfils all the essential conditions of musical representation. Here then Mozart is in his element. The different characters are drawn with a steady hand, every emotion is definitely and accurately expressed, and the elements thus gained are employed as materials for a construction which is as faithful to the laws of musical organisation as to the requirements of the dramatic situation. The quartet

thus fulfils the two essential conditions of dramatic music, and reveals itself as a consistent and harmonious piece of work, the separate motifs of which are beautiful and expressive, while the interest is kept alive by alternation and climax, and a vivid dramatic picture is produced by the artistic treatment of musical forms. The grouping of the voices in manifold variety of combination displays, as if on a ground plan, a symmetrical, well-disposed musical edifice. As they proceed they develop out of the simplest situations the most varied shades of sentiment, so that the music carries into the innermost recesses of the mind and heart what the words have merely hinted at. Even the actual musical formulas, such as the entry of the voices in imitation, produce, in the right place, such a direct and vivid effect that they appear to have been invented for the special case. As to the main conception on which the construction of the quartet rests, it might, if the violent rage of the Sultan were considered as the chief point, have been made more passionate and agitated without overstepping truth of expression; but Mozart has in preference emphasised the more fervid and reserved emotions of the other characters, to which the expression of anger must be subordinated. This conception has perhaps been suggested by the greater ease which it afforded for the introduction of the necessary reconciliation of the characters; partly, also, a more quiet and contained piece might appear to be of better effect after so many lively and agitated songs; it is certain, however, that it was the conception most in accordance with Mozart’s nature as an artist.

Equally in accord with the situation, but not by any means so deep and expressive, is the terzet (8) which brings the first act to a conclusion. In this there is no conflict of sentiment; Zaide, Gomaz and Alazim are happy in the feeling of mutual love and friendship, and in the hope of a speedy deliverance; the fear lest their plan of escape should fail casts only a passing shadow on their cheerful frame of mind. The music therefore expresses

content and happiness with great tenderness and the purest melody, especially in the first movement. The duet between Zaide and Gomaz (5), whose love is not a stormy passion, but the devotion of two noble beings, expresses in the most delightful manner the purity and openness of a happy affection.

There are not wanting, either such delicate features of detail as characterise the genuine musical dramatist. For instance, in Gomaz' song (6), when he is divided between gratitude to Alazim and impatience to hasten to Zaide, there is charming humour in his confusion, particularly at the words "doch ich muss dich schnell verlassen," and "lass dich küssen, lass dich drücken," which in no way interferes with the more serious sentiment of the song as a whole. The union of humour and sentiment at the close is excellent. While the accompaniment continues the last subject, Gomaz, who had rushed off in hot haste, turns back, and sings once more with heartfelt emotion: "Herr und Freund, wie dank' ich dir!" There is a pretty touch in Osmin's air (11) where the purely musical return to the theme is used to express recurring bursts of hearty laughter.

The workmanship of the opera, both as regards the treatment of the voices and of the orchestra, is, as might be expected, thorough and sure. The orchestra deserves special notice. We find only the instruments in use at Salzburg, and the wind instruments are sparingly employed. The flutes and oboes generally alternate, but they are together and in conjunction with bassoons and horns in the quartet(16) and in one of the Sultan's airs (12); trumpets and drums are only used in the Sultan's raging scene (9). Many songs (1, 11, 13) are accompanied by stringed instruments alone. The hand of a master is recognisable throughout, in the life and movement which we follow with unflagging interest, in the force and beauty of the sound effects, and in the delicacy of the lights and shades. Many touches recall later works of Mozart; but these for the most part consist in turns of expression, in the

treatment of the accompaniment, &c. One decided reminiscence is not without interest. The quartet is introduced by a short passage for the wind instruments, which recurs several times in the course of the piece, whereupon the voices enter as follows: — where it appears in the song of Constanze, “Traurigkeit ward mir zum Loose” (10) in the following form: —

The alternate rendering of the subject by the voices and accompaniment, and the alternation between the wind instruments, give it a new charm; and it is not without intention that the instrumentation here is less full than in the former case.

One peculiarity of this operetta is the introduction of melodrama. J. J. Rousseau, in his production of “Pygmalion” at Lyons in 1770 and Paris in 1775, gave the first example of a dramatic piece in which spoken dialogue was interspersed with music in the nature of obbligato recitatives. The attempt thus to render music effective as a means of dramatic expression was successful, although the critics raised objections to the union of music and speech.

Independently of Rousseau’s experiment, it had occurred to Brandes in 1772 at Weimar to adapt Gerstenberg’s cantate “Ariadne” as a melodrama for his wife, who was an excellent actress, but no musician. Schweitzer undertook the composition, but owing to the interruption caused by his “Alceste” he did not finish it. When Brandes removed to Gotha in 1775, he transferred “Ariadne” to Georg Benda, with whose music it was then produced. The extraordinary success it met with suggested to Gotter the idea of writing the melodrama “Medea” for Madame Seyler, the rival of Madame Brandes; this also was composed by Benda. The success of the melodramas was universal and extraordinary. Critics might object to the principle as they pleased, the public was not to be reasoned out of its

enthusiasm, which was shared even by many connoisseurs. That the success wras mainly due to Benda's expressive music, which all joined in praising, admits of no doubt, and none of his successors have been able to produce a similar effect.

Mozart's idea of substituting melodrama for accompanied recitative in German opera was a kindred one (Vol. II., p. 74), and the same idea is evident in other directions. It is put into practice in "Zaide." Two important monologues are melodramatically treated; one by Gomaz at the beginning of the first, and another by Soliman at the beginning of the second act. Benda's composition has evidently been taken as a model; the music in short periods, often only in detached chords, follows each turn of the monologue, and seeks to give expression to the lightest shades of sentiment. The musical treatment is essentially different from that of obbligato recitative, where the independent instrumental passages are connected partly by the recitative itself, which is always sung, partly by the harmonies of the accompaniment; in the melodrama, on the other hand, every passage, even the smallest, is treated as distinctly apart. In the recitatives, again, which are sung, the lighter shades of sentiment may be rendered by cadence, rhythm, or harmony, without the intervention of any instrumental passages. In the melodrama this is impossible, and in order to accentuate details, the continuity of the dialogue must be sacrificed; another decided and almost inevitable drawback is the dependence upon details for characterisation, which is thereby often out of proportion. In this way, spoken dialogue loses its chief means of effect — that is, its continuity of idea — while nothing is gained for musical unity, which ought to make up for all deficiencies by the steady maintenance of a sustained mood. For, impelled as Mozart might be by his nature to gather into a whole the shattered members of this musical representation by means of rhythmical combinations and harmonic progressions, this was only possible to a limited

degree, and musical construction in its proper sense can only exist in those few places where the music is independent of the melodrama. The main point, however, cannot be denied, which is that the words and the music are not here so blended that each part is richly repaid for what it sacrifices by its union with the other, but that each is continually asserting itself in opposition to the other, so that both are in fact the losers. To

It is particularly to be regretted that the original words for these melodramatic scenes have not been printed. The alterations in Soliman's monologue are not so essential, but Gomaz's monologue is entirely transformed. In the original text he was absorbed by his unpleasant position; when he prays for refreshing slumber, and the music represents his repeated starting up from rest, the altered version puts love-ravings for Zaide into his mouth.

To this may be added the great difficulty of satisfying the requirements of music, together with those of declamatory speech, and of filling the pauses with suitable gestures and movements, the amount of histrionic art necessary being rarely possessed by singers. Benda's melodramas were written for distinguished actresses, whose forte lay in their declamation and action; the situations were selected with this view, the dialogue was constructed in accordance with it; in fact, each scene was self-contained, not incorporated as a component part of a greater whole. Objections of this kind must have acted upon Mozart at a later time; at all events, he never again employed melodrama, not even in the "Zauberflote," when the occasion seemed ready to hand. It was nevertheless often introduced into operas — and partially also into plays — with very good effect. But the effect relies chiefly either on the material impressions of sound or upon the delicate and intellectual treatment of the musical interludes, suggesting familiar ideas, sentiments, or fancies, which exist in the minds of the

speakers, though they are incapable of expression in speech. These are certainly admirable points in their place, but they can scarcely serve as organising principles in a work of art; the melodrama must be content to take its place as a subordinate and connecting member if it is to have its true effect.

Mozart never took up this opera again, and he was right. It could only have been rendered fit for the stage by complete reconstruction. The first act, however graceful the music may be, has too little variety in its treatment and tone to gain favour on the stage; the second is, as we have seen, barely tolerable. After the composition of the “Entführung,” “Zaide” was heard of no more, partly on account of the similarity of subject and accessories, partly because it was so far surpassed in every respect that it could not fail to fall henceforth into oblivion.

CHAPTER XXII. “IDOMENEO.”

ALTHOUGH in his earlier years Mozart’s career had, as we have seen, been hindered by the circumstances to which he was forced to succumb at Salzburg, yet the severe discipline to which he was subjected must have been in many respects useful during his period of education. Since his return from his travels, however, his Salzburg surroundings were utterly oppressive and distasteful to him. His time of training was over; what he now required was freedom, work worthy of his powers, and the means of producing all that he was able and willing to produce. But of all this Salzburg could give nothing, and want of appreciation and mistrust, in addition to external obstacles, almost caused Mozart to lose heart and spirit, and throw up his post. His longing looks were naturally turned in whatever direction deliverance might seem to lie, and he considered it a fortunate circumstance when he was commissioned to write the opera for the Carnival of 1781 at Munich. The interest he had excited in Karl Theodor and his consort rendered it comparatively easy for Mozart’s friends among the court singers and musicians to direct the choice so that it should fall on him; the Archbishop had promised leave of absence too distinctly to be able to draw back, nor would his many obligations to the Bavarian court have rendered a refusal possible. An entirely new opera was desired on this occasion, and the Abbot Giambatt. Varesco, who had been court chaplain at Salzburg since 1766, was commissioned to write the libretto; he could take counsel with Mozart, who knew the Munich company well, and by obeying his suggestions make the text quite according to his mind, so that a work not unworthy of the brilliant fame of the Munich Opera might be expected. When a translation of the text was called for later, Mozart proposed his old friend Schachtner, who was employed to do it; and Leopold Mozart could

write with some pride to Breitkopf (August 10,1781): “It is remarkable that every part of the work is by persons residing in Salzburg: the poetry by the court chaplain, Abbate Varesco, the music by my son, and the German translation by Herr Schachtner.”

Varesco’s “Idomeneo” was modelled on the opera “Idomenée,” written by Danchet and composed by Campra, first performed in 1712 and revived in 1731.

The *dramatis personæ* are as follows: —

The plot is briefly as follows: —

Idomeneo, King of Crete, after the siege of Troy, has wandered a long way from his home, where his son, Idamante, grown to man’s estate during his absence, awaits him in filial love. Electra, daughter of Agamemnon, banished by the people of Argus on account of the matricide of Orestes, has taken refuge with Idamante, and becomes deeply enamoured of him. But Ilia, daughter of Priam, who, with other Trojan captives, has been sent to Crete by Idomeneo, has conceived a passion for Idamante, which he returns. At the opening of the opera we find Ilia struggling with her love for the enemy of her fatherland (aria, 2). Idamante approaches her joyfully. He has received tidings that his father’s fleet is in sight, and has sent his old confidant, Arbace, to bring more exact intelligence. On this joyful day he gives freedom to all the Trojan captives, and declares his love for Ilia, which she, although reluctantly, rejects; whereupon he bewails himself in an aria (3). The captive Trojans are led in and loosed from their fetters, giving occasion for a joyful chorus. Electra comes and expresses dissatisfaction at the liberation of so many enemies. Then follows Arbace with intelligence (which is mistaken) of the shipwreck of Idomeneo. Idamante departs overwhelmed with grief. Electra remains behind and gives vent to her jealousy and despair in a song (aria, 5). The scene changes to the sea-coast, and the fleet of Idomeneo is seen threatened by a storm, and driven on to

the rocks, the mariners lamenting and beseeching aid. Neptune appears and commands the winds to depart. Idomeneo prays for his help, but the god casts threatening glances on him, and disappears. The sea being calmed, Idomeneo lands and declares that, during the storm, he has vowed to sacrifice to Neptune the first person who shall meet him on shore. He trembles at the rashness of his vow, and anxiously looks for the sacrifice he is to make (aria, 6). Idamante enters, having sought solitude as ease to his grief. He offers shelter to the stranger, whom he fails to recognise. In the course of conversation it transpires that he is mourning for his father Idomeneo. Whereupon Idomeneo makes himself known, but overcome by the horror of his situation, he departs, forbidding Idamante to follow him. The latter, ignorant of the cause, is inconsolable at his father's rejection of his proffered love and services (aria, 8). An intermezzo of suitable character follows the first act. The warriors of Idomeneo disembark to a march (9), are welcomed by their wives and children, and "express their joy in a grand figure-dance, ending with a chorus (10)."

At the beginning of the second act Idomeneo is in conversation with Arbace. He communicates to him his fearful vow, from the fulfilment of which he wishes to escape. Arbace represents to him that this is impossible. But when he hears that Idamante is to be the sacrifice, he counsels his being sent to a distant country, and that during his banishment they should seek to appease the wrath of Neptune. Idomeneo decides upon commanding Idamante to accompany Electra to Argos, and there ascend the throne, and commissions Arbace to bid him prepare for the journey. Arbace promises obedience (aria, 11), and departs. Ilia now appears, expresses delight at Idomeneo's safety, and, while extolling Idamante's goodness, declares her own gratitude and submission (aria, 12). Her warmth causes Idomeneo to suspect their love, and his grief and confusion are thereby augmented (aria, 13). Electra, entering, thanks him for his care. He leaves her alone, and she

expresses her joy at the fulfilment of her dearest wishes (aria, 14). The warriors assemble in the harbour to the sound of a march (15). Electra appears with her followers, the sea is calm, and all look forward to a fortunate voyage (chorus, 16). Idomeneo dismisses Idamante, who sees in this command a fresh proof of his father's inexplicable displeasure. They express their opposing sentiments in a terzet (17). As they prepare to embark, a terrific storm arises, and a huge sea-monster rises from the waves. This convinces Idomeneo that his disobedience has offended Neptune, and he determines to die himself, and not to sacrifice the innocent. "The storm continues to rage, the Cretans fly, and the act closes with the expression of their fear and horror by singing and pantomimic dancing."

Ilia opens the third act, bewailing her unhappy love (aria, 19). Idamante surprises her, and declares his resolve to seek death in combat with the monster who is laying waste the land; this leads to a disclosure of her love, and the two express their happiness in a duet (20). Idomeneo, entering with Electra, discovers them; he cannot bring himself to acknowledge to Idamante the true cause of his mysterious behaviour, but commands him anew to leave Crete at once, and seek an asylum in a distant land. The various emotions of those present are expressed in a quartet (21). Idamante having departed, Arbace enters and announces that the people are hurrying with the high priest at their head to demand deliverance from the monster; Idomeneo goes to meet them, and Arbace expresses his earnest wish for the happiness of his ruler (aria, 22). On an open space in front of the castle the high priest appears with the multitude; he describes the ravages of the monster, which can only be terminated by the fulfilment of Idomeneo's vow, and demands to know the name of the promised victim (23). When Idomeneo names his son as the sacrifice, horror seizes the people (chorus, 24). During a march (25) Idomeneo with his subjects enters the temple of Neptune, and while the priests prepare for the sacrifice they offer their

solemn prayers to the god (26); cries of joy are heard from afar, and Arbace hastens in and announces that Idamante has slain the monster in heroic combat. Idamante is presently borne in by priests and warriors, crowned and in white robes; he now knows his father's vow, and satisfied as to his feelings towards him, he is ready to fall a joyful sacrifice to the angry god (aria, 27). As Idomeneo is in the act of striking the fatal blow, Ilia hastens in and restrains him; she insists upon taking the place of her lover, and a tender strife arises between them, which Idomeneo listens to with emotion, Electra with rage and jealousy. As Ilia kneels before the altar, "a great subterranean disturbance is heard, the statue of Neptune totters, the high priest stands entranced before the altar, all are amazed and motionless from fear, while a deep and majestic voice declares the will of the gods": Idomeneo is to renounce the throne, which Idamante is to ascend, and to be united to Ilia (28). At this unexpected issue, Electra breaks into violent anger, and "goes off raging"; Idomeneo arranges everything according to the divine will (30), and expresses his grateful joy (aria, 31); Idamante is crowned in a pantomimic ballet, during which the chorus sing a joyful conclusion to the opera (32).

Varesco omitted the prologue of his original, and reduced the five acts to the customary three. He also left out altogether the divinities and allegorical personages, which were somewhat prominent in the French text; and of three confidants he retained only Arbace. For the rest he follows the progress of the plot pretty closely, only judiciously omitting the love of Idomeneo for Ilia, and altering the conclusion. In the original, Idomeneo, after voluntarily raising his son to the throne, and bestowing on him the hand of Ilia, is stricken with madness by Nemesis, and slays Idamante with the sacrificial axe. He is then prevented from committing suicide, but Ilia falls by her own hand. Metastasio had weaned Italian opera from such

horrors. Varesco naturally looked to opera seria as the foundation of his adaptation, but he endeavoured at the same time to make use of the distinctive features of French opera. This is evident in his care for variety of scenery and machinery, in the marches and processions which occur in every act, and in the pantomimic dances which are made subservient to the plot. Further, the frequent introduction of the chorus was evidently suggested by French opera, and a marked progress displayed in the fact that the chorus was not employed merely to heighten the pomp of the piece, but took part in the action at critical moments, and expressed important dramatic situations. The ensembles, too, are not placed in regular succession at the end of the acts, without reference to the plot; they occur naturally as the piece proceeds, and have a dramatic signification of their own. Such movements are indeed rarely introduced, and not all the suitable points are made use of for them; no attempt is made either to unite the several connected points of the plot into a musical whole in the finale, but rather each separate situation has its own independent musical treatment. On the other hand, there is an evident intention to give the piece a tragic tone rather than that of the then prevalent effeminate tenderness, and to invest the characters with a psychological interest, and the plot with natural development and climax. It must be admitted that the success is but partial. Varesco was no poet, and the spirit of French tragedy was not calculated to raise him to a higher sphere than that of Italian opera. Conventionality predominates, passion and emotion find but unnatural expression, pedantry and exaggeration, both alike untrue, jostle each other; and the plot hangs on such slender threads that, in spite of the strong passions which are set in motion, it awakens no lively interest. The weak points both of French and Italian opera are here combined; but there are other faults belonging more especially to the latter. Such, for example, is the giving of the part of Idamante to a male soprano, and employing the bass voice only for the

subordinate part of the Oracle. Idomeneo is tenor, according to traditional usage, and stands almost alone against three soprano voices, for Arbaces as second tenor acts only as a stop-gap, and the high priest only appears once in an obbligato recitative. Generally speaking the airs do not form the culminating point of a dramatic situation, but only close it with a kind of point. Frequently they have only a commonplace phrase or an elaborated image for their subject, and all their individuality is bestowed upon them by the music. Varesco is nevertheless a practised verse-maker, who has employed, not without skill, the materials he found ready to hand, but is far removed from Metastasio's delicacy and grace.

With all its drawbacks the advantage of a settled tradition is very visible, the external arrangements, such as the distribution among the characters of the different pieces being carefully carried out. In short, if "Idomeneo" is compared with Mozart's earlier operas, the progress in the choice and treatment of material is very marked. Such an absolute blending of the essential features of French and Italian opera as is aimed at does not indeed take place; a compromise between the two had first to be made. It can scarcely be doubted that Mozart had a share in the construction of the libretto in its more important parts, and that his experiences in Mannheim and Paris had qualified him for the task; but his influence was not felt in the details of the work.

When the libretto was ready, and part of the music composed, Mozart repaired to Munich, according to custom, to finish the opera on the spot. After a journey in the postcarriage, "which shook the soul out of one's body," and gave him not an instant's sleep, he wrote to his father (November 8, 1780), "Joyful and glad was my arrival!" There was plenty to be done: the opera was to be rehearsed, to be put on the stage, and the greater part of it was still unwritten. How much of it he took with him ready to Munich is not precisely known; probably the majority of the recitatives,

the first act, and perhaps part of the second; at all events his first letters mention some of the songs as already composed.

He was able to set to work with a good heart, for he was met with goodwill on all sides. Count Seeau was altogether at his service; and when they sometimes fell out, and Mozart was provoked to be rude, it was always the Count who gave way. The Elector received him very graciously. “I had almost forgotten the best!” he writes (November 15, 1780); “Count Seeau presented me *en passant* to the Elector last Sunday, after mass; he was very gracious, and said, ‘I am glad to see you here again.’ And when I said that I would endeavour to deserve the approbation of his highness, he patted me on the shoulder and said, ‘Oh, I have no doubt it will all go very well indeed.’ *A piano piano si va lontano!*” The nobility, too, were favourably disposed towards him. Cannabich introduced him to the Countess Baumgarten, who was then the favourite of the Elector. “My friend is everything in this house,” he writes (November 13, 1780), “and I, too, now; it is the best and most useful house here for me, and so far all has gone, and by God’s help will go, well with me.” He was able, therefore, to satisfy his father as to the success of the opera (November 24, 1780): “Have no care as to my opera, dear father; I hope there will be no hitch. A little cabal is opposed to it, but it will certainly come to grief, for all the best and most powerful houses of the nobility are in my favour, as well as the principal musicians, especially Cannabich.”

There was, at all events, no opposition to be feared on the part of the singers or the orchestra; they and Mozart were mutually anxious to satisfy each other. But their joint labours and the requirements of the stage showed many alterations in the text to be necessary, and Varesco must have been often appealed to to undertake these, or to sanction proposed changes. Among the performers for whom he wrote, Dal Prato gave him some real trouble. Soon after his arrival he had “a piece of roguery” to narrate

(November 8, 1780): “I have not indeed the honour of knowing the heroic Dal Prato, but according to the description Ceccarelli must be better than he; for sometimes his breath fails in the middle of a song, and, *nota bene*, he was never on the stage, and Raaff is like a statue. Now, you may imagine the scene in the first act, the meeting of Idomeneo and Idamante.” Further acquaintance with Dal Prato justified the reports concerning him. “My *molto amato Castrato dal Prato*,” he writes (November 15,1780), “requires teaching the whole opera”; “he has to learn his part like a child, and has not a pennyworth of method” (November 22, 1780). He was the stumbling block also in the quartet, which had to be rehearsed six times before it went right.

“The fellow can do nothing,” complains Mozart (December 30, 1780); “his voice would not be so bad if he did not sing in his throat and head, but he is absolutely without intonation or method or sentiment, and sings like the best among the boys who come to be heard when they seek admission to a choir.”

He had trouble of quite another kind with his “dear old friend” Raaff. He was exceedingly fanciful, and Mozart made many alterations out of love for him and consideration for his gray hairs (December 27, 1780): —

Let me tell you that Raaff is the best and honestest man in the world, but so wedded to his old jog-trot ideas that it is enough to drive one crazy. Consequently it is very difficult to write for him; very easy, too, I grant you, if one is content to write songs such as, for example, the first, “Vedrommi intorno,” &c. If you could only hear it — it is good, and it is pretty; but if I had written it for Zonca I should have made it much better fitted to the words. I had a good deal of trouble with him about the quartet. The oftener I hear this quartet the more effective it appears to me, and every one that has heard it likes it. Only Raaff thinks it will be wanting in effect; he said to me,

“Non c’ è da spianar la voce.” As if there should not be more speaking than singing in a quartet! But he knows nothing about these things. I only said, “My dear friend! if there was only one note in this quartet that I thought should be altered, I would do it; but I am better satisfied with it than with any other piece in the opera, and when you have once heard it together, you will alter your mind. I have done my best to please you with your two songs, and so I will with the third, with good hopes of succeeding; but as far as regards the terzets and quartets, the composer should be allowed his own way.” That satisfied him.

After the rehearsal Raaff “gladly acknowledged himself in the wrong, and had no more doubt as to the good effect of the quartet” (December 30, 1780). When Mozart had “shown him the paces” of his first air, he was quite satisfied with it (November 15, 1780); and equally so with the air in the second act (December 1, 1780): —

He is as much in love with his song as a younger man might be with his fair lady: he sings it at night before he goes to sleep, and in the morning as soon as he wakes. He said to Baron Viereck and Herr von Castel, “I have always been used to have a hand in my own part, in the recitatives as well as the songs; but I have left this just as it was. There is not a note that does not suit me exactly.” *Enfin*, he is as happy as a king over it.

Some ill-natured speeches were made in spite of all this, as Mozart writes to his father (December 27, 1780): —

À propos! Becke tells me that he wrote to you again after the last rehearsal but one, and told you among other things that Raaffs song in the second act is not written for the words. “They tell me,” he said, “that you know too little of Italian. Is it so?” “You should have asked me, and then written! I can assure you that he who told you this knows very little Italian himself.” The song goes exceedingly well with the words. One hears the “mare” and the “mare funesto;” and the passages lead up to “minacciar” in

a way that thoroughly expresses “minacciar” — a threatening; in fact, it is the finest song in the opera, and meets with universal approval.

The two other male vocalists belonged to the old Munich opera. “Honest old Panzacchi” had been an excellent singer and a good actor in his time, but his best days were over; and Valesi, too, who had a well-deserved reputation as a tenor, had almost given up the stage, and devoted himself to teaching. L. Mozart had reason, therefore, to write (November 11,1780): “What you tell me of your vocalists is sad, and shows that everything must depend on the composition.”

There were no difficulties this time with the female vocalists. Both the Wendlings were friendly and amenable — they went Mozart’s way, and were contented with everything he did. “Madame Dorothea Wendling is *arci-contentissima* with her scena, and wanted to hear it three times over,’, he wrote home (November 8,1780), and they were quite in accord about the second song. “Lisel Wendling,” he wrote soon after (November 15, 1780), “sang her two songs half-a-dozen times; she is thoroughly pleased; I have it from a third person that both the Wendlings have praised their songs very highly.”

Mozart kept up with great industry the work of rehearsing and composing (a song for Schikaneder was composed meanwhile, Vol. II., p. 102), although he was suffering from a severe cold. The homely remedies which his father ordered brought some alleviation of it, but, as he was obliged to continue writing, the cure was a slow one.

At Munich he fell in with Mara, who had not long left Berlin. “She is not so fortunate as to please me,” he writes (November 13, 1780); “she does too little to come up to the Bastardina (Vol. I., p. 112), which is her ambition, and she does too much to touch the heart like a Weber, or an expressive singer.” He was even less edified by the behaviour of the husband and wife than by Madame Mara’s singing, and writes at a later date (November

24,1780) of the “pride, insolence, and effrontery which were visible in their countenances.” When Mara was to sing at a court concert, after the first symphony “i saw her lord and master creep behind her with a violoncello in his hand; I thought it was going to be a song with obbligato violoncello. Old Danzi, a very good accompanist, is first violoncellist here; all at once old Toeschi — conductor when Cannabich is not there — said to Danzi, who is his son-in-law, by the way, ‘Stand up, and let Mara take your place.’ But Cannabich heard him, and cried, ‘Danzi, stay where you are! The Elector likes his own people to play.’ And the song proceeded. Herr Mara stood meekly with his violoncello in his hand behind his wife.” The song which Mara was singing had a second part, but she went out during the ritornello without acquainting the orchestra, “with her native air of effrontery,” and afterwards complained to the Elector. He answered: “Madame, you sang like an angel, although your husband did not accompany you,” and referred her to Count Seeau.

The first act was rehearsed at the end of November, and Mozart was able to report to his father such success as raised the general expectation to a still higher pitch (December 1, 1780): —

The rehearsal went off remarkably well. There were only six violins in all, but the proper wind instruments. No spectators were admitted but Seeau s sister and young Count Seinsheim. I cannot tell you how delighted and astonished every one was. It was only what I expected, for I assure you I went to this rehearsal with as light a heart as if it had been a banquet. Count Seinsheim said to me: “I assure you I expected much from you, but this I did not expect.” The Cannabich family and all who know them are true friends of mine. I went home with Cannabich after the rehearsal. Madame Cannabich met us and embraced me, full of pleasure that the rehearsal had gone off so well; then came Ramm and Lang half out of their minds with delight. The good lady, my true friend, being alone in the house with her

sick Rose, had been full of anxiety for me. Ramm said to me (if you knew him you would call him a true German, for he says to your face exactly what he thinks): “You may believe me when I say that no music ever made such an impression on me; and I thought fifty times what a pleasure it will be to your father to hear this opera.” But enough of this! My cold was made rather worse by the rehearsal. One cannot help getting overheated when fame and honour are at stake, however cold-blooded one may naturally be.

Wolfgang’s father received other confirmation of the success, which he did not withhold from his son: —

Fiala showed me a letter from Becke which is very eulogistic of the music of your first act. He writes that tears of joy and pleasure came to his eyes when he heard the music, and that every one declared it was the finest music they had ever heard — all so new and beautiful, &c. He says that the second act is about to be rehearsed, that he will write to me himself, &c. Well, God be thanked, this all looks well.

L. Mozart, who had been wont to exhort Wolfgang not to procrastinate, as indeed he often did at Salzburg, was now concerned to hear of his obstinate cold, the more so as his sister was suffering from a chest complaint, and he begs him to take care of himself; he was not to hurry over the third act, it would be ready quite in good time. Ready, as he always was, with good advice, he warns him to remember that an opera should not only please connoisseurs (December 11, 1780): “I recommend you not to think in your work only of the musical public, but also of the unmusical. You know that there are a hundred ignorant people for every ten true connoisseurs, so do not forget what is called *popular*, and tickle the long ears.” But Wolfgang will not listen to this. “As to what is called popular,” he answers (December 16, 1780), “do not be afraid, there is music in my opera for all sorts of people — only none for long-ears.” Meantime the

work of rehearsing went steadily forward. On December 16, in the afternoon, the first and second acts were rehearsed at Count Seeau's, the parts being doubled, so that there were twelve violins. All went well, as Wolfgang reported (December 19, 1780): —

The orchestra and all the audience gladly acknowledged that, contrary to their expectations, the second act was superior both in novelty and expression to the first. Next Saturday the second act is to be rehearsed again, but in a large room in the palace, which I have long desired, for the room at Count Seeau's is far too small. The Elector is to listen *incognito* in an adjoining apartment. "We must rehearse for dear life then," said Cannabich to me. At the last rehearsal he was bathed in perspiration. You will judge from my letters that I am well and hearty. It is a great thing to come to the end of a great and laborious work, and to feel that one leaves it with honour and fame; this I have almost done, for now nothing is wanting but three songs, and the last chorus of the third act, the overture and the ballet— "et adieu partie!"

The next rehearsal gave even greater satisfaction (December 27, 1780): —

The last rehearsal was splendid; it was in a large room in the palace, and the Elector was present. This time we had the whole orchestra (that belongs to the opera-house, of course). After the first act the Elector said "Bravo!" out loud; and when I went to pay my respects to him, he said, "This opera will be charming — it will certainly do you honour." As he was not sure of being able to remain to the end, we let him hear the concerted song, and the storm at the beginning of the second act. These he also approved of in the most kindly manner, and said, laughing, "No one would imagine that such great things could come out of such a little head." The other day at his early reception, too, he praised my opera very much.

In the evening at court the Elector again spoke in high praise of the music, and Mozart learnt from a sure source that he had said after the rehearsal, “I was quite taken by surprise — no music ever had such an effect on me — it is truly magnificent.”

The news of this success reached Salzburg bit by bit. “All the town is talking of the excellence of your opera,” his father tells him (December 25, 1780). “Baron Lerbach set it going; the chancellor s wife told me that she had heard from him that the opera was wonderfully well spoken of everywhere. Then came Becke’s letter to Fiala, which he gave to be read everywhere.” Becke wrote to L. Mozart himself that “the storm chorus in the second act is so powerful that none could hear it, even in the greatest heat of summer, without turning as cold as ice;” and he praises Dorothea Wendling’s concerted song very much. The violinist Esser from Mayence, who had given concerts in Salzburg, wrote from Augsburg concerning the two acts of the opera which he had heard: “Che abbia sentito una musica ottima e particolare, universalmente applaudita.” “In short,” writes the father, “it would be tedious to tell you all the compliments paid to you. I hope that the third act will have as good an effect, and I do so the more confidently, since all the best situations are here, and the subterranean voices must be startling and terrifying. I hope to be able to say, ‘Finis coronat opus.’”

To this his son answers, over head and ears in work (December 30, 1780): “The third act will be thought *at least* as good as the other two: I like it infinitely better, and you may justly say, ‘Finis coronat opus.’” But there was plenty to do meantime. “Head and hands,” he writes (January 3,1781), “are full of the third act, so that I should not be surprised if I were to turn into a third act myself; It alone has cost me more trouble than the whole opera, for there is not a scene in it that has not peculiar interest.” He had the

satisfaction of finding after the rehearsal that it really was considered to surpass the other two acts.

Mozart's anxious father strove to draw his attention to every point that might contribute to success, and particularly cautioned him to keep on good terms with the orchestra (December 25, 1780). Experience of Salzburg must necessarily have shown him the importance of this: —

Try to keep your orchestra in good humour — flatter them, and make them devoted to you by praising them; I know your way of writing, and the unceasing and close attention it exacts from all the instruments; it is no joke for the orchestra to be kept on the stretch of their attention for three hours and more. Every one, even the worst fiddler, is touched by being praised *tête-ä-tête*, and becomes more and more attentive and zealous; and these courtesies cost you nothing but a few words. But you know it all yourself; I only tell you because such things are often forgotten at rehearsal, and you will need the friendship and zeal of the whole orchestra when the opera is in scena. The position is then altered, and the player's attention must be much more intent. You know that they cannot all be friendly towards you. There is always a *but* and an *if* to be met with. You say people doubted whether the second act would come up to the first. This doubt being relieved, few will have misgivings for the third act. But I will wager my head that there will be some who will doubt whether the music will be as effective in the theatre as in a room; and in that case the greatest zeal and goodwill are necessary on the part of the orchestra.

But the opera was not ready yet; there was to be no ballet, only a divertissement fitting into the plot, and this Mozart was, as he expressed it, to have the honour of composing (December 30, 1780). "I am very glad of it," he adds, "for then the music will be by *one* master." He was hard at work at the "cursed dances" until the middle of January, and had no time to think of anything else, not even of his own health. It was not until January

18 that he could write: Laus Deo, at last I have come to an end of it!" Amid rehearsals and anxious labours, the day of representation drew near. L. Mozart had been concerned lest the death of the Empress Maria Theresa on November 29, 1780, should put a stop to it, but Wolfgang reassured him by saying that none of the theatres had been closed on this account. Soon after he was terrified by a rumour that the Electress was dangerously ill, but discovered this to be a "lie from beginning to end." At first January 20, 1781, was fixed for the performance, then the 22nd, and finally January 29; the last rehearsal was to be on the 27th, Wolfgang's birthday; he was pleased at the postponements: "The opera can be oftener and more carefully rehearsed." The fame of "Idomeneo," which had reached Salzburg even before its performance, was a great source of satisfaction to Mozart's friends; Dr. Prexl, for instance (Vol. II., p. 84), wrote to him of the "inexpressible satisfaction" with which he had learnt the honour done by Wolfgang to Salzburg, and more than one friend undertook the journey to Munich in order to be present; among these were Frau Robini and her family, two Fräulein Barisani, and Fiala, from the Kapelle. L. Mozart, who was "as pleased as a child about the excellence of the orchestra," intended to go to Munich with his daughter as soon as he could arrange to be absent. But as he dared not risk a refusal from the Archbishop, and it was rumoured that the latter meditated a journey to Vienna, he waited his time. It suited him very well that the first performance was postponed until Hieronymus had actually left Salzburg. This being so, he set out on January 26 to be present at the last rehearsal and the performance. Wolfgang had arranged that his father and sister should find accommodation at his own lodging (in the Burggasse), if they would be contented to live for the time "like gipsies or soldiers."

The arrival of Mozart's father and sister at Munich brings us to a detailed account of the performance of "Idomeneo" and its success. The "Munich

Literary and Miscellaneous News" (February 1, 1781, No. XIX., p. 76) announced it briefly as follows: —

On the 29th ult. the opera of "Idomeneo" was performed for the first time in the new opera-house. The adaptation, music, and translation all proceed from Salzburg. The scenery, including a view of the harbour and Neptune's temple, are among the masterpieces of our well-known theatrical architect, the Herr Councillor Lorenz Quaglio.

All that we read, however, of the success of the opera in rehearsal leaves us no doubt that it met with a very favourable reception.

As to the sum received by Mozart in payment for "Idomeneo" we know nothing; but it cannot have been a large one, or L. Mozart would not have written (December 11, 1780): "How about the score? will it not be copied? You must be careful as to this, for *with such a payment the score cannot be given up*." To which Wolfgang answered (December 16, 1780): "I made no ceremony as to the copying of the score, but spoke openly on the subject to the Count. It was always the custom in Mannheim (where the kapellmeister was well paid besides) to give up the score to the composer." The original score, in three volumes, is written in a very neat but rapid hand, with scarcely any alterations except a few in the recitatives. As usual, the different numbers are written separately and then put together; the double-bass part was written larger, as in other scores, for the convenience of the bass-player at the clavier. The score was to have been printed at the time, as appears from a letter of L. Mozart to Breitkopf (August 10, 1781): "We were advised to publish the opera, printed or engraved, either in full score or clavier score. Subscribers were promised for some thirty copies, among whom was his highness Prince Max of Zweibrücken, but my son's journey to Vienna and the intervening events caused us to postpone the whole affair." The music for the ballet which was given with "Idomeneo" has not yet been printed (367 K.).

Mozart seems to have set great value on “Idomeneo” (366 K.), even in later years; it is certain that soon after he had made good his footing in Vienna he exerted himself to have it placed on the stage, for which purpose he intended entirely to remodel it. Unfortunately this project fell through, and when in 1786 a company of distinguished amateurs performed the opera at the residence of Prince Karl Auersperg, Mozart contented himself with several alterations, but did not attempt a complete remodelling. Later, and more especially quite recently, “Idomeneo” has been given from time to time on different stages, without exciting as much interest in the general public as the better-known works of Mozart; the judgment of connoisseurs, on the other hand, has always distinguished it. Both phenomena are comprehensible on a close examination of the distinctive features of the work.

Ulibicheff remarks with great justice that it is easy to distinguish in “Idomeneo” where Mozart has still clung to the formulas of the opera seria, where he strives to imitate Gluck and the French opera, and where he gives free play to his own independent impulses as an artist. These indications are, of course, not to be met with accurately marked out in the different pieces, Mozart’s individuality, in the perfection to which it had now attained, being throughout the very pith of the work.

We have seen that the libretto unites the characteristics of Italian and French opera as far as style is concerned, but that the determining element is the Italian style. We have seen further that the singers, with the exception of the two female characters, belonged to the Italian school, which fact tended to the maintenance of Italian form.

It might therefore be expected that Mozart, especially in the songs, should set out from the traditional forms, and only attempt to modify them as far as was possible. But the influence of the French original on the opera lay deeper than this, and was impressed on its poetry, language, and

nationality, Italian as these all were in external form. Let us consider the songs. The effort is evident to give a more individual expression to the sentiment arising from the dramatic situation than was usual even with Metastasio; but the form and construction are only modified, and have retained the specific character of Italian poetry. The rhetoric differs altogether from the rhetoric of French poetry. Indirectly, too, language by its rhythm and accent affects musical construction, and the distinctions between the Italian and French language are strikingly apparent, not only in the recitatives, which are governed by the musical character of the language, but in the formation of the melodies, where language must be taken into account as an essential element. But deepest of all lies the difference in the conceptions and ideas of the two nations. The emotions and passions of different nations vary not only in intensity but in mode of expression, and where a truly national art has developed itself this special character is stamped on all its productions. The Italians express their feelings vividly and accent them strongly, and not only so, but their instinctive love of formula calls forth sharply defined characterisation and favours typical developments, as is shown, for instance, in their singularly perfect talent for pantomimic representations. This tendency has had a marked influence on the development of music, particularly of dramatic music, in Italy. It still bears a national character, which is not only stamped on it in certain forms and turns of expression, but which is the artistic expression of emotions springing from the very nature of the people. Whoever has heard Italian music performed both by Italian and German singers will readily be convinced that the difference rests not only on style and method, but still more essentially on the peculiarities of the Italian national character. It should not therefore be matter for surprise that music which to Germans appears false or unnatural should make a much deeper impression on Italians than the merely sensual one which strikes the ear.

Mozart's "Idomeneo" bears this distinctive Italian colouring, as do all his Italian operas, not only in the employment of Italian technicalities and mechanism, but in the living breath and fragrance which nothing but an absorption into the national spirit could bestow. Even as a boy he displayed a delicate sense of national distinctions, when in "Bastien und Baitienne" and the "Finta Semplice" he defined so sharply the limits of German vaudeville and of opera buffa. If "Zaide" is compared with "Idomeneo," the fundamental distinctions of conception and style are not less definitely marked; and the same was the case later in the "Entführung" and the "Zauberflote," in "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Cosi fan Tutte," and "Tito." To give only one example: one of the most beautiful and affecting scenes that Mozart ever wrote is that in which Idomeneo, at the request of the high priest, indicates his son as the sacrifice demanded by the gods, and all the people break out into lamentations; and yet this chorus (24) is a most unmistakable instance of the Italian form and style. Places like "Giä régna la morte" appear typical of similar modes of expression which occur so frequently in Italian operas. But the Italian mould in which Mozart's work is cast, and on which the harmony of the whole depends, is not consciously put forward as a national colouring. It proceeds from such an intimate acquaintance with the Italian style as was then considered the proper foundation for musical studies, and was only possible so long as Italian music bore actual sway in German churches and theatres, and found no contradiction in the national consciousness. This sway was undisputed in South Germany during Mozart's youth and period of artistic development. The musical atmosphere in which he grew up, the elements of culture which were offered to him, were thoroughly Italian; and Italian conceptions and fashions had become second nature to him as to all other German artists who took part in the development of Italian opera during the last century.

The relation in which an artistic genius stands to his time and nation is difficult to grasp. Far from shunning the influences of either, his genius displays itself in his power of representing their significant features and tendencies with force and vigour, amounting even to one-sidedness; and then again it sets itself in opposition to them, and struggles until it rules and determines them anew. It would be a hard task indeed to fathom the nature of an artist to that point where the threads of his personal powers and proclivities, and those of the cultivation of his time and nation, are so interwoven that they appear as the root of his artistic individuality; we must be content with tracing onward the path of his development.

Although Mozart's training had so imbued him with the spirit of Italian music that its essence appeared to him as the essence of music itself, yet he transformed the elements which he had so absorbed with the whole force of his individuality. He did not consciously adopt them as national, neither did he oppose them from motives of patriotism, and seek to substitute a German style. His individuality joined issue with the elements of an art ready to hand in full development, and produced works of art which were genuinely Italian, and also genuinely Mozart. The fresh new life which had awakened in German poetry, and which first caused a consciousness of national existence to show itself in the realm of art, touched Mozart at a time when his musical education was already firmly grounded. He could therefore without self-contradiction continue along the trodden path, and carry on the development of the Italian opera as a settled form of art, which he had made his own in the truest sense. But the impulse of German art laid hold, as we shall see, of his innermost being, and gave him clear consciousness of his capabilities as a German artist. Granted that the German element of his nature — with which he could never dispense — remained latent and inactive while he appropriated Italian art as his own, yet all that he so took was treated as his own free property and turned to account with German

thought and feeling. While thus the German school of music was partly founded, partly endued with new life by him, he brought Italian opera to a climax as far as its universal application was concerned; after Mozart it becomes more exclusively national. Like every genius who has made his mark in the history of art, he casts his glance over the past as well as into the future. To him it was given to concentrate the living elements of Italian music into works of mature perfection in art, and, setting to work with freshly tempered force, to turn to account the youthful impulses of German music, and lead them towards the goal of artistic freedom and beauty.

Thus, in Idomeneo we recognise the genuinely Italian character of the opera seria, brought to its highest perfection by the force of Mozart's perfectly cultivated individuality; but in details we still perceive the ascendency of traditional form, to which the artist was obliged to yield.

It is most unmistakably present in the two songs allotted to Arbace. The part of confidant was intended both musically and dramatically as a stop-gap; it served as a foil for the more important characters, and was a principal adjunct in the production of that *chiaroscuro* which was considered as essential to scenic effect. On this account Arbace's two songs (11, 22) are not woven into the dramatic web of the opera either in words or music. Some concessions were doubtless made to Panzacchi, a clever and accomplished singer of the old school, and there is no lack of runs, jumps, and similar feats for display of execution. The songs follow the old fashion in other ways also (except that they have only one tempo, and a structure modified accordingly), as, for instance, in the introduction of cadenzas; a very long ritornello of the second song is afterwards shortened at both ends. But in order to give them some musical interest, the accompaniment, although weak in instrumentation, is carefully worked out in counterpoint, especially in the second song. The preceding accompanied recitative, in

composing which Mozart plainly had Panzacchi in view, is fine and expressive.

Dal Prato also, for whom the part of Idamante was intended, had only the knowledge of an Italian singer, and that in no considerable degree. Mozart was again, therefore, fettered by tradition, and could venture little to render the song more original and lifelike. In all the three songs for this character (3, 8, 27), the old type is clearly to be recognised. The first, if the singer had had a powerful execution, which he avowedly had not, would probably have been an ordinary bravura song; it has the general plan of one, but is without bravura passages. The emphasis is laid on the accompaniment, which is independent and interesting throughout; the constant use of the wind instruments supplies it with fine sound effects. The frequent changes of time, the construction of the song being in all other respects very regular, is intended to give animation to the expression. The second air is shorter, to suit the situation, more lively and energetic in expression, but equally dependent on the accompaniment for originality and interest. The third adheres to the old form by the introduction of a slow middle movement (Larghetto 3-4) and the accompaniment is simpler; but the song as a whole is conciser than was the fashion formerly.

Raaff's advanced age would have prevented his satisfying any very great expectations; but he was also, as Mozart complained, "so wedded to his old jog-trot ideas that it was enough to drive one crazy." He was obliged therefore in the very important part of Idomeneo to submit to much that was against his convictions and inclinations. But Raaff was an accomplished and sensible singer, from whom much could be looked for in respect of delivery and expression. His first air (6) vividly expresses deep and painful feeling in two tolerably short and precise movements, an andantino sostenuto 3-4, and allegro di molto (5); it is dramatically quite in its place, and gives opportunity to the singer to display a well-trained voice. The detached,

sharply defined motifs, united by interludes, remind us of the old style, but they are very cleverly arranged and carried out, and the treatment of the wind instruments gives a splendidly sonorous and yet subdued effect to the orchestra, which was then quite novel, and must have been remarkably impressive. The second air (13) is a long bravura song in one movement (allegro maestoso) in the grand style. Mozart calls it “the most splendid song” of the opera; and protests vigorously against the idea that it was not written “for the words”; but more was demanded from the singer than Raaff was able to give. It has the proper heroic character of the opera seria, and affords opportunity for the display of vocal art in sustained passages, long notes, and bravura passages. The last are completely obsolete; but Mozart was right to think well of the song; it is full of expression and character, interesting through its rich and brilliant accompaniment, and containing, especially in the middle movement, surprising beauties of harmony. How striking and expressive is, for instance, this harmonic transition: —

The third air (30), which Mozart endeavoured to write to please his old friend, is on that very account quite after the old pattern; it has great resemblance to the song which Mozart had so accurately fitted to Raaff at Mannheim (p. 408). The chief movement is a broadly sustained adagio, simple and noble in tone, and giving opportunity to the singer to display sustained singing, the effect of which is enhanced by a figured accompaniment, shared between the strings and the wind instruments; the middle movement, allegretto 3-8, is of less importance. A sketch which has been preserved of this song affords a good example of Mozart’s method of work; the ritornellos, the voice and the bass are all fully noted. Probably he submitted the sketch to Raaff before elaborating the song; it coincides in all but a few unimportant alterations with the later elaboration. He wished at first to compose the words of the middle movement in the same time and

measure as the first movement; after four bars, however, which he erased, he wrote the middle movement as it at present stands.

In spite of the restrictions laid upon him in this far from inconsiderable part of the opera, Mozart's progress since the "Re Pastore" is very marked. What we now find is not the struggle of youthful genius against obsolete and hampering forms, but a conscious compliance with them, on definite grounds, by means of which the composer strives to extract all the good possible from his unfavourable circumstances, and knows exactly how far he can go. It is difficult, however, now that the tradition of these forms is wholly lost, to decide with certainty how much is due to the insensible effect of custom, and how much to the conscious labour of the artist. Those pieces in which Mozart could act without control make an entirely different impression.

To these belong the parts of Ilia and Electra. Bravura has a decided place in the conception of the latter, but with an individual colouring of passion which Mozart has made free use of as the characterising element. The two great airs (5, 29) are the vivid expression of a glowing impulsive nature, which is raised by an admixture of haughty dignity above that vulgarity into which violent outbreaks of jealousy and revenge so readily fall. In spite of the text, which puts the traditional bombastic pathos into the mouth of Electra (29) —

D' Oreste, d' Ajace Ho in seno i tormenti,
D' Aletto la face Giä morte mi dä.
Squarciatemi il core Ceraste, serpenti!

the composer has succeeded in infusing character and individuality into the song.

The two songs are allied in subject, but their treatment is different. While in the first passion ferments, as it were, and breaks forth in separate bursts, the second is a continuous stream of wild rage, and calls for the more

particular employment of the higher notes of the voice. Purely executive display is not sought after, with the exception of one passage going up to C in alt, and very expressive, if well sung, but a passionate, well-declaimed delivery is taken for granted throughout. Occasionally the voice part is more declamatory than melodious, and the effect is provided for by a rapid succession of striking harmonies. How wonderfully affecting, for instance, is the passionate outcry: —

The orchestra has an altogether novel function as a means of musical characterisation. It goes its independent way side by side with the voice, interesting by virtue of the singular vitality of its accompanying passages and its own motifs, and its masterly tone-colouring gives body and force to the whole composition. In the first air all is restless motion — we have the flutes in broken chords, flashes of sound like lightning from the wind instruments, and only at certain points are the forces united into a concentrated expression of emotion. How striking, again, is the effect in the last song when, after the long torturing shake passage for the violins, the united orchestra bursts forth into a very transport of revengeful feeling.

Electra's middle song (14) is in strong contrast to the passionate outbursts of the other two; here her happy love seems to fill her very being. She breathes forth a calm serenity and tender sweetness, as if there could be no place in her heart for jealousy and revenge. The voice part with the exception of one ornamental passage resembling the string quartet accompaniment, is very simple; rightly delivered the expression of satisfied affection will be found quite in accord with Electra's character.

In the character of Ilia, Mozart has followed his natural bent; it is full of sentiment, tender and graceful, without any violent passion. It was played by the excellent actress and singer, Dorothea Wendling; here Mozart had free scope, and in her songs (2, 12, 19) we find the finest expression of his manner as an artist. In the first air (2) we find the simplest means lying

ready to hand employed to give dramatic effect; such, for instance, is the alternation of major and minor key for the principal subject, the climax produced by its repetition, the different ways in which the exclamation “Grecia!” is treated, &c. Not only are we affected by the charm of beautiful and graceful ideas, but the expedients of formal construction become the natural expression of the innermost feelings of the heart. The second air (12) is a cavatina, having two verses repeated with trifling alterations, and accompanied by four obbligato wind instruments, viz.: flute, oboe, horn, and bassoon, Besides the string quartet. Mozart’s old Mannheim friends, wendling, Ramm, Lang, and Ritter were together again, and he was delighted to write a piece that should do honour to them and to him.

There can be no question as to his success. The first impression is one of the purest melody, filling the musical listener with perfect satisfaction. A nearer examination shows as much to admire in the simplicity of the artistic structure (the symmetry of which in reading the score is displayed as it were on a ground plan) and in the delicate use of sound effects, as in the tenderness and grace of the conception. Let us consider the situation. Ilia comes to thank Idomeneo for the kindness which she, as a captive, has received in Crete. She is embarrassed by the remembrance that she has lost her father and her fatherland, that Idomeneo is her ruler, and the father of Idamante, and, more than all, by the consciousness of her love for Idamante; and yet this very love sheds for her a rosy light on all around.

She begins, then, with a composed, almost reverential address, and as her feelings grow more intense, the remembrance of her sorrows returns; but all gives way to the one feeling: “or gioja e contento,” in which she altogether loses herself. Such a combination of different elements into a harmonious whole constitutes a true work of art, and it must needs be found beautiful as long as the principles of music remain what they are. The situation of the last air (19) is less striking; it is the longing sigh of a deserted lover; but the

main features of Ilia’s character have already been so clearly defined that her singular charm is as indelibly impressed here as elsewhere. It is only necessary to compare the air (14), in which Electra expresses her tenderest feelings, to perceive how the essential distinctions between the two women are characterised by the music.

The duet for the two lovers (20 b) is interesting and pleasing, but not very striking; in form and change of tempo, as well as in conception and treatment, it adheres to the old-established custom of making a love duet light and graceful. It proceeds in unbroken movement and precise form throughout, and there is no true bravura.

The terzet (17) is more striking, noble, and simple, and of fine musical effect, but the dramatic situation is not brought to expression in the full energy of which it is capable. It is certainly placed with design between a succession of pleasing situations and of more agitated ones; its calm and earnest mood fitly concludes what has gone before and prepares the mind for what is to follow, without unduly diminishing the effect of surprise. In the situation, as here presented, the three characters are all in a depressed and anxious mood, which restrains any lively outburst of emotion, and justifies the moderation of the musical rendering.

The quartet (21) takes a higher place as regards invention and characterisation; Mozart himself preferred it, and rejected any interference from the singers in its composition as decidedly as he gave way to them in the songs. It is not an easy task to write a quartet for three sopranos and a tenor, but Mozart’s accurate knowledge of the capabilities of the voices, and his skilful combinations, enabled him to command the most original and beautiful sound effects. We must admire, too, his genius in marking out a distinct plan, within the limits of which he moves at his ease, and in giving sharp touches of character without disturbing the unity of the piece.

Ilia and Idamante stand in natural contrast to Idomeneo and Electra, and each individual is accurately characterised. This is most apparent where they all sing together, and gives life and significance to the music. Besides the independent treatment of the voices, the quartet is especially distinguished by harmonic beauties of an uncommon kind, and undeniably belongs to Mozart's finest performances. His wife relates that once, when singing in this quartet, he was so deeply affected that he was obliged to desist, and for a long time would not look at the composition again. The conclusion is original and appropriate. Idamante's commencement is that of a man who has made up his mind: "André ramingo e solo," however, dies away with the words "morte cercando" into gloomy meditations. At the close he again announces, "Andrò ramingo e solo," and leaves the scene while the orchestra continues to express gloom and sadness, dying away gradually into silence.

The chorus forms a principal feature of "Idomeneo." There is an important difference, however, between those choruses which actually belong to the plot and express the meaning of the situation with emphasis, and those which are only superficially connected with the plot, and serve principally for ornament. These last are mostly in connection with the ballet, and should be placed side by side with the ballet music. Such are the first chorus (4), during which the Trojan captives are loosed from their fetters, the closing chorus during Idamante's coronation, and most especially the chorus at the end of the first act (10), in which we should not fail to recognise dance music, even without the superscription "Ciaconna" and the express indication of the libretto. The orchestra has a more independent part here than in the two other choruses. The character of them all is fresh and cheerful; as with a man rejoicing in the fulness of his health and strength, everything is stirring and full of sound and bustle, so it is with these choruses, which, without any striking qualities, are thoroughly

effective where they stand. The charming chorus previous to the embarkation of Electra and Idamante is more characteristic, and seems to mirror the cheerful heavens and the calm sea, together with Electra's happy frame of mind. Very happy in expression are the verses which Electra sings between the choruses — simple, clear, and full of grace and delicacy.

But the remaining choruses, which are more properly dramatic, are incomparably more important, grand, and earnest. The first (5), representing the shipwreck of "Idomeneo," is a double chorus for male voices. One chorus in the distance is in four parts — the other, nearer, is in two parts; the former is mostly in unison, the latter imitative; each chorus is complete in itself, and quite independent of the other, but the two together form an artistic, clearly apprehended whole. The orchestra contrasts with it as a solid mass, the stringed instruments belonging more especially to the second, and the wind instruments to the first chorus. It falls to the orchestra to depict the storm, and there are plenty of chromatic scales for the purpose, but the effect depends chiefly on bold and forcible harmonies. How little Mozart shunned difficulties and obstacles may be proved by several parts of this scene, the following passage among others: —

Still more powerful are the choruses which close the second act. Again there arises a storm, the sea-monster appears, and horror seizes the people. While the orchestra is in constant agitation, the chorus interposes *en masse*, partly in full chords, partly in effective unison. The succession of striking harmonies reaches its height in the four-times repeated question "il reo quai è?" which closes with a pause on a dissonant chord, repeated, like an echo, by all the wind instruments. Such a magnificent and agitating effect as is attained by this concentration into one point of every musical expedient, without overstepping the boundaries of the beautiful, had scarcely been heard in any opera, and Mozart himself never surpassed it. The concluding

chorus, which follows an accompanied recitative for Idomeneo, is of an entirely different character, expressive of a flight, winged by fear and horror. The 12-8 time, seldom used by Mozart, is suited to the expression of haste and agitation, and so also is the generally independent and partially imitative treatment of the voices. They only unite sometimes into an outcry of horror, otherwise they make detached exclamations, and each goes his way in hurried confusion until all are dispersed.

The chorus in the third act (24) expresses a totally different sentiment in equally grand style. When, after the effective appeal of the High Priest, Idomeneo discloses his obligation to sacrifice his son, the people, still discontented and murmuring, are struck with grief and horror. The intensity and almost over-wealth of beauty with which these emotions are expressed give the music, as we have already remarked, the national stamp of the Italian opera. We may learn from this chorus how in a true work of art the universal emotions of the human heart may be blended with the peculiarities of national and individual life and transported into the realm of pure art. The effect of unison at the words “giä régna la morte,” expressing the depressed murmur of the people, is wonderfully fine; the chromatic triplet passage of the accompaniment seeks meanwhile in vain to raise the fainting spirits higher. This motif passes finely into the calm confidence of the High Priest’s prayer, and the touchingly beautiful orchestral conclusion lets a ray of light on to this dispirited mood. But the climax has not yet reached its highest point. After a simple but wonderfully effective march, there follows a prayer for Idomeneo and the Priest which is a complete masterpiece, whether we consider its truthful expression of emotion, its rich and original orchestral accompaniment, or the combination in it of the various elements which produce the total effect. We can here merely indicate the short chorus of priests, which remains in unison in the one key of C, while the instruments (the strings *pizzicato* in a harplike movement,

the wind instruments in characteristic passages) proceed in varied harmonies from C minor to F major, whereupon the voices sink to F and keep this key, while the orchestra gives out the solemn and quieting chords of the so-called church ending (B minor, F major).

It is much to be regretted that after this chorus the opera follows the usual course of opera seria, and leaves important dramatic situations unused for the purposes of musical representation. If, according to the original design, the remaining chief situations had been wrought together into a duet for Ilia and Idamante and a quartet, we should then possess masterpieces of grand dramatic music at the close of the opera; instead of this separate songs have been detached from their context in order to satisfy the singers.

The grandiose and free treatment of the choruses, both in the voice parts and the accompaniments, places them almost on a level with those of "König Thamos"; but a more condensed and pregnant style of music was required in the opera than in "König Thamos," where the connection with the drama was loose and superficial. Mindful of this consideration, Mozart, while giving the choruses free scope for musical execution, never allows them to stand independent of and apart from the words.

A reminiscence of French opera is evident in the treatment of the recitatives as well as in the important part allotted to the chorus. The groundwork of the dialogue is, as usual, in secco recitative, but accompanied recitative is more often employed as introductory to the songs than formerly, and it is also made use of as the most fitting vehicle for passionate or agitated soliloquies, such as that of Idomeneo after the appearance of the monster (18), or for solemn and pathetic appeals, such as that of the High Priest (22); also at different points of the dialogue where the sentiment rises above the tone of ordinary speech, the accompanied recitative interrupts the secco for a longer or shorter interval, and gives the dialogue increased power and animation. The treatment of this kind of

recitative is always free. It passes from sharply accented declamation into more or less elaborate melodious song. In the same way the orchestra sometimes serves simply as supporting accompaniment, sometimes suggests in an interlude or carries out more fully the expression of feeling excited by the words. A truly inexhaustible wealth of striking and, from many points of view, interesting features and beautiful motifs displays itself in these recitatives. Very fine, for instance, is the anticipation in Electra's recitative (p. 171, score) of the principal subject of the following song. How suggestive it is when Idomeneo, Ilia having just left him, expresses the conviction that she loves Idamante, in the characteristic motif of her song, by which doubtless she has betrayed her love, weaving it in the most striking manner into the interlude of his soliloquy! (p. 146, score). The variety and wealth of harmonic transitions in these recitatives is astonishing. Mozart's originality is displayed by the way in which he gathers to a point the scattered and fugitive emotions of the various parts, so as to form a consistent whole. There is not a note which stands alone, every separate touch becomes for him a motif, capable of further development, and each in its own measure contributes to express the situation; the subjects are not strung upon a thread, they are moulded into a homogeneous entity. The effect of the melodrama lingers in the dramatic character of the instrumental interludes, which is sharply emphasised by the great variety of orchestral tone-colouring. An example of such character-painting is afforded by the prelude to the High Priest's recitative (23), which is in close connection with the scene which is being enacted on the stage. It begins maestoso, with a rapid flourish of trumpets, drums, and horns — the King enters with his followers; then a largo (of two bars length), stringed instruments and bassoons; the priests enter; finally an agitated passage for the violins; the people throng tumultuously upon the stage. Then also we have not only the stringed quartet, with occasional use of one or other wind

instrument, in the recitatives, but, wherever it seems advisable the whole orchestra is employed; the wind instruments serving to accent and light up the most varied combinations.

This brings us to one of the most remarkable features of “Idomeneo,” which at the time rendered the work a true phenomenon, and which even now excites admiration and appears worthy of study: the treatment of the orchestra. It was to be expected that Mozart, having at his disposal a well-appointed and excellently trained orchestra, would develop with partiality the instrumental side of his great work. In point of fact, the orchestral portions of “Idomeneo” are richer, more brilliant, and more carefully carried out, even to the smallest details, than was ever again the case in his later works. The composition of the orchestra is quite the same as that which he employed in after-times, except that he occasionally has four horns, as on some former occasions (Vol. I., p. 304; II., p. 86), but not in Vienna. He disposed freely of all the forces at his command, not contenting himself any longer with accentuating different parts by means of richer instrumentation, but maintaining throughout a more brilliant and forcible instrumental colouring, and allowing the choice and use of means to be determined only by the particular subject which was to be represented. In this manner he kept himself within the bounds of moderation, and reserved certain resources for definite effects; for instance, flutes are employed only in the storm (18), trombones only for the oracle (28). In the choruses to “König Thamos,” on the contrary, the trombones are in frequent use, as they were later with similar effect in the “Zauberflöte.” So decidedly had Mozart even at that time fixed the character of this instrument. But he was particularly careful so to distribute his effects that the ear should never be either over-excited or over-fatigued. For instance, in the two storm scenes (5, 18) there are no trumpets and drums; they first occur in the flight scene, which is quite different in character; and again in the dance choruses (10, 32), when

festive brilliancy is required; also in the mourning chorus, where they are muffled, which modifies the effect in a very original manner. These observations might advantageously be carried into detail; but it will suffice here to point out that Mozart's moderation in the use of his instrumental forces, any unusual enrichment being more easily perceived in this quarter than in any other, arises neither from meagreness of invention nor from a calculated singularity, but that he adopts it with clear views and firm control of his own powers. Mozart has in "Idomeneo" laid the foundation of all modern instrumentation, which has since only been developed in detail, unhappily over-developed and perverted. But the most delicate perception of material sound effect can only produce superficial results; it should serve merely as a cooperating element in true artistic production. The instruments in the hands of an artist are only transmitters of the musical idea in its fixed construction and embodiment, and the same loving care which the master displays over harmonious and thematic elaboration or characteristic expression appears in his efforts to work on the senses of his hearers by means of beautiful orchestral effects. But, although the orchestra is perfectly independent, it must not be forgotten that it works side by side with the voices, serving as foreground and background for them, and never made so prominent as to cause the voices to appear only like the accessories in a landscape.

Three marches are characteristic, each in its own way. The first (9) is a brilliant festival march, belonging by its style to the ballet which follows; the second (15), which is introduced in the charming way already noticed, is mainly effective by its gradual approach, new instruments falling in at each repetition and adding to its force and tone-colouring. At first the trumpets and drums are muted, as in the concluding chorus in "König Thamos." The simplest and most beautiful of the marches is the third (25), which fills a necessary pause in the scenic arrangements, but which is full of beautiful

expression. The employment of the violoncellos is very original; they go for the most part with the double-basses, but two octaves higher, which produces an excellent effect.

The music to the ballet may most fitly be noticed here. It consists of the following numbers: —

1. Chaconne (D major), “Pas de deux de Madame Hartig et M. Antoine,” “Pas de seul de Madame Falgera,” an elaborate movement, with which is connected an equally elaborate Larghetto (B flat major). “Pas de seul pour Madame Hartig.” To a tolerably long Annonce succeeds the Chaconne “pour le Ballet,” partly repeated, and concluding with a *crescendo*.

2. “Pas de seul de M. Le Grand” (D major). This begins with a pathetic Intrade (Largo) leading to a neat and compact Allegretto, which was omitted in performance. This is followed by a very animated Più allegro, and concluded by another Più allegro “pour le Ballet,” with a twice-repeated triplet passage in long-drawn *crescendo* rising from *pp* to *ff*. intensified by suspensions, and which is enough to make one giddy.

3. Passepied (B flat major) “pour Madame Redwen,” short and simple, but very neat and graceful, and quite in dance form.

4. Gavotte (G major), not elaborated, delicate and graceful; a very good effect is produced by the simple imitation of the violoncello, which is carried out in harmony in the third part.

5. Passecaille (E flat major). This piece was intended for further elaboration with a Pas de seul “for M. Antoine,” and a Pas de deux (Madame Falgera et M. Le Grand), but it was considered too long. Mozart only planned two longer portions without completing them, and in performance the whole Pas de deux was omitted.

The traditional style of the different dances, as they are known to us from the suites of Handel and Bach, has been preserved in their rhythmical

structure, and also in other characteristics; the Passepied, for instance, would have its own place in every suite, and so also would the Gavotte.

Besides this, the whole of the ballet music in “Idomeneo” is similar to corresponding movements in the opera, fresh, melodious, and appropriate throughout. But it is easy to see that Mozart was aware that the delicate details and the orchestral treatment that are present throughout the opera would not be in place here. It is true that he has done justice to himself in the free and flowing arrangement of parts and the animated grouping of the instruments, and true also that delicate harmonious transitions constantly betray the hand of a master; but he was well aware that he must depend chiefly for light and shade on sharp pregnant rhythm and strong emphasis. With this view, trumpets and drums are not spared, but the orchestra, with the exception of some separate strong strokes, is seldom used en masse; there are few attempts after peculiar effects through unusual instrumental combinations, and only in the Gavotte does a solo violoncello occur, and that in very modest fashion. The influence of the ballet-master is apparent from the fact that there are many more erasures and alterations in this than in any other part of the opera.

In the overture, a magnificent piece, Mozart altogether abandoned the old forms. It is in one lively movement, and maintains its character as an introduction by not coming to a proper conclusion, but passing immediately into the first scene. A certain typical tone of heroic solemnity is heard in the first bars, and reiterated more than once afterwards; but the whole is governed by a severe earnestness, expressed by the frequent occurrence of the minor key, and by the strong but beautiful dissonances. The middle subject, on the contrary, begins a gentle plaint in A minor, which is calmed and relieved by the wonderfully beautiful introduction of the key of C major, enhanced in effect by variety of tone-colouring.

If we gather together the results of our observations of “Idomeneo,” we cannot fail to discern in it the work of a master who has arrived at the maturity of his powers while still in the full bloom of youth. It was only his submission to those restraints which seemed unavoidable, which prevented his freeing the opera seria from the conventionalities which formed, indeed, no essential part of its being. Even had he succeeded in doing so, it would have involved no renunciation of its national character, which, as we have seen, in no way fettered Mozart’s individuality. But, since in the improvements he made he was indebted to French opera, and especially to Gluck, the question arises how much, and in what way, Mozart had learnt from the great Parisian master. It is not merely unquestionable that Gluck exerted a general influence over Mozart’s opinions and tendencies, but the traces of a close study of his works, and especially of “Alceste,” may be easily discovered. He had been present as a boy at the first representation of “Alceste.” Its influence is apparent in many details, such as the harmonic treatment of the oracle, and the use of sustained chords for the horns and trombones in the accompaniment to the appeal of the High Priest. The march in “Alceste” has served as a model for the style, if not for the execution, of the last march in “Idomeneo.” The High Priest’s soliloquy is altogether analogous in plan and treatment to that of Gluck’s High Priest; again, the recurring subject of the interlude — reminds us of the corresponding one in “Alceste” — and other similarities may be detected. More important is the similarity of dramatic style, which is especially evident in the treatment of the recitatives, and in the share taken by the orchestra in the characterisation. But that Mozart learnt from Gluck only as one master learns from another, and that he turned his borrowed pound to rich account, it needs but a closer consideration of these details, as well as of the whole work, to make plain. We must not underrate the wholesome and powerful effect which grand and important works must have made upon

him, and the enlightenment and correction of his views as to the nature of the opera thereby obtained. But we must also remember that Mozart received these impressions and this instruction into a nature self-dependent and productive, and that his artistic cultivation enabled him to appropriate only what was in accordance with his nature. Gluck sets aside the fixed expressions of operatic form as far as is practicable, in order to gain perfect freedom of dramatic action; Mozart, on the other hand, strives to spare these forms, and so to mould and develop them that they may themselves serve as vehicles for dramatic expression. This he does not because he clings to what is old and established, but with the just perception that these forms contain an essential element of artistic construction which is capable of development. Mozart never seeks, as Gluck did, to forget that he is a musician; on the contrary, he remembers it at every point of his artistic production, and could not ignore the fact if he would. In opposition to the one-sided requirements of dramatic characterisation, he falls back upon the principles of musical construction, which are far from contradicting such requirements, and are in fact the higher power which establishes them. On these grounds we assert that Mozart's creative power in music (to which we must first turn our glance in judging an artist) was more universal and deeper than that of Gluck; that he surpassed him in artistic cultivation and discipline will be doubted by no one who compares the technical work, the disposition of the orchestra, &c., in "Idomeneo" with Gluck's operas. This judgment does not exclude the fact that some of Gluck's performances as an artist are not only grand and striking, but surpass kindred works by Mozart. But if the laws and nature of art are once perceived, a more certain rule is provided for the judgment of the work of art as well as of the artist; and here Mozart may bear away the palm.

Mozart's leave of absence was not extorted from the Archbishop without difficulty, and it was limited to six weeks.

The better satisfied he became with his life in Munich, where he found friends, appreciation, and enlightenment, the more appalling grew the prospect of returning to Salzburg, and he was in terror lest the Archbishop should recall him even before the performance of the opera. With this idea he writes to his father (December 16, 1780): —

À propos! how about the Archbishop? Next Monday I shall have been absent from Salzburg for six weeks. You know, my dear father, that it is only for love of you that I remain in Salzburg, for, by heaven! if it rested with me I would have torn up the agreement and resigned my appointment before I left home this time. It is not Salzburg, but the prince and the proud nobility who become more insupportable to me every day. I should hail with delight a letter informing me that he no longer needed my services. The patronage I have here would assure me of present and future means of support, without taking into account the chances by death, which none ought to count upon, but which is no bad friend to a man in search of employment. But anything in the world to please you — and it would come all the easier to me if I could get away now and then for a little to take breath. You know how hard it was to get away this time, and that without some great cause there is no possibility of it again. Come to Munich and hear my opera, and then tell me if I am wrong to feel unhappy when I think of Salzburg.

His father seeks to reassure him as to the leave of absence (December 25, 1780): —

As regards the six weeks, I have decided not to take any steps in the matter, but if I hear anything on the subject I shall certainly answer that we understood you were to remain in Munich six weeks after the composition of the opera, for its rehearsal and production, but that I could not imagine

that his highness would suppose that such an opera could be composed, copied, and performed in six weeks, &c.

It would not, however, have been a matter of regret to L. Mozart if Wolfgang could have met with a good situation in Munich. Wolfgang himself had been rendered full of hope from the gracious reception of the Elector, and wrote to his father that if he succeeded in settling in Munich, he (the father) must not long remain in Salzburg, but must follow him thither. He was very anxious to demonstrate in Munich that he could write other things besides operas, and he turned his church music to account. With this object he wrote to his father (November 13, 1780): —

Be so kind as to send me the scores of the two Masses that I have at home, and also the Mass in B flat major (275 K.), for Count Seeau has promised to speak of them to the Elector. I should like to make myself known in this style. I have just heard a Mass by Grua (kapellmeister in 1779, died 1826); it would be easy to compose half-a-dozen a day of that kind of thing.

Mozart also appears to have tried to win favour with the Elector by a new church composition; at least a grand Kyrie in D minor (341 K.), judging by the character of the composition and the distribution of the orchestra, can only have been written during this stay in Munich. The orchestra consists of the usual string quartet, and in addition two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns (in D and F), two trumpets, and drums; there is no grouping of the kind that is found in “Idomeneo.” Whether this is a fragment of a Mass which was never completed, or whether it was intended for insertion in another work, cannot now be decided. It is tolerably long, but elaborated without much thematic treatment, the elements of the construction and flow being more rhythmical and harmonic, and taking their principal charm from the independent and

richly elaborated orchestral accompaniment. Among Mozart's sacred compositions his Kyries are specially distinguished by an originality of tone-colouring and peculiarly melodious treatment, which are extremely well suited to the melancholy tone of the movement before us. Much of it points to the Requiem, and opens the door to conjecture as to the path which Mozart would have pursued had he devoted himself specially to church music.

Another great work, apparently written for the Munich Kapelle, is a grand serenata for wind instruments (361 K.), with the date 1780, which he must have taken with him, since he would hardly have undertaken so important a work while engaged on "Idomeneo." The serenata is for two oboes, two clarinets, two viols, four horns, two bassoons, violoncello, and double-bass. The instruments, and the task appointed for them, point rather to the Munich orchestra than to that of Salzburg. Compositions for wind instruments alone, called Harmonie-Musik, were then much in favour, and Mozart may have wished to recommend himself by producing an important piece of the kind, which would place the performances of the band in a brilliant light.

In form the serenata resembles those written for the complete orchestra. It begins with a solemn Largo, which serves as introduction to a Molto allegro, worked out very like the first movement of a symphony. This is followed by a Minuet with two trios, than a broadly planned Adagio, and again a Minuet with three trios. To this is joined a Romanze (adagio), simple and lyrical, in two parts, interrupted by an Allegretto leading again to the Adagio, which is repeated and concluded by a coda. Then comes an Andante with six variations, and the finale, consisting of a cheerful Rondo. It is no easy task to write such a succession of pieces for wind instruments, for the tone-colouring, although striking and agreeable, must be moderately and carefully treated. People were certainly more accustomed to this kind of

music at the time, but even at the present day the serenata does not produce a sense of fatigue. It has an interest as a proof of the minute study which Mozart bestowed on all instrumental forces, whereby he acquired that complete mastery of the orchestra which is displayed in “Idomeneo.”

But the work has a higher significance than that of a mere study of instrumentation, as is shown by the admiration it has excited in many places quite recently. The charm of the composition depends greatly upon the certainty with which the peculiar style of each instrument is made use of; but this forms only one side of the artistic construction of the idea, and the full force and beauty of the instrumental effects are only perceived when they are considered as a means of representing each part of the whole work in its due proportion.

Great delicacy and diversity are shown in the grouping and treatment of the different instruments. The first players naturally undertake the chief parts, the accompaniment falling to the secondary players, but the disposition of parts is so free and independent that the difference is not always apparent. All the movements are well planned and constructed, rich in delicate and interesting touches of harmonic or thematic elaboration, and in general fresh and tuneful.

The crown of them is the Adagio, in which the musical expression of deep and earnest feeling rises to a purity and height which is impossible to the specified representations of certain frames of mind now in fashion. We here attain, by means of artistic catharsis, as Aristotle calls it (*purging, purifying*), to an absolute freedom and satisfaction, which it is granted to man to feel only in the perfect harmony and beauty of art. The means by which this highest of all effects is reached are so simple that a dissection of them would only be a confirmation of the old scripture that the letter killeth and the spirit giveth life.

As long as Mozart was engaged on the composition and study of his opera he had no time for recreation, and his visits were confined to the Cannabich family. After the performance he refreshed himself by entering with his father and sister into the Carnival gaieties, and by cheerful intercourse with his friends. But the latter did not allow him to remain long in idleness. To please his good friend Ramm he wrote a quartet for oboe, violin, tenor, and violoncello (370 K.), obbligato throughout for the oboe, but otherwise easy and light in design and execution. For his patroness the Countess Baumgarten (Vol. II., p. 132) he composed, on March 8, 1781, a concert aria (369 K.), “Misera dove son” (from Metastasio’s “Ezio,” III., 12), which gives a favourable idea of the vocal performances of this lady. It makes no great demands on the compass of the voice or execution, but the recitative and air are both earnest and serious, and require in every respect an excellent delivery. The instrumentation is simple, only flutes and horns being added to the quartet.

Mozart’s longer stay in Munich was rendered possible by the Archbishop’s journey to Vienna, which was probably occasioned by the death of the Empress. He wished to appear with all the pomp of a spiritual prince, and took with him a considerable retinue of courtiers and servants, as well as some of his most distinguished musicians. Wolfgang rejoiced at this fortunate circumstance, and enjoyed himself so much in Munich that he confessed later to his father (May 26, 1781): —

In Munich, it is true, I was a little too gay, but I can assure you on my honour that before the opera was on the boards I went to no theatre and visited no one but Cannabich. I exceeded a little afterwards, I own, but it was through youthful folly. I thought to myself, “Where are you to go to? To Salzburg. Well, then, enjoy yourself while you can!”

His father was full of thought for him even now; he wrote from Munich to Breitkopf (February 12, 1781): —

I have long desired that you should publish some work by my son. You will not, I am sure, judge of him now by the clavier sonatas which he wrote while still a child. You cannot have seen a note of what he has written for some years past, unless it may be the six sonatas for clavier and violin which were engraved at Paris (Vol. I., p. 415). We have allowed very little to appear. You might make the experiment with a couple of symphonies or clavier sonatas, or else with quartets, trios, &c. You should only give us a few copies in return, as I am anxious that you should see my son's manner of work. But do not imagine that I wish to over-persuade you. The thought has frequently occurred to me, because I see so much published and in print that moves me to pity.

Wolfgang did not return to Salzburg. His gay life in Munich was interrupted by a summons from the Archbishop to Vienna. There he accordingly arrived on March 12, and there his destiny was to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER XXIII. RELEASE.

THE summons to Vienna appeared like the fulfilment of Mozart's ardent and long-deferred wish; but his relation to the Archbishop, among whose followers he was obliged to consider himself, was only too well calculated to turn his delight into disappointment. He had apparently the best opportunity of gaining admission to the most distinguished society, and of earning fame and money in a city where music was the prevailing means of entertainment. But the Archbishop, desirous as he was to shine by virtue of the extraordinary performers and composers who were in his service, found equal satisfaction in keeping them constantly in mind that they *were* in his service. It was the custom for princes when they were invited out to be attended by the members of their suite; and the musicians were summoned also to provide music in strange houses. The Archbishop did not hesitate to show off Mozart, as well as Ceccarelli and Brunetti, in this way, as his own private performers; but as often as Mozart found an advantageous opportunity for being heard independently, he refused him permission and treated him in all respects like a servant in his house. It can be imagined how Mozart felt himself aggrieved by such undignified treatment, after the full freedom and recognition of his talents which he had enjoyed in Munich, and within reach of such brilliant successes as he might have had in Vienna. His letters to his father show how he must have longed to throw off his galling chains, and give us a lively picture of his position and feelings: —

Yesterday, March 16 (1781), I arrived, God be praised, quite alone, in a post-chaise, at nine o'clock in the morning.... Now about the Archbishop. I have a charming room in the same house as the Archbishop. Brunetti and Ceccarelli are lodged in another house. *Che distinzione!* My neighbour, Herr von Kleinmayern (Director of the Council), overwhelmed me with

civilities on my arrival. He is really a very pleasant fellow. We dine at twelve midday, a little too early for me, unfortunately. The two valets in attendance, the controller (E. M. Kölnberger), Herr Zezi (the court quartermaster), the confectioner, two cooks, Ceccarelli, Brunetti, and *my littleness* all dine together. The two valets sit at the head of the table, and I have the honour to be placed above the cooks. I can imagine myself in Salzburg. During dinner there is a good deal of coarse silly joking, but not with me, for I do not speak a word but what I am obliged, and that with the greatest circumspection. When I have had my dinner I go my way. There is no evening meal provided, but we each receive three ducats, and that you know goes a long way! The Archbishop is glad enough to glorify himself with his people — takes their services and gives them nothing in return. Yesterday we had music at four o'clock, when at least twenty persons of the high nobility were present. Ceccarelli has already sung at Palfy's (the Archbishop's brother-in-law). To-day we are to go to Prince Gallitzin (the Russian ambassador), who was present yesterday. I shall wait to see if I am paid anything; if not I shall go to the Archbishop and tell him straight out that if he will not allow me to earn anything for myself he must pay me, for that I cannot live on my own money.

L. Mozart, who saw the storm coming, sought to pacify his son by telling him that as the Archbishop had summoned him to Vienna in order to glorify himself by his performances, he would certainly take care to give him opportunities for display; but Wolfgang answers (March 24, 1781): —

You say that the Archbishop's vanity is tickled by having me in his possession; this may be true, but of what use is it to me? It is not a thing to live by. And believe me that he only stands in the way of my preferment. How does he treat me? Herr von Kleinmayern and Boenike (secretary and councillor) have a special table with the illustrious Count Arco; it would be a distinction to sit at this table, instead of being with the valets — who,

when they are not taking the first places at table, light the candles, shut the doors, and remain in the antechambers — and with the cooks! And when we go to a concert anywhere, the valet waits outside until the Salzburgers arrive, and then lets them know by a footman that they have permission to enter. Brunetti told me all this, and I thought as I listened, “Only wait till I come!”

The other day when we went to Prince Gallitzin, Brunetti said to me in his nice way, “Mind you are here at six o’clock this evening, and we will go together to Prince Gallitzin’s: Angelbauer will conduct you. I replied, “Very well; but if I am not here at six punctually, do not wait for me; we shall be sure to meet there. So I purposely went alone, and when I arrived, there stood Monsieur Angelbauer ready to inform Monsieur the footman that he might show me in. But I took not the least notice either of the valet or the footman, but went straight through into the music-room, all the doors being open, and up to the Prince, to whom, after paying my respects, I stood talking for some time. I had quite forgotten Brunetti and Ceccarelli, for they kept out of sight behind the orchestra, and stood leaning against the wall, without venturing a step forward.

The Archbishop also made his musicians play for old Prince Rudolf Colloredo, his father, for which they received five ducats, and the demands he made on Mozart for his own concerts are shown by a letter to the father (April 8, 1781): —

To-day we had a concert (for I am writing at eleven o’clock at night) at which three pieces by me were performed (new ones, of course) — a rondo to a concerto for Brunetti, a sonata with violin accompaniment for myself, which I composed last night between eleven and twelve o’clock; but I had only time to write the accompaniment part for Brunetti, and I played my own part out of my head; and then a rondo for Ceccarelli, which was encored.

For all this he received from the Archbishop, who had at least paid him four ducats for the first concert, nothing at all. This might pass, but shortly afterwards he writes (April 11, 1781): “What makes me half desperate is that the same evening that we had that confounded concert the Countess Thun invited me. Of course I could not go, and who do you think was there? The Emperor! Adamberger and Madame Weigl were there, and each had fifty ducats — and what an opportunity!”

He was right, certainly, in saying that the Archbishop stood in the way of his preferment, for he had very few opportunities for winning fame or success. He renewed his old acquaintance with the Messmer family (pp. 86, 145), with Herr von Auerhammer and his fat daughter, and with the old kapellmeister, Bono. Bono allowed a symphony by Mozart to be rehearsed in his house, which, as he reports (April 11, 1781), went splendidly and was a great success.

“Forty violins played; the wind instruments were all doubled.”

He had no difficulty, either, in gaining admission to the most distinguished musical circles: —

I go this evening (March 24) with Herr von Kleinmayem to one of his friends — the Councillor Braun — who, every one tells me, is a great amateur of the clavier. I have already dined twice with the Countess Thun, and go there almost every day. She is the most charming and amiable woman that I have ever seen, and she thinks a great deal of me. I have also dined with Count Cobenzl (court and state vice-chancellor). My principal object now is to make myself favourably known to the Emperor, for I am determined that he shall know me.

I should like to play through my opera to him, and then some good fugues — that is what he has most taste for. Oh! if I had only known that I was to be in Vienna during Lent, I would have written a little oratorio, and performed it for my own benefit, as is the custom here.

I could easily have written it beforehand, for I know all the voices here. How I should like to give a public concert! but it would not be allowed,

I know for certain; for, just imagine! you know that there is a Society here which gives concerts for the benefit of the widows of musicians, and every one at all connected with music plays there gratis. The orchestra is 180 strong. No one who pretends to any philanthropy refuses to play when the Society calls upon him to do so; it is a sure way also to the favour of the Emperor and of the public. Starzer was commissioned to request me to play, and I willingly agreed, subject to the consent of my Prince, of which I had little doubt, seeing that it was a religious kind of performance, and gratuitous. He refused his permission, however, and all the nobility have taken it ill of him. I am only sorry on this account: the Emperor is to be in the proscenium box, and I should have preluded quite alone, and then played a fugue and the variations, “Je suis Lindor.” The Countess Thun would have lent me her beautiful pianoforte by Stein for the purpose. Whenever I have played the variations in public they have been greatly applauded. They are easily understood, and every one finds something to his taste.

In this instance, however, the Archbishop was obliged to give way. The institution for the widows and orphans of Vienna musicians, founded by the kapellmeister Florian Gassmann, in 1771, enjoyed the highest patronage; and the four concerts given annually for its benefit — two during Advent, and two in Passion week — were as well supported by celebrated composers and performers as by the public. Starzer went to the concert at Prince Gallitzin’s, and he and all the nobility teased the Archbishop so long for his consent that he could not withhold it. “I am so glad!” exclaims Mozart, when he informs his father of this. The programme of the thirty-fourth concert for the benefit of the Society of Musicians at Vienna, on April 3, 1781, contained the following: —

The Herr Ritter W. A. Mozart will then perform alone on the pianoforte. He visited Vienna as a child of seven years old, and then excited the universal admiration of the public by his compositions, his insight into the art of music, and his extraordinary facility of touch and execution.

His success was all that could be desired. “After yesterday,” he writes (April 4), “I may well say that I am satisfied with the Vienna public. I played at the concert for the widows’ institution, and was obliged to begin twice over, because there was no end to the applause.” He refers to it again in his next letter (April 8): “That which most pleased and surprised me was the total silence, and then in the middle of my playing bursts of applause and bravos. For Vienna, where there are so many and such good clavier-players; it has been really a wonderful success.”

After this, his prospects, if he could succeed in giving a concert on his own account, were sufficiently brilliant; and ladies of rank offered themselves to dispose of the tickets for him. “What should I not make if I were to give a concert for myself, now that the Vienna public knows me! But the Archbishop will not allow it; he wishes his people to have loss rather than profit in his service.” He contemplated shortly sending his musicians back to Salzburg; if Mozart were to be obliged to leave Vienna before he had established himself in the favour of the public, and to find himself in Salzburg again, with no hope of any further leave of absence, there would be an end to all his future prospects. Brunetti had told him that Count Arco had communicated to him the Archbishop’s directions that they were to receive their travelling money, and to set out on the following Sunday; if any wished to remain longer he might do so, but he must live on his own means. Mozart declared that until Count Arco himself told him that he was to go he would entirely ignore it, and then he would tell him his mind on the subject. He would certainly remain in Vienna; he thought that if he could find only two pupils (he had one already in the Countess

Rumbeck), he should be better off than in Salzburg; with a successful concert, and some profitable invitations into society, it could not be but that he should send money home, while his father would be drawing pay for them both, and would be relieved from his support. “Oh! I will turn the tables on the Archbishop in the most delightful manner, and as politely as possible, for he cannot do me any harm.”

The father was horrified at this news. He had a well-founded distrust of Wolfgang’s financial plans, which were always built upon an uncertain future, and he feared that a complete rupture with the Archbishop would be the consequence of such a step, that he would lose his situation and be liable for the expenses of the journey to the capital; he earnestly begged his son to reflect well on the feasibility of his project. “Dear father,” runs the answer, “I love you very dearly, as you may see from my renouncing for your sake my dearest wishes and desires; for if it were not for you, I declare on my honour I would not delay an instant, but would quit my service, give a grand concert, set to work with pupils, and in a year I should be succeeding so well in Vienna that I should be earning at least a thousand dollars per annum. I assure you it is very hard for me so to set aside my hopes of fortune. I am young, as you say — true, but to dawdle away one’s youth in such a miserable hole is sad enough, and hurtful besides.”

The threatened departure was postponed for a time, for the Archbishop required his performers in Vienna; then it was said that they were to return home on April 22. “When I think,” wrote Wolfgang (April 11, 1781) “of leaving Vienna without at least a thousand florins in my pocket, my heart sinks within me. Am I to throw away a thousand gulden because of a malicious prince who does what he likes with me for a miserable four hundred florins? I should make quite that by a concert.” And now he was to come to the knowledge that not only had he laboured in vain for the Archbishop, but that he had thereby lost the opportunity of introducing

himself to the notice of the Emperor. “I cannot quite say to the Emperor that if he wants to hear me he must make haste about it, for that I am going away on such a day — one has to wait for these things. And here I cannot and must not stay, unless I give a concert, for although I should be better off here than at home, if I had only two pupils, it helps one along to have a thousand or twelve hundred florins in one’s purse. And he will not allow it, the misanthrope — I must call him so, for so he is, as the whole of the nobility say.” There were favourable prospects, too, of a permanent settlement in Vienna at no very distant date. The kapellmeister, Bono, was very old; after his death Salieri would succeed him, and Starzer would take Salieri’s place — for Starzer there was as yet no successor — could a better be found than Mozart?

Again his father warned him not to make uncertain plans, but to hold fast to what was secure, and to bear what was unavoidable; he warned him also against incautious expressions “which could only do harm.” Wolfgang could only answer that his father was partly right and partly wrong; “but that in which you are right far outweighs that in which you are wrong, therefore I will certainly come, and with the greatest pleasure, since I am fully convinced that you would never come in the way of my advancement” (April 18, 1781). But it was hard to submit to the will of his father, and the Archbishop’s continual insults did not make it any easier. He writes (April 28, 1781): —

You are expecting me with pleasure, my dearest father! That is in fact the one consideration which has brought me to the point of leaving Vienna, for the whole world may know that the Archbishop of Salzburg has only to thank you, my best of fathers, that he did not lose me yesterday for ever (I mean, of course, from his suite). Yesterday we had a concert, probably the last. The concert went very well, and, in spite of all the hindrances put in my way by his archiepiscopal grace, I had a better orchestra than Brunetti,

as Ceccarelli can tell you; but the worry and trouble I had to arrange it all can be told better than written. But if, as I hope will not be the case, the same thing should happen again, I should certainly lose patience, and you would as certainly forgive me. And I must beg for your permission, my dear father, to return to Vienna next Lent. It depends upon you, not on the Archbishop; for even if he refuses permission I shall go: it will do me no harm, not a bit! Oh, if he could read this, how glad I should be! But you must give your consent in your next letter, for it is only on this condition that I return to Salzburg — and I must keep my word to the ladies here. Stephanie will give me a German opera to write. I shall expect your answer to this. When and how I shall set out I cannot tell you at present. It is lamentable that we are so kept in the dark by our lord and master. All at once it will be, "Allons! weg!" First we are told that a carriage is being made in which the controller Ceccarelli and I are to travel; then that we are to go by the diligence; then that we are to have the money for the diligence, and travel as we choose (which, indeed, I should like best of all); first we are to go in a week, then in a fortnight; then in three weeks, then again sooner. Good heavens! one does not know where one is with it all, and there is no help for it. Yesterday the ladies kept me quite an hour at the clavier, after the concert; I believe I should be sitting there still if I had not managed to steal away.

Again he writes later (June 13, 1781): —

At the last concert, when it was all over, I played variations for a whole hour (the Archbishop gave me the subject), and the applause was so great that, if the Archbishop has ever so little of a human heart, he must have been pleased; and instead of showing me approbation and content — or at least taking no notice of me — he treats me like a beggar, and tells me to my face that I must take more pains, that he could get a hundred who would serve him better than I do.

Mozart’s passionate excitement had risen to such a pitch that a drop was sufficient to overflow the cup of his wrath; the Archbishop paid no heed, and affairs came to an inevitable crisis. The following letter (May 9, 1781) shows how far Hieronymus thought he might go with his dependents: —

I am still overflowing with gall, and you, my best and very dear father, will certainly sympathise with me. My patience has been tried for a long time; at last it has given way. I have no longer the misfortune to be in the Salzburg service. To-day was the happy one of my release. Now listen. Twice already the —— —— I do not know what to call him — has used the most impertinent and coarsest language to my face, which I refrained from writing to you that I might not distress you, and which nothing but my love and duty to you prevented me from chastising on the spot. He called me a scoundrel — a miserable fellow — told me he would send me packing — and I bore it all; allowed not my own honour alone, but yours, to be so affronted because you wished it.

So I was silent. Well, listen. A week ago the courier came up on a sudden and told me I was to leave immediately. The others all had the day fixed, but I had not. So I packed up my things as quickly as I could, and old Madame Weber was so kind as to offer me her house. There I have a pretty room, and I am with obliging people who are ready to provide me with everything that I require, but could not get if I were living alone. I appointed my journey for Wednesday (that is to-day, the 9th), by stage-coach, but I could not collect the money owing to me in time, so I postponed my journey until Saturday. Being seen about to-day one of the valets told me that the Archbishop had a parcel to give me. I asked if there was any hurry, and he replied that it was of the greatest importance. “Then I am sorry not to be able to oblige his grace, for (owing to the above reasons) I cannot set out before Saturday. I am out of the house, living on my own means, and it is therefore quite evident that I cannot go until I am ready, for

no one will care to collect my debts for me.” Kleinmayern, Moll, Boeneke, and the two valets thought I was right. When I went in to him (I must tell you that Schlaucka had advised me to excuse myself by saying I had already taken my seat in the coach — that would have most weight with him) — when I went into him, then, he began at once: — Archbishop: “Well, when are you going, fellow?” Mozart: “I wished to go to-night, but I could not secure a seat.” Then out it came, all in a breath — that I was the most miserable fellow he knew — no one served him so badly as I did. He advised me to be off to-day, or he would write home to stop my pay. There was no getting in a word, it went on like a flood. I listened to it all calmly. He lied to my face by saying that I had five hundred florins salary — called me the most opprobrious names — oh, I really cannot bring myself to write you all! At last, when my blood was boiling, I could hold out no longer, and said: “Then your Serene Highness is not satisfied with me?” “What! do you mean to threaten me, you rascal, you villain? There is the door; I will have nothing more to do with such a wretched fellow!” At last I said, “Neither will I with you.” “Then be off!” As I went I said, “Let it be so then; to-morrow you shall hear from me by letter.” Tell me now, dear father, should I not have had to say this sooner or later? Now listen. My honour comes before everything to me, and I know that it is so with you also. Have no care for me. I am so certain of success here that I might have resigned even without a cause. As I have had very good cause, and that three times, it is no fault of mine; *au contraire*, I was a cowardly rascal twice, and the third time I could not be so again. As long as the Archbishop is here I will give no concert. Your idea that I shall lower myself in the opinion of the Emperor or of the nobility is entirely mistaken. The Archbishop is hated here, and most of all by the Emperor. That is his real grievance, that the Emperor has not invited him to Laxenburg. I will send you some calculations as to money by the next post to convince you that I shall not

starve here. For the rest I entreat you to keep up your spirits, for I consider that my good fortune is beginning now, and I hope that it will be yours also. Write to me privately that you are pleased — for indeed you may be so — and find fault heartily with me in public, so that no blame may attach to you. But if the Archbishop offers you the least impertinence come to me at once in Vienna. We can all three live on my earnings, I assure you on my word, but I would rather you held out a year longer. Do not write to me any more at the Residence or by the mail. I want to hear nothing more of Salzburg. I hate the Archbishop to frenzy. But write to me here, and tell me you are pleased, for only that is now wanting to make my happiness complete.

He carried out His determination, and writes to his father again on May 12: —

You know by my last letter that I sent in my resignation to the Prince on May 9, because he himself ordered it: for in two previous audiences he had said to me, “Take yourself off, if you will not serve me properly!” He will certainly deny it, but it is as true as the heavens above us. What wonder, then, that after being abused and vilified till I was quite beside myself, I ended by taking him at his word. The following day I gave Count Arco a petition to be presented to His Grace the Archbishop, asking for the money for the journey — fifteen florins ten kreutzers for the diligence, and two ducats for current expenses. He refused to take either, and assured me I could not resign without obtaining the consent of my father. “That is your duty,” said he. I assured him that I knew my duty to my father as well as he and perhaps better, and that I should be sorry if it were necessary to learn it from him at this time of day. “Very well, then,” said he, “if he is satisfied you may demand your dismissal, and if not — you may also demand it.” A fine distinction, truly! All that the Archbishop said to me in the three audiences — especially in the last — and the language used by this truly

worthy man of God, had so strong a physical effect on me that I was obliged to leave the opera at the end of the first act, and go home to bed; for I was quite feverish, trembled in every limb, and tottered along the street like a drunkard. I remained the next day (yesterday) in the house, and kept my bed in the morning because I had taken the tamarind-water.

My lord Count has had the kindness to write some fine things of me to his father (High Chamberlain), which you have doubtless had to swallow by this time. There will be some fabulous accounts, but when one writes a comedy one must turn and twist things so as to gain applause, without sticking to the truth of the affair, and you must take the obsequiousness of the Count into account. I will tell you without getting warm about it (for I have no wish to injure my health, and I am sorry enough when I am forced to be angry), I will tell you plainly the principal reproach made to me on account of my service. I did not know that I was to be a valet, and that undid me. I should have dawdled away a couple of hours every morning in the antechamber; I was in fact often told that I ought to show myself, but I could never remember that this was part of my duty, and contented myself with coming punctually when I was summoned by the Archbishop. Now I will briefly convey to you my unalterable determination, so that the whole world may hear it. If I was offered two thousand florins by the Archbishop of Salzburg, and only one thousand florins in any other place, I would go to the other place; for instead of the other one thousand florins I should enjoy health and contentment of mind. I pray you, therefore — by all the fatherly love that you have shown me in so rich a measure from my childhood, and for which I can never be sufficiently grateful — not to write to me on this matter, but to bury it in the deepest oblivion if you want to see your son cheerful and well; a word would be quite enough to rekindle my anger — and yours, if you were in my place, as I am sure you will acknowledge.

The same day on which Mozart sent this letter through the post he wrote another to his father by a safe opportunity, in which he once more seeks to persuade him of the justice of his fixed resolve to leave the Archbishop's service, and of his own good prospects in Vienna: —

In the letter which you will have received by post I spoke as though we were in the presence of the Archbishop; now I speak to you quite alone, my dear father. We will be silent once for all on the subject of the Archbishop's conduct to me from the beginning of his reign — of the unceasing abuse, the impertinence and bad language which he has addressed to my face, of the unquestionable right I have to forsake his service — not a word can be said against all this. I will only speak now of what has really induced me to leave him, laying aside all personal grounds of offence.

I have made the highest and most valuable acquaintances here that can be. I am treated with favour and distinction in the best houses of the nobility, and I am paid for it into the bargain; and shall I sacrifice all this for four hundred florins in Salzburg, without prospects, without encouragement, and unable to help you in any way, as I certainly shall hope to do here? What would be the end of it? It would come to the same thing. I should either fret myself to death or leave the service. I need say no more, you know it all yourself; I will only add that my story is known to the whole of Vienna, and all the nobility advise me not to suffer myself to be led about any longer. He will try to get over you with good words, my dear father — they are serpents, vipers! It is always so with such despicable creatures, they are so haughty and proud as to disgust one, and then they cringe and fawn — horrible. The two valets-de-chambre understand the whole villainy of the affair. Schlaucka said to somebody: "I cannot say I think Mozart at all in the wrong: he is quite right. I would have done just the same myself! He treated him like a beggar; I heard it myself. Shameful!" The Archbishop acknowledges to being in the wrong now; but had he not opportunities

enough for acknowledging it before? And did he alter his conduct? Not a bit. Then away with all that! If I had not been afraid of doing you some harm I would have brought it to an end long ago. But, after all, what harm can he do you? None. If you know that I am doing well you can dispense with the Archbishop's favour. He cannot deprive you of your salary as long as you perform your duties, and I will answer for it that I shall do well, otherwise I should not have taken this step. Nevertheless I acknowledge that after this insult I should have resigned, if I had had to beg my bread. If you are at all afraid, make a show of anger against me — blame me as much as you like in your letters, if only we two know how the matter really stands. But do not be deceived by flattery. Be upon your guard!

But L. Mozart did not see the affair in this light, and was far from "strengthening his decision instead of dissuading him from it," as Wolfgang hoped. He considered the renunciation of the Salzburg situation as the first step to ruin, and hoped to check the passionate indignation of his son and bring him back to the path of reason, as he considered it. But he had not calculated on the fact that Wolfgang was no longer an inexperienced youth, leaving his father's house for the first time. The oppressive circumstances of his late residence in Salzburg, and the clear insight into his own powers and capabilities which he had acquired in Munich, had given him a consciousness of the necessity of judging for himself, which had been strengthened by the contrast between the unworthy treatment of the Archbishop and the brilliant reception he had met with on the part of the musical public of Vienna. He saw clearly that the time had arrived when he must hold his own, even in opposition to his father. His comfort and convenience he was ready and willing to sacrifice to his father's wishes, but his honour and the credit of his whole existence were now at stake, and these he must save at all risks. He withstood, therefore, all his father's remonstrances and reproaches without betraying his wounded feelings. To

his father's objection that he had never understood how to take care of his money, Wolfgang answers (May 21, 1781): —

Believe me, I have quite changed in that respect. Next to health, I know of nothing more necessary than money. I am indeed no niggard — I should find it very hard to be niggardly — and yet people consider me more inclined to thrift than extravagance, which is surely enough for a beginning. Thanks be to my pupils, I have as much as I want; but I will not have many pupils, I prefer few, and to be better paid than other teachers.

He was more affected by the allusion to the obligation he was under to his father, by reason of the debts incurred by the latter on his behalf, especially since his father added that he would soon forget his family in Vienna, as his Aloysia had done. He answered (June 9, 1781): —

Your comparison of me to Madame Lange amazed me, and I was troubled by it the whole day. This girl lived dependent on her parents while she could earn nothing, and as soon as the time arrived when she might have shown her gratitude (her father died before she had received a kreutzer) she left her poor mother, took up with an actor, married him, and her mother has not a farthing from them. Good heavens! my one anxiety, God knows, is to help you and us all; how often must

I write that I can do it better here than in Salzburg? I beseech you, my dear, good father, write me no more such letters, for they serve no purpose but to annoy and trouble me; and if I am to go on composing as I do, I must keep a cool head and a calm mind.

He sent his father at the same time thirty ducats, with an apology for not being able to spare more at present, and in following years we find repeated mention of money sent home.

It had been reported to L. Mozart that Wolfgang was living a somewhat dissipated life in Vienna; Herr von Moll, in particular, "made a wry face, and said he hoped he would soon come to himself and return to Salzburg,

for he only remained in Vienna for the sake of bad connections." It was reported to his father that Wolfgang had had dealings with a person of bad reputation, but he was able to reassure his father on this point. L. Mozart had been rendered uneasy, too, on the subject of his son's attention to religious duties. Wolfgang begs him to be under no apprehension, he is, no doubt, "a foolish young fellow," but he would wish for his consolation that no one was more so than he. Eating meat on fast-days he thought no sin, "for fasting I consider to be abstaining — eating less than at other times," but he never made a boast of this; he heard mass every Sunday and holy-day, and as often as possible on ordinary days. "Altogether you may rest assured that I have not deserted my religion. You, perhaps, believe things of me that are not true, for my chief fault is that I cannot always act *in appearance* as I ought to act" (June 13, 1781). Wolfgang's renewed intercourse with the Weber family appeared to his father of ill omen; he dreaded another love affair. This also his son repudiates (May 16, 1781): —

What you write concerning the Weber family is, I assure you, without foundation. I was a fool about Madame Lange, that is true; but who is not when he is in love? I loved her in very deed, and I still feel that she is not altogether indifferent to me. Luckily for me her husband is a jealous fool, and never leaves her alone, so that I rarely see her. Believe me also that old Madame Weber is a very obliging person, and that I only fail in showing her the attention her obligingness deserves; I have not time for it.

When finally his father went so far as to demand that Wolfgang should sacrifice his honour by recalling his resignation, he answered in the full consciousness of the justice of his position (May 19, 1781): —

I scarcely know how to write to you, my dear father, for I cannot recover from my astonishment, and I shall never be able to do so as long as you continue so to write and to think. I must acknowledge that I scarcely recognise my father in some of the passages of your letter! It is a father who

writes, certainly, but not the best, most loving father, the one most anxious for his own honour and that of his children — in a word, not *my* father. But it must have been a dream. You are awake by this time, and need no reply from me on the various points of your letter in order to be convinced that I cannot, now less than ever, depart from my resolution. You say the only way to preserve my honour is to renounce my intention. How can you utter such a contradiction? You could not have realised, in writing this, that such a renunciation would turn me into one of the most cowardly fellows in the world. All Vienna knows that I have left the Archbishop, knows the reason to be my injured honour, knows of the thrice-repeated insults of the Archbishop; and am I all at once to retract my word and belie myself? Shall I announce myself as a scoundrel, and the Archbishop as a worthy prince? The first no man shall ever do, and I least of all; and the second no one can do but God himself, if He should deign to enlighten him. To please you, my dear father, I would renounce my happiness, my health, and life itself, but my honour comes before all with me, and so it must with you. My dearest, best of fathers, demand of me what you will, only not that — anything but that. The very thought makes me tremble with rage.

The Archbishop was not a little taken aback by the firmness with which Mozart held to his resolve, but which he only strengthened by his continual abuse, without bringing the Viennese round to his side. They all looked upon him as a “haughty, ill-bred priest, despised by everybody,” while Mozart was “an agreeable fellow.” The Archbishop imagined that Mozart’s father would bring his son to a sense of his duty; Count Arco, who had received a letter from the elder Mozart, proposed an interview, in the hope of persuading him in a friendly way. Mozart remained all the firmer when he had convinced himself that his father in Salzburg had nothing to fear. He begged for an audience to take leave, but this was three times refused, because it was feared to irritate the Archbishop, and Mozart’s submission

was still hoped for. The latter was beside himself when he heard that the Archbishop was to leave next day, and that he had not been informed of it. He drew up a fresh memorial, in which he explained that he had waited four weeks for a final audience; as this had been postponed so long from reasons unknown to him, he had no resource but to beg for it himself at the last moment. When he found himself in the antechamber, in pursuance of this intention (June 8), and prayed for an audience, Count Arco put the finishing touch to the brutalities suffered by Mozart. After loading him with abusive epithets, *he pushed him towards the door with his foot!* "This happened in the antechamber — there was therefore nothing for it but to make my escape, for I did not wish to forget the respect due to the Prince's apartments, although Arco had done so." Whether this affront was offered by command of the Archbishop, Mozart did not know certainly; but, in any case, the servant was worthy of his master, and neither of them could foresee the ineffaceable stigma that would thereby be attached to their names. Mozart boiled over with rage; he answered his father that he should return the insult in kind the next time he met Count Arco, even if it were in the public streets: —

I shall demand no satisfaction at the hands of the Archbishop, for he would not be in a position to offer it me in the way that I shall take it; but I shall at once write to the Count what he has to expect from me the first time I am so fortunate as to meet him, wherever it may be, unless it should be some place to which I owe respect.

The father was alarmed at such threats addressed to a nobleman; but Wolfgang answered (July 20, 1781): —

The heart shows the true nobleman, and, although I am no Count, I am more honourable perhaps than many a Count; and whether it be a footman or a Count, whoever insults me is a scoundrel. I shall begin by representing

to him how low and ungentlemanly his conduct was; but I shall conclude by telling him that he may certainly expect a thrashing from me the first time I meet him.

His father having remarked that the matter might perhaps be arranged by the intervention of a lady or of some other person of rank, Mozart answered that this was not necessary: “I shall take counsel only of my good sense and my heart, and shall do what is right and proper.” It was only with reluctance, and because he saw no other way of pacifying his father, that he consented to forego the threatening letter to Count Arco.

CHAPTER XXIV. FIRST ATTEMPTS IN VIENNA.

WHEN Mozart's withdrawal from the service of the Archbishop had become an established fact, the latter was anxious to show the world that it lay in his power to attract equally distinguished artists to his service, and he offered a salary of one thousand gulden to Leop. Kozeluch, who was considered the first clavier-player in Vienna, if he would come to Salzburg. Kozeluch refused, as Mozart wrote to his father (July 4, 1781), because he was better off in Vienna, and he had said to his friends: "The affair with Mozart is what chiefly alarms me; if he could let such a man as that leave him, what would become of me?"

L. Mozart, much against his will, was obliged to reconcile himself to the step his son had taken. He was full of anxiety, caused by his conviction of Wolfgang's incapacity in matters relating to his own advancement, by his fear lest he should not be able to withstand the seductions of the pleasure-loving capital, and also, perhaps, by an unconscious feeling of annoyance at his son's independent demeanour. This caused him to express his affectionate and really justifiable concern in so perverse a manner that, instead of lightening Wolfgang's difficult position, he embittered his life with reproaches and objections, which were generally exaggerated, and often entirely unreasonable; for he was weak enough to place easy faith in rumours and gossip. He had so long been accustomed to undertake the care of all Wolfgang's affairs that he could not bring himself quietly to resign all interference in them. Mozart did not allow himself to be over-persuaded; he held fast to his independence, as well as to his reverence and love for his father, whose reproofs and accusations he repeatedly disclaimed.

At first, indeed, the father's gloomy forebodings seemed more likely to be verified than the brilliant hopes of the son. Summer had arrived, most of the nobility had gone to their country seats, and there was little to be done in the way of lessons or concerts. The Countess Rumbeck (*née* Cobenzl), who was afterwards considered a first-rate clavier-player, remained his only pupil, since he would not abate his price of six ducats; but he managed to exist in spite of all. He consoled himself by the reflection that it was the dull season, and that he must employ his leisure by preparing for the winter. He worked diligently at six sonatas for the clavier, which were to be published by subscription; the Countess Thun and other ladies of rank undertook to collect subscriptions. They secured seventeen during the summer, and hoped for more in the autumn. He set to work to arrange a concert to be given during Advent; Rossi wrote the words for an Italian cantata which was to be composed for the occasion. But what lay nearest his heart was the composition of an opera in Vienna; his conviction of his vocation as a dramatic composer having been strengthened by the performances at the Vienna theatre, and the lively interest taken in them by the public. "My only entertainment," he writes to his sister (July 4, 1781), "consists in the theatre. I wish you could see a tragedy performed here! I know no other theatre where every kind of play is given to perfection. Every part, even the smallest and the worst, is well filled." The performances of the Vienna stage had, in point of fact, reached the highest level of excellence known at that time.

Since the time when the stage had joined in the struggle which ended in the triumph of German literature and art over buffoonery and extemporised pieces, the theatre had remained the gathering-point of literary interests. The best authors of the day wrote for the stage with the avowed object of improving taste and aiding the spread of culture; such were Klemm,

Heufeld, Ayrenhoff, and Gebler, and their efforts were ably seconded by such actors as Müller and the brothers Stephanie.

The new and difficult task appointed for them spurred the actors to extraordinary efforts. A general feeling of sympathy and esteem began to replace the contempt in which the dramatic art had been held, and the stage was soon looked upon as the gauge of a nation's moral and intellectual cultivation. This elevation of the art as a whole benefited the artists as individuals, the interdict which society had laid upon them was removed, and actors became favoured members of the best and most cultivated circles. The Vienna theatre in especial, since Joseph II. in the year 1776 had saved it from the weakening influence of variable private patronage, and had constituted it the court and national theatre, had rapidly reached to an unprecedented height of excellence. This monarch looked upon the theatre as an important means of national cultivation, took a lively interest in it, and shared himself in its practical management; he also watched over the talents and the destinies of his actors with shrewd penetration and warm sympathy. He was careful, by lowering the prices of admission, to make attendance at the theatre more general than it had hitherto been; and an entertainment, which had borne almost exclusively the character of a court festival or an assembly of persons of rank, was thus placed within the reach of the citizen class. Literary criticism too, let loose by the introduction of the liberty of the press, turned its attention to the drama, and enlightened the general reader on the quality of the entertainment afforded to him by the author and by the actor. In this way a public was educated without reference to rank or class, to whom the poet and musician could appeal as an independent artist, instead of ministering as heretofore exclusively to the entertainment of his patrons — a state of affairs which must have had important influence on the position of artists, more especially of musicians.

The theatrical public of Vienna at the time of which we are speaking had the reputation of being attentive, discerning, and appreciative, ready and liberal in its acknowledgment of what was good. And in truth it had cause. Shortly before Mozart came to Vienna, Schroder and his wife had set the crown on admirable acting; and associated with them were Müller, Lange, Weidman, Brockmann, Jacquet, Bergopzoomer, the brothers Stephanie, Mesdames Weidner, Adamberger, Jacquet, Sacco, Stierle, Rouseul — affording proof that Mozart did not overrate the talent of his contemporaries.

In the same spirit in which he had founded the national theatre Joseph II. abolished the costly spectacular ballet and the Italian opera. In the place of the latter he instituted a "national vaudeville," as he called the German opera. In December, 1777, he resolved to make a modest beginning with the forces which he had at his command. Umlauf, tenorist in the orchestra, had written the little operetta of "Die Bergknappen," in which only four characters appeared. The principal part was intended for Mdlle. Cavalieri, the second for Madame Stierle; the male parts were to be undertaken by Ruprecht, the tenor singer, and Fuchs, the bass; the chorus was composed of church choristers, and the management was entrusted to Müller, the actor. The rehearsals were very carefully made, and the Emperor having expressed his satisfaction at a dress rehearsal, the German opera was opened with "Die Bergknappen" on February 18. 1778. The performance was highly successful, and in the course of the following year fourteen operas or vaudevilles were performed, partly translations, with Italian or French music, such as "Robert und Kalliste" ("La Sposa Fedele"), by Guglielmi; "Röschen und Colas," by Monsigny; "Lucile," "Silvain," "Der Hausfreund," by Grétry; "Anton und Antonette," by Gossec; and partly original pieces composed in Vienna, such as "Die Apotheke," by Umlauf;

“Die Kinder der Natur,” by Aspelmeyer; “Frühling und Liebe,” by Ulbrich; and “Diesmal hat der Mann den Willen,” by Ordonnez.

The only singer of lasting reputation who took part in the first opera was Katharina Cavalieri (1761-1801). Daughter of a poor schoolmaster named Cavalier in Währing, her talent was perceived and cultivated by Salieri, and she appeared in Italian opera as early as 1775. She soon became a bravura singer of the first rank. It was clearly necessary that she should be well supported if the opera was to compete with the drama proper. The first wife of the actor Lange, Mariane Schindler, was secured; but after having achieved great success in Grétr’s “Hausfreund” and “Lucile,” and bidding fair to become a main support of the opera, both by her singing and acting, she died in the winter of 1779. The following summer, through the intervention of the ambassador, Count Hardeck, Aloysia Weber was summoned from Munich, and took her place, not only on the stage, but in the affections of Lange, who shortly after made her his second wife. Aloysia Weber made her *début* in the part of the Rosenmädchen of Salency, and was received with general approbation. It was evident, therefore, that Mozart was not blinded by youthful inclination when, he declared her one of the first singers of her time, a judgment which posterity has ratified. The second parts had been allotted before her arrival to Theresa Teyber, afterwards Madame Arnold, who pleased by her fresh, youthful voice, while that of Madame Fischer (*née* Strasser), from Mannheim, a clever singer and good actress, was already somewhat past. In the summer of 1781 they had been joined by Madame Bernasconi (p. 130), by the desire, as it was said, of Gluck, who had used the influence of Count Dietrichstein to press her on the Emperor; but the position was not well suited to her talent. Mozart gives his opinion as follows (August 29, 1781): —

In the great parts of tragedy Bernasconi remains inimitable. But small operettas are not in her style at all; and then (as she acknowledges herself)

she is more Italian than German, speaks on the stage with the same Viennese accent as in common life (just imagine!), and when she occasionally makes an effort it is as if one heard a princess declaim in a marionette theatre. And she sings so badly that no one will consent to compose for her.

And even before this (June 27, 1781) he had written derisively: —

She has three hundred ducats salary because she sings all her songs a division higher than they are written. It is really a great art, for she keeps well in tune. She has now promised to sing them half a tone higher, and then of course she will be paid more.

There were male singers also, who were quite on an equality with these female vocalists. Soon after the opening of the opera the tenors Souter and Dauer, a whimsical actor with a fine voice, were engaged, and at a later date Adamberger, one of the most admirable tenors, a singer of artistic style and cultivation, and a "very respectable" actor of lovers' parts. Fischer was secured as a bass; the compass, strength, and beauty of his voice and his artistic cultivation, both as a singer and an actor, placed him in the very first rank among the singers of Germany. With him were associated Günther and Schmidt as bass singers, and Saal as a baritone. There were thus all the materials required for the production of German operas, except a composer who could write them. Umlauf and some others who imitated him were not the men for such an undertaking. Gluck had composed nothing since his "Iphigenia in Taurus," and contented himself with putting on the stage, in 1780, "Die Pilgrimme von Mekka," a comic opera which had been written for Vienna with French words ("La Rencontre Imprévue") in 1764, and which was often played in its German adaptation. In the following year, by the express command of the Emperor Joseph, Salieri wrote a German comic opera, "Der Rauchfangkehrer" ("The Chimney-Sweep"), the text of which,

by Dr. Auembrugger, was unusually bad; but Salieri was too much of an Italian to have much effect on German opera. The operetta was assiduously cultivated in North Germany, and a long list of those which were produced might be given. But the contrast between North and South Germany, founded on their political and religious differences, was visible unpleasantly enough in literature and art, and had a marked influence on their musical sympathies and antipathies. Nicolai relates that he had heard in Vienna many genuine and accomplished musical connoisseurs speak of Ph. Em. Bach not only with indifference, but with absolute dislike, and place Kozeluch and Steffan before all other clavier-players. Adamberger, when asked his opinion concerning a celebrated singer from North Germany, answered that she sang like a Lutheran; and on being pressed for an explanation, replied, “I call it singing like a Lutheran to have a beautiful voice as the gift of nature, and even to have received a good musical education, as is frequently the case in North Germany, but to show no signs of study in the Italian school of music, through which alone the true art of singing can be learnt.”

There was little demand in Vienna, therefore, for the compositions which Hiller’s successful enterprise with German opera had brought into being; the works of men such as Benda, Schweitzer, Wolf, Neefe, André, and Reichard; their operas were not performed, and still less was there any prospect of a field for their future labours in Vienna. Schweitzer was not summoned, in spite of Wieland’s pressing recommendation (Vol. I., p. 406). G. Benda had shown himself not disinclined to remove to Vienna, and report had pointed to him as probable kapellmeister in 1778, but he had never been seriously thought of. It appeared, therefore, that a most fitting career stood open for Mozart, and he himself wished nothing more than to prove his powers in this branch of his art. He had brought with him his operetta “Zaide,” in the hope of having it performed. The libretto, as he had

feared, proved a stumbling-block (Vol. II.,p. 115); but the younger Stephanie, at that time inspector of the opera, formed so favourable an opinion of the music, that he promised to give Mozart a new and good piece, which he was to compose for the Vienna stage. His father warned him that Stephanie was not to be depended upon; and he was right. Stephanie the younger was an arrogant, selfish man, who had made himself hated everywhere by his intrigues and pretensions. Mozart knew that he was in ill repute, and was upon his guard. He resolved to write no opera without the express commission of Count Rosenberg, who had had supreme direction of the theatre since 1776; but Stephanie continued friendly, and there seemed no actual cause for personal distrust. Count Rosenberg had received Mozart well whenever he had waited upon him, and had joined in the applause of other connoisseurs upon the occasion of the performance of “Idomeneo” at the house of Countess Thun, Van Swieten and Sonnenfels being also among the audience. It was not long, therefore, before Mozart was able to announce to his father the good news (June 9, 1781) that Count Rosenberg had commissioned Schroder, the distinguished actor, to look out a good libretto, which was to be given to Mozart for composition. A few days afterwards Stephanie told him of a piece he had found in four acts, of which the first was excellent, but the others fell off, so that it was doubtful whether Schroder would undertake the adaptation of it. “They may settle that between them,” wrote Wolfgang (June 16, 1781). The book was rejected, but the matter did not rest; the Emperor was evidently anxious to give Mozart an opportunity of trying his powers as a German operatic composer; and at the end of July the latter found himself at the goal of his wishes, and able to inform his father (August 1, 1781): —

Yesterday young Stephanie gave me a book for composition. It is very good; the subject is Turkish, and it is called “Belmont und Constance,” or “Die Entführung aus dem Serail.” The overture, the chorus in the first act,

and the concluding chorus I shall compose in Turkish music. Mdlle. Cavalieri, Mdlle. Teyber, M. Fischer, M. Adamberger, M. pauer, and M. Walter are to sing in the opera. I am so delighted at having it to compose that the first songs for Cavalieri and Adamberger and the terzet at the close of the first act are already finished. The time given is short, certainly, for it is to be performed in the middle of September, but the attendant circumstances will be all the more favourable. And indeed everything combines to raise my spirits, so that I hasten to my writing-table with the greatest eagerness, and it is with difficulty I tear myself away.

The favourable circumstances which made Mozart so hopeful chiefly consisted in the expected visit of the Grand Duke Paul and his wife; the opera was to be among the festivities given in their honour, and it was safely to be expected that the Emperor and Count Rosenberg would consider it to his credit if he prepared the work in such haste for them; but all this was to be a secret. It was now very convenient to him to be in a house with good friends who would provide him with dinner and supper, and so enable him to sit writing all day. “You know of old how hungry I get when I am composing.” He continued in this whirl of excitement, and was able to write on August 8: —

I have just finished the chorus of Janizaries. Adamberger, Cavalieri, and Fischer are thoroughly pleased with their songs. I let the Countess Thun hear as much as is ready. She told me afterwards that she was ready to stake her life on it that what I had written so far would please. On this point, however, I listen to no man’s praise or blame before the whole has been heard or seen, but I follow entirely my own feelings — only you may see from it how greatly she was pleased with the music herself.

On August 22 he wrote that the first act was finished; soon after he learnt, to his relief, that the Grand Duke was not coming until November, so

that he could write his opera “with greater deliberation” (September 5, 1781). Shortly afterwards he informs his father (September 26, 1781): —

The first act was ready three weeks ago, and an aria in the second act and the drinking duet, which consists of nothing but my Turkish tattoo; but I cannot do any more at present, the whole thing being upset, and by my own desire. At the beginning of the third act there is a charming quintet, or rather finale, and this I mean to transfer to the end of the second act. But it will necessitate considerable alterations and the introduction of a fresh intrigue, and Stephanie is over head and ears in work.

Another circumstance also interfered with the completion of Mozart’s opera. It was proposed in honour of the distinguished visitors to perform two of Gluck’s operas, viz.: “Iphigenia” in a German adaptation, and “Alceste” in Italian, “in order,” as a contemporary announcement puts it, “to show what we Germans are able to accomplish.” Certainly the choice was well made with this object in view, although it was said in Vienna, as Mozart wrote to his father (August 29,1781), that it had been difficult to persuade the Emperor into it, for he was at heart as little partial to Gluck as to Gluck’s favourite singer, Bernasconi. The projected performance of these operas disturbed all Mozart’s calculations. The applause which had been bestowed on his “Idomeneo” by capable and influential judges, and the readiness of the singers to appear in it, had raised the hope of producing it on this occasion in a German adaptation, which would have involved alterations in the composition; but a third grand opera would have been too much, and it could not have been studied together with Gluck’s. Even the comic opera had to be temporarily laid aside until Gluck’s two operas were ready— “and there is plenty of study to be got through still,” he wrote to his father (October 6, 1781). He was at work at it again in the middle of November; but the original intention of having it completed by the arrival

of the Grand Duke was no longer feasible. On November 21 “that grand animal, the Grand Duke,” arrived under the name of Count von Narden, and on the 25th a brilliant festival was given at Schonbrunn. “Tomorrow ‘Alceste’ is given at Schonbrunn,” writes Mozart, sorrowfully (November 24, 1781). “I have been looking up Russian popular songs, in order to play variations on them.”

Shortly before the arrival of the Grand Duke, the Duke of Würtemberg, with his consort, the Princess Elizabeth, intended bride of the Archduke Franz, and her brother, Prince Ferdinand, had entered Vienna. “The Duke is a charming man, and the Duchess and Princess also; but the Prince is an octogenarian stick, and a real blockhead,” was Mozart’s concise description (November 17, 1781); but the arrival of the trio opened a favourable prospect for him. The Princess, who had come to have the finishing touches put to her education in Vienna, required a teacher of music, and this position, which, besides making a welcome addition to his income, would bring him into contact with very influential persons, Mozart hoped to obtain. His chief supporter was the Emperor’s youngest brother, the Archduke Maximilian, at that time Coadjutor of the Elector of Cologne. The Archduke was musical, and had an excellent band of wind instruments in his pay; he had a favourable remembrance of Mozart from his visit to Salzburg in 1775, and proved a very warm patron. Mozart wrote to his father (November 1781): —

Yesterday at three o’clock I was summoned by the Archduke. When I went in he was standing in the first room by the stove, and he came straight up to me and asked if I had anything to do to-day? “No, your royal highness, nothing at all; but even were it otherwise, I should be delighted to place my time at the disposal of your Royal Highness.” “No, no; I do not want to disturb anybody.” Then he said that he had a mind to give a concert in the evening at the Würtemberg court, and would like me to play

something and to accompany the songs; I was to go to him again at six o'clock. I played there last evening accordingly.

At the same time, Mozart could not conceal from himself that the Archduke had changed very much to his disadvantage: —

Before he was a priest he was much wittier and more intellectual, and spoke less but more sensibly. You should see him now! Stupidity stares out of his eyes, he talks and chatters without stopping, and all in a sort of falsetto voice; he has a swollen neck; in short, the whole man is transformed!

Nevertheless he continued to patronise Mozart, drew him out on every occasion, and if he had only been Elector of Cologne, Mozart would have been kapellmeister by this time, as he told his father. He had used his influence with the Princess to take Mozart as her music-master, but received for answer that if it depended on herself she would certainly have chosen him, but the Emperor— "he cares for no one but Salieri," cries Mozart in disgust — had recommended Salieri to her on account of his singing, and she felt obliged to engage him, to her great regret.

It was quite true that Salieri stood high in the favour of Joseph II. He had been pupil of the Emperor's special favourite Gassmann, and had in a sense grown up under the royal eye; he was regularly engaged at the imperial private concerts, and retained possession of his patron's favour by means both of his music and his personal demeanour. It was plain, therefore, that the preference for Salieri shown by the Emperor on this occasion did not arise from any ill-will towards Mozart; he was in close personal intercourse with Salieri, and esteemed him highly as a vocal composer, while Mozart was only known to him as a clavier-player. As such he had great admiration for him, and Mozart informed his father (December 26, 1781) that the

Emperor had lately “passed the greatest *éloge* on him in the words ‘C’est un talent décidé.’”

He had also (on December 14) commanded Mozart to play at court, and had arranged for him a contest of skill with Clementi, who had come to Vienna with the reputation of a clavier-player of unheard-of excellence. Clementi relates the encounter to his pupil L. Berger: —

I had only been a few days in Vienna when I received an invitation to play before the Emperor on the pianoforte. On entering the music-room I beheld an individual whose elegant attire led me to mistake him for an imperial valet-de-chambre. But we had no sooner entered into conversation than it turned on musical topics, and we soon recognised in each other with sincere pleasure brother artists — Mozart and Clementi.

Mozart continues the description of the scene (January 16, 1782): —

After we had paid each other all manner of compliments, the Emperor gave the signal that Clementi should begin. “La santa chiesa cattoüca!” said the Emperor — Clementi being a native of Rome. He preluded, and played a sonata.

“It is worthy of note here,” says Berger, “that Clementi was peculiarly fond of extemporising long and very interesting and elaborate interludes and cadenzas in the pauses of his sonatas; it was this propensity which led him to select a sonata for performance which lent itself easily to such treatment, although in every other respect this sonata stands behind his earlier compositions of the same kind. It was the following —

and we have perhaps to thank this subject for the allegro in the overture to the ‘Zauberflote,’ a composition never surpassed of its kind: —

The Emperor then said to me: “Allons, d’rauf los!” (“Now then, fire away!”) I preluded, and played some variations. Then the Grand Duchess produced some sonatas by Paesiello (in his own miserable manuscript), of

which I was to play the allegro and Clementi the andante and rondo. Then we each took a subject and carried it out on two pianofortes. By the way, I had borrowed the Countess Thun's pianoforte for myself, but only played upon it when I played alone. The Emperor wished it to be so. The other instrument was out of tune, and had three of its keys sticking. "Never mind," said the Emperor. I look upon it that the Emperor knows my musical powers and knowledge, and wishes to do me justice in the eyes of the foreigners. I know upon very good authority that he was thoroughly satisfied with me.

Dittersdorf confirms this view, and extracts the following from a conversation with Joseph II.: —

Emperor: "Have you heard Mozart?" *Myself*: "Three times already." *Emperor*: "How do you like him?" *Myself*: "As every connoisseur *must* like him." *Emperor*: "Have you heard Clementi also?" *Myself*: "I have heard him also." *Emperor*: "Some people prefer him to Mozart, which makes Greybig wild. What is your opinion? speak out." *Myself*: "In Clementi's playing there is merely art, but in Mozart's both art and taste." *Emperor*: "That is just what I said myself."

After the competition, the Emperor sent Mozart fifty ducats, "which were very acceptable at the time."

Clementi was delighted with Mozart's playing: —

I had never heard so delicate and graceful an execution. I was especially delighted with an adagio, and with several of his extemporised variations. The Emperor gave the subject, and we varied it, alternately accompanying each other.

On the other hand, Mozart's judgment of Clementi was sharp and severe: —

Clementi is a good player, and that is all one can say. He plays well as far as the execution of his right hand is concerned. His forte lies in passages in thirds. But he has not an atom of taste or feeling, in fact he is a mere mechanist.

When his sister in Salzburg had made acquaintance with Clementi's sonatas, he wrote to her (June 7, 1783): —

Now I must say a word to my sister on the subject of Clementi's sonatas. Every one who plays them must be aware that as compositions they are valueless. There are no striking passages, except the sixths and octaves, and I should strongly advise you not to be too much taken with these, for they are the ruin of a firm and quiet hand, and would soon deprive it of its lightness, flexibility, and flowing rapidity. For what is the object of these passages after all? They must be executed with the utmost rapidity (which not even Clementi himself can accomplish), and a lamentable hash is the result — nothing else in the world, Clementi is a charlatan, *like all the Italians!* He writes *presto* on a sonata, or even *prestissimo or alia breve*, and plays it *allegro* in three-four time. I have heard him do it! What he does really well are passages in thirds — he worked at them day and night in London — but he can do nothing else, and he has not the least execution or taste, and far less any sentiment in his playing.

In justification of this censure, Berger mentions Clementi having told him that, at the time of which Mozart writes, he devoted his attention to brilliant execution, and in particular to double runs and extemporised passages; it was only later that he adopted a more expressive style, which was perfected by the study of the best vocal music of the day, and by the gradual improvements made in the instrument known as the English pianoforte, the primitive construction of which had been too defective to allow of an expressive legato execution. Berger remarks further that

Mozart’s honourable and upright character prevents any suspicion of underhand motives for the severity of his judgment.

Mozart sought to gain favour with the Emperor by securing the support of his groom of the chamber, Strack, who possessed great influence in musical affairs. He tells his father (November 3, 1781) that on his name-day (October 31), which he had celebrated at the house of Baroness Waldstätten, he had been surprised by a serenade of his own composition (375 K.), which he had composed on St. Theresa’s day (October 15) for the daughter-in-law of the court painter, Hickl. “The chief reason I wrote it,” he continues, “was to let Herr von Strack, who goes there almost daily, hear something of mine, and I made it somewhat serious accordingly; it was very much admired.” He ventured at a later date to count upon Strack as his friend with the Emperor, although, as he cautiously adds, “the courtier is never to be trusted” (January 23, 1782). The report having reached Salzburg that the Emperor intended taking Mozart into his service, he answers his father (April 10, 1782): —

The reason that I have not written to you about it is because I know nothing of it myself. It is certain, however, that the whole town is full of it, and that I am congratulated on all sides; I would fain believe, too, that the Emperor has been spoken to on the subject, and has it in his mind, but so far I have not heard a word. It has gone so far that the Emperor is thinking of it, and that without my having moved a step in the matter. I have been sundry times to see Herr von Strack (who is on my side) both to keep him in mind of me, and because

I like him; but not often enough to be tiresome or to appear to have any motive in it; and he must acknowledge as an honest man that he has not heard a word from me which could give him occasion to say that I wished to remain, far less to be engaged by the Emperor. We talk of nothing but music. It is of his own free will and quite disinterestedly that he speaks of

me to the Emperor. Since it has gone so far without my co-operation, it may come to something. If one appears anxious, there is less chance of a good salary, for the Emperor is certainly a niggard. If he wants to have me, he must pay me for it; for the honour of being in the Emperor's service does not go very far with me.

Joseph II. was accustomed to have a concert in his own apartments every afternoon. He generally dined alone in the music-room, which did not usually occupy more than a quarter of an hour; if there was no important business to be transacted, the concert began as soon as the cloth was removed, and lasted for about an hour, so that the Emperor might visit the theatre. Three times a week there was a grand concert, at which Gassmann, and later Salieri, or sometimes Umlauf, were expected to appear; there was no audience, and the Archduke Maximilian, when he was present, took an active part in the performance. Joseph II. possessed a thorough musical education, and preferred the severe style (Vol. I., p. 368); his fine bass voice had been trained in the Italian school, and he played the violoncello and viola, as well as the clavier; he also read both vocal and instrumental music with great facility, and was a skilful player from score. Usually separate pieces were selected from operas and, oratorios; the Emperor accompanied from the score on the clavier, and also took a tenor or bass part — a pathetic one by preference. The pieces chosen were sometimes old favourites of the Emperor, sometimes new works with which he thus became acquainted; the operas which were afterwards to be performed were generally gone through in this way by the Emperor and the Archduke Maximilian. The pieces were generally played and sung at sight; it amused the Emperor to put the executants on their trial, and he was delighted at the confusion which often ensued; the more energetic and distracted the conductor Kreibich became, the more heartily the Emperor laughed.

At the ordinary concerts the Emperor only took part in the quartet. The first violin was played by Kreibich (or Greybig), “a man who was made for a conductor; he has a capital insight into the theory of music, but, unfortunately for his art, affects a certain degree of charlatanry. His timidity prevents his executing solo parts with distinctness and elegance, and his bowing is not sufficiently round and firm.” This nervousness, joined to a pompous manner, made him the butt of the jokes and squibs of the musical circle, and though not at all ill-natured, he was not in a position to make his opinion of value, but allowed himself to be made the tool of others, who were willing enough to let him appear to the Emperor and the public as the leader of all that related to the chamber music. With him were associated the violinists Woborzil, who led the orchestra in the German opera, Hoffmann, Ponheim, and Krottendorfer, mediocre artists and unimportant men; of the last it was only said that he flattered Strack, and was his marionette. Strack was in fact the soul of these concerts; he had the direction of the musicians, played the violoncello, and was present on every occasion, while the others took it by turns; this, together with his personal position, gave him overpowering influence with the Emperor. “You know the kind of men who, as Schiller says, come in as makeshifts when any one is wanted. Strack has always been with Joseph, and has used his opportunities so well that, in the musical line, he can do exactly as he likes.”

It was a fact that good music, especially good instrumental music, was seldom performed in the closet. If a quartet was played it was by a second-rate composer, and the masters who were then founding a new epoch in this province, Haydn — for whose “tricks” the Emperor did not care much — and Mozart, together with their imitators, Pleyel and Kozeluch, were excluded, or as good as excluded. This was considered to be owing to Strack’s influence, and it was wondered at that Salieri, “the idol of the

Emperor," who invariably took part in the private concerts, did not assert his opinion; but he "was too politic to come into collision with the shadow of his Emperor."

How far, after all, was Salieri capable of influencing the music of his day? Joseph's taste had been formed on the tradition of Italian music, represented by Hasse and Piccinni, and his predilections retained the same direction. His wish to develop a national school of music proceeded from rational conviction; and, though he was intellectually capable of appreciating the works of Gluck and Mozart, they were not really after his own heart. He had avowedly accustomed himself to look for entertainment in music, and was overpowered by the independent power and fulness which Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart brought to bear upon their art. Salieri had no reason for combating the Emperor's inclinations, since they were also his own. He skilfully sought to turn to account the acquisitions which music had made in various directions, and to make Italian opera capable of satisfying the demands of a more enlightened taste. With the exception of the operas written for Paris, in which he consciously followed Gluck's manner, he remained throughout true to the tradition of Italian opera, introduced no new element into it, and did not possess originality enough to make an indelible mark on the music of the day. But it was just this mediocrity of talent, skill, and taste which won for him the favour of his imperial master and of the public; it would have required the possession of a singular union of moral and artistic greatness and magnanimity to acknowledge rising genius as superior to his own, and to bow himself down before it — and Salieri was not capable of this. He is described as a benevolent and good-tempered man, amiable in his private life, and adorned with the well-deserved fame of noble and generous actions; but these good qualities did not preserve from envy either his reputation or his position. In the year 1780 he had just returned from a lengthened tour in Italy, which

had brought him new fame and honour, and had confirmed him in the favour of the Emperor; at this point Mozart made his appearance as a rival, dangerous by reason of his brilliant powers of execution, which most readily win the applause of the multitude, as well as by his compositions. The “Entführung” threatening to throw Salieri’s “Rauch-fangkehrer” completely into the shade, and “Idomeneo” establishing its composer as a formidable competitor on his own ground, it was impossible that Salieri, who instinctively felt Mozart’s superiority, could long pretend indifference to it. There was no interruption of their personal intercourse. Mozart was friendly and unconstrained in his behaviour to his fellow-artists, “even to Salieri, who could not bear him,” as Frau Sophie Haibl, Mozart’s sister-in-law, relates, and Salieri was “too politic” to make any show of his dislike to Mozart. It was understood in Vienna, however, that he did dislike him, and that he secretly strove to check his progress, not only by depreciatory criticism, but by every sort of obstacle thrown in his way from the very first. Salieri had been appointed maestro to the Princess Elizabeth, but he was unable to instruct her on the clavier, and Mozart had clearly the next claim. “He may take the trouble,” writes he to his father (August 31, 1782), “to do me harm in this matter, but the Emperor knows me; the princess would have liked to learn from me from the first, and I know that my name stands in the book where the list of all those appointed to her service is kept.” But Salieri was much too cautious to allow Mozart to attain to such a position. An unknown musician named Summerer was appointed teacher of the clavier to the Princess Elizabeth. Mozart consoled himself, when he heard that the salary was only four hundred florins, by the reflection that it would not leave much over when the waiting, travelling, and other expenses contingent on such a service had been paid for (October 12, 1782).

Under these circumstances Salieri and Strack were naturally sworn allies in the Emperor’s music room, and resisted together the introduction of any

elements which would undermine their influence by giving the Emperor's taste a new direction. Although, therefore, Mozart was encouraged by the Emperor's expressions of liking for him, more especially as "great rulers are not too fond of saying such things for fear of a dagger-thrust from an envious rival," yet the obstacles which he had to overcome in the surroundings of the Emperor were likely to prove too powerful for him. The Emperor's parsimony also restrained him from adding another kapellmeister to those who were already in receipt of salaries from the court.

Another chance of such a fixed situation as his father was continually urging upon him to secure offered itself through Prince Aloys Liechtenstein, the eldest son of the reigning prince, whose income was estimated at 900,000 imperial gulden. He proposed enrolling a band of wind instruments in his service, and wished to engage Mozart to arrange pieces for it. For this he could not expect a high salary, but it would be a certain one, for he had quite resolved to accept none but a permanent engagement. But this hope, too, was disappointed, and he continued to exist on the uncertain proceeds of lessons, concerts, and composition.

The state of affairs improved somewhat in the winter. He had constant pupils in the Countess Rumbeck and Frau von Trattnem, to whom was added later the Countess Zichy. He gave each of them a lesson daily, and received six ducats for twelve, which sufficed for absolute necessities. Six sonatas for clavier and violin, for which his patronesses had opened a subscription of three ducats, were completed and printed in November, 1781.

In Lent he gave a concert, at which, following the advice of his patrons, he played selections from "Idomeneo" and his concerto in D major (175 K.), for which he had composed a new rondo (382 K.). The rondo "made a great sensation," and was sent to Salzburg, with a request that it might be

treasured as a jewel. “I wrote it especially for myself, and no one else shall play it except my dear sister” (March 2, 1782). As a conclusion he played a fantasia. He had been advised to do this because he would be thereby most certain of outrivalling Clementi, who was giving a concert at about the same time. Mozart had plenty of invitations to play at other people’s concerts and in society, on which occasions a new composition had generally to be written. At Auernhammer’s concert, for instance, he played with the daughter a “sonata for two” (381 K.), which he had composed on purpose, and which “was a great success” (November 24, 1781). He wrote easier pieces for his pupils. “I must close my letter” he writes (June 20, 1781), “for I have to prepare some variations for a pupil”; and soon after he wrote to his sister (July 4, 1781): “I have written three airs with variations, which are not worth the trouble of sending alone. I will wait until there is something to accompany them.”

His time was fully occupied, therefore, and he had no difficulty in proving the injustice of his sister’s reproaches to him for not writing oftener (February 13, 1782): —

You must not conclude that you do not give me pleasure by writing to me because I do not always answer you. I always look forward with great pleasure to receiving a letter from you, my dear sister. If I were not prevented by pressing engagements, God knows I would always answer you. Is it true that I have never answered you? It certainly has not been from forgetfulness nor carelessness, but from simple impossibility! Bad enough, you will say, but do I write often, even to my father? You both know Vienna. You ought to know that a man who has no regular income must work day and night in such a city. Our father, when he has finished his church service, and you, when you have dismissed your few pupils, can do as you like all the rest of the day, and you may write letters long enough to contain the whole litany, if you like; but I can do no such thing. I gave my

father a description of my mode of life a short time ago. I will repeat it for you now. At six o'clock my barber comes, at seven I am dressed, and write until nine. From nine o'clock till one I give lessons, then I dine, if I am not invited out, in which case we dine at two or even three o'clock, as we shall to-day and to-morrow at the Countess Zichy's and Countess Thun's. I cannot begin to work again till five or six o'clock, and am often even then prevented by a concert; if not, I write. The continual concerts, and the uncertainty as to whether I shall be called away here or there, prevent my writing in the evening; so it is my custom (especially when I come home early) to compose something before I go to bed. I often write on until one o'clock, and am up again at six! My dearest sister, if you really believe that I can forget you or my father, then — but no! God knows it, and that is enough for me; let Him punish me if I ever forget you.

Instances are not wanting of his affection and thought for his father and sister. He sends his father (March 23, 1782) a snuffbox and a pair of watch ribbons: "The snuffbox is a good one, and the picture on it is from an English story; the watch ribbons are not very valuable, but they are high fashion here just now." He did not buy either of them, he adds for his father's consolation, but was presented with them by Count Szapary. To his sister also he sent different bits of finery, and begged her to intrust him with any commission in Vienna; he also testified the warmest sympathy in her love affairs. He did not forget his old Salzburg friends in Vienna — begs for news of them from his sister, "the walking register of Salzburg," and wished still to be considered as an active member of the quoit club.

During these manifold occupations the opera had still the first place in his thoughts, but it was at a standstill owing to the production of Gluck's two operas and the numerous alterations which were necessary in the libretto; he hoped that it would be ready for representation, however, directly after Easter. This was not the case, but on May 8 he writes:

“Yesterday I was with the Countess Thun, and ran over the second act for her; she is as pleased with it as she was with the first”; and on May 29: “Next Monday is to be the first rehearsal; I must admit that I am delighted with this opera.”

And he had good cause to be so, for its ultimate success was assured. But he had to fight against strong cabals, and it needed the express command of the Emperor to bring the opera to performance on July 13. High as had been the expectations of the public, they were fully justified by the result. “The house was crammed full, there was no end to the applause and cheering, and performances followed one another in quick succession.” After having given his father a short account of the first performance, he reports more fully on the second (July 20, 1782): —

Yesterday my opera was given for the second time. Can you believe that the opposition was even stronger than on the first evening? The whole of the first act was drowned, but they could not prevent the bravos after every song. My hope was in the closing terzet, but Fischer had been rendered nervous, and went wrong, as did Dauer, and Adamberger alone could not put things right; so that the whole effect was lost; and this time it was not encored. I was beside myself with rage, and so was Adamberger; we agreed that the opera should not be given again without a rehearsal for the singers. In the second act the two duets were encored, and also Belmonte’s rondo, “Wenn der Freude Thranen fliessen,” &c. The theatre was almost more crowded than on the first performance; the day before not a seat was to be had either on the *noble parterre* or in the third story, and not a single box. The opera has brought twelve hundred florins in the two days.

In the next letter (July 27, 1782), he continues: —

My opera was given yesterday (St. Ann’s day) in honour of all Nannerls, for the third time, and the theatre, in spite of the stifling heat, was again crammed full. It was to have been played again next Friday, but I have

protested, for I do not want it to be run to death. People are quite foolish about the opera, I must say. But it does one good to receive such applause.

Notwithstanding this, it was given again on July 30, and also on the Friday, and the theatre “swarmed with people in every part.”

Mozart was busily employed in arranging his opera for harmony (wind) music, when he received a commission from the Haffner family in Salzburg (Vol. I., p. 153) to compose a new serenata. L. Mozart had first been applied to, and he thought it becoming that Wolfgang should lighten his father’s labours by undertaking a work which cost him no exertion, and would be of direct advantage to his father. He therefore begged him to write a serenata without delay, for the time was approaching when it was to be performed. Wolfgang was quite ready to consent, inconvenient as it might be to him (July 20, 1782): —

I have certainly enough to do, for by Sunday week my opera must be arranged for wind instruments, or some one else will get the start of me, and reap the profit; and now I have to write a new symphony! I hardly see how it will be possible. You would not believe how difficult it is to arrange a work like this for harmony, so that it may preserve its effects, and yet be suitable for wind instruments. Well, I must give up my nights to it, for it cannot be done any other way; and to you, my dear father, they shall be devoted. You shall certainly receive something every post-day, and I will work as quickly as I can, and as well as I can compatibly with such haste.

He kept his word, although not quite so soon as he himself wished. In his next letter he writes (July 27, 1782): —

You will make a wry face when you see only the first allegro; but it could not be helped, for I was called upon to compose a serenade in great haste — but only for wind instruments, or else I could have used it for you. On Wednesday, the 31st, I will send the two minuets, the andante, and the

last movement: if I can I will send a march also; if not, you must take that belonging to the Haffner music, which is very little known (249 K.). I have written it in D, because you prefer it.

But the serenata was not ready within the next few days, for he says in his letter of July 31: —

You see that my will is good, but if one cannot do a thing — why one cannot! I cannot slur over anything, so it will be next post-day before I can send you the whole symphony.

A week later he wrote (August 7, 1782): —

Herewith I send you a short march (probably 445 K.). I hope all will arrive in good time, and that you will find it to your taste. The first allegro must be fiery, and the last as quick as possible.

Six months later, when he had this symphony sent back to him for performance at one of his concerts, he wrote to his father (February 15,1783): “The new Haffner symphony has quite astonished me, for I did not remember a word of it, and it must be very effective.” These little incidents show us the true Mozart, in his good-nature and readiness to oblige his father, and in his power of productiveness and elasticity of mind; he excuses himself for not having the symphony ready in a fortnight — and that at a time when not only his opera, but also his courtship and marriage were filling his head and his heart — and then he is astonished at himself for having done the thing so well. The serenata which was thus composed is the lovely one in C minor (388 K.).

Meanwhile the opera pursued its successful course; in the course of the year it was performed sixteen times; and in the beginning of October, when the Archduke and his wife returned to Vienna, on their homeward journey, the “Entführung” was given in their honour, “on which occasion I thought it as well to sit at the piano again and conduct,” he writes to his father (October 19, 1782), “partly to wake up the somewhat slumbering energies

of the orchestra, partly to show the great people present that I am the father of my offspring." Kaiser Joseph had attained the object of his ambition; the German opera was established; but he scarcely seemed to appreciate the importance of the movement thus set on foot. His criticism on the "Entführung"— "Too fine for our ears, and an immense number of notes, my dear Mozart!" (referring, no doubt, to the accompaniment, which was also found fault with by Dittersdorf as overpowering the voices) — is indicative of his taste. Mozart's spirited answer, "Just as many notes, your majesty, as are necessary," was worthy of an artist. Generally speaking, the opera received unmitigated praise. Prince Kaunitz, an accomplished amateur and passionate friend of the theatre, sent for the young composer, received him in the most flattering manner, and remained henceforth his friend and patron. The veteran Gluck, the most distinguished person in the musical world, expressed a desire to hear the opera which was making so much sensation; it was performed at his request, as Mozart writes to his father (August 7, 1782), although it had been given only a few days before; he paid the composer many compliments on it, and invited him to dinner.

The opera had decided Mozart's musical position in Vienna; it speedily caused his fame to spread throughout Germany. The Prussian minister, Baron Riedesel — the well-known traveller and friend of Winckelmann — begged Mozart for a copy of the score for performance in Berlin, for which he was to receive suitable remuneration. This was the more flattering, since André's version of the "Entführung" had been well received in Berlin only the year before. Mozart had sent the original score to his father immediately after the first performance, that he might become acquainted with the composition before seeing the opera, which he was not to do until the end of 1784, in Salzburg: —

I have just promised to have it copied. As I have not got the opera I am obliged to borrow it from the copyist, which is very inconvenient, since I

never can keep it three days together; the Emperor continually sends for it, as he did yesterday, and it is so often performed; it has been performed ten times since August 16. My idea was, therefore, to have it copied in Salzburg, where it can be done more secretly and cheaper.

The father, who watched his son's proceedings with jealousy and suspicion, thought he detected something underhand in the objection to have the copying done in Vienna. He had reminded his son, *ä propos* of "Idomeneo," that the score should remain the property of the composer (Vol. II., p. 141); and he now cautioned him as to whether he had the right to dispose of the score, would it not cause unpleasantness in Vienna, and that for the sake of an uncertain verbal promise of payment.

To this Wolfgang answered (October 5, 1782): —

I waited on the Baron von Riedesel myself; he is a charming man, and I promised him (in the belief that the opera was already in the hands of the copyist) that he should have it at the end of this month, or at the latest at the beginning of November. I must beg you to take care that I have it by that time. To relieve you of all anxiety, which I thankfully acknowledge as a proof of your fatherly love, I cannot say anything more convincing than that I am under great obligation to the Baron for having asked me for the opera, instead of going direct to the copyist (as is the custom in Italy), who would have given it to him directly for ready money; and besides this, I should have been very sorry if my talent could be paid for in that way — especially by a hundred ducats! This time (because there is no occasion) I shall say nothing about it; if it is performed, as it is certain to be (and that is what pleases me most about it), it will be known soon enough, and my enemies will have no excuse for ridiculing me, and treating me as a poor fellow: they will be quite ready to ask me for another opera if I will write it, but I do not know that I shall; certainly not if I am to be paid one hundred ducats, and see the theatre make four times that sum in a fortnight.

I shall bring out my next opera at my own expense, make at least twelve hundred florins in three representations, and then the management may have it for fifty ducats. If not, I shall be paid, and can produce it anywhere. Meanwhile I hope you will never find in me the least trace of any evil intentions. I would fain not be a bad fellow, but I do not want to be a stupid one who lets other people reap the advantage of his labour and study, and gives up his rightful claim to his own works.

The father's distrustful prudence prevented his putting the work in hand at once, and such haste was then necessary that no copyist in Salzburg would undertake it; Mozart had no resource but to explain the cause of the delay to the ambassador. But in the end the score was copied in Salzburg. The "Entführung" was performed the following year at Prague with extraordinary success. "I cannot describe the applause and sensation which it excited at Vienna from my own observation," says Niemetschek; "but I was a witness of the enthusiasm with which it was received at Prague by connoisseurs and non-connoisseurs. It made what one had hitherto heard and known appear not to be music at all! Every one was transported — amazed at the novel harmonies, and at the original passages for the wind instruments." It was given at Leipzig in 1783; at Mannheim, Salzburg, and Schwedt in 1784; at Cassel in 1785; at Berlin not until 1788. The applause was great on all occasions, and very soon the smaller stages sought to master the favourite piece. The actor Philipp Hasenhuth used to relate how the theatrical manager Wilhelm, at Baden, in 1783 or 1784, undertook the production of the "Entführung" with a very weak company. At the rehearsal of the quartet there was no tenor-player; Hasenhuth, who had just begun to learn the violin, and hardly knew one string from another, was put down to the tenor. A little man who had come in as a spectator sat down by him, and when he saw the deficiency, seized a viola and they played together. But the little man soon showed his impatience of his stumbling neighbour, and

giving vent to his anger more and more plainly as the quartet proceeded, he ended by flinging away the viola, exclaiming, “The man is a veritable donkey!” (Der Herr ist ein wahrer Krautesel!), and running out of the room. The opera, however, was a great success; and the well-satisfied manager gave his company a farewell supper, to which, hearing that Mozart was in Baden, he invited the composer. Hasenhuth was astonished to recognise in him the tenor-player at the rehearsal, but Mozart relieved him from all awkwardness by saying good-humouredly, “I was somewhat impolite when we last met, but I did not know who you were, and the devil himself could not have stood the wrong notes!” The judgment of contemporary critics of the opera was almost unanimously of accord with that of the public.

It is not probable that Mozart obtained any share of the rich profits which accrued from the production of his opera on these various stages. He was even cheated out of the production of a clavier score. “Now it has come to pass exactly as I foretold to my son,” wrote L. Mozart to his daughter (December 16, 1785); “the ‘Entführung aus dem Serail’ has appeared in clavier score at Augsburg, and has also been printed at Mayence. Since March, when he began it, my son has not found time to finish it. He has lost his time, and Torricella (who was to publish it at Vienna) his profits.”

CHAPTER XXV. “DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL.”

THE gradual decline of the German festival and “spektakel” operas was consummated in 1742, when Gottsched, who had waged incessant war against them throughout his career, had the satisfaction of chronicling the opera of “Atalanta,” in Dresden, as the last of its kind but they were succeeded by a sort of aftergrowth in the form of the operetta. The theatrical managers could not altogether dispense with similar means of attraction, and attempts were made to introduce the musical intermezzo, together with the now fairly well-established ballet. In 1743 Schonemann produced in Berlin Coffey’s “Devil to Pay” (“Der Teufel ist los”), adapted by Von Barck, with the English melodies; but this attempt, as well as the performance of Schürer’s vaudeville “Doris,” in Dresden, in 1747, remained without result. In 1752 Koch, of Leipzig, who had had recourse to the performance of Italian intermezzi, commissioned Chr. Fel. Weisse to make a new adaptation of Coffey’s “Devil to Pay, or the Bewitched Wives,” which was set to music by Standfuss, the assistant-manager of Koch’s company. Gottsched and his wife renewed the old strife against this attempt, but were completely defeated. The second part of the opera “Der Teufel ist los”— “Der Lustige Schuster” — was produced by Koch, in 1759, at Lubeck. But not until his return to Leipzig, in 1765, did he give his serious attention to vaudeville. Weisse revised his old opera of “Der Teufel ist los,” which, with partially new music by Hiller, was performed in 1766, and received with fresh applause. Koch found in Joh. Ad. Hiller what had always hitherto been wanting, viz., a composer of good musical and general education, having a decided talent for light, easy, and characteristic music (more especially comic music), and full of zeal for the elevation of the

national art. He endeavoured to make another step in advance, and by the composition of Schieb-ler's romantic poem of "Lisuart and Dariolette" (performed November 25, 1766) to lay the foundation of serious German opera. Educated in the tradition of Hasse and Graun, with the additional influence of Ph. Em. Bach, he followed with interest the attempts to gain favour for Italian music in Paris by reconciling it with the demands of French taste; and he wished to establish a national German opera on the same principles. He denied that the German language was unfitted for song, if only the poet would take the trouble of accommodating it to the music, and if artists were trained for German singing with as much care as for Italian. Since German taste was more Italian than French, but the French were superior to the Italians in dramatic treatment, a French plan in Italian form was most likely to be approved of by Germans. The insufficient appointments of the Leipzig stage must, however, have dissuaded him from any idea of a grand opera. To this was added his connection with Weisse, who during his residence in Paris had taken a lively interest in the comic opera, and had exerted himself to transplant it into Germany.

His first opera, "Lottchen am Hofe," after "Ninette ä la Cour," and "Die Liebe auf dem Lande," after "Annette et Lubin" and "La Clochette," had so great a success in 1767 and 1768 that they prepared the way for other similar attempts. These simple dramas, which occupied the mind without exerting it, and moved the feelings without unduly exciting them, were so much in keeping with Weisse's own nature that he was able to give them characteristic and appropriate form. They opened a field, too, for Hiller's simple hearty spirit, embodied in a popular form, which made his style appeal at once to the multitude; while an endeavour after higher things would only have turned him into an imitator of Hasse. A rapid succession of operas by Weisse and Hiller, which were received with unanimous approbation, and spread with incredible rapidity, soon established a definite

type of German operetta, and raised up a host of imitators. The interest of the public, especially in North Germany, was almost exclusively confined to operetta, so that in Berlin, for instance, during the years 1781-83, 117, 141, and 151 operettas were performed. This implies an extraordinary production. Besides translations from French operettas by Duni, Philidor, Monsigny, Grétry, and Italian intermezzi, there were innumerable German vaudevilles, for the most part also founded on foreign originals. Some idea may be formed of the fertility of these composers, by the fact that between 1765 and 1785, Hiller composed 13 operas, Wolf 18, Neefe 10, Holly 13, André 22, Schweitzer 16, Stegmann 10, G. Benda 8; to whom may be added a host of other less productive and less celebrated composers.

This activity had indeed drawbacks, for it was practised with great ease, and many amateurs of very inferior musical education intruded themselves among the operatic musicians. The careless dilettantism of the poet went hand in hand with that of the composer. A host of unskilful verse-makers allied themselves with Weisse, Michaelis, and Gotter, and threatened to degrade the operetta to the lower level of the opera buffa. A further drawback consisted in the very defective performances, which in most instances resulted from the insufficient powers of the operetta companies.

“We must remember,” says Reichardt, in his “History of the Comic Opera,” “how much Hiller was hampered by the miserable state of our operatic companies. He was fully aware of this, and what I admire in him is that he never lost sight of the fact that he was writing, not for singers, but for actors, who had scarcely music enough in them to sing over their wine.” The state of things had not altered much since Hiller began to write. The Italian operas alone were supported by the courts; the German operettas remained in the hands of private speculators; who did not possess the means of attracting vocalists of artistic cultivation. No singer of any reputation would have thought it consistent with his dignity to appear in German

vaudeville. The vaudeville, therefore, remained in the hands of actors, who had seldom any vocal powers and still seldomer any but a superficial cultivation, but who willingly appeared in operettas on account of the high fees and great applause they might reckon upon. Reichardt gives an appalling description of the German opera in Berlin in 1774; he heard one of Hiller's operas "sung by a wide-mouthed, screeching woman, and a lover with a voice like a night-watchman," and that before an audience which had "the reputation of very refined taste"; he was no better pleased at Leipzig. Müller says of a performance of Wolf's "Treuen Kohler" at Dresden in 1776: "As only two of all the performers were at all musical, you may imagine how the opera was rendered." It is conceivable, therefore, that the growing partiality for German opera was regarded with disfavour by earnest men, as prejudicial alike to the dramatic interests which were still struggling to assert themselves in Germany, and to the artistic development of operatic music proper. The actor Müller, during his professional tour in 1776, made himself acquainted with the views of competent judges as to the admissibility of German operettas; the different opinions which he collected are characteristic enough. Lessing — who held the union of poetry and music as the most perfect in existence, "so that nature herself appears to have destined them not so much for union as to be considered as one and the same art" — was against vaudevilles. "They are the ruin of our stage. Such works are easily written; every comedy affords material to the author; he scatters a few songs about, and the thing is done. Our new dramatic poets find this a far easier task than writing a good character piece." Gleim was even more violently opposed to vaudeville than Lessing, and gave Müller an epigram upon the

"Witch": —

Die, schlau wie

Schlang’ und Krokodill,
Sich schleicht in aller
Menschen Herzen
Und drinnen sitzt, als wie ein
Huhn Auf seinem
Nest, und lehrt:
Nur klcine Thaten thun
Und über grosse
Thaten scherzen!”

Weisse smiled when Müller repeated the lines to him, and declared himself, as became the founder of German opera, in its favour. He was too modest, however, to maintain that operettas were dramatic works of art, or to hope thereby to raise the taste of his countrymen; he could only disclaim all intention of degrading it or of doing more than encouraging German people to come together, and providing pleasant and popular entertainments for them when they did so. Gotter preserved a discreet neutrality on the subject, since he had had a direct interest in more than one operatic libretto; he would not declare for either side, and was of opinion that variety was the root of all pleasure. Wieland was more explicit, and declared that the national stage could only be rendered of importance by German music; comic and serious German vaudevilles were wanted, but good poets would soon come forward to supply the need. He was not only able to point to his own “Alceste,” and the success it had obtained; he had developed his views on the cultivation of German vaudeville with a lively acknowledgment of the achievements of Schweitzer, and he possessed genuine feeling and interest for music. Even a musician like Reichardt declared himself against the operetta, but thought as it was there it ought at least to be improved, and made as useful as possible.

The interest which was taken by great poets in the elevation of the vaudeville is exemplified by Goethe; after “Erwin und Elmire” and “Claudina von Villabella” were written, his intercourse with his early friend Christoph Kayser (b. 1736) caused him to attempt the construction of vaudeville after the received type of the Italian operetta. His first experiment was “Scherz, List und Rache,” which he began in 1784, and sent at once to Kayser for composition; the two first acts were ready the following year, and were well thought of in Weimar; in Rome, whither Goethe was followed by Kayser at the end of 1787, they finished the operetta together. But Goethe thought that the operetta was extravagantly mounted, and complains himself that a defective conception of the intermezzo had led him to spin out the trivial subject into innumerable musical pieces, which had been treated by Kayser quite after the old-fashioned models. “Unhappily,” says Goethe, “adherence to the old principles caused it to suffer from poverty of parts; it never went beyond a terzet, and one felt inclined to wish that the doctor’s medical books might be endowed with life to form a chorus. All the pains we took, therefore, to confine ourselves within narrow and simple limits went for nothing when Mozart appeared. The ‘Entführung aus dem Serail’ threw all else into the shade, and our carefully worked-out piece was never heard of again at any theatre.”

A closer examination of Mozart’s opera will make it clear to us why it threw all others into the shade. The plot of Bretzner’s “Entführung aus dem Serail,” written for André in 1781, is simple and in no way original: —

Constanze, the beloved of Belmont, is in the power of the Pasha Selim, who has confined her in his seraglio, and sues in vain for her love. Belmont has been made aware of her place of confinement by Pedrillo, his former servant, who has also fallen into the hands of the Pasha, and become the overseer of his gardens; Belmont hastens to liberate his beloved. In seeking

Pedrillo he stumbles upon Osmin, overseer of the country-house in which the action takes place; and both he and Pedrillo (who is even more obnoxious to Osmin from his known love to Blondchen, Constanze's waiting-maid, whom Osmin seeks to win) are rudely repulsed by Osmin. In the meantime Pedrillo succeeds in recommending Belmont to his master as an accomplished architect; Selim takes him into his service, and Osmin is reluctantly obliged to admit him to the country-house. In the second act Blondchen makes short work of Osmin's arrogant jealousy in respect of her, and Constanze remains constant against the renewed attempts of the Pasha. Hereupon Pedrillo inveigles Osmin into drinking with him, and renders him harmless by means of a sleeping potion; the freedom thus obtained is employed by the lovers in an interview at which their flight the following night is determined on. In the third act this is put into effect. Pedrillo gives the sign, Belmont escapes with Constanze; as Pedrillois carrying off Blondchen, Osmin enters still half asleep; they contrive to escape but he causes them to be pursued, and both couples are brought before the Pasha. They are condemned to death, but the Pasha, moved at last by their self-sacrificing love and fidelity, pardons and unites them.

The original libretto is arranged for a genuine vaudeville. All the dramatic interest lies in the spoken dialogue; the songs are, with a few exceptions, superfluous additions, and imply a very moderate amount of execution. Mozart undertook to indicate to Stephanie where and how, in the interests of the composer, alterations should be made, and only left to him the framing of the text, with which it was not necessary to be so particular, if only the situations were well arranged in their main features. The principal point, next to giving to the musical element of the piece its due prominence as the most fitting expression of lyric sentiment, was the proper consideration of the individualities of the performers themselves. Fortunately this task was not complicated in the way which had so often

been the case. Madame Cavalieri was certainly more of a bravura singer than anything else, and neither her appearance nor her acting was effective; but Adamberger and Fischer were just as Mozart would have had them, both as singers and actors, and Fischer especially was an extraordinarily gifted artist. The part of Osmin, which was created for him, shows the influence of a congenial spirit on the conceptions of the creating artist. When Mozart was fairly embarked in the work, he wrote to his father about the libretto and the alterations already made in it (September 26, 1781): —

The opera began with a soliloquy which I have begged Herr Stephanie to turn into a little ariette, and also, instead of the two chattering together after Osmin's song, to make a duet out of the dialogue. As we have given the part to Fischer, who has an excellent bass voice (although the Archbishop once told me he sang too low for a bass, and I assured his grace that he would sing higher next time), we must give him something to do, especially as he is such a favourite with the public. In the original book Osmin has only one little song, and nothing else but the terzet and finale. I have given him an aria in the first act, and he is to have another in the second. I have trusted the aria altogether to Stephanie, the music was ready before he knew a word about it.

These alterations were of specially good dramatic effect in the first scene, and Osmin's song called to life the first German comic aria which deserves to be called great. In the second act the dialogue between Blondchen and Osmin becomes a duet; on the other hand, a superfluous duet between Constanze and Blondchen is very rightly omitted. Instead of it Constanze has the great bravura song "Mar-tem aller Arten," chiefly as a concession to the singer; for the repetition of the scene in which she scornfully rejects the Sultan's proposals is in every way superfluous. Blondchen's second song — newly inserted — is, however, quite

appropriate; in it she expresses her joy at her approaching deliverance; so that the original duet is really embodied to a certain extent in these two songs.

But the chief alteration which Mozart contemplated was in the conclusion of the second act. In Bretzner's text the abduction scene is treated as a grand ensemble movement, with which the third act commences. A long and elaborate duet between Belmont and Pedrillo, who are lying in ambush, makes the beginning, and then Constanze appears and is carried off by Belmont. After Pedrillo has climbed up to Blondchen in the window, Osmin comes out of the house still heavy with sleep; but he sees the fugitives and has them pursued and brought back by his guard; they beg for mercy, seek to regain their liberty by bribery — in vain; Osmin rages, and all the characters are in a state of excitement.

Mozart's quick eye saw that this scene, bringing together all the characters in a succession of rapidly varying and contrasting situations, forms the culminating point of the opera; he wished, therefore, that this "charming quintet, or rather finale, should be placed at the close of the second act." He also saw that this transposition would necessitate other important alterations. The second act could be kept together very well by the mutual understanding of the two lovers; but the third act, for which nothing was reserved but the unravelling of the knot by the clemency of the Sultan, if it was to have any substance or interest, "must be provided with an entirely new intrigue." The difficulty of finding this seems to have put a stop to the alteration, and the original arrangement remained. But for Bretzner's insignificant finale to the second act there was substituted an elaborate quartet, which expresses in music the reunion of the lovers in its various aspects of joy and jealousy, of disputes and reconciliation. An air for Belmont precedes this; it is well-fitted for the situation, and is intended also as a concession to the singer, for in this act, where all the other

characters come to the front, Belmont had originally nothing to sing but the ensemble music.

Mozart began the composition of the ensemble movement at the commencement of the third act. The greater part of the duet between Belmont and Pedrillo before the romanze was sketched out by him in his usual way, the voices and bass written in full, the accompaniment indicated here and there. It breaks off, however, in the middle; and Mozart appears to have purposely laid it aside, convinced that the scene must be differently treated. The ensemble was given up; Mozart saw that it would throw the whole opera out of gear, and would concentrate the interest and the action at the wrong place. The abduction scene was confined to dialogue, only Pedrillo's romanze being left; in addition, songs for Belmont and Osmin were inserted, both highly characteristic. The duet for Belmont and Constanze, which follows, is altered only in the words, not in the situation; the closing catastrophe it was thought well to modify. In Bretzner's version the Pasha Selim, who is a renegade, recognises in Belmont his son, which leads to the *dénouement*;

but Stephanie makes him pardon the lovers from generosity and magnanimity, which, as a critic remarked, were the fashion of the day in Vienna. Constanze's song of gratitude at the close is very rightly omitted, and replaced by the then customary vaudeville, in which all the characters declare in turn: "Wer solche Huld vergessen kann, den seh man mit Verachtung an!

Mozart's father had raised objections to the libretto, and the alterations in it; he was particularly concerned that the verses were not in regular rhyme throughout. Thereupon his son made him the following remarkable answer (October): —

Now about the text of the opera. As far as Stephanie's work is concerned, you are quite right, but the poetry is very well suited to the character of the stupid, boorish, and malicious Osmin. I am quite aware that the versification is not of the best; but it goes so well with my musical thoughts (which were running in my head long before) that I cannot but be pleased; and I would wager that no fault will be found in performance. Belmont's aria, "O wie ängtslich," could scarcely be written better for the music. Constanze's aria too is not bad, with the exception of the "Hui," and the line "Sorrow reposes in my bosom," for sorrow cannot repose. After all, in an opera, the poetry must be the handmaid of the music. Why do Italian comic operas always please, in spite of their wretched librettos — even in Paris, as I was witness myself? Because the music is supreme, and everything else is forgotten. All the more then will an opera be likely to please in which the plan of the piece is well carried out, and the words are written simply to suit the music; not turned and twisted so as to ruin the composition for the sake of a miserable rhyme, which God knows does far more harm than good in a dramatic representation. Verse, indeed, is indispensable for music, but rhyme is bad in its very nature: and poets who go to work so pedantically will certainly come to grief, together with the music. It would be by far the best if a good composer who understands the theatre, and know-how to produce a piece, and a clever poet, could be (like a veritable phoenix), united in one; there would be no reason to be afraid as to the applause of the ignorant then. The poets seem to me something like trumpeters, with their mechanical tricks — if we composers were to adhere so closely to our rules (which were well enough as long as we knew no better) we should soon produce music just as worthless as their worthless books."

"Now I think I have talked nonsense enough for this time" — so Mozart concludes this interesting letter, as he was fond of doing when his desire to

justify himself had led him into general aesthetic questions, on which he was averse to expatiating at any length. His opinion as to the relative positions of music and poetry in operatic works is unusually interesting. In complete opposition to Gluck, who considered music as subordinate to poetry, Mozart requires that poetry shall be the handmaid of music. In the sense in which the context shows him to have meant it, he is undoubtedly right. He exacts that the plan of the piece shall be well laid out; that is, that the plot shall be interesting, and shall as it proceeds afford dramatic situations fitted for musical expression. He requires further that the words shall be written merely for the music, that is, that the poetical conceptions shall be of a kind to stimulate the composer, to elevate and support him, while allowing him perfect freedom of thought and action. He had mentioned Osmin's song to Stephanie, and the music was ready before the latter had written a word of the poetry; the words he then prepared accorded so admirably with the musical ideas which had been running in Mozart's head, that faults here and there in the versification did not seem to him of much consequence.

The impulse he required for his musical conceptions was the representation of the dramatis persona in certain definite situations, not the verbal framing of the poet's ideas. The points which were contained in the verse, and influenced the construction of the musical idea, were to him co-operating but not dominating elements. The words of an opera have a definite object; they provide foundation and support for the musical expression, and are not therefore absolutely independent, as in the drama, but are obliged to recognise and respect the laws of music, as well as those of poetry. To attain this end a compromise is as indispensable as in every other union of the sister arts. Architecture, in her highest achievements, turns for embellishment to sculpture and painting; and no one has ever doubted that in such co-operation each art must make some concession to

the other. The architectural plan must be so conceived as to afford fitting space and position for the sculpture and painting; these, on the other hand, must be introduced with a view to the essential conditions of the building; the pediment, the arch, the metope are not freely selected forms, but constitute the limitations which arise from the necessities of the building. The sculptor modifies his style to suit the character of the building, the painter knows how to give significance to the whole design by skilful composition and combinations of colour on the flat surface of the walls. Doubtless architecture, with her severe laws and inflexible forms, imposes restrictions on the fancies of the artist; but who can imagine that Phidias in the sculptures of the Parthenon, Raphael in the Loggia of the Vatican, renounced their freedom of design or their independence of execution in obedience to the will of the architect? The relation between poetry and music is of the same kind. Mozart saw the necessity for co-operation between the musician and the poet, if the right effect was to be given in its just proportions. The musician must be ready to “give some hints” which shall put the poet in possession of his intentions and of the conditions necessitated by the rules of his art; the poet must be “intelligent,” clever, and cultivated enough to fall in with the intentions of the musician, and poet enough to retain his poetical powers in spite of these limitations.

Mozart is quite right in asserting that co-operation of this kind is the surest pledge for an altogether satisfactory opera; unhappily he is quite right also in declaring such a co-opera-tion to be attainable only by “a veritable phoenix.”

To a certain degree a mutual understanding is of course indispensable, but it confines itself, as a rule, to an unwilling concession on this or the other side. Music finally assumes the mastery in opera, where it is the actual medium of expression; no one could deny that good music would

make the poorest verse pass muster, whereas bad music could not be made acceptable even when “wedded to immortal verse.” But the very fact that music appeals direct to the senses gives it an advantage when opposed to poetry, which reaches the imagination through the intellect; just as a poetical description of a work of art falls far short of the effect produced directly on the mind by contemplation of the work itself. Music works on the sense of hearing in an as yet inexplicable manner, rousing emotions and fancies with an instantaneous power surpassing that of poetry. Even if this be disputed, it must be allowed that music does not appeal immediately to the intellect as language does. Even the species of music which is said to occupy the intellect most especially, viz., music in strict forms of counterpoint, does not do it in such a way as to enable the hearer to discover the meaning of the composition by means of its actual utterances; it exercises his intellect otherwise by rousing the desire in him to grasp and hold the artistic forms as such, and the laws upon which they depend. Music must borrow from poetry what it does not possess for itself, namely, the ability to call forth a well-defined image which shall identify itself with the sentiment evoked i by the music and give to this its exact significance. This point is, of course, of special importance in opera, although the fact must not be lost sight of that the stage accessories and pantomimic representation come greatly to the aid of the music, so that it is quite possible for an audience to follow an opera with interest and gratification without understanding the language in which it is written. This is a further proof that, important as the poetic details doubtless are, the plot and situations are the really essential points. For the paradox that a libretto if it is to be musical cannot be poetical, but can only have certain external forms of poetic delivery, is certainly false. The conditions of poetic delivery and musical execution are essentially the same, and a distinction between them is impossible. But the means of delivery which the poet has at his disposal

are manifold and varied, and not all applicable in the same place; if the poet is master of his art, and has a clear conception of what he is striving after, he will know what are the particular means he ought to employ to be in accord with the musical part of the work.

Bretzner was very indignant at the proposed alterations in his libretto, and inserted the following notice in the “Berliner Litteratur und Theater-Zeitung” (No. 1783): —

It has pleased some hitherto unknown person in Vienna to take in hand my opera, “Belmont und Constanze,” or “Die Entführung aus dem Serail,” and to publish the piece in a very altered form. The alterations in the dialogue are not considerable, and may be passed over; but the adapter has inserted a vast number of songs, the words of which are in many cases edifying and touching in the highest possible degree. I would not willingly deprive the improver of the glory belonging to his work, and I therefore take this opportunity of specifying these inserted songs as belonging to the Vienna edition and Mozart’s composition.

In conclusion, and after giving “a specimen of the improver’s work from the quartet,” Bretzner exclaims: “And this is called improvement!” Nevertheless the text was improved, and although far from first-rate, it had been rendered a fairly satisfactory and practicable libretto, which has not yet been very far surpassed in the literature of German comic opera. The plot is certainly not thrilling, but it allows the natural development of a succession of musical situations. It was, as we have seen, Mozart’s merit to recognise these in his musical representation, to make them available in such a way as to distinguish the “Entführung” from all earlier vaudevilles and operettas.

Mozart’s performance was not confined to the adoption of certain ready-developed forms of Italian opera, pressed into the service of the German opera, partly from necessity, partly from the narrow principle that the songs

were to be sung by personages of supposed high position. This would have been no sufficient reason for substituting the aria for the Lied; it was done to give full scope to musical construction, and to make the standard and measure of the execution to consist only in the artistic conditions of the dramatic situations, and in the nature of the musical expression.

At home as he was in Italian, French and German opera, in sacred and instrumental music, he had obtained such a mastery over musical forms as gave him a freedom of action which his favourable circumstances in Vienna allowed him to make use of, and the fact that he was composing a German opera gave him a sense of a still higher freedom. He was German in every thought and feeling, and German music was his natural way of expressing himself as an artist, requiring no unusual form, no special characterisation, nothing but freedom of thought and action. In the “Entführung,” German sentiment, emotion, and disposition found expression for the first time at the hands of a true artist. It is easy to understand how the fulness of life and truth in such a work would throw into the shade all who believed solely in those forms which were borrowed from foreign sources, and only superficially remodelled. This truly German and truly Mozart-like style is nowhere more decidedly exemplified than in the part of Belmont. It is only necessary to note the contrast between the male sopranos of the opera seria, or the comic lovers of the opera buffa, and this Belmont, who expresses manly love in all its force and intensity. It is plain that his love is not the wild and transitory gleam of passion, but an emotion having its roots deep in the heart, sanctified by sorrow, and held with the constancy of a true moral nature. Manliness is the ground-tone of all his agitated sentiments; the steady glow of a well-balanced mind penetrates every” expression of his feelings. It is an easier task to portray the wild excitement of passion than to depict a mind and character in its totality by means of each separate expression; and the conception of love, the essential motive power of

musical drama, from this point of view, marks an era in musical representation, important alike for its national character and its artistic construction. It was not by mere chance that Mozart made the tenor voice, which had been virtually deprived of its proper province in Italian opera, into the organ of manly love and tenderness. Belmont has become a type in German opera. Adamberger, judging from contemporary testimony was the most fitting representative of such a character. Various songs composed for him by Mozart characterise him as a singer of noble and expressive delivery.

Belmont's character and tone of mind are drawn in firm lines in his first cavatina (1). His state of anxious suspense is implied rather than fully indicated by his expression of secret devotion. But this little song, which none but a master-hand could have thrown off so lightly and so surely, is of most significance, by reason of its connection with the overture. Mozart makes no remark to his father on the overture except that it was short, and that "it alternates between forte and piano, the Turkish music being always forte, modulated by changes of key, and I do not think any one can go to sleep over it, even if they have lain awake all the night before" (September 26, 1781). As usual, when he speaks of his compositions, he only indicates the means employed and the external effect, and does not attempt any verbal description of the music itself. It is certainly true that a lively and incessant suspense is kept up by the constant modulatory changes, especially from major to minor, and by sharp contrasts of *forte* and *piano*. But this is not all; the character of the overture is so singularly fanciful that a few bars suffice to place the hearer in an imaginative mood. The most varied emotions of joy and sorrow are lightly touched, but never held, the tone of the whole is so fresh and cheerful that the listener involuntarily yields to the spell; and the impressions of the new world in which he finds

himself are heightened by the highly original tone-colouring. Then comes a slower movement, expressing longing desires in the tenderest, most appealing tones. It has scarcely died away before we are again whirled along our fantastic course, which ends in an appealing cry, followed without a pause by Belmont's cavatina, "Hier soli ich dich denn sehen, Constanze!" We recognise at once the middle movement of the overture, but changed from the minor to the major key. This change, and the difference of shading between the arrangement for the voice and that for the orchestra, give to the charming little movement two distinct expressions, just as the same landscape has two different aspects seen at noon or in the moonlight. The overture renders us free to receive the effect of the work of art as such, prepared by what forms the starting-point of the work; and the first song sets the crown on the overture, while it transports us at once into the frame of mind which predominates throughout the opera. Still more important in its climax and composition is Belmont's second song (4). The situation is more definitely developed; Belmont knows now that Constanze is there, that he will soon see her, and this certainty condenses all the emotions roused by the memory of a sorrowful past, and the prospect of a perilous future, into the one feeling of their speedy reunion. Mozart was so taken with this song that he wrote it down as soon as he received the libretto. "This is the favourite song of all who have heard it — myself included," he wrote to his father (September 26, 1781), "and is exactly calculated for Adamberger's voice. 'Fo wie ängstlich, o wie feurigl' You can imagine how it is expressed, with the very beating of the heart — the violins in octaves. One can see the trembling, the hesitation, the very swelling of the breast is expressed by a crescendo, one can hear the sighs, the whispers, rendered by the violins muted, with one flute in unison."

It would be doing Mozart an injustice to consider this sound-painting as his first object; it is in reality but a subordinate, although a very effective

and useful element of the whole musical conception. Belmont's two other songs — one in the second act, before the meeting with Constanze (15), and the other at the beginning of the third act, before the abduction (17) — are much quieter in tone, and are characterised by manly composure combined with warm sensibility. These qualities are visible also in the musical construction of the broad and expressive cantilene, which allows free scope for the display of a full tenor voice in its best position. The structure of the melodies diverges in a remarkable degree from that which predominates in Mozart's Italian operas, and approaches nearer to that employed in his instrumental music. And yet the national character of the melodies is not so pronounced in the "Entführung" as in the "Zauber-flöte," nor are the songs in their whole design so completely absolved from Italian forms.

The part of Constanze, so far as musical characterisation is concerned, is not nearly so well thought out as that of Belmont. "I have been obliged," writes Mozart to his father (September 26, 1781), "to sacrifice Constanze's song (6) in some degree to the voluble organ of Mdlle. Cavalieri. But I have sought to express 'Trennung war mein banges Loos und nun schwimmt mein Aug' in Thranen' as far as is compatible with an Italian bravura song." We shall readily allow that he has been so far successful; and that, apart from the inserted bravura passages, the song is not only fine from a musical point of view, but appropriate to the situation. But in the great bravura song of the second act everything has been sacrificed to Mdlle. Cavalieri's voluble organ, and, as Gluck would have said, it *smells of music*, It is, as we have seen, inserted without reference to the plot, and this may have led to the further consequence of treating it altogether as an extraneous piece. As regards length and difficulty, it is one of the greatest of bravura songs, and is accompanied by four obbligato instruments — flute, oboe, violin, and violoncello. Considered as a concert piece it is of

importance by reason of the plan, artistic in design and execution, which permits the treatment of the five obbligato parts as integral divisions of the whole, while making due provision for sound effects and musical interest. The song is still often sung, although the glitter surrounding mere execution has passed away. But it does not belong to the “Entführung.” Together with the brilliant execution there is a certain heroic tone in the song which is quite out of keeping with the opera and with the character of Constanze in it. The true Con-stanze, as Mozart imagined her, is found in the second air (10), which expresses with much truth and intensity the ardent longing of the maiden sorrowing for her lover. Firmness and assurance are manly attributes, but a dreamy resigned absorption in the contemplation of vanished happiness is proper to a woman, and to this maidenly sentiment Mozart has given beautiful expression. This feminine tone gives the song a certain resemblance to that of Ilia in “Idomeneo” (Vol. II., p. 151); but the latter is, as the situation requires, drawn in darker lines, and takes more hold on the mind. Here as elsewhere the same point is noticeable, viz., that when Mozart works outward from the heart of an individual situation, the separate elements of the musical construction are more striking, and the form is freer and more lifelike than it would otherwise be.

The instrumentation also is peculiarly effective, especially by the employment of the wind instruments, which shed a gentle glow over the whole. Mozart, against his custom, makes use of the basset-horn instead of the clarinet in this song. In the part of Belmont, too, the instrumentation is modified to some extent. The second song (4) is very delicate and tender in its instrumentation, the wind instruments being treated as solos, although not concertante; in the others there is a very pithy forcible tone, which in the last (16) becomes almost brilliant.

The duet (20), owing to the singularity of the situation, differs materially in character from an ordinary love duet. Within sight of death each of the

lovers has the painful consciousness of having led the other to destruction; and their mutual endeavour to console one another with the certainty of their love, which death may consummate but cannot destroy, raises them to the height of enthusiastic inspiration. This sentiment is excellently well expressed in the first calm movement with fervour and clearness, and a perceptible blending of painful emotion and loving consolation; the second movement does not quite reach the same high level. Not only do some of the passages, and the very tedious conclusion, make concessions to passing effect, but the expression does not rise to the ecstatic strain which is implied in the situation.

The noble forms of the two lovers stand in the sharpest contrast to that of Osmin, which is altogether Mozart's creation, and certainly one of the most original characters of dramatic music. The very way in which he is introduced is masterly. After Belmont has sung his cavatina, which breathes the noblest love and constancy, Osmin comes out of the house to gather figs; he sings a song for his pastime; it is a love song, but one suggested by painful jealousy. The minor key of Osmin's song gives it a wild, desolate expression, in strong contrast to the cheerful candour of the cavatina; many popular songs have this expression, and Osmin's song is successfully imitated from the popular style. The phrasing is clumsy in spite of the marked rhythm, but the effect is quite startling when Osmin in a complacent hum repeats the last words an octave lower, and then at once breaks out into a wild "Trallalera!" The uncouth fellow lolls and stretches so completely at his ease that there cannot be a moment's doubt of how unamiable he will prove to be if any one should venture to cross his path. This is soon put to the proof. He refuses with assumed indifference to answer Belmont's repeated inquiries, and on the latter interrupting him (involuntarily, as it were, with the melody of his own song, which has so irritated Belmont), the unabashed rudeness of Osmin breaks out in speech. It is as interesting as

instructive to note how in this duet the simplest and easiest means of musical representation are used to produce a continuous climax and the most lively characterisation. While it is still in full train Pedrillo enters, and Osmin turns upon him with a fresh outbreak of rage in the song which Mozart had spoken of to his father (3). Again changing his tactics, he endeavours to repress his opponent with all the weight of his dignity and cleverness. Gravity and importance, expressed by the rhythm, the pompous intervals, the syncopated accompaniment, alternate with impatience and haste, when the singer becomes irritated. Very characteristic is the demeanour of Osmin as he complacently nurses the thought: “I have my wits about me!” (“Ich hab’ auch Ver-stand!”). He works himself gradually up into a rage, and the threats which he pours forth in a breath fall like blows on the head of the hapless Pedrillo. The effect is produced by the accentuation given to the rapid flow of words; the first fourth of every bar is forcibly given by the orchestra, and the second is taken up by the voice in fifths, and then in octaves. At last he comes to a triumphant close, and one thinks it is all over. But he has only stopped to take breath, and at once resuming his furious course, he ends by completely overpowering his opponent. Mozart writes to his father on the conclusion of this song (September 26, 1781): “The ‘Drum beim Barte des Propheten’ is in the same time, but the notes are more rapid, and as his anger grows one imagines the climax must be close at hand; the allegro assai follows in quite a different time and key, and has an excellent effect. A man in such violent rage oversteps all bounds of moderation, and loses all command over himself, and so must the music. But since,” he continues, expressing in simple words that wherein lies the charm of all true art, “since the passions, violent or not, must never be carried to the point of producing disgust, and the music, however thrilling, must never fail to satisfy the ear, consequently must always remain music, I have not chosen a distant key to follow the F

(the key of the song) but an allied one; not the nearest key of all, D minor, but the farther one of A minor." In point of fact, the effect of the minor key is extraordinary, both here and in other places where it is only cursorily touched. It adds to the frenzied wildness of the character in which lust and cruelty are blended, and it is emphasised by the strongly marked though monotonous rhythm. And how wonderfully all these characteristics are enhanced by the instrumentation!

"Osmin's rage," writes Mozart, "acquires a comic element by the introduction of the Turkish music." The effect is enhanced by the simplicity which has hitherto characterised the instrumentation. The oboes (with bassoons and horns) predominate until, in the last verse: "Sonderlich beim Monden-scheine," a flute insinuates itself with very good effect. There are many characteristic touches in spite of the scanty means at disposal, as for instance, the mocking entry of the oboe at the words, "Ich hab' auch Verstand."

The Turkish music serves for far more than local colour and characterisation. The expression of fanaticism is coloured as well as heightened by the shrill sound of the piccolo flute, the blows of the drum and cymbals, and the tingle of the triangles. The bewilderment produced by these instruments, the breathless rapidity of the movement, and the monotony of the rhythm make one feel that giddiness must ensue if it goes on much longer. But Mozart never makes us giddy, he makes use of the most forcible means for characterisation, but never to the point of becoming painful, and all with so much cheerfulness and humour that the total effect is decidedly pleasing.

We make acquaintance with Osmin's boorish character in many different situations; he is true to himself in them all. The second great song (19) contrasts in some measure with the first. He is triumphant, he has his enemies in his power, and he is beside himself with joy; but he retains the

same savage nature, and in the midst of all his rejoicing the main point for him is that he can now loll and stretch himself comfortably, which he proceeds to do to his heart's content on the long-sustained A and D, to which he easily carries his scale. Especially characteristic is the middle movement of this song. One seems to see a wild beast, now yawning and stretching, now crouching for a spring; grim cruelty and lustful indolence are wonderfully characterised by the alternation of octaves and dissonant suspensions in the accompaniment, as well as by the triplet passages which are given by the orchestra in unison, as if there could be no harmony here; the expression of joy is mingled with unspeakable brutality, and comes to a climax in the shrill note of exultation at the close. But Osmin shows himself a true poltroon in the duet with Blondchen (9) — her snappish impudence completely gets the better of him, and although he endeavours to overawe her with the deepest notes of his deep bass voice, her persiflage drives her unwieldy antagonist quite out of the field. The lament which he thereupon sings: "Ihr Englander, seid ihrnicht Thoren, ihr lasst euren Weibem den Willen!" ("You Englishmen, what fools you are, to leave your wives their freedom!") is in contrast to his love song, and completes the conception of it. Here there is nothing of the barbarous nature which showed itself in lust and jealousy, but only the pitiful whining of a slavish soul which trembles before a resolute woman's will. The characterisation of the last movement — when Osmin gives up all appearance of superiority and yields upon every point — is charming, and produced by the simplest musical means. He displays another side of his character in the duet (14) in which Pedrillo induces him to drink. His senses are soon overcome, and he endeavours to outvie Pedrillo. It is of advantage to the situation that the personality of the singers required that even here Osmin must be considered the chief person; one only needs to hear the arrogance with which he delivers the principal subject in order to feel sure on whom the wine will

take strongest effect, and even when the rapidly concluded entente cordiale is expressed in unison, Osmin's low-pitched octaves keep the upper hand. But here, too, Mozart keeps within bounds, and never goes beyond a joke; Osmin's drunken sleep is excluded from his representation. Osmin's character is least strongly characterised in the terzet (7), of which Mozart writes to his father as follows (September 26, 1781): —

Now for the terzet which concludes the first act. Pedrillo has represented his master as an architect, which affords him an opportunity of meeting his Constanze in the garden. The Pasha has taken him into his service; and Osmin, as overseer, and knowing nothing of this, is insolent to him as a stranger, being himself an unmannerly churl and the arch-enemy of all strangers, and refuses to allow him to enter the garden. The first movement is short, and as the words allowed of it I have kept the three voices fairly well together; but then begins the major *pianissimo*, which must go very fast, and the conclusion will draw many tears, which is just what the conclusion of a first act should do; the more tears the better — but the shorter the better, so that the audience may not forget the applause.

We see from this that Mozart thought more in this instance of a vivid expression of the situation than of minute characterisation, and all the three characters are alike in their urging and scolding. The advisability, therefore, of keeping the three voices "fairly well" together, their imitative arrangement keeping up the impression of great excitement, is indicated by the situation, although, owing to the necessity for stricter attention to form, the individual characterisation is thereby limited.

Osmin's last appearance in the finale is very amusing. While all the other characters are expressing their gratitude, in the favourite form of a round, Osmin tries in vain to keep in the same track; but the round sticks in his throat, and his angry spite will have vent; the hunting-song of the first act with the obbligato janizaries' music rushes once more past our ears.

Although some elements borrowed from the conventional forms of the Italian bass buffo are discernible in the part of Osmin, yet Mozart has made use of them in such an entirely original manner that they are closely interwoven in his own creation. It is, however, the consistency of the individual characterisation which distinguishes the part of Osmin and raises it far above the ordinary buffo parts, causing it to afford a striking instance of Mozart's eminent talent for dramatic construction.

The part requires a performer such as Fischer, of whom Reichardt writes: "He is an excellent bass singer; his voice has the depth of a violoncello, and the height of an ordinary tenor; its compass is —

so that his deep notes are never harsh, nor his high ones shrill; his voice flows with ease and certainty, and is full of charm. In praise of his style I need only say that he is a worthy pupil of the great tenor Raaff, who was, and still is considered, the best tenor in all Europe. Fischer has a more flexible organ than perhaps any other bass singer, and his acting is as good in serious drama as in comic."

Such materials as this are calculated to bring forth good effects. Among them may be noted the original sense of climax which Mozart produces by repeating a passage an octave lower; this is done in the Lied and in both of Osmin's airs at the words "Ich hab' auch Verstand" (3), and "Denn nun hab ich vor euch Ruh!" (19). The same effect occurs in the beautiful song "Non sö d'onde viene," composed also for Fischer; an expressive and sustained passage is repeated an octave lower, and the effect is very beautiful.

In order to give an adequate idea of Fischer's powers, the two serious songs composed for him by Mozart must be considered along with this decidedly comic part. The above-mentioned, "Non sò d'onde viene" (512 K.), broad in conception and style, displays the whole compass and wealth of Fischer's organ in the most favourable light. The other, "Aspri rimorsi

atroce" (432 K.), composed in 1783, is remarkable for the expression of a gloomy, agitated mood, not illumined by any ray of light.

An expressive recitative is followed by a single movement (allegro, F minor) in incessant agitation, the almost uninterrupted triplets of the stringed instruments giving it the character of trembling unrest. The voice part is very striking by reason of its decided rhythm and frequent dissonant intervals; but it is mostly declamatory, and there is no appearance of a cantilene proper; the wind instruments give effect to the strong accents. The whole song pursues its rapid course like a gloomy nocturne, and dies away at last in a dull moan. This song is distinguished among all that Mozart has written by its uninterrupted expression of gloomy passion, and it would be almost inconceivable that he intended it for concert singing, did we not know that Fischer was to sing it: he was unsurpassed in every species of delivery.

The parts of Blondchen and Pedrillo are not by any means so important in their characterisation as those of the principal personages, neither have they much influence on the development of the plot. Blondchen, besides her share in the duet with Osmin, has two songs, of which the first (8) is in no way remarkable, written evidently for a seconda donna. The only point to be noted is a passage going up to —

which gives proof of Mdlle. Teyber's vocal powers. The second song (12) is far fresher and more original, and expresses heartfelt joy in so lively and charming a manner, without ever overstepping the province of a good-humoured soubrette, that the hearer is involuntarily beguiled into the same cheerful frame of mind. A German element is unmistakably present (we are reminded of the "Zauberflote"), and we may note the first appearance of those naïve girl-parts common to German opera.

Mozart has given to Pedrillo's song (15) somewhat of a military tone, suggested perhaps by the opening words "Frisch zum Kampfe!" and

although his servile nature is indicated here and there in the accompaniment, the effect of the whole is too forcible and brilliant for the character. On the other hand, the romanze (18) which he sings in the third act to the guitar is a jewel of delicate characterisation. Not, however, with any reference to Pedrillo himself, for he sings the song, not from personal impulse, but as something he has heard and learnt; but the strange effects of harmony and rhythm, the mixture of bold knightly impulse with timid dismay, is so fantastic, so unreal, that we seem to be ourselves in Moorish lands, and are readily persuaded that we are listening to genuine Moorish music. But we are listening, in fact, to no music but Mozart's, whose own mind evolved the music which the situation demanded, without any previous philological study of Moorish national melodies. The two choruses of janizaries (so Mozart calls them in the score) are not only characterised by the Turkish airs they embody, but by original harmonies and rhythm which give them a foreign and national character, without any special regard as to whether it is actually Turkish or not.

We have already had occasion to remark how the ensemble movements proceed naturally from the exigencies of the situation, and are therefore essential to the musical characterisation of the work. This is especially true of the quartet (16), which forms the conclusion of the second act. Belmont and Constanze meet for the first time in the Pasha's garden, where are also Blondchen and Pedrillo. The meeting of the lovers is the more significant, since it is in anticipation of their approaching flight. An unusually elevated tone of sentiment is therefore common to them all; but the particular circumstances produce many different shades of feeling, and each character has its own distinct peculiarities. It is the task of the composer to combine this multifariousness into an artistic whole. The scenic accessories come very happily to his aid. The two pairs of lovers wander about the garden in close converse, so that they are heard sometimes apart, sometimes one after

the other, sometimes together, according to the requirements of the situation and of the musical grouping. The beginning is a simple matter. Constanze and Belmont express their feelings in a short duet-like movement, full of heart, such as Mozart has made proper to lovers. When they turn aside Pedrillo and Blondchen advance, deep in consultation on the flight, so that the music assumes a lighter and more cheerful tone. But their thoughts are also occupied with the approaching happy turn in their fortunes, and when Belmont and Constance draw near, they all spontaneously join in the expression of joyful emotion. Small touches betray the master. The consultation between Pedrillo and Blondchen is in A major, and closes with an easy phrase on the words: “Wär der Augenblick schon da!” (“O, that the moment had come!”), very expressive of the girl’s character. The orchestra at once takes up this phrase with great emphasis, produced both by the sudden change to the key of D major and by the forcible unison of the instruments, as if they were exclaiming, “It has come!” and then leads back simply and expressively to the leading motif, which now for the first time asserts its full significance: —

But now the tone grows troubled. Belmont cannot repress a feeling of jealousy, and, embarrassed and confused, he seeks to express his doubts to Constanze, who does not understand him. Pedrillo follows in the same direction to Blondchen, who is far more ready in apprehending his meaning. The oboe gives charming expression to the feelings which the jealous lovers scarcely dare to clothe in words. Then Belmont and Constanze came forward again. The two men speak together, each after his manner — Belmont noble and open, Pedrillo with chattering haste. Constanze bursts into tears, Blondchen answers Pedrillo with a box on the ears; the women lament together, and the men are aware that they have gone too far. After the lively expression of these contrasting emotions in rapid alternation, the lovers emerge from the confusion, explain themselves as to their true

feelings, and so prepare for the reconciliation. The short ensemble movement in which Mozart consummates this dénouement (andante 6-8) is one of those passages of which a friend used to say that “der liebe Gott” himself could not have done it better; the purest beauty and a truly holy expression of satisfaction penetrates the simple and unpretending phrase. The magic of such conceptions cannot be rendered in words, nor can it be satisfactorily indicated by what actual means the effect is attained, and yet it is always of interest to see the master in his workshop.

It is easy to see in this case that the key selected (A major) combines with the rhythm and the harmonic treatment to produce the wished-for effect. It gives the voices a pitch allowing of the clearest and most melodious tones, heightened in their effect by the deeper pitch of the accompanying stringed instruments, and it also, although in fact the nearest key to the principal one, produces an impression of surprise as great as though it were a more distant one. This is due to what precedes the adoption of the A major key. The first movement in D major is followed by one in G minor, which leads to E flat major, B minor, F major; D minor is just touched, but only to pass again through C minor and B flat major into G minor, with a rapid transition into E major. After this restless change of key, the passage into A major has a wonderfully tranquillising effect, and the adherence to the key throughout the movement gives it a peculiar charm. But the reconciliation has not yet taken place; the lovers sue for pardon, but the two women allow them first to feel their injustice, and here Blondchen assumes the lead by virtue of her fluent tongue, while the men supplicate more and more earnestly, until at last peace is concluded. This movement is a model of dramatic characterisation. An excellent effect is produced by Blondchen’s singing throughout in triplets (12-8 against 4-4), in contrast to the calm flowing melodies for the other voices. The movement only acquires its full significance by contrast with what has preceded it.

When pardon has been granted, every trace of past sorrow is obliterated by the feeling of complete satisfaction. After so much mental strain a complete relaxation is necessary from a musical point of view. The last movement is therefore very simple, although appropriately brilliant and fiery. It seldom departs from the principal key, and is frequently in canon form; very light passages for the voices, rapid instrumentation, and an unusually effective *crescendo* at the close, give it an impulsive and quickening effect. This was the first really dramatic ensemble movement in a German opera, and in it we find concentrated all Mozart's services to the German opera — a full and free employment of all the means afforded by song and orchestra to give musical expression to emotion, without subservience to any more binding forms than those laws which are founded on the nature of music.

The masterly treatment of the orchestra in the "Entführung has been repeatedly pointed out, and there is no need to repeat that Mozart turned to account all the advantages offered to him by the Vienna orchestra. In comparison with "Idomeneo" the instrumentation is not exactly scantier, but it is clearer and simpler; the tendency to employ the different instruments independently, to bring forward subordinate subjects, &c., is held in check, and the details are more lightly treated on account of stage effects. "I think I may venture to lay down," says Weber, "that in the 'Entführung' Mozart's *artist experience* came to maturity, and that his *experience of the world* alone was to lead him to further efforts. The world might look for several operas from him like 'Figaro' and 'Don Juan,' but with the best will possible he could only write one 'Entführung.' I seem to perceive in it what the happy years of youth are to every man; their bloom never returns, and the extirpation of their defects carries with it some charms which can never be recovered."

CHAPTER XXVI. COURTSHIP.

IT has often been pointed out that Mozart wrote the “Entführung” as an accepted lover; and many analogies have been drawn between his own love affairs and those represented in the opera, with the view of accounting for the depth and truth of his expression of the tenderest of passions. It is true that Mozart could not have rendered love so truly without having felt it in its full intensity. But if we stop to realise the difficulties and vexations with which Mozart had to struggle as a lover, we shall rather wonder that he could compose at all under such circumstances, and the Entführung” becomes a striking proof that creative genius sets the artist free from the pressure of life, and raises him into the region of beauty in which true art is begotten.

We have already seen the relief it was to Mozart, when obliged to quit the house of the Archbishop, to find a lodging with Madame Weber, his old Mannheim friend. After Aloysia’s marriage to the actor Lange, the mother lived in somewhat reduced circumstances with her other three daughters, and was glad to let her spare rooms; it was a comfort to Mozart to be relieved by friendly hands of the little housekeeping cares which he was ill-fitted to attend to himself. But his father was averse to the arrangement; he feared that the Webers would make a tool of him, as they had, in his opinion, in Mannheim. He was not at all satisfied with Wolfgang’s reassurances on the subject, and pressed him to take another lodging; Wolfgang declared himself quite willing if he could find one equally comfortable. As this did not seem likely, and a report reached Salzburg that Mozart was engaged to be married to one of Madame Weber’s daughters, his father insisted on compliance with his desire. Wolfgang answered (July 25, 1781): —

I repeat that I have long wished to take another lodging, if only to stop people's chatter; and it annoys me to have to do it for the sake of absurd gossip, in which there is not a word of truth. I should like to know what pleasure it can be to certain people to spread such baseless reports. Because I am living with the family I must, forsooth, marry the daughter! There is no talk of affection — they jump over all that; I simply go to the house, and then get married. If ever in my life I was far from thinking of marriage, it is at this moment. I wish for nothing less than a rich wife; and even if I could make a good marriage now I must perforce wait, for I have other things in my head. God has not given me my talent that I might cripple it with a wife, and waste my prime in inactivity. Shall I embitter my life at its very opening? I have nothing to say against matrimony, but for me at present it would be an unmitigated evil. Well, if there is no other way, false as it all is, I must avoid even the appearance of it, although the appearance has no foundation except my lodging in the house. No one who does not live in the house can imagine how very little intercourse I have with them; for the children seldom go out — never except to the play — and I cannot accompany them because I am seldom at home at that hour. We have been on the Prater once or twice, but the mother was with us; being in the house I could not avoid going, and I heard no such foolish gossip then. I must tell you, too, that I paid only *my own* share; and the mother, having become aware of the gossip from others as well as from myself, objects to our going anywhere together again, and has herself advised me to move my quarters to avoid further annoyance, for she says she would not willingly injure me, however innocently. This is my only reason for leaving, and this is no valid reason; but people's mouths must be stopped. It would not be difficult to find a better room, but very difficult to meet with such kind and obliging people. I will not say that I am uncivil and never speak to the young lady to whom report has wedded me, but I am not in love with her; I chat and joke

with her when I have time — that is in the evenings, when I sup at home; in the morning I write in my own room, and in the afternoon I am nearly always out — and so that is really all about it. If I am to marry all the girls I have made fun with, I shall have at least a hundred wives. Now farewell, my dear father, and trust your son, who has really the best intentions towards all honest people! Trust him, and believe him sooner than certain people who have nothing better to do than to calumniate honest folk.

An unfinished allegro to a clavier sonata (400 K.) remains as a curious and amusing instance of the influence exerted on a composer by his immediate surroundings. After a very cheerful first part, a plaintive tone is struck in the second, and a very strongly accentuated musical dialogue occurs. The names of the two sisters Weber are written against the characterising phrases of the music: —

The Messmer family had offered Mozart apartments in their house in the suburbs, but he could not make up his mind to accept the offer: “The house is not what it was,” he writes to his sister (December 15, 1781). Messmer had staying with him at the time Vine. Righini (1756-1812), formerly an opera-buffa singer and then a composer; they were on very intimate terms, and Madame Messmer was especially friendly to Righini. The latter, as Mozart informs his father in answer to his inquiries, makes a great deal of money by giving lessons, and his cantata (probably “Il Natale d’ Apollo”) had been given twice during Lent with great success. “He writes *prettily*; is not superficial, but a great thief. He gives back his stolen goods so unblushingly and in such overflowing abundance that people can hardly digest them” (August 29, 1781).

Another musical family would have been glad to receive him as an inmate, and his father appears to have been not unwilling that he should form a closer connection in this case. Wolfgang had been introduced to Herr Aurnhammer, whose “fat lady-daughter” Josephine was considered one of

the first clavier-players of the day. They received him kindly, and often invited him, as he informs his father (June 27, 1781): “I dine almost daily with Herr Aurnhammer; the young lady is a horror — but she plays divinely; she seems to lose her really refined taste in singing, however, and drags everything.”

It would have been convenient to them that Mozart should be in their immediate neighbourhood. But he was far from satisfied with the quarters which they offered him; it was a room “for rats and mice, but not for human beings. The stairs need a lantern to light them at noonday; and the room might be called a *cell*. The wife herself called the house a rat’s nest — in fact it was really dreadful.” Nor did he feel any inclination for closer intercourse with this family, whose motives in wishing for him he believed that he saw through. Seeing that his father had set his mind upon his going, he felt constrained to set the two sides of the question before him. The description which follows is somewhat “schlimm” certainly, but too characteristic of the writer to be omitted: —

He is the best-natured man in the world; too much so, indeed, for his wife — a stupid, silly chatterer — has quite the upper hand, so that when she speaks he has not a word to say. Whenever we go for a walk together he begs me not to mention in his wife’s presence that we took a fiacre or drank some beer. Now I cannot possibly have confidence in such a man. He is a good fellow and my very good friend, and I can dine with him when I please, but I am not used to be paid for *my civilities*; indeed a dinner would scarcely be fitting payment, but people like these think so much of what they do. I will not attempt to describe the mother to you; one has enough to do at table to refrain from laughing at her. You know Frau Adlgasser? This creature is worse, for she is ill-natured as well as stupid. As for the daughter, if a painter wanted a model for the evil one he might have

recourse to her face. She is as fat as a peasant-girl, and once seeing her is enough to make one wretched for the whole day. *Pfui Teufel!*

I wrote to you how she plays the clavier, and why she begged me to assist her. She is not content that I should pass two hours every day with her, she would like me to spend the whole day there, and then she makes herself agreeable! or rather, worse than that, she is seriously in love with me. I thought it was a joke, but I know it for certain now. When I first observed it (for she took liberties, reproaching me for coming later than usual, or not staying long enough, and other such things) I felt constrained to tell her the truth politely, for fear she should make a fool of herself. But it was of no use, she became more deeply in love. Then I tried being very polite until she began her nonsense, when I turned cross. Then she took me by the hand and said, “Dear Mozart, do not be so angry, and you may say what you like, I am so fond of you.” It was the talk of the whole town that we were going to be married, and people wondered at my choice. She told me that when anything of the kind was said to her, she laughed at it; but I know from a certain person that she acknowledged it, with the addition that we should set out on our travels together as soon as we were married. That made me really angry. I gave her my true opinion on the subject, and reproached her with abusing my kindness. I have left off going there every day, and only go every other day, so as to break it off by degrees. She is an infatuated fool. Before she knew me, she said when she heard me at the theatre, “He is coming to me to-morrow, and I shall play him his variations in the same style.” For this very reason I did not go. It was a conceited speech, and an untrue one, for I had had no intention of going there the following day.

All this did not prevent Mozart from assisting Fraulein Aurnhammer in his usual amiable manner. At a concert at Aurnhammer’s (November 24,

1781) he played the Concerto a due (365 K.) with her, and a sonata which was composed expressly, and “went remarkably well” (381 K.).

A few months later he played a duet with her at one of his own concerts (May 25,1782), and postponed a journey to Salzburg because he had promised to play at her concert in the theatre (October 26, 1782). He also dedicated to her the sonatas for piano and violin which appeared in 1781 (376-380 K.).

In September he actually found a new lodging, but he was far from comfortable there; “it was like travelling in a post-chaise instead of one’s own carriage.” He had made the sacrifice for his father’s sake, and he now took occasion to beg the latter not to listen to gossip, but to believe that he meant “to remain the same honest fellow as ever” (September 5, 1781). But the discomfort of his domestic circumstances in the midst of incessant work only increased his desire to set up an establishment of his own. The gossip of the town and his father’s exhortations had produced a contrary effect to that intended, and his liking for Constanze Weber grew more decided day by day. He felt persuaded that she would make him happy, and, since she returned his affection, they became betrothed lovers. He could not disguise from himself that his father would certainly disapprove of this step, and he laid before him with great candour all that had led to it. After setting forth his prospects of an assured position, and the steps which he had taken towards obtaining it, he continues (December 15, 1781): —

My desire is to have something certain to fall back upon, and then one can live very well on chance here — and to get married. Nature speaks as loud in me as in any other, perhaps louder than in a great heavy blockhead. I have no inclination to live like most young men of the present day. In the first place I have too much love for religion, and in the second too much love for my neighbour, and too much good feeling to lead astray an innocent girl. I can take my oath I have never done so. But I know that this

reason, strong as it is, is not elevated enough. But my temperament, which is inclined for a quiet domestic life — my want of habit of attending to my clothing, washing, and other such things — make a wife indispensable to me. I am quite persuaded that I could live better on the same income with a wife than as I am now. And how many unnecessary expenses would be done away with, others would arise; but one knows them and can calculate on them — in fact, one leads a regular life. An unmarried man only half lives, in my opinion. That is my opinion — I cannot help it; I have reflected and considered enough, and have quite made up my mind. But who, you will ask, is the object of my love? Do not be horrified, I beg. What! not a Weber! Yes, a Weber; not Josepha, nor Sophia, but Constanze, the middle one. I have never seen such dissimilarity of mind in any family as in this. The eldest, Josepha, is lazy and cross; Aloysia Lange is a false, unprincipled woman and a coquette; the youngest, Sophie, is too young to be anything yet but the good thoughtless creature she is. God keep her from temptation! But the middle one, my dear good Constanze, is the martyr of the family, and on that very account, perhaps, the best-natured, the cleverest — in a word, the best of them all. She looks after everything in the house, and yet can never do right. She is not ugly, but she is far from being beautiful. Her whole beauty consists in her dark eyes and good figure. She is not intellectual, but has common sense enough to fulfil her duties as a wife and mother. She is not inclined to extravagance, that is quite untrue; on the contrary, she is always badly dressed, for the little her mother can do is done for the two others, never for her. True, she likes to be neat and clean, but not smart; and almost all that a woman needs she can make for herself; she understands housekeeping, has the best heart in the world — she loves me and I love her — tell me if I could wish for a better wife? I must tell you that when I wrote before love was not there, but was born of her tender care and attention when I was living in the house. My earnest wish now is to get

something settled to do (of which, God be praised, I have great hope), and I shall then hasten to beg your permission to rescue my poor darling, and make her and myself — indeed, I may say, all of us — happy, for does not my being happy render you so?

This confirmation of the news which had already reached him from other quarters was a heavy blow to L. Mozart. The perspective of “dying on a sack of straw in a room full of starving brats” which he had once before held out to his son (Vol. I., p. 426) opened itself to him anew; marriage without a certain and sufficient income was, in his opinion, and knowing his son as he did, the first step to certain ruin. And then the Weber family! The description which Wolf-gang gave of them was not calculated to inspire confidence; if he had been so completely deceived in Aloysia, who could answer for his better judgment with respect to Constanze? But his father knew more than he had learnt from Wolfgang; he knew that the latter had given a written promise of marriage, and, from all the communications he received, he could not but believe that both mother and daughter had been playing upon the young man’s inexperience and sense of honour to entice him into their net. L. Mozart sought by every means in his power to influence his son; he demanded information as to the written agreement, that he might be satisfied that it did not exist, and that Wolfgang was bound only by his word. But Wolfgang showed himself firmer and more independent at this juncture than ever before; he had made up his mind, and it was not to be shaken.

He did not hesitate to explain the circumstances of the marriage contract (December 22, 1781). After the death of their father, the Weber children had been placed under the guardianship of Johann Thorwarth, court manager and inspector of the theatrical wardrobe, a man of considerable influence in matters theatrical, and well thought of by Count Rosenberg and Baron Kienmayer— “a sworn enemy of the Italians.” This man had been

prejudiced against Mozart by calumniators, who represented that he had no certain income, and that he did not mean honestly by Constanze; this so disturbed the mother that she did not rest until she had induced Mozart to request an interview with the guardian. The interview took place, but the guardian was so little satisfied that he insisted on all intercourse with Mozart being broken off unless he would agree to a written contract. Madame Weber declared that this could not be; that all the intercourse consisted in Mozart's coming daily to their house, and that she could not possibly put a stop to it, seeing that she was under much obligation to him as a friend, and that she placed every confidence in his truth and honour; if the guardian thought such a step necessary, he must undertake it himself. Hereupon Thorwarth prohibited all intercourse unless Mozart would give a written agreement. He must make his choice. Having no intention of giving up Constanze or affording ground for suspicion to her friends, he signed an agreement by virtue of which he bound himself to espouse Mdlle. Constanze Weber within three years, or "in case of such an impossibility as his changing his mind," he was to pay her three hundred florins a year. He assured his father that there was no sort of risk in this, as he was finally resolved never to forsake her; but if such an unheard-of event were to occur, he would think himself easily bought off with three hundred florins; besides that his Constanze would, he knew, be far too proud to accept a price. "And what did the devoted girl do?" he continues; "as soon as the guardian had gone, she took the agreement from her mother, tore it up, and said: 'Dear Mozart, I need no written assurance from you; I can believe your simple word!'" It was thought best by them all to keep this transaction secret; but it gradually oozed out, until all Vienna knew of it. It might be wrong, and this part of the affair was blameable — thus much he acknowledged to his father; but neither the guardian nor the mother deserved to be branded as misleaders of youthful innocence; it was a falsehood that they had made

him free of the house and then bound him in spite of himself — it was quite the contrary, and he would have known better than to give in to such conduct.

His indignation was raised to the highest pitch when he heard from his father that the most disgraceful falsehoods as to his dealings with Constanze had reached Salzburg by way of Munich, and were attributable to “that scoundrel” Winter, who had always hated him on Vogler’s account. Winter had been staying in Vienna with the bassoonist Reiner, and Mozart had sought him out as an old acquaintance. It was all the more infamous, since this very Winter, who “deserved the name neither of a man nor a human being,” and to whose “infamous lies” Mozart would not condescend to oppose “infamous truths,” had once said to him: “You will be foolish to marry; you can earn enough — why should you not keep a mistress? What prevents you? Is it your d —— d religion?” (December 22, 1781).

But against such calumnies he was powerless. “My maxim is,” he says (January 9, 1782), “that what does not concern me is not worth the trouble of talking about; I am ashamed to defend myself from false accusations, for I always think that the truth is sure to come to light.” He therefore refused to stir in the matter, and left free course to all the falsehood and misrepresentation.

L. Mozart was naturally not much reassured by this explanation. He called his son’s attention to Madame Weber’s failings, which rendered a good education of her daughters very unlikely, and Wolfgang could not deny (April 10, 1782) that “she is fond of drink, and takes more than a woman should. But I have never seen her intoxicated; I can quite deny that. The children drink nothing but water.” His father further pointed out that she would certainly be a burden on him after his marriage, and that she made no secret of her intentions in this respect. Wolfgang could not but

perceive for himself that the mother was seeking her own advantage in the marriage of her daughter (January 30, 1782), “but she will find herself very much mistaken. She wished us (when we were married) to lodge with her — but that will come to nothing, for I would never agree to it, and Constanze still less. *Au contraire*, she intends to see very little of her mother, and I shall do my utmost to prevent it — we know her.” But Wolfgang was deeply wounded at his father’s depreciation of Constanze herself (January 30,1782): —

Only one thing more (and without saying it I could not sleep quietly) — do not ascribe such motives to my dear Constanze; believe me, I could not love her as I do if she deserved your censure. My dear, good father, I only wish that we may soon meet; for that you will love her, as you love all true hearts, I know for certain.

He remained proof against all his father’s remonstrances (January 9, 1782): —

I cannot be happy without my beloved Constanze, and I should be only half happy without your consent; make me quite happy then, my dearest, best of fathers!

He confided to his sister (whom he had befriended in her own need) what he and Constanze had to suffer from her mother’s temper. He used to work until nine o’clock in the evening, he writes (February 13, 1782): —

And then I go to my beloved Constanze; but our pleasure in being together is often embittered by her mother’s angry tongue, as I shall explain to my father in my next letter, and make it the ground of my wish to liberate and rescue her as soon as possible. I go home at half-past ten or eleven; it depends upon her mother’s powers of holding out, or mine of resisting.

Constanze, at Wolfgang’s instigation, sought to gain his sister’s affection by many little acts of attention; she sent her caps made by herself after the

latest Vienna fashion, and on another occasion a little cross of no great value, but of a kind very much worn in Vienna; and again, a heart with an arrow that Wolfgang thought particularly appropriate to his sister (March 23, 1782). She “took courage at last” in a letter (April 20,1782), “to petition for her friendship as sister of her very worthy brother;” she felt that “she half deserved it already, and would try to deserve it altogether,” as well as to gain the good opinion of the father of them both. Both the lovers were delighted at the favourable reception of these overtures, although the father’s views were not thereby anywise altered. He was especially against any idea of marriage before Wolfgang had some secure means of livelihood, and in spite of many attempts and tedious negotiations there did not seem much likelihood of this at present. “If I could only have it in writing from ‘der liebe Gott,” he writes to his father (January 23, 1782), “that I should continue in good health and never be ill, oh, would I not marry my dear, faithful sweetheart this very day!” His three pupils brought him eighteen ducats a month; if he could only get one more it would make 102 florins 24 kreutzers, on which he and his wife could maintain themselves “quietly and plainly, as we wish to live.” In case of sickness, indeed, his income would cease altogether; but he could write an opera once a year, give a concert, publish some compositions, or raise subscriptions for them; accidents could not always be taken into account. “But,” he concludes, “if we cannot succeed we must just fail, and I would rather we did so together than wait any longer. I cannot be worse off — things must improve with me. My reasons for not waiting any longer are not so much on my own account, as on hers. I must release her as soon as possible.” The father did not grant the urgent necessity, and seeing in Wolfgang’s calculations on the possibilities of an uncertain future a sure proof that he had not yet learnt what the foundation of a well-ordered household should be, he persisted in his refusal to consent to an immediate marriage.

Difficult as Mozart's position was rendered by the displeasure of his father and the ill-temper of Frau Weber, his beloved Constanze herself did not always improve matters; the violence of her feelings sometimes put his constancy to the trial, and added to his perplexities. The lovers' quarrels soon blew over, but Mozart's position became daily more insupportable as his affairs became known and talked of. Even the Emperor, who felt a warm interest in the family affairs of the artists who had access to him, had expressed himself graciously as to Mozart's marriage when the latter played before him with Clementi; his condescension raised hopes which were not destined to be fulfilled.

When the success of his opera had directed public attention towards him, the curiosity as to his relations with Constanze became still more general. "What are we to do?" he writes mournfully to his father (July 27, 1782). "Most people believe that we are married already: the mother is wild about it, and the poor girl and myself are tormented to death." The earnest tone of mind in which he passed through this time of trial is illustrated in a later letter to his father (August 17, 1782), where he says that he has long since heard mass and confessed with Constanze, "and I found that I never prayed so heartily or confessed and communicated so devoutly as by her side. She felt the same, and it would really seem that we are made for each other, and that God, who orders all things, has ordained our union also, and will not forsake us."

At this juncture a distinguished musical patroness espoused the cause of the lovers. The Baroness von Waldstädten, famous as a clavier-player as early as the year 1766, was one of the ladies who had taken Mozart under their protection from his first arrival, and interesting herself, womanlike, as much in his affairs of the heart as in his musical performances, she sought

by every means in her power to bring his relations with Constanze to a happy

conclusion. In order to withdraw Constanze from the tyranny of her mother, and to facilitate Wolfgang's intercourse with his betrothed, she took the latter more than once for a considerable time into her own house in the Leopold Strasse. There were, indeed, reasons which rendered this intimacy undesirable. The Baroness had led an unhappy life, and sought to indemnify herself for it by indulgence in the frivolous habits then only too frequent among the higher ranks of society; her reputation was not of the best. Mozart knew this, as all Vienna knew it; he had reason to dread the influence of such a friendship for Constanze, but he was convinced that the Baroness meant well by them both, and he felt that he had no resource but to accept her help, and to be very grateful for it. But Constanze's mother had at least some show of right in forbidding her daughter to continue in communication with the Baroness, and, fearful lest she should be taken altogether out of her power, she endeavoured to force her to return home. An undated letter, addressed in great tribulation to the Baroness, gives us full insight into Mozart's trying circumstances: —

Most honoured Baroness, — I received my music by the hands of Madame Weber's maid, and was obliged to give a written receipt for it. The servant confided to me what, if true, is a lasting disgrace to the whole family; I can only believe it from my knowledge of Madame Weber's character, and it afflicts me greatly. Sophie had come out weeping, and when her maid asked her the cause of her tears, she said: "Tell Mozart in secret that Constanze had better return home, for my mother insists upon sending the police for her." But surely the police would not dare thus to enter any house. Perhaps it is only a ruse to get her home again. If this threat is really fulfilled, I see nothing for it but to marry my Constanze early

to-morrow, or, if it can be done, to-day; for I would not allow of this affront to my beloved, and it could not happen to my wife. Another thing: Thorwarth was appointed to his place to-day. I beg your ladyship to give me your kind advice, and to render us poor creatures all the assistance you can. I am always at home. In the greatest haste. Constanze knows nothing of all this. Has Herr von Thorwarth waited on your ladyship already? Is it necessary that we should both go to him after dinner to-day?

Under these circumstances Mozart was ready to espouse his Constanze without a moment's delay; he reiterates his entreaties for his father's consent (July 31, 1782): —

You will have received my last letter by this time, and I have no doubt that your next will bring your consent to our union. You can have nothing really to object to in it, and your letters show that you have not; for she is a good honest girl, and I am in a position to provide her with bread. We love each other and wish for each other, so there is no reason for delay.

But his father still withheld his consent. He was so deeply affected by the affair that he scarcely took proper interest in the success of the "Entführung," and Wolfgang complained of the coolness with which his father received his opera. The latter retorted that he was making himself detested in Vienna by his arrogant manners. Wolfgang answered (July 31, 1782): —

And so the whole world declares that my boasting and criticising have made enemies for me of all the professors of music and others. What world? Presumably the Salzburg world; for whoever was here would hear and see enough to the contrary: and that shall be my answer to the charge.

The Baroness Waldstädten had in the meantime (by what means we know not) smoothed away all difficulties, and the wedding was celebrated on August 4, before the arrival of the father's formal consent, for which

they had waited two post-days. Wolfgang's conviction that the consent could not now be withheld was justified; on the day after the wedding the longed-for letters from the father and sister arrived, and Wolfgang answered in his overflowing happiness (August 7, 1782): —

I kiss your hand, and thank you with all the tenderness which a son can feel for his father for your very kind consent and paternal blessing. My dear wife will write by the next post to beg our best of fathers for his blessing, and our beloved sister for the continuance of her valued friendship. There was no one present at the ceremony except the mother and the youngest sister, Herr von Thorwarth as guardian and supporter (Beistand) to us both, Herr Landrath von Cetto supporting, the bride, and Gilowsky supporting me. When we were actually united my wife and I both began to weep. Every one, including the officiating priest, was moved to tears by the sight of our happiness. Our wedding festivities consisted solely in a supper given us by the Baroness von Waldstädten, which was rather princely than baronial. Now my dearest Constanze is rejoicing in the thought of a journey to Salzburg, and I wager — yes — I will wager that you will be happy in my happiness when you have learnt to know her, as I do, for the most upright, virtuous, and loving wife that ever made the happiness of a man.

The father considered it necessary to draw attention to the fact that he could no longer expect Wolfgang to assist in extricating him from the debts he had incurred on his son's behalf; on the other hand, Wolfgang must neither now nor at any future time reckon upon him for support; and he begged him to make his bride fully aware of this circumstance. Mozart answered (August 7, 1782): —

My dear Constanze — now, thank God, my own lawful wife — has long known my circumstances and all that I have to expect from you. But her

friendship and her love for me were so great that she willingly sacrificed her whole future life to my destinies.

Such was Mozart's courtship, such was his "Entführung aus dem Auge Gottes," as he used jokingly to call his marriage, because the house in which Madame Weber lived on the Petersplatz was called "Zum Auge Gottes." Truly this time brought him none of the peaceful happiness which the certainty of mutual love bestows under more prosperous circumstances, but it afforded him abundant opportunity for the display of his freedom as an artist, and of his inflexible constancy to what he thought true and right. Unaffected by the vulgarity from the atmosphere of which he had resolved upon rescuing his Constanze, unchanged by the violence and hastiness of his beloved herself, unmoved by the hard and often unjust judgment of his father, he preserved both the firmness of his conviction and will, and the tender susceptibility and charm of his affectionate heart. The mental and moral development of every man depends in no small degree upon whether his course of life has been smooth and his happiness easy of attainment, or whether he has obtained the conditions of his existence only after a long and severe struggle. We must not, therefore, turn aside our glance from the trials and troubles which have beset the lives of great artists and noble men; it was through adversity that they became what they were.

CHAPTER XXVII. MARRIED LIFE.

THE newly married couple began their housekeeping upon an uncertain and barely sufficing income, and so it remained to the end. Limited means, sometimes even actual want, failed either to increase the carefulness or to damp the spirits of husband or wife.

Mozart's sincere and upright love for his wife has been clearly demonstrated already; it was the talk of Vienna. One day, soon after his marriage, as he and his wife were walking in the public gardens, they amused themselves by playing with her little pet dog. Constanze told Mozart to make believe to beat her, in order to see the indignation of the dog. As he was doing so, the Emperor came out of his summerhouse and said, "What! only three weeks married, and come to blows already!" whereupon Mozart laughingly explained the joke. Later, in 1785, when there was much talk, even in the newspapers, of the unhappy relations between Aloysia Lange and her husband, the Emperor met Constanze Mozart, and said, after some remark on the sad position of her sister: "What a difference it makes, to have a good husband!" At about the same time the English tenor, Kelly, was introduced at a musical party to Mozart and his wife, "whom he loved passionately." His affection betrays itself in many amiable traits, and most clearly in the letters addressed to his wife on his later journeys, to which she herself expressly appeals as proofs of his "rare affection and excessive tenderness for her." An expression of Nissen's that Constanze cared "perhaps more for his talent than himself" might lead to a belief that his love was not returned in full measure; but against this view we have the testimony of worthy Niemet-schek, who knew them both, and says: "Mozart was happy in his union with Constanze Weber. She made him a good, loving wife, who accommodated herself admirably to his ways, and

gained his full confidence and a power over him which she often used to restrain him from rash actions. He loved her sincerely, confided all to her, even his faults, and she rewarded him with tenderness and faithful care. All Vienna knew of their mutual affection, and the widow can never think without emotion of her days of wedded life." Constanze had, as Mozart had written before their marriage, "not much intellect, but enough common sense to fulfil her duties as a wife and mother." It can, indeed, be gathered from contemporary letters and notices that she had neither natural capacity nor what we call education enough to render her on an equality with Mozart, or to elevate him by her intellectual influence; nay, rather, she failed fully to appreciate or understand him. Like all the Weber family, she had musical talent, which had been cultivated up to a certain point. "She played the clavier and sang nicely." At the Mozarteum, in Salzburg, there is the commencement of a "Sonata ä deux Cembali," unfinished, with the superscription "Per la Signora Constanza Weber — ah!" A sonata for pianoforte and violin, in C major, which only wants the concluding bars of the last movement (403 K.), belonging to the year 1782, is inscribed "Sonate Première, par moi, W. A. Mozart, pour ma très chère épouse." In a letter to Härtel (February 25, 1799), the widow mentions a march for the piano which her husband had composed for her. Although her voice was not so fine as those of her sisters Aloysia and Josepha, she sang very well, especially by sight, so that Mozart used to try his compositions with her. Solfeggi by Mozart are preserved, with the inscription— "Per la mia cara Constanze," or "Per la mia cara consorte" (393 K.), some of them exercises of a few bars' length, others elaborate passages in varied tempo and style, which give abundant practice for execution and delivery. There is a song also— "In te spero o sposo amato," (Metastasio, "Demofoonte"), mentioned by the widow in a letter to Härtel (February 25, 1799), as composed "per la cara mia consorte," which implies a compass and volubility reminding us of

her sister Aloysia. It was natural, therefore, that Constanze should take the soprano parts in any private performances among their friends, and we know that she once sang the soprano soli of the Mass in C minor (427 K.) at Salzburg, which require a first-rate singer.

We must also give her credit for more than ordinary musical taste and cultivation, from her partiality for fugues, of which Mozart writes to his sister (April 20, 1782), when he sent her a prelude and fugue (394 K.), which he had composed for her: —

The cause of this fugue coming into the world is in reality my dear Constanze. Baron van Swieten, to whom I go every Sunday, allowed me to take home all the works of Handel and Sebastian Bach, after I had played them to him. When Constanze heard the fugues, she quite fell in love with them; she cares for nothing but fugues now, especially those of Handel and Bach. Having often heard me play fugues out of my head, she asked me if I had never written any down? and when I said no, she scolded me roundly for not writing the most artistic and beautiful things in music; she would not leave me any peace until I had written down a fugue, and so it came to pass.

Mozart would hardly have been happy with a wife who possessed neither taste nor understanding for music. But neither would his creative power have been strengthened by an intellectually excitable and exciting wife; it was far more beneficial for him to find womanly sympathy in his household affairs, and to be soothed rather than urged to greater efforts. She patiently bore his abstraction when his mind was intent upon musical ideas, and gave in to many little whims, which in Mozart seldom proceeded from ill-temper. He was never disturbed by the conversation and noise going on around him when he was writing down his compositions; it was rather agreeable to him to have his attention so far occupied in other directions that his excessive productivity was held, as it were, in check. His wife would sit by him and

tell him stories and nursery tales, over which he would laugh heartily, working all the time; the more ludicrous they were the better he was pleased. She was always ready to cut up his meat for him at table, an operation which he tried to avoid, lest in his abstraction he should do himself an injury — an oddity which is only mentioned as a proof how much of a child Mozart always remained in many of the ways of life.

He was severely tried by his wife's delicacy; her health was undermined by frequent and often dangerous confinements, and she was often, especially in the year 1789, for many months in a critical condition. He bestowed the tenderest care upon her, and spared nothing that was likely to benefit her, even when the remedy proposed (as for instance, repeated visits to Baden for some years) was a severe tax upon his slender resources. Instances of liberality like that displayed to him on one occasion of his wife's illness by a comparative stranger were few and far between. A certain honest tripe-boiler, Rindum by name, who knew nothing of Mozart personally, but who delighted in his musiç, heard that his wife, suffering from lameness, had been ordered footbaths of the water in which tripe had been cooked; he begged her to go to his house for them as often as she pleased, and at the termination of the cure he could not be induced to accept any payment either for them or for board and lodging during a considerable time. As for Mozart himself, the care that he bestowed upon her was tender and loving to an uncommon degree. He used to ride every morning at five o'clock, but he never went without leaving a paper in the form of a prescription upon his wife's bed, with some directions of this kind: —

Good morning, my darling wife, I hope that you have slept well, and that nothing has disturbed you; I desire you not to get up too early, not to take cold, not to stoop, not to stretch, not to scold the servants, not to fall over the doorstep. Do not be vexed at anything until I return. May nothing happen to you! I shall be back at —— o'clock.

The tenderest anxiety for his wife's health is expressed in his letters, and he especially cautions her to spare her weak foot. Frau Haibl (Sophie Weber) narrates: —

How troubled Mozart was when anything ailed his dear little wife! On one occasion she had been ill for fully eight months, and I had nursed her. I was sitting by her bed, and so was Mozart. He was composing, and I was watching the sleep into which she had at last fallen; we were as quiet as the grave for fear of disturbing her. A rough maidservant came suddenly into the room. Mozart, fearing that his wife would be awakened, wished to beckon for silence, and pushed his chair backwards with an open knife in his hand. The knife struck between his chair and his thigh, and went almost up to the handle in his flesh. Mozart was usually very susceptible of pain, but now he controlled himself, and made no sign of pain, but beckoned me to follow him out of the room. We went into another room, in which our good mother was concealed, because we did not wish Mozart to know how ill his wife was, and yet the mother's presence was necessary in case of emergency. She bound the wound and cured it with healing oil. He went lame for some time, but took care that his wife should know nothing of it.

He became so accustomed during this long illness to receive every visitor with his finger on his lip, and the low exclamation "Chut!" that even some time after her recovery, when he saw an acquaintance in the street, he would walk on tiptoe, and whisper "Chut!" with his finger on his lip. The contemplation of such deep-seated affection as this causes us to be more surprised to hear that Mozart, whose unmarried life had been without a blemish, was, nevertheless, unfaithful to his wife. She told herself how Mozart acknowledged his indiscretions to her, and how she forgave him: "He was so good, it was impossible to be angry with him; one was obliged to forgive him." Her sister, however, betrays that Constanze was not always so patient, and that there were occasional violent outbreaks, which is quite

conceivable; but it is also abundantly evident (and Mozart's letters to his wife fully confirm the fact) that the close and tender relations of each to the other were not seriously disturbed by these failings. They might on this account alone be lightly dismissed, and in addition it must be remembered that rumour was busy among the public and in the press, and magnified solitary instances of weakness on Mozart's part into distinguishing features of his character. He was credited with intrigues with every pupil he had, and every singer for whom he wrote a song; it was considered a witty remark to designate him as the actual prototype of his Don Juan; and his dissipated life was even considered as the proper confirmation of his artistic genius. Exceptional gifts and accomplishments cannot do away with the equality of all men before the moral law; transgressions of the moral law may be judged leniently or severely, as the case may be, but weaknesses, which in ordinary men are judged lightly, or passed over altogether, must not be measured by another standard, or made the sign of complete moral degradation when they are committed by an artist and a genius whose very faults interest us more than the virtues of other men. Nor should implicit confidence be placed in the gossip and chatter which surround this side of a great man's private life, and turn errors into crimes. The free and easy manners and ideas of the day, which found special favour in Vienna, the peculiar temptations to which an artist's temperament and mode of life expose him, make Mozart's failings conceivable. If it be remembered further how imprudently Mozart behaved, how professional envy and meanness designedly tarnished his fame, it will be readily conceded that better grounds for a fair estimate of Mozart's character are to be found in numerous well-authenticated and consistent instances of his true nobility of mind than in idle and malicious gossip. The earnest spirit in which he looked upon these things is well displayed in a letter to his best and dearest friend, Gottfried von Jacquin (Prague, November 4,1787): —

Now, my dear friend, how are you? I hope that you are all as hale and hearty as we are; you cannot but be content, dear friend, since you possess all that you can desire at your age and in your position; especially since you seem altogether to have renounced your former somewhat unsettled life. Do you not daily grow more convinced of the truth of my little lecture? Is not the pleasure of a fickle and capricious love a thousand times removed from the blessedness accompanying a sincere and rational affection? I am sure you often thank me in your heart for my advice! You will make me quite proud! But without a joke — you owe me a little gratitude if you have really made yourself worthy of Fräulein N., for I played no unimportant part in your improvement or reformation.

Hummel, who was received into Mozart's house as his pupil, wrote in 1831, when he lay dying at Kissingen: "I declare it to be untrue that Mozart abandoned himself to excess, except on those rare occasions on which he was enticed by Schikaneder, which had chiefly to do with the "Zauberflote." His intimacy with the notorious profligate Schikaneder during the summer of 1791, when his wife was an invalid at Baden, and the excesses to which he then gave way, have been magnified by report, and made the foundation of the exaggerated representation of Mozart's thoughtless life. The further reproach brought against him of extravagance and bad management of his household must not be left altogether unnoticed, illiberal as it may seem to hold up for the examination of posterity the trivial cares of housekeeping and money-getting which, when ordinary mortals are concerned, are kept sacred within the four walls of the home. But this part of Mozart's life has been intruded so often into the foreground, that a concise statement of the facts belonging to it seems indispensable. By some his contemporaries have been condemned for allowing his mind to be hampered by unworthy cares, by others he has himself been reproved for

having brought himself to poverty by thoughtless extravagance; both these views are exaggerated and in this sense unjust.

It is true that Mozart was not so highly esteemed in Vienna during his life as after his death. The general public admired him chiefly as a pianoforte-player, the downfall of German opera prevented his continuance along the successful path which his “Entführung” had opened to him, and his Italian operas did not obtain so great a measure of applause as the lighter ones of his contemporaries; when the “Zauberflöte” made its effect it was too late. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that he failed to reach the position before the world which should by right have been his. But though it is easy for posterity to decide that Mozart had just claims to a place by the side of Gluck and above Bono, Salieri and Starzer, it must not be forgotten that his contemporaries had before them a young and struggling artist, and that those veterans had long been in possession of their distinguished places. Without laying too much stress upon the intrigues of opponents, or the Emperor’s parsimony, it is plain that Mozart could not readily attain a position which had first to be created for him. He himself was encouraged by the brilliant success of the “Entführung” and the universal applause which he received as a pianist to hope for a secure and respectable position, and he was bitterly disappointed that his good recommendations failed to procure him the post of teacher to the Princess Elizabeth. In his usual impulsive style he resolved on quitting Vienna at once, and wrote to his father (August 17, 1782): —

The Vienna gentlemen (among whom the Emperor comes foremost) shall not imagine that I have nothing to do in the world outside Vienna. It is true that I would rather serve the Emperor than any other monarch, but I will never stoop to beg for any service. I believe myself to be in a position to do honour to any court. If Germany, my beloved fatherland, of which, as you know, I am proud, refuses me, then must France or England be the

richer for a clever German — to the disgrace of the German nation. I need not tell you that the Germans have excelled other nations in almost every art — but where did the artists make their fortunes or their fame? Certainly not in Germany! Even Gluck — did Germany make him the great man he is? Alas, no! The Countess Thun, Count Zichy, Baron van Swieten, and Prince Kaunitz are all vexed with the Emperor for not encouraging men of talent to remain in his service. Prince Kaunitz said to the Archduke Maximilian, speaking of me, that such men only came into the world once in a hundred years, and ought not to be driven out of Germany, especially when the monarch is so fortunate as to possess them in his capital. You cannot think how kind and polite Prince Kaunitz was in an interview I had with him; he said when I took leave: "I am indebted to you, my dear Mozart, for taking the trouble of calling on me, &c." You would not believe either how anxious the Countess Thun, Baron van Swieten, and other great people are to retain me here; but I cannot wait long, and *will* not wait on charity, as it were. Emperor though he be, I would rather dispense with his favours than accept them in such a way.

His idea, as he let fall now and then in conversation, was to go to Paris for the following Lent. He wrote on the subject to Le Gros, and was of opinion that if he could only obtain engagements for the "Concert spirituel" and the "Concert des amateurs," he would have no lack of pupils, and could also do something in the way of composition; his main object would of course be an opera. With this end in view he had been for some time studying the French language, and had also taken lessons in English, in the further expectation of making a tour in England; he thought he should understand the language fairly well in three months. His father was not a little disturbed by this new idea; he opposed it with every argument he could find to his son, and even wrote on the subject to the Baroness von Waldstädten (August 23, 1782): —

I should be quite reconciled (to the marriage), if I did not discover a great fault in my son: he is too indolent and easy-going, perhaps occasionally too proud, and all these qualities united make a man inactive; or else he grows impatient and cannot wait for anything. He is altogether ruled by opposite extremes — too much, or too little, and no medium. When he is in no pressing need he is quite content, and becomes indolent and inactive. Once set going, he is all on fire, and thinks he is going to make his fortune all at once. Nothing is allowed to stand in his way, and unfortunately it is just the cleverest people, the exceptional men of genius, who find continual obstacles in their path. What is there to prevent his having a prosperous career in Vienna, if he only has a little patience? Kapellmeister Bono is an aged man. Salieri will be promoted at his death, and will leave another place vacant. And is not Gluck also an old man? Honoured madam, exhort him to patience, and pardon me for asking the favour of your ladyship's opinion on the matter.

His remonstrances had the desired effect upon Wolfgang; he was obliged to acknowledge to his father (August 24, 1782) that it would be better to prolong his stay at Vienna; that he could go to France or England at any time. L. Mozart, reassured, wrote to the Baroness (September 13, 1782): "My son has relinquished his intention of leaving Vienna at present, in consequence of my letters; and as he now intends to visit me in Salzburg, I shall be able to make the strongest and most necessary representations to him on the subject."

These representations were all the more effective since Mozart had at this juncture every reason to be satisfied with the sympathy and applause of the Vienna public. It is true that on the revival of Italian opera his works were excluded from the theatre; but in the year 1786 the Emperor proved that he had not forgotten him by commissioning him to compose the

“Schauspieldirector” and “Figaro.” But when Mozart, nevertheless, failed to obtain a permanent post, the idea again seriously presented itself of leaving Vienna and going to England.

An Englishman named Thomas Attwood (1767-1838) had come from Italy to Vienna in the year 1785, and become Mozart’s pupil. By a singular coincidence also the English tenor, Michael Kelly, and the English prima donna, Nancy Storace, were engaged at the Italian Opera. Stephen Storace, the brother, was also resident in Vienna as a composer for a considerable time. Mozart was on very friendly terms with them, and his design was thereby strengthened. At the beginning of November, 1786, he wrote to his father that he intended in the latter part of the Carnival to undertake a journey through Germany to England if his father would consent to receive and take charge of his two children and the servants. Constanze was to accompany him.

“I have written pretty strongly,” L. Mozart informs his daughter (November 17, 1786), “and promised to send him the continuation of my letter by the next post. It is not a bad idea, in truth. They may go away quietly — they may die — they may stay in England. Then I may run after them with the children; and as to the payment which he is to give me for the children and servants, &c., Basta! My refusal is explicit and instructive, if he chooses to take it so.” We see how prejudiced the once tender father had become against his son and his son’s wife; whereas his daughter, who had married in 1784, came to his house to be confined, and he afterwards took entire charge of her son Leopold, a fact which he concealed from Wolfgang. Wolfgang’s plan was given up immediately on receipt of this letter from his father. But when his English friend left Vienna at the beginning of February, 1787, and returned to England, the wish to accompany him rose strong in Mozart. He had become more prudent meanwhile. Attwood was to prepare a settled post for him in London, and to procure him a commission to write

an opera or subscriptions for a concert, and then only he would come. He hoped that his father would in this case relieve him of the care of his children until he should have decided whether he would remain there permanently or return to Germany. The English travellers passed through Salzburg, and made L. Mozart's acquaintance, to their mutual satisfaction; but his objections against Wolfgang's journey were not by any means removed. He wrote to him in a fatherly way, as he informs his daughter (March 1, 1787), "that he would make nothing by a journey in summer, and would go to England at a wrong time; he would spend about two thousand florins, and would certainly come to want, for Storace is sure to write the first opera. Wolfgang would lose heart very soon."

Mozart again abandoned his intention, but not before rumours of it had reached the public ear, rumours which showed the Emperor the necessity for giving him a permanent post, in order to keep him in Vienna. Unhappily, Mozart's father did not live to see this end to all his anxieties. He died on May 28, 1787.

As there was no kapellmeister's place vacant, the Emperor appointed Mozart his "private musician," (Kammermusicus) with a salary of eight hundred florins. The smallness of the sum was ascribed to the influence of Strack; he was, as usual, appealed to for advice, and humoured the Emperor's inclination to parsimony. The appointment was made on December 7, 1787; in August, 1788, Mozart assures his sister that he is really appointed, and that his name appears on the official theatrical list as "kapellmeister in the actual service of his imperial majesty." Gluck, who had been appointed "private composer" (Kammercompositeur) by Maria Theresa on the 7th of October, 1774, with a salary of two thousand florins, died on November 15, 1787. Mozart naturally took his place; but it does not seem to have occurred to the court that a corresponding rise of salary would have been no undeserved distinction.

Mozart himself was not dissatisfied with his pay, since none of the musicians attached to the imperial household received more; but he was justly annoyed, at a later date, when he was suffered to draw his pay without having the opportunity given him of producing any important work. He looked upon it as an alms doled out to him, while the opportunity of distinguishing himself as a composer was denied, and wrote bitterly after the customary entry of his income on the official return: “Too much for what I do; too little for what I could do.” This was not the right way to remind those in authority that a promise of “promotion” on the first seasonable opportunity had been held out to him. The cares which beset the closing years of the Emperor Joseph are explanation sufficient of the decline of his interest in music and the drama and his care for the great composer; this, however, the latter failed to perceive. It was clear also that he did not know how to turn his opportunities to advantage, when, in May, 1789, he refused the offer of Frederick William II. to make him kapellmeister in Berlin with three thousand florins salary. With unselfish emotion Mozart exclaimed: “How can I desert my good Emperor?” The King wished him to reconsider the proposal, and promised to hold to his word for an indefinite period if Mozart would consent to come.

Once returned to Vienna, Mozart thought no more of the matter, and only after much persuasion from his friends was induced to lay it before the Emperor and tender his resignation. In unpleased surprise Joseph asked: “What, do you mean to forsake me, Mozart?” Whereupon Mozart answered with emotion: “May it please your majesty, I will stay.” Upon the question of a friend as to whether he had not taken the opportunity of demanding some compensation, he exclaimed angrily: “Who the devil would have thought of that at such a time?”

At the end of 1789 he received the commission to write the opera of “Cosi fan Tutte,” but Joseph II. died (February 20, 1790) before Mozart’s

position had been permanently provided for. After the accession of Leopold II. he appears to have made an attempt to obtain the post of second kapellmeister under Salieri (old Bono had died in 1788, and Salieri had been promoted to his place), but this also was unsuccessful. Convinced that he must now, for the present at least, renounce all hope of promotion at court, he applied to the civic authorities for the post of assistant to the Kapellmeister Hofmann at the Stephans-kirche. The application was granted, with the promise of Hofmann's lucrative post in case of his death; but the old man survived Mozart, and this hope of an independence fell through with the rest. Under these circumstances Mozart was thrown back for a means of livelihood upon lessons, concerts, and composition. We know how much he disliked lesson-giving (Vol. I., p. 411), and his dislike was more likely to increase than diminish, and yet he was obliged to lay himself out to give lessons. In May, 1790, he wrote to his friend Puchberg: "I have two pupils now, and should like to make the number up to eight; try to spread it about that I give lessons." Mozart was never a fashionable and well-paid music-master in Vienna, such as Steffan, Kozeluch, or Righini. This may excite surprise, since he was so distinguished as a pianist, but he was wanting in the patience and pliability necessary, and perhaps also in steadiness and regularity. When he met with talent or enthusiasm, or when he was personally attracted, he was fond of giving lessons; as, for instance, to Franziska (afterwards Frau von Lagusius), the sister of his friend Gottfried von Jacquin, to whom he writes from Prague (January 14, 1787): —

I kiss your sister's hand a thousand times, and beg her to practise industriously on her new pianoforte — but the recommendation is unnecessary, for I must own that I never had so industrious and zealous a pupil as herself — and I rejoice in the expectation of giving her further instruction, according to my poor ability.

She was considered an excellent pianiste, and one of Mozart's best pupils; he wrote the trio with clarinet and tenor (498 K.) for her (August 5, 1786). He also sent her the grand Sonata for four hands in C major (521 K.) as soon as it was finished (May 29, 1787), with a message through her brother that "she must set about it at once, for it was somewhat difficult." They were mostly ladies to whom he gave lessons, for the ladies of high rank in Vienna were cultivated enough to be considered as leaders of fashion, more especially in music. Among them were students in the genuine sense of the word, such as Frau von Trattnern, to whom Mozart addressed elaborate written communications on the execution of his clavier compositions, more especially on his Fantasia in C minor, composed for her. For Barbara Ployer he composed (February 9, 1784) the Concerto in E flat major (449 K.), which he did not consider as among his great ones, and the more difficult one in G Major (453 K.); and he writes to his father (June 9, 1784): —

To-morrow there is to be a concert at Herr Ployer's country-house in Dobling; Fräulein Babette is to play her new concerto in G, I the quintet [with wind instruments, in E flat major, 452 K.], and then both of us the grand sonata for two pianos [in D major, composed early in 1784, 448 K.]. I am to take Paesiello, who has been here since May on his return journey from St. Petersburg, in order that he may hear my compositions and my pupils.

No doubt the greater number of his pupils either — like Fräulein Aumhammer — cared more for social intercourse with Mozart than for actual instruction, or took lessons for a short time only that they might be able to speak of the great performer as their teacher. The celebrated physician, Jos. Frank, relates that he took twelve lessons from him in 1790: —

I found Mozart a little man with a large head and plump hand, and was somewhat coldly received by him. “Now,” said he, “play me something.” I played a fantasia of his own composition. “Not bad,” said he, to my great astonishment; “but now listen to me play it.” It was a miracle! The piano became another instrument under his hands. It was strengthened by a second piano, which served him as a pedal. Mozart then made some remarks as to the way in which I should perform the fantasia. I was fortunate enough to understand him. “Do you play any other pieces of my composition?” “Yes,” answered I; “your variations on the theme ‘Unser dummer Pobel meint’ (455 K.), and a sonata with accompaniments for violin and violoncello.” “Good!

I will play you that piece; you will profit more by hearing me than by playing them yourself.”

It is plain that he had the tact and skill to manage even such pupils as these. He treated those who had the power and the wish to become true artists under his guidance in quite another fashion, and they profited not only by his regular instruction, but still more by his encouragement and incitement to exertion.

Johann Nepomuk Hummel came to Vienna in 1785, with his father, who afterwards undertook the conductorship of the opera, under Schikaneder; at seven years of age the young Hummel already created great expectations by his clavier-playing. A pupil of Mozart’s, named Freystädter, brought Hummel to him in 1797; the boy played one of the easier sonatas (with which Mozart had no fault to find, except as to the hurried *tempo*), and then one of his newest concertos by heart. Thereupon Mozart decided to undertake Hummel’s instruction, but only on condition that he resided with them altogether. We are not told how often or with what regularity he received lessons; but he heard Mozart play, and had to play over to him any clavier music that came into the house. One evening Mozart returned late

from some entertainment with his wife, and found a piece of music which he was curious to hear. Young Hummel, who had been awaiting their return, had lain down on a couple of chairs and fallen asleep. “Stanzerl,” said Mozart, to his wife; “wake Hans, and give him a glass of wine.” No sooner said than done; and the boy played the new piece of music, late at night as it was.

Mozart’s musical instruction was sure to be desultory. Freystädter relates that he generally received Mozart’s directions and corrections of his musical exercises sitting at a side-table, while a game of bowls was going on. Attwood

also tells us that Mozart sometimes persuaded him to join in a game of billiards instead of taking a lesson. The pupils did not consider their master guilty of caprice and neglect; but felt themselves spurred to activity by their intercourse with him.

Mozart took young Hummel everywhere with him, made him play, played duets with him, and declared that the boy would soon excel himself as a pianist. Hummel was greatly attached to Mozart, both then and ever after; he remained in his house for two years, until in November, 1788, his father set out with him on a professional tour.

Mozart also gave lessons in the theory of music, sometimes even to ladies; we hear of a cousin of the Abbé Stadler as Mozart’s pupil in thorough-bass. The exercise-book which he used for instruction in thorough-bass in 1784 is now in the Imperial library at Vienna. Mozart wrote down a very characteristic melody, or a bass, or both, which the pupil was to arrange in several parts; then Mozart corrected the passage with short remarks on the various mistakes, alternately Italian or German, sometimes of a comic nature — for instance: “Ho l’ onore di dirla, che lei ha fatta la scioc-cagine (da par Suo) di far due ottave tra il 2do Violino ed il Basso”; or in German: “This E is very forced here; it shows that it has only

been put in to prevent too rapid a passage from one consonance to another — just as bad poets often do stupid things for the sake of rhyme. You might have gone gradually from C to D very prettily by inserting thirds." These remarks are purely grammatical; and it is evident that Mozart's teaching was of the good old-fashioned kind, which strives first to give the pupil a thorough knowledge of the grammar of his art. From exercise-books of this kind, of which Zelter saw one in Vienna, a little handbook of thorough-bass was afterwards printed under Mozart's name, and was much in use for some time. With more advanced pupils he naturally proceeded differently. Attwood preserved an exercise-book with compositions, which he had submitted to Mozart shortly after his arrival in Vienna. Mozart had crossed out whole passages, and rewritten them with the remark, "I should have done this so." When Kelly, the tenor, who made pretty little songs which Mozart admired, imagined that he could make himself into a serious composer by means of studies in counterpoint, Mozart said to him, "If you had studied counterpoint long ago in Naples, you would have done well; now that you have to give your mind to your education as a singer, you will make nothing of it. Remember that half-knowledge is a dangerous thing. You have considerable talent in the invention of melodies; a smattering of theory would ruin that, and you can always find some musician who can help you when you want it. Melody is the essence of music. I should compare one who invents melodies to a noble racehorse, and a mere contrapuntist to a hired post hack. So let it alone; and remember the old Italian proverb 'Chi sa più, meno sa.'"

Lesson-giving might fail greatly to increase either Mozart's fame or his income, but his success as a virtuoso was brilliant and lasting. His father warned him, when he talked of settling in Vienna, of the fickleness of the public, but Wolfgang answered cheerfully (June 2, 1781): —

The Viennese certainly love change — *but only at the theatre*, and my line is too popular not to be supported. This is, in truth, *Clavierland!* and, even supposing they were to tire of me, it would not be for several years, and in the meantime I should have made both money and reputation.

In this expectation he was not disappointed; the applause which greeted him on his first appearance was repeated as often as he appeared in Vienna.

The proper season for concerts, and also for private musical parties, was Lent, when the theatres were closed; the concerts were generally given in the theatre. Mozart invariably gave a concert in Lent. After the success of the first (1782) he used to make a common undertaking every spring with a certain Phil. Jac. Martin. He was a native of Regensburg, who had studied with good old Bullinger at the Jesuit College in Munich, and supported himself with difficulty: "quite a young man, who tries hard to get on in the world by his music, his beautiful handwriting, and especially by his clever head and strong intellect" (May 29, 1782). Martin had established an amateur musical society, which gave concerts every Friday during the winter. Mozart writes to his father (May 8, 1782): —

You know that there are a number of amateurs here, and very good ones, both male and female; hitherto there has been no organisation among them. This Martin has now received permission from the Emperor, with expressions of the highest approbation, to give twelve concerts in the Augarten and four grand evening concerts on the finest open spaces in the city. The subscription for the whole summer is two ducats. You can well imagine that we shall get subscribers enough, all the more for my being associated with him. Even supposing that we only get one hundred subscribers, and that the expenses amount to two hundred florins (an outside sum), that means three hundred florins profit for each of us. Baron van Swieten and the Countess Thun are taking it up warmly. The orchestra

is entirely amateur, with the exception of the bassoons, trumpets, and drums.

The Imperial Augarten replaced the old “Favorite” established by Joseph I. in the Leopold Vorstadt of Vienna. It was laid out by Joseph II., and opened to the public for their free use in 1775, with the well-known inscription over the entrance: “Public place of recreation dedicated to all men, by one who esteems them.” The principal building was used as an hotel, and the Emperor built for himself a simple little house, surrounded by wooden palings, where he sometimes spent several days, and amused himself by walking freely among his people. On Sunday afternoons in especial, all the fashionable population of Vienna strolled there, so that the speculation promised to be a successful one.

It provided plenty of occupation for its promoters. Mozart writes (May 25, 1782): —

To-morrow is our first entertainment in the Augarten. At half-past eight Martin is to call for me in a hackney-coach, and we have six visits to make; I must be ready by eleven o’clock to go to Rumbeck; then I dine with the Countess Thun; we are to rehearse the music in her garden in the evening. There is to be a symphony by Van Swieten, and another by me; Mdlle. Berger, an amateur, is to sing; a boy named Türk is to play a violin concerto, and Fräulein von Aurnhammer and I the duet concerto in E flat (365 K.).

The first concert went off well; among the audience were the Archduke Maximilian, the Countess Thun, Wallenstein, Baron van Swieten, and many other musical connoisseurs, but we hear nothing further of the undertaking, which cannot have been so brilliant a success as had been hoped. There was no doubt, however, as to the success which Mozart achieved during the Lenten concerts of 1783. He contributed greatly towards the success of a

concert given by his sister-in-law, Aloysia Lange, at the theatre on March 11. His Parisian symphony for the Concert spirituel (297 K., Vol. II., p. 49) was performed on this occasion, after which Madame Lange sang the song which he had composed for her in Mannheim: “Non sò d’onde viene” (294 K., Vol. I., p. 419), with new variations for the voice. How many memories it must have awakened in them both! “Gluck had the box next to the Langes,” he informed his father (March 12, 1783), “in which was also my wife. He could not praise enough either the symphony or the song, and he invited us all to dinner next Sunday.” In addition Mozart played a concerto of his own composition. “The theatre was very full; and I was so well received by the public, that I could but feel happy and content. After I had gone away the clapping was so persistent that I was obliged to return and repeat the rondo. It was a perfect storm of applause.” For his own concert on March 22 every box was taken, and the theatre “could not have been fuller.” The programme of this concert, which he copied for his father, gives us an idea of what Mozart’s concerts were. There were performed: —

1. The new Hafner symphony, composed the previous summer (385 K., Vol. II., p. 210).

2. Air from “Idomeneo,” “Se il padre perdei” (366 K.), sung by Madame Lange.

3. The third subscription concerto, then just published, in C major (415 K., No. 5).

4. The Countess Baumgarten’s scena (369 K., Vol. II., p. 168), sung by Adamberger.

5. The short Sinfonia-concertante of the last “Final-musik” (320 K., Vol. II., p. 87).

6. The favourite concerto in D (175, 382 K., Vol. I., p. 324).

7. Scena, “Parto, m’ affretto,” from “Lucio Silla” (135 K., Vol. I., p. 180), sung by Mdlle. Teyber.

8. Impromptu fantasia by Mozart, beginning with a short fugue, “because the Emperor was there” (Vol. II., p. 173), followed by variations on an air from the opera of “Der eingebildete Philosoph” by Paesiello (“Salve Tu, Domine”), and when the thunder of applause obliged him to play again, he chose the air “Unser dummer Pöbel meint,” from Gluck’s “Pilgrims of Mecca,” as a theme for variations.

9. A new rondo, composed for Madame Lange, and performed by her (416 K.).

10. The last movement of the first symphony.

This programme makes it evident that the demands on a concert-giver were far greater then than now, and the public were undoubtedly more patient listeners. “What pleased me most,” wrote Wolfgang to his father (March 29, 1783), “was the sight of the Emperor, and how pleased he was, and how he applauded me. It is always his custom to send the money for his box to the pay-place before he comes to the theatre; otherwise I might certainly have expected more (than twenty-five ducats), for his delight was beyond all bounds.” A short time after Mozart played a concerto at Mdlle. Teyber’s concert. Again the rondo was encored, but when he sat down to the piano again, he had the desk removed in order to improvise. “This little surprise delighted the audience immensely; they clapped, and cried ‘Bravo, bravissimo!’” The Emperor did not leave this concert until Mozart had quite finished playing. So the latter in high glee informs his father (April 12,1783). In Lent, 1784, besides a concert in the theatre, which took place in April, Mozart proposed to give six subscription concerts, and he begs his father to send him the score of “Idomeneo,” because he intended to produce it (December 6, 1783).

The pianoforte teacher Richter had established Saturday concerts, which were attended by the nobility only upon the understanding that Mozart was

to play; after playing at three of them he raised subscriptions (six florins) for three concerts of his own, which took place on the three last Wednesdays in Lent (March 17, 24, and 31), in a fine hall belonging to Trattnern, a bookseller. The list of subscribers numbered 174 names, thirty more than were procured by the partners, Richter and Fischer; the latter was a violin-player, married to Storace, the singer. .

"The first concert, on the 17th," Mozart writes (March 20, 1784), "went off well; the hall was crammed full, and the new concerto, which I played, was very well received; every one is talking about the concert." The succeeding performances were equally successful, so that he was able to assure his father that they had been of considerable service to him. Besides the subscription concerts, he gave two others in the theatre, which also went off well. "To-morrow should have been my first concert in the theatre," he writes (March 20, 1784), "but Prince Louis Liechtenstein has an operatic performance which would have taken half the nobility from my audience, besides some of the chief members of the orchestra. So I have postponed it, in a printed advertisement, to April 1. He wrote two great concertos and the quintet for piano and wind instruments, which was enthusiastically applauded. "I myself," he adds, "consider it the best thing I ever wrote in my life. I do wish you could have heard it! And how beautifully it was performed! To tell the truth, I grew tired of the mere playing towards the end, and it reflects no small credit on me that my audience did not in any degree share the fatigue."

In the following year Leopold Mozart visited his son in Vienna, and was an eye-witness of his popularity. He writes to his daughter (January 22, 1785): "I have this moment received a line from your brother, saying that his concerts begin on February 11, and are to continue every Friday." He arranged to be in Vienna for this concert, which was given on the Mehlgrube, with a subscription list of over one hundred and fifty at three

ducats each. He wrote to Marianne at the conclusion of the concert (February 11, 1784): “Wolfgang played an admirable new concerto, which was in the copyist’s hands when we arrived yesterday; your brother had not even time to try over the rondo. The concerto is in D minor” (466 K., No. 8). The second concert, too, “was splendid”; and at a benefit concert in the theatre for which Wolfgang wrote the Concerto in C major (467 K., No. 1) he made 559 florins, “which we had not expected, as the list for his subscription concerts numbers one hundred and fifty persons, and he has often played at other people’s concerts for nothing,” as L. Mozart writes (March 12, 1785). He played at Madame Laschi’s concert on February 12, 1785, a splendid concerto which he had composed for the blind pianiste in Paris, Marie Thérèse Paradies (1759-1824); this is probably the Concerto in B major (456 K., No. 11) dated September 30, 1784. “When your brother made his exit,” writes the father, “the Emperor bowed to him, hat in hand, and called: ‘Bravo, Mozart!’ He was very much applauded on his entrance.” During the Lent of 1786 Mozart had, as he wrote to his father (December 28,1785), three subscription concerts, with one hundred and twenty subscribers; for these he wrote three new concertos. One in E flat major (482 K., No. 6) on December 26, 1785, another in A major (488 K., No. 2) on March 2, 1786, and the third in C minor on March 24, 1786, the andante of which he was obliged to repeat at the concert of April 7, the last given in the theatre. In Advent of the same year, as he informs his father (December 8, 1786), he gave four concerts at the Casino, for which he composed a new Concerto in C major (503 K., No. 16), dated December 4, 1786; in January of the same year he journeyed to Pragüe, where he was received with enthusiasm as the composer of “Figaro.” In obedience to the general desire, he played at a great concert in the Opera-House, to a very crowded audience; Mozart was recalled three times, and when at last he improvised variations on “Non più andrai” there was no end to the applause; a second

concert was attended with eqally brilliant results. Madame Storace informed L. Mozart, who wrote the news to his daughter (March 1, 1787), that Wolfgang had made one thousand florins in Prague.

Even if it be granted that the honour and profit of these concerts did not equal that which was accorded to celebrated vocalists of the day, yet it would be unjust to maintain that Mozart was not appreciated by the public, and that they failed to express their appreciation in hard cash. Any comparison with the unexampled success attained by great performers of a later day ought not to leave out of sight that the concert-visiting public has enormously increased since that time, when this enjoyment was the exclusive privilege of the higher ranks.

The growing interest for literature and art was then just beginning to awaken in the citizen class some desire for participation in theatrical performances and concerts; but still the concert public of that time had very little resemblance to that which we now expect to find. The difference shows itself in the private concerts. During the winter, and particularly during Lent, musical performances were the chief means of entertainment among the nobility and wealthy citizens. Amateur theatricals were also very fashionable, and even operas were often given in private. An opera by Prince Liechtenstein has been mentioned before (Vol. II., p. 287); Mozart's "Idomeneo" was given in 1786 at the private theatre of Prince Auersperg, where in 1782 an Italian opera had been given in honour of the Grand Duke; Kelly had heard the Countéss Hatzfeld sing Gluck's "Alceste" there incomparably well.

Noblemen of high rank often maintained their own musical establishments; and though this did not often consist, as in the case of Prince Esterhazy or the Prince von Hildburghausen, of a complete orchestra, yet the retinue of most of the nobility (especially in Bohemia) were capable of taking part in orchestral music, or there was at least a band

of wind instruments to play during meals or in serenades. But for the private performances of which we have just spoken a complete orchestra was always employed, which was an easier matter then than it would be now that orchestras are so much more fully appointed. This arrangement was of the greatest importance for the musical profession. The frequent concerts gave opportunity for a large number of musicians to educate themselves into good orchestral players, and the composers found constant employment in every branch of their art. Patrons vied with each other in the production of new works by distinguished masters, and above all in the acquisition of celebrated performers. The expense of musical soirées was very great, but custom made it a point of honour among the aristocracy to patronise the art which then surpassed all others in public estimation.

Mozart's popularity as a pianist would, as a matter of course, render him much in request at these private concerts. As early as the winter of 1782 he was engaged for all the concerts given by Prince Gallitzin, the Russian ambassador, who "placed his carriage at my disposal both going and returning, and treated me in the handsomest manner possible' (December 21,1782). During the following winter he again played regularly for Prince Gallitzin, also for Count Johann Esterhazy, Count Zichy, &c. He calculates for his father's benefit that, from February 26 till April 3, he would have to play five times for Gallitzin, and nine times for Esterhazy, to which might be added three of Richter's concerts and five of his own, besides chance invitations. "Have I not enough to do?" he asks. "I do not think I shall be allowed to get out of practice." When his father was in Vienna in 1785, he wrote to his daughter that Wolfgang's harpsichord had been to the theatre and to different private houses quite twelve times between February 11 and March 12. What amount of fee Mozart received for his performances in private we have no means of ascertaining; in general, however, the aristocracy were accustomed to reward distinguished artists according to

their deserts, and the exceptional position of the Viennese nobility enabled the artists to accept their liberality without loss of dignity; the more so as it was usually founded on sentiments of esteem and consideration. That the friendly demeanour of persons of high rank was highly prized by the artists themselves, there can be no doubt; nor would there be wanting some who sought to merit it by servile adulation. From any tinge of this Mozart was absolutely free; not only was he unfettered by the forms of social class distinctions, but he moved in society with all the independence of a distinguished man, without laying claim to the license usually accorded to artists of genius. The etiquette of rank was no bar to his intimacy with Prince Karl Lichnowsky; and another of his true friends was Count August Hatzfeld, who had carefully cultivated a considerable musical talent, and was a first-rate quartet violinist. He became so imbued with the spirit of Mozart's quartets, that the latter was said to have declared that he liked nobody's execution of them so well as Count Hatzfeld's. The song in "Idomeneo" with obbligato violin was composed for him. His noble character won for him universal esteem, which was intensified by the calmness with which he met death in his thirty-first year (Bonn, 1787). Mozart wrote to his father in a very serious letter (April 4, 1787): —

On this subject (death and dying) I have already expressed my mind to you on the occasion of the melancholy death of my best and dearest friend, Count von Hatzfeld. He was thirty-one — just my age. I do not mourn for *him*, but for myself and for all those who knew him as I did.

Mozart also gave regular musical performances every Sunday morning in his own house; he used to invite his friends, and musical amateurs were admitted on payment. Kelly relates that he never missed one of these. I find them mentioned elsewhere also, and have heard of them from old people who took part in them during the last years of Mozart's life. They were always well attended; but whether Mozart's public concerts were continued

with unabated success after the year 1788, or whether the time had come when he was to experience “the fickleness” of the Viennese, I have no means of determining with exactitude. He wrote three symphonies in June, July, and August of 1788, whence it may be concluded that he was giving concerts during that time; and, by the same reasoning, the absence of any symphonies or concertos composed during the years immediately following would prove that no concerts were then given. His pecuniary embarrassments during those years tell the same tale; and the cutting off of this important contribution to his income seems to have occasioned his journeys to Berlin and Frankfort. Not until January, 1791, do we meet with another pianoforte concerto in B flat major (595 K., No. 15) that was no doubt intended for a Lenten concert.

The publication of his compositions, which in the present day would have been Mozart’s chief dependence, was by no means profitable, as matters then stood. The music trade of the day was small and insignificant; indeed, the first impulse was given to it by the publication of an edition of all Mozart’s works soon after his death. During his life, however, compositions were more often copied than printed; and the composer was obliged to keep careful watch lest copies should be distributed which were not ordered from him, and which in consequence he was never paid for. It need scarcely be said that caution such as this was not in Mozart’s nature, and that copies of his works were frequently made and sold without his knowledge. Different musical firms (Joh. Traeg, Lausch, Torricella, &c.) advertised copies of his compositions for sale under his very eyes; nor was this conduct, however undesirable, thought unworthy of a respectable tradesmen. He was careful only of his concertos; too much depended on his keeping possession of them, and not allowing any one to play them who chose. His three first concertos, indeed, he thought it advisable to publish himself by a subscription of six ducats (December 23, 1782). He offered

them afterwards to the “highly respectable public” for four ducats, “beautifully copied and revised by himself.” Even this his father thought too dear; but Mozart thought that the concertos were worth the money, and could not be copied for it.

When sending his father those composed in the following year, he wrote (May 24, 1784): “I can wait patiently until you send them back, so long as they do not fall into any one else’s hands; I might have had twenty-four ducats for one of them to-day; but I think it will be to my advantage to keep them a couple of years by me, and then to have them printed.” He used to take only the orchestral parts with him on his journeys, and to play himself from a clavier part of most extraordinary appearance, according to Rochlitz. It consisted of only the figured bass and the principal motifs, with hints for the passages, runs, &c.; he depended on his memory, which never by any chance failed him. In 1788 he advertised copies of three quintets for four ducats.

As far, then, as concertos and symphonies were concerned, the composer made his principal profit by his own performance of them; but he was also called upon to write different things for other people. Mozart wrote many compositions for his pupils, an extraordinary number for his friends and acquaintance, and not a few to order on particular occasions. Among the latter class are the quartets written for Frederick William II., in 1789 and 1790 (575, 589, 590, K.), for which he was doubtless well paid; it was said that he received for the first a valuable gold snuff-box and a hundred friedrichs-d’or. It is well known that one hundred ducats were paid in advance for the Requiem, and something may have come in for the adaptation of Handel’s oratorios, ordered by Van Swieten in 1788 and 1789, as well as for here and there a commission or dedication. But a closer examination of the long list of Mozart’s compositions of this class makes it probable that they were not for the most part profitable to him. A

characteristic anecdote is related of him by his widow, which bears out this supposition. At one of Mozart's Sunday matinées there was present a Polish Count, who was very much delighted with the new (composed March 30, 1784) pianoforte quintet with wind instruments. He commissioned Mozart to write a trio with obbligato flute, which the latter promised to do. As soon as he arrived at home, the Count sent Mozart a hundred half-louis with a very polite note, repeating his thanks for the pleasure the music had given him. The terms of the note left Mozart no doubt that the money was a generous gift, and he returned the politest acknowledgment, at the same time sending the Count, contrary to his custom, the original score of the quintet he had so much admired. A year after the Count came again to Mozart and inquired after the trio. Mozart excused himself by saying he had not yet found himself in the humour to write anything worthy of the Count's acceptance. "Then, no doubt," answered the Count, "you will find yourself still less in the humour to return me the hundred half-louis which I paid you for it." Mozart returned the money, but the Count kept the score of the quintet, which was soon after printed in Vienna without Mozart's permission. Against such persons and such behaviour Mozart had no weapons but a shrug of the shoulders, and a — "The rascal!" It may well be supposed that others besides this Polish Count took advantage of such easy-going good-nature. But the publishers must not be credited with more than their share of blame. Variations and similar trifles were doubtless often printed without the composer's consent, and brought in considerable profits in which he had no share. But the more important of his works which appeared during his lifetime were either printed by subscription or trusted for publication to Torricella, Artaria, and Hoffmeister. I have only in one case been able to discover the amount paid to him; he wrote to his father, who communicated it to his daughter (January 22, 1785) that he had sold his quartets dedicated to Jos. Haydn to

Artaria for one hundred ducats. This was a considerable sum for those days, and the reception given to the quartets on their appearance might well cause the publisher to fear he had paid too dear for them. It is said that the two beautiful pianoforte quartets in G minor (478 K., composed in July, 1785) and in E flat major (493 K., composed in June, 1786), were only the commencement of a series bespoken by Hoffmeister; but the public finding them too difficult, and refraining from buying them, he allowed Mozart to retain the money he had paid in advance, and gave up the continuation. The popularity gained by Mozart's greater works must always have been of gradual growth, since they were considered in every respect too difficult, and it is quite credible that Hoffmeister said, as was reported of him: "Write more popularly, or else I can neither print nor pay for anything more of yours!" Nor is it less credible that Mozart should have answered: "Then I will write nothing more, and go hungry, or may the devil take me!"

A note written to Hoffmeister on November 20, 1785, is indeed in quite another tone: —

Dear Hoffmeister, — I have recourse to you, and beg you to assist me with a little money, of which I am much in want at present. I earnestly entreat you to send me what I require as soon as possible. Pardon my troubling you so much, but you know me, and are aware how much I have your affairs at heart, so that I am convinced that you will not be offended at my importunities, but will be as ready to show yourself my friend as I am yours.

A very enterprising publisher, Commerzienrath Hummel, of Berlin, maintained that, though not musical, he could tell by the look of a composition whether it would suit him. He had a poor opinion of Mozart, and used to boast of having sent him back various works.

Rochlitz relates, as an instance of Mozart's ill-treatment at the hands of theatrical managers, that Schikaneder paid nothing for the "Zauberflöte,"

and even, contrary to the agreement, sold the score without his knowledge. Seyfried, on the other hand, maintains that Schikaneder paid Mozart a hundred ducats, and resigned the net profits of the sale of the score to his widow. Be this as it may, Schikaneder's treatment of Mozart must not be considered illustrative of that which he usually received from his managers. A hundred ducats was then the usual payment in Vienna for an opera. This sum Mozart received for the "Entführung," for "Figaro," and no doubt also for "Cosi fan Tutte." For "Don Giovanni" he had 225 florins. To this were usually added the proceeds of a benefit performance (and another for the poet), which of course depended on the popularity of the composer with the public. Mozart does not mention the benefit performance of the "Entführung"; but both in this case and that of "Figaro" it must have had considerable results. Bondini paid a hundred ducats for "Don Giovanni." The Bohemian States, who ordered the "Clemenza di Tito" for their coronation festival, can scarcely have offered him less remuneration; even the manager Guardasoni, who was famous for his parsimony, "almost agreed" in the year 1785 to give Mozart "two hundred ducats for an opera and fifty ducats travelling expenses," as he informs his wife — an agreement, however, which was never carried out.

In this respect, therefore, Mozart was not behind contemporary composers. With regard to performances on foreign stages, we have no definite information as to whether his permission was asked or paid for, but we may gather something from the ordinary usages of the time. It was the traditional custom in Italy that whoever ordered the opera should pay for it; what became of the score afterwards was generally left to chance. The impresario remained in possession of it, and usually allowed the copyist to make what profit he could out of the sale of it (Vol. I., p. 131); but the composer also kept the score, and seems to have distributed it wherever he thought he might gain honour or profit by it. In Germany the case was

altered, since there the composer had generally to do with a court theatre. In Mannheim and Munich he retained undivided possession of the score (Vol. II., p. 141). Mozart rejoiced that Baron Riedesel had asked him for the "Entführung" and not the copyist (Vol. II., p. 213). As a matter of course foreign theatres took the easiest course open to them to obtain possession of the score. When they applied to the composer it was only because they saw no other way of getting it, or for some special reason. Any question of the composer's rights or the theatrical manager's obligations seems never to have occurred to either party. A careful hold of the score and watchful supervision of the copyist were the only means of protection. These did not go far, nor was Mozart the man to make use of them. When, therefore, his operas appeared on foreign boards without any compensation to himself, he only shared the fate of most of his contemporaries, nor does he seem to have complained of it. He is glad to write to his father (December 6, 1783) that his "Entführung" had been well and successfully performed in Prague and Leipzig; and he rejoiced again when "Figaro" was given in Prague and "Don Giovanni" in Vienna; but there is no mention of payment.

If we summarise these financial remarks, we shall arrive at the conclusion that in view of the importance of his works, and the profits afterwards made on them both by the theatres and the publishers, Mozart was very inadequately paid; but this standard cannot be unreservedly applied to them. The conditions and fluctuations of profit to which even artists are subject are ruled by the prevalent type of living among citizens and the higher classes; the close-fisted organisation of a community of merchants and traders cares little for the comet-like course of an artistic genius, and is only too likely to give it an altogether wrong direction or to ruin it at the outset. From a pecuniary point of view we must acknowledge that Mozart was on the whole as well treated as the majority of his fellow-artists; that both as a composer and a performer he was sometimes no

worse, sometimes better, paid than others; that he had no lack of opportunities for earning money, and that in point of fact he had a very good income. If Mozart had possessed the same capacity for business as his father or Joseph Haydn, he would no doubt have reaped far greater advantages from his position in Vienna; but even on what he actually earned he might have lived in ease and plenty. Without ourselves going into calculations on the subject, we have a trustworthy witness for it in Leopold Mozart. During his visit to Vienna, in 1785, he had a watchful eye on the earnings and expenditure of his son, and wrote to his daughter (March 19, 1785): “I believe that, *if he has no debts to pay*, my son can now lay by two thousand florins; the money is certainly there, and the household expenses, so far as eating and drinking are concerned, could not be more economical.” How far removed was Mozart from such providence! From the time of his marriage we find him in constantly recurring money difficulties; a long list of melancholy documents lets us into the vexations, cares, and humiliations which were the inevitable consequences of his improvidence. Scarcely six months after their marriage the wedded couple were obliged to apply to the Baroness von Waldstädten in the following note, in order to avert a threatened action-at-law by one of their creditors: —

Most honoured Baroness, — I find myself in a fine position, truly! We agreed with Herr von Tranner lately that we should have a fortnight’s grace. As this is customary with every merchant, unless he be the most disobliging fellow in the world, I thought nothing more of it, and hoped, if I could not pay the amount myself, at least to be able to borrow it. Now Herr von Tranner sends me word that he positively refuses to wait, and if I do not pay him between to-day and to-morrow he will bring an action against me! I cannot pay him even the half of it. If I had had any idea that the subscriptions for my concert would come in so slowly, I would have fixed the payment for a later date. I pray your ladyship, for Heaven’s sake, to help

me to preserve my honour and my good name! My poor little wife is feeling poorly, and I cannot leave her, or else I would come myself and beg this favour of you by word of mouth..We kiss your ladyship's hand a thousand times, and beg to remain your ladyship's obedient children,

February 15, 1783.

W. A. and C. Mozart.

In July of the same year, when he was setting out for Salzburg, and actually in the act of entering his carriage, he was stopped by an importunate creditor for the paltry claim of thirty florins, which, nevertheless, he found it difficult to satisfy. And not long after his return to Vienna he was disagreeably surprised by a demand for twelve louis-d'or, which he had borrowed at Strasburg in 1778. He was obliged to write to his father: —

You will remember that when you came to Munich, where I was writing the great opera, you reproached me for having borrowed twelve louis-d'ors from Herr Scherz, at Strasburg, with the words, "Your want of confidence in me disappoints me — but enough; I suppose I shall have the honour of paying the twelve louis-d'or." I travelled to Vienna, you to Salzburg. What could I suppose from your words but that I need think no more of the debt — or at least, that you would write to me if you did not pay it, or speak about it when I saw you in Salzburg? I ask nothing further of you, my dear father, than that you will be my security for a month. Had he demanded payment during the first year I could have done it at once and with pleasure; and I will pay him as it is, only I am not in a position to do so at this moment.

In the very same year that his father boasts of his finances, we find him in a difficulty which necessitated his applying to his publisher, Hoffmeister, who put him off with a couple of ducats. But the saddest insight into the

embarrassed and humiliating position in which Mozart found himself after the year 1788 is afforded by his letters to his friend, Michael Puchberg, a wealthy merchant, musical himself, and with two daughters, one of whom distinguished herself as a clavier-player. He was a Freemason, and it seems to have been through the lodge that an intimacy was founded close enough to warrant Mozart's constant application to him for assistance. His wish to borrow a sum sufficiently large to be of permanent benefit to him, either from Puchberg himself or by his instrumentality, was not granted. So that when his rent became due, or his wife's doctor's bill, or a stay in the country had to be provided for, he was constantly obliged to claim assistance from his friend. Whenever it was possible Mozart strove to meet his household embarrassments in a joking mood. In the winter of 1790 Joseph Deiner, the landlord of the "Silver Serpent," who was of use to Mozart in many of his household affairs, called upon him one day and found him in his workroom dancing about with his wife. On Deiner's asking him if he was giving his wife dancing lessons, Mozart answered, laughing, "We are warming ourselves, because we are very cold, and have no money to buy fuel." Thereupon Deiner ran home and brought them some wood, which Mozart accepted and promised to pay him for as soon as he made any money. But dancing will not satisfy every need, and the faithful Puchberg was never weary of assisting Mozart. He sent him larger or smaller sums, which Mozart was never in a position to repay, so that after his death his liabilities amounted to one thousand florins. Puchberg, who was of great service to Mozart's widow in the ordering of her affairs, postponed his claims for several years, so as to give her the opportunity of paying him by degrees, as her circumstances improved. Mozart had recourse to other friends besides Puchberg; in April, 1789, he borrowed one hundred florins from an aspirant to Freemasonry, named Hofdemel, as is testified by the existing letter and note of hand. It was not likely that

assistance of this kind would materially improve Mozart's position. In 1790, when he undertook the journey to Frankfort, in the result of which he had placed great hopes, he was obliged to raise his travelling expenses by pawning plate and ornaments; and the financial transaction of which he speaks in his letters to his wife, whereby somebody was to hand him over one thousand florins on Hoffmeister's endorsement, shows clearly enough that he had fallen into the hands of usurers, from whom he had striven in vain to free himself by Puchberg's intervention. These facts prove only too clearly that from the time of his marriage Mozart became gradually entangled in a net of embarrassments, without any hope of permanent extrication. His letters show how deeply he felt the cares and humiliations of his position. The circumstances of so public a character could not remain long concealed in Vienna, even had he been less injudiciously open than he was; after his death ill-natured gossip exaggerated his debts to a sum of thirty thousand florins, and the rumour reached the ear of the Emperor Leopold. The widow, informed of this by a friend of high rank, explained the calumny to the Emperor, and assured him that three thousand florins would cover all Mozart's debts. The Emperor gave her generous assistance as soon as the facts and extenuating circumstances had been made known to him, but he refused a pension.

The same charitable dispositions which settled the amount of Mozart's debts were also busy in accounting for the fact of their existence. How could they have been contracted but by dissipation, irregular living, and extravagance? Against such accusations we must listen to Mozart himself, who would hardly have had the face to appeal to his manner of life and well-known habits in applying for help to his intimate friend Puchberg, if he had been conscious of such improprieties as those with which he was charged. Leopold Mozart's testimony is unimpeachable as to the economy of the housekeeping in the matter of eating and drinking, and it was

confirmed by Sophie Haibl. It may be thought that the father purposely limits his praise of Wolfgang's economy to matters of eating and drinking, and this is no doubt quite possible. Mozart was very neat and particular in his dress, and fond of lace and watch-chains. Clementi took him for a valet-de-chambre on account of his elegant appearance, and his handsome attire is referred to on various occasions. His father writes mockingly to his daughter from Vienna (April 16, 1785) that Wolfgang and Madame Lange had intended going with him to Munich, but nothing was likely to come of it, "although each of them have had six pairs of shoes made, which are all standing there now." It may well be then that Mozart was not over-economical in his dress; at the same time there is no reason to accuse him of extravagant foppery.

The excess of which Mozart was mainly accused, however, was not of this kind at all, but lay more in the direction of sensual indulgence. He had always been extremely fond of cheerful society and the manifold distractions it brought with it; nay, it was quite a necessity to him, as a refreshment after long-sustained mental efforts. Mozart gave no parties at home, but his wife used to organise little musical performances on family festivals or to amuse her husband; few friends were present on such occasions, and Haydn's music was generally preferred by Mozart himself.

There can have been no lack of opportunities for intercourse with his fellow-artists and with the numerous accomplished and wealthy amateurs then in Vienna, and we can well imagine that Mozart's social impulses found constant and lively exercise. Music was the principal object of meeting, and Mozart brought his tribute to the entertainment in the form of improvisation, both grave and gay; he was a lively and cheerful companion, too, in other respects, always ready for a joke, and fond of exercising his gift for improvising comic doggerel verses.

Of all amusements, Mozart was fondest of dancing, and found ample opportunity for indulging his passion in Vienna, where dancing was at that time an absolute rage. His wife confided to Kelly, who saw Mozart dance on the occasion of their first meeting, that her husband was an enthusiastic dancer, and thought more of his performances in that line than in music; he was said to dance the minuet very beautifully. His letters have many indications of this partiality, and he gives his father a merry and complacent account of a ball at his own house (January 22, 1783): —

Last week I gave a ball in my own house; but of course the gentlemen paid two florins each. We began at six o'clock in the evening and left off at seven. What! only one hour? No, no; seven o'clock in the morning! You will scarcely believe that I could find room for it.

He had lately moved, and had taken apartments with Herr von Wezlar, a rich Jew: —

There I have a room a thousand paces long, and a bedroom, then an anteroom, and then a fine large kitchen; there are two fine large rooms next to ours, which stand empty at present, and these I made use of for the ball. Baron Wezlar and his wife were there, so were the Baroness Waldstädten, Herr von Edelbach, Gilowsky the boaster, young Stephanie, Adamberger and his wife, the Langes, &c.

Still more exciting entertainments were the masked balls; and we have already seen (Vol. I.,p. 337) that Mozart possessed both inclination and talent for disporting himself in assumed characters. He writes from Vienna (January 22, 1788), begging his father to send him his harlequin's dress, because he would like to go on the Redoute as harlequin: "but so that nobody should know it; there are so many here (chiefly great asses) who go on the Redoute." Several good friends associated themselves into a "compagnie-masque," and performed a pantomime on Whit Monday, which filled up the half-hour before dancing began. Mozart was Harlequin,

Madame Lange Columbine, Lange played Pierrot, an old dancing-master named Merk, who “drilled” the company, took Pantaloon, and the painter Grassi the Doctor.

The plot and music were by Mozart, the doggerel verses with which the pantomime was introduced by the actor Müller; it might have been better, Mozart thought, but he was satisfied with the acting: “I assure you we played very well,” he informs his father (March 12,1783). Of the music for this pantomime thirteen numbers for stringed instruments in parts are preserved, the first violin written by Mozart (446 K.) It is, as may be imagined, very unpretending, as are also the briefly indicated situations; for instance: “Columbine is sad — Pantaloon makes love to her — she is angry — he is gay — she angry — he angry too.”

Another passion of Mozart’s was billiard-playing; Kelly relates that he often played with Mozart, but never won a game. He had a billiard-table in his own house, and played with his wife in case of need, or even quite alone. This was certainly a luxury, though far from an unusual one in Vienna at that time, and it was occasioned not solely from love of the game, but, as Holmes rightly remarks, from the care of the physicians for Mozart’s health.

In the spring of 1783 he was seized with cholera, which was raging as an epidemic, and in the following summer he was again seriously ill, as Leopold Mozart informs his daughter (September 14, 1784): —

My son has been very ill in Vienna. He was very much overheated at Paesiello’s new opera, “Il Reteodoro,” and was obliged to go into the open air to look for the servant who had charge of his overcoat, because orders had been given that no servants should be admitted to the theatre by the ordinary entrance. This brought on rheumatic fever, which without careful attention might have turned to typhus. Wolfgang writes: “I have had raging colic every day for a fortnight at the same hour, accompanied by violent

vomiting. My doctor, Herr Sigmund Barisani, was in the habit of visiting me almost daily even before this illness; he is very clever, and you will see that he will soon make himself a name."

Barisani was the son of the Archbishop's physician at Salzburg, an intimate friend of the Mozart family. He was distinguished in his profession, becoming later chief physician at the general hospital, and a warm friend and admirer of Mozart. A charming memorial of their friendship is preserved at the Mozarteum in Salzburg, in the form of some affectionate verses addressed to Mozart by Barisani, bearing date April 14, 1787. Underneath Mozart has written the following lines: —

To-day, September 3 of this same year, I was so unfortunate as to lose by death this noble-natured man, my dearest, best friend, and the saviour of my life. It is well with him! but with me — us — and all who knew him — it can never be well again, until we are so happy as to meet him in another world *never to part again.*

Barisani, seeing the impossibility of altogether weaning Mozart from the habit of writing far into the night, and very often as he lay in bed in the morning, endeavoured to avert the hurtful consequences in another way. He recommended him not to sit so long at the clavier, but at all events to compose standing, and to take as much bodily exercise as he could. His love of billiard-playing gave the doctor a welcome pretext for turning this motive into a regular one; Mozart was equally fond of bowls, and he was the more ready to follow the doctor's directions with regard to both games since they did not interfere with his intellectual activity. It happened one day in Prague that Mozart, while he was playing billiards, hummed an air, and looked from time to time into a book which he had with him; it appeared afterwards that he had been occupied with the first quintet of the "Zauberflote." When he was writing down the score of "Don Giovanni" in Duschek's garden, he took part at the same time in a game of quoits; he

stood up when his turn came round, and sat down again to his writing after he had thrown.

But what of Mozart's inclination for strong drink, so often talked of? There can be no doubt that he was very fond of punch; Kelly speaks of it, and Sophie Haibl does not disguise that her brother-in-law loved a "punscherl," but she also asserts that he had never taken it immoderately, and that she had never seen him intoxicated. That he was capable of wild excess is contradicted by his whole nature and by his conduct through life; but these make it probable that he did not disdain the *poculum hilaritatis* in cheerful society, and that he gave vent to his spirits in a manner more unrestrained than it should have been.

But Mozart also fortified himself with a glass of wine or punch when he was in the throes of composition. In one of his apartments his immediate neighbour was Joh. Mart. Loibl, who was musical and a Freemason, consequently intimate with Mozart; he had a well-filled wine-cellar, of the contents of which he was never sparing in entertaining his friends. The partition wall between the houses was so thin, that Mozart had only to knock when he wished to attract Loibl's attention; whenever Loibl heard the clavier going and taps at his wall between the pauses, he used to send his servant into the cellar, and say to his family, "Mozart is composing again; I must send him some wine." His wife made him punch, too, when he was writing the overture to "Don Giovanni" the night before its performance. Whoever casts a glance over Mozart's scores will see that they could not have been written in the excitement caused by wine, so neat and orderly are they even to the smallest details, and in spite of the most rapid execution; and those who are in a position to examine any one of his compositions will not need to be told that no intellect overstrained and excited by artificial means could possibly have produced such perfect clearness and beauty. Whether Mozart was right in providing a bodily stimulus in the form of

strong drink during a continuous intellectual strain may well be doubted; experience and opinions differ widely on this point. Goethe advised that there should be no forcing an unproductive mood into activity by external means of any kind; but he answered Eckermann's remark that a couple of glasses of wine were often of great service in clearing the mental vision, and bringing difficult subjects to a solution, as follows: "You know my Divan so well that you will remember that I said myself —

Wenn man getrunken hat,

Weiss man das Rechte,

and that I entirely agree with you. There exist in wine inspiring forces of a very important kind; but all depends upon circumstances and times and places, and what is useful to one does harm to another."

Let us now gather into one the separate traits which we have been constrained to discuss, owing to the wide dissemination of those injurious reports against which Niemetschek has already rightly protested.

We have before us the picture of a cheerful, pleasure-loving man, capable of such exertions of productive power and such intellectual industry as have seldom been surpassed in the history of art, and seeking his necessary recreation in social intercourse and the pleasures of the senses to a degree which was equalled by the majority of his contemporaries in Vienna without exciting any attention at all. He was not by any means a thoughtless, dissipated spendthrift. But a spendthrift he was, if the word be taken to signify one who fails to control his wants and luxuries, so that they may be in proportion to the actual state of his finances. His most dangerous qualities were a good-natured soft-heartedness, and a spontaneous generosity. He gave, as it were, involuntarily, from inner necessity. Rochlitz relates that he not only gave free admissions to the chorus-singers at Leipzig, to which they had no claim, but that he privately pressed a considerable present into the hands of one of the bass singers who had

specially pleased him. When a poor old piano-tuner, stammering with embarrassment, begged for a thaler, Mozart pressed a couple of ducats into his hand and hurried from the room. When he was in a position to give help, he could not see any one in want without offering relief, even though it entailed future difficulties on himself and his family; repeated experiences made him no more prudent in this respect. That he was often imposed upon there can be no doubt. Whoever came to him at meal-time was his guest, all the more welcome if he could make or understand a joke, and Mozart was happy if only his guests enjoyed their fare. Among them were doubtless, as Sophie Haibl relates, “false friends, secret blood-suckers, and worthless people, who served only to amuse him at table, and intercourse with whom injured his reputation.” One of the worst of this set was Albert Stadler, who may serve as an example of the way in which Mozart was sometimes treated. He was an excellent clarinet-player, and a Freemason; he was full of jokes and nonsense, and contrived so to ingratiate himself with Mozart that the latter constantly invited him to his house and composed many things for him. Once, having learnt that Mozart had just received fifty ducats, he represented himself as undone if he could not succeed in borrowing that very sum. Mozart, who wanted the money himself, gave him two valuable repeater watches to put in pawn upon condition that he should bring him the tickets and redeem them in due time; as he did not do this, Mozart gave him fifty ducats, besides the interest, in order not to lose his watches. Stadler kept the money, and allowed the watches to remain at the pawnbroker’s. Nowise profiting by this experience, Mozart, on his return from Frankfort, in

1790, commissioned Stadler to redeem from pawn a portion of the silver plate which had been pledged for the expenses of the journey and to renew the agreement for the remainder. In spite of a very strong suspicion that Stadler had purloined this pawn-ticket from Mozart’s open cashbox, the

latter was not deterred from assisting him in the following year towards a professional tour, both with money and recommendations, in Prague, and from presenting him with a concerto (622 K.), composed only a few months before Mozart's death.

No doubt all this shows culpable weakness on Mozart's part — weakness incompatible with his duty to himself and his family. His household burdens were increased by many misfortunes, especially by the repeated and long-continued illnesses of his wife, necessitating an expensive sojourn in Baden for many successive summers. Her delicacy doubtless prevented such personal supervision of the household as was essential to its economical management. She failed also to acquire such an intellectual influence over her husband as to strengthen his capacity for the proper conduct of his affairs, and she had not strength of mind or energy to take the management of the household entirely into her own hands. She felt the discomfort keenly, saw the causes of it, but could not strive against them for any length of time. Without wishing to reproach her, we may say at least that had Constanze been as good a housekeeper as Mozart was a composer, things would have gone well with him.

It must not be supposed that Mozart was blind to the advantages of good household management or wanting in the will to effect it; from time to time he made earnest endeavours after economic reform. In February, 1784, he began an exact catalogue of his compositions, in which he carefully entered every one of his works, until a short time before his death, with suggestions of the theme; at the same time he began to keep an account book of his income and expenditure. André observes as to this account, which unhappily I have not been able to see, that Mozart entered his receipts — which included the profits on some concerts, on lessons to different persons of rank, and on a few of his compositions — on a long piece of paper. His expenditure he noted in a little quarto book, which he afterwards used for

writing English exercises and translations. His entries, while they lasted, were exact and minute. For instance, on one page we find: —

May 1, 1784. Two lilies of the valley... 1 kreutzer.

May 27, 1784. A starling.....34 kreutzers.

Then comes the following melody —

with the remark, “Das war schön!” It is easy to discover what so delighted him. On April 12 he had composed his pianoforte concerto in G major (453 K.), and soon after played it in public. The subject of the rondo is: —

The pleasure he felt at hearing it piped so comically altered induced him to buy the bird. He grew very much attached to his “Vogel Stahrl,” as indeed he was to all animals, especially birds, and when it died he erected a gravestone to its memory in his garden, with an epitaph in verse.

The excessive neatness of the account-books leads us to fear that they were not persevered with for any very long time, and indeed it is almost surprising that Mozart should have kept them for a whole year, from March, 1784, to February, 1785. After that he handed them over to his wife, and the entries soon cease.

Certainly Niemetschek is right in saying that “even if the same indulgence be granted to Mozart that we must all wish to see extended to ourselves, he cannot be put forward as an example of carefulness and economy.” Whoever, like Mozart, begins his housekeeping with nothing at all, or even with debts, and is dependent upon an uncertain and fluctuating income, has need of the strictest economy and regularity, amounting even to parsimony, if he is to extricate himself from his difficulties or attain to competence; otherwise occasional strokes of good fortune are seldom of use — indeed are sometimes positive hindrances.” Regularity and economy were, as we have seen, qualities not in Mozart’s nature, and he never acquired them. Their absence sufficiently accounts for his constant financial

embarrassments. He atoned for his errors and weakness by poverty and want, by sorrow and care, by shame and humiliation; he was spared none of the punishment which life ruthlessly inflicts on those who do not conform to the laws of her iron necessity. But death has wiped out the stain, and the misrepresentations of envious detractors and petty fault-finders have no power to touch that which is immortal.

CHAPTER XXVIII. MOZART’S FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

MOZART’S relations to his father, which had hitherto, one may say, filled his whole mental life to a most uncommon degree, had been seriously affected by his marriage. It was not till after long opposition that Leopold Mozart voluntarily, although most unwillingly, gave his consent, and how deeply he was wounded will appear from the answer he made to a conciliatory letter addressed to him by the Baroness Waldstädten (August 23, 1783): —

I thank your ladyship most heartily for the interest you are pleased to take in my affairs, and more especially for your ladyship’s extraordinary kindness in celebrating so handsomely my son’s wedding-day. When I was a young fellow I imagined that those were philosophers who spoke little, laughed seldom, and maintained a surly demeanour towards all the rest of mankind. But my own experience has now fully convinced me that I am myself a philosopher without knowing it; I have done my duty as a father — have made the clearest and most comprehensible statements in many letters — and I am convinced that he knows my painful circumstances, made doubly so by my advanced age and unworthy position in Salzburg — he knows that I am sacrificed morally and physically by his behaviour — and there now remains no resource to me but to leave him (as he has so willed it) to himself, and to pray the Almighty to bestow my paternal blessing on him, and not to withdraw His Divine mercy. As to myself, I will endeavour to preserve what remains of my native cheerfulness, and still to hope for the best.

Putting ourselves in the place of Leopold Mozart, we must acknowledge that his reproaches and misgivings were in some respects well founded; but,

nevertheless, he went too far in that he could not make up his mind to recognise his son's independence, and gave way to a bitterness of feeling which made him hard and unjust, and which, unhappily, was never altogether effaced from his heart. Wolfgang, on the contrary, betrayed no shadow of resentment — his love and reverence for his father remained the same to the end, unabated by unsparing and often unjust fault-finding. If his letters were less frequent or shorter than formerly he had ample excuses to offer, either of illness or the numerous occupations and distractions which were unavoidable in his position. When, for any of these reasons, customary congratulations were neglected, an apology was sure to follow — for instance (January 4, 1783): "We both thank you heartily for your New Year's wishes, and willingly acknowledge ourselves stupid blockheads for having forgotten our duty in this respect; being so far behindhand, we will dispense altogether with a New Year's wish, only offering you our general every-day wish, and so let it pass." Being quite convinced that his Constanze could not fail to impress his father and sister favourably, and that personal acquaintance would efface all unpleasant feeling, he was very anxious to take her to Salzburg as soon as possible. But many difficulties came in the way, for which his father did not always make due allowance. Mozart was particularly desirous of passing his father's fête-day in Salzburg (November 15,1782), but the time was too short for him. He had promised to play at a concert for Fraulein Aurnhammer on November 3, and he must be in Vienna again at the beginning of December, that being the best season for lessons and concerts; to these objections might be added the impassable state of the roads, and such severe cold as rendered it undesirable to travel with his wife. In short, the journey must be postponed until the spring; in spring, however, the approaching confinement of his wife again put it out of the question. At the last moment Mozart invited his father to stand godfather (June 7, 1783): —

I had no idea that the joke would so soon turn into earnest, and therefore postponed falling on my knees, clasping my hands and humbly begging you, my dearest father, to stand godfather to my child. But as there may still be time for it, I do so now. Nevertheless, in sure hope that you will not refuse my request, I have taken care that in case of need somebody shall stand at the font in your name. Whether the child shall be *generis masculini or feminini!* it is to be called Leopold or Leopoldine.

Soon after the birth of the child, however, at the end of July, 1783, they actually set out. Mozart and some of his friends had misgivings lest the Archbishop should seek to detain him in Salzburg, because he had never received any formal dismissal from service— "for a priest is capable of anything." With this idea, he proposed a meeting in Munich, but his father appears to have reassured him.

Before Mozart was married, he had "made a vow in his heart" that, if he succeeded in bringing Constanze to Salzburg, he would compose a mass to be performed there. "A proof of the sincerity of this vow," he wrote to his father (January 4, 1783), "is afforded by the score of the half of my mass, which is laying before me in full hope of completion." He took with him to Salzburg only the Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, and Benedictus, composed on a scale of great splendour (427 K.). The missing movements were probably supplied from an older mass, and the whole was rehearsed at the Kapellhaus on August 23, and performed at St. Peter's church (the Archbishop having apparently refused the cathedral) on August 25, Mozart's wife taking the soprano part.

Mozart was not by any means idle during this visit to Salzburg. The revival of Italian opera had suggested to him to look about for a libretto for an opera buffa, and even before he came to Salzburg he had entered into negotiations with Varesco through his father. Varesco declaring himself quite ready, it only needed the visit to Salzburg to concert the plan of the

opera, “L’Oca del Cairo.” Varesco prepared a detailed account of the plot, and carried out the first act in full; Mozart set himself with equal zeal to its composition, and took back to Vienna a sketch of part of the act. We shall have to do later with the fate of this opera.

At the same time he found leisure for a service of love to Michael Haydn. Hadyn had been ordered by the Archbishop to compose some duets for violin and tenor, perhaps for his special use, but owing to a violent illness, which incapacitated him for work during a lengthened period, he was unable to finish them at the time appointed; the Archbishop thereupon threatened to deprive him of his salary. When Mozart heard of the difficulty he at once undertook the work, and, visiting Haydn daily, wrote by his bedside to such good purpose that the duets were soon completed and handed over to the Archbishop in Hadyn’s name.

These two duets (423, 424, K.) show no signs of hasty composition, but are worked out with evident affection, partly no doubt from desire to do credit to himself and his friend, but partly also from the interest which the difficulties of the task presented. There is no small amount of art required to give the clear-cut outline and well-defined divisions which are essential in works of this kind, and yet to bestow full attention on light and shade and delicate touches of detail. The art consists chiefly in the free disposition of parts, which is partly imitative (where independent movement is necessary) and so managed as also to bestow an original and striking character on the passages which form the accompaniment. This is all the more striking because the limited number of parts only occasionally gives scope for full harmonies, the effect of which must be attained by means of skilful adjustment. It is a task requiring all the resources of art and genius to employ the stiff monotony of broken chords, and at the same time to gratify the sense of hearing by such a sense of harmony as can only be given by the absolutely free play of the different parts. This task is here accomplished

with as much ease as was compatible with the limited means at disposal. Variety in form is carefully provided for. The first Duet in G major consists of a broadly-designed allegro, a short, beautiful adagio, and an animated, but more than usually serious rondo; in the second, in B flat major, a light allegro is introduced by a short adagio; then follows an adagio in the form of a Siciliana, and the conclusion is made by very graceful variations. The melodies and harmonies are free and original, the composition is broad, fresh and lively, and a multitude of delicate touches betray the master's hand. Michael Haydn treasured the original as a memorial both of artist and friend, and Mozart himself set considerable store by the work.

Mozart found several new inmates in his father's house. "My son is in Vienna, and intends to remain there," writes L. Mozart to Breitkopf (April 29, 1782); "I have therefore arranged that two pupils shall reside with me for their education, viz., the son, twelve years of age, and the daughter, fourteen, of Herr Marchand, theatrical manager in Munich. I hope to make a great violinist and pianist of the boy, and a great singer and pianiste of the girl." These pupils were joined by another of nine years old, Johanna Brochard, daughter of the celebrated actress, who profited by L. Mozart's instruction during 1783 and 1784. Wolfgang took a lively interest in all this youthful talent. He says of Margarethe Marchand, whom he met afterwards in Munich as Frau Danzi (October 31, 1783): "Her grimaces and affectations are not always pleasant. Only blockheads would be taken in by them. I myself would rather have the most boorish manners than such exaggeration of coquetry." According to what we hear of her performances afterwards, she must have followed good advice and altered her style.

Wolfgang took great interest in her brother Heinrich, and sent him word (December 6, 1783) that he had spoken in his favour both at Linz and Vienna. "Tell him to rely chiefly on his staccato; for that is the only way in which he can avoid comparison with La Motte at Vienna." There was also

in Salzburg at that time the blind pianiste, Marie Thérèse Paradies, who was an acquaintance of L. Mozart, and now became known also to Wolfgang, who afterwards wrote a concerto for her (Vol. II., p. 288). But the object of Mozart's visit, which lay nearest his heart, was the establishment of friendly relations between his wife and his father and sister; and this unfortunately in great measure failed. A superficial friendship seems to have resulted from the visit; but there are many indications that neither the father nor sister felt attracted by Constanze. Mozart appears to have been aggrieved that his wife was not presented with any of the trinkets that had been given him in his youth. This trait is characteristic as a proof that Leopold Mozart thought himself justified in showing in the plainest manner disapproval of his son's marriage, and of the wife he had chosen; and it can scarcely be wondered at that Constanze, conscious of the want of anything like sympathy in her husband's family, should not have encouraged his sense of dependence on their advice and opinions. But this sense was too deeply implanted in his heart to be ever altogether eradicated; and his letters, though not so frequent as formerly, continued to the end to breathe the same spirit of childlike love and reverence. After a stay of almost three months the young couple returned home. Mozart sends his father the following account of their journey from Linz: —

We arrived here safely yesterday, October 30, at nine o'clock in the morning. We passed the first night at Böcklbruck. The following forenoon we arrived at Lambach, and I was just in time to accompany the Agnus Dei of the office on the organ. The "Herr Prälat" [who had received Mozart kindly in 1767] was very delighted at seeing me again. We remained there the whole day, and I played on the organ and a clavichord. I heard that at Ebersperg, on the following day, Herr Steurer was to give an operatic performance at which all Linz would be present, so I determined to proceed there at once. Young Count Thun (brother to the Thun at Vienna) called on

me, and said that his father had been expecting me for the last fortnight, and that I was to stay with him. The next day, when we arrived at the gate of Linz, we were met by a servant to conduct us to the residence of old Count Thun. I cannot say enough of the politeness with which we are overwhelmed. On Tuesday, November 4, I shall give a concert in the theatre here, and as I have not a single symphony with me, I am writing one for dear life to be ready in time. My wife and I kiss your hands, and beg your forgiveness for having troubled you during so long a time; once more we thank you heartily for all the favours we received from you.

What symphony it was which Mozart composed at Linz cannot be exactly ascertained. Holmes conjectures that it may be a Symphony in C major (425 K., score 6), which, according to Niemetschek, was dedicated to Count Thun; this fact would support the conjecture. André, however, believes that the unprinted Symphony in G major (444 K.) may be the one composed in Linz, the more so as the score is in Mozart's handwriting only as far as the first half of the andante, and has then been completed by a copyist; this is very probable because Mozart, in order to gain time, only wrote out the parts of the last half, as was his custom when in haste. The smaller orchestra also, the narrower dimensions and the lighter character of this symphony, all point to it as the one in question; that in C major is more striking and important both in style and treatment. Nevertheless the two symphonies both belong to the same time and style, and indicate in a curious way a transition in Mozart's instrumental music; the positive influence of Haydn's symphonies is nowhere so clearly apparent as in these two works. The very fact that in both cases the allegro is preceded by a pathetic, somewhat lengthy adagio is very significant; this is a well-known arrangement of Haydn's, but was only exceptionally made use of by Mozart. The same influence is visible everywhere; in the lively, rapid, and brilliant character of the whole, in the effort to please and amuse by

humorous turns and unexpected contrasts of every kind in the harmonies, in the alternations of *f* and *p*, and in the instrumental effects. A remarkable instance of this is the andante of the Symphony in G major. The very theme, the simple bass, the triplet passage for the second violin, then the minor with the figure in the bass, and the sharp accentuation, are all completely Haydn-like features. The counterpoint of the finale of both symphonies reminds us of Haydn's manner. It need scarcely be said, however, that there is no trace of servile imitation in either work, and that Mozart's originality asserts itself here as elsewhere. A comparison of the Symphony in E flat major (543 K., composed June 26, 1788) shows also many more points of resemblance to Haydn's style than other works of the same date; but Mozart's individuality is here so overpowering as to have given its distinguishing stamp to these very features.

The fact that Mozart wrote a symphony within the course of a few days will excite no surprise; it is worthy of note that during his stay in Linz he copied an "Ecce Homo" which made a great impression on him, for his wife, with the inscription "Dessiné par W. A. Mozart, Linz, ce 13 Novembre, 1783; dédié ä Madame Mozart son épouse"; she preserved it as a proof "that he had some talent for drawing," as she wrote to Härtel (July 21, 1800).

In the year 1785 Leopold Mozart returned the visit of his son and daughter-in-law, and remained their guest from February 10 to April 25. He convinced himself that their income ought to be more than sufficient for the support of the household, and took great delight in his second grandchild Carl, now six months old, "a healthy, lively, merry child."

But on the whole he appears to have been dissatisfied with his visit, and very little inclined to accede to Wolfgang's wish that he should take up his residence with them in Vienna. His pleasure in his son's performance and admiration of his genius were as great as they had ever been. During the

whole of his visit, one concert followed close on another, and Wolfgang was engaged almost as a matter of course for them all; his father took equal pride in his playing and his compositions. At one concert Wolfgang played the splendid concerto he had composed for Paradies (456 K.). “I had a very good box,” writes his father to Marianne, “and could hear every gradation of the instruments so perfectly, that the tears came to my eyes for very joy” — so thoroughly did the old man appreciate and relish artistic beauty. The day after his father’s arrival, Mozart invited Haydn to a quartet party at his house. On such occasions Mozart, who in later years discontinued his practice of the violin, usually took the tenor part. Kelly tells of a quartet party at Storace’s, when Haydn took the first violin, Dittersdorf the second, Mozart tenor, and Van-hall violoncello — a cast unique of its kind. L. Mozart writes to his daughter: —

They played three of the new quartets, those in B flat, A, and C major (458, 464,465 K.). They are perhaps a little easier than the other three, but admirable compositions. Herr Haydn said to me: “*I assure you solemnly and as an honest man, that I consider your son to be the greatest composer of whom I have ever heard; he has taste, and possesses a thorough knowledge of composition.*”

L. Mozart knew the value of such an opinion from such a man; it afforded him a confirmation of his faith, and of the conviction to which he had sacrificed the best powers of his life. Such a testimony to his son’s genius was the father’s best reward, and one of the brightest spots of his life. L. Mozart obtained much credit also through his pupil Heinrich Marchand, who accompanied him, and played with great success at several concerts.

Nor were other entertainments and enjoyments altogether wanting. He heard Aloysia Lange, whose beautiful voice had once been a source of anxiety to him, in Gluck’s “Pilgrims of Mecca” and in Grétry’s “Zemire and

Azor" (her favourite part): "She sang and played admirably on both occasions." He visited the Baroness Waldstädten, whose acquaintance had gratified him so much, in the convent of Neuburg, where she was then staying; but we do not hear anything of the future course of their friendship.

It is an important fact, and one of grave significance in the case of a man of L. Mozart's tone of mind and thought, that he was led by his son's influence to enter the order of Freemasonry. The strong national feeling which existed in him, side by side with devotion to the tenets of his church, regulating his conception of moral duties, and influencing all his critical judgments, makes it conceivable that he should seek for enlightenment through an association which numbered among its members some of the most considerable and highly esteemed of his friends. I am not aware how far he was satisfied by the disclosures made to him, nor whether he remained an active member of the order after his return to Salzburg; his daughter saw grounds for believing that his subsequent correspondence with Wolfgang turned mainly on topics connected with Freemasonry. From Vienna Leopold Mozart travelled by way of Munich, where he had a pleasant visit, back to Salzburg. There he found awaiting him an announcement from his gracious master that, as he had already exceeded his six weeks' leave of absence, if he did not report himself before the middle of May, "no salary should be paid to him until further notice." We can enter into the complaints he made to his daughter of the dulness of his life in Salzburg. He never saw his son again. A faint hope, expressed to Marianne (September 16, 1785), that Wolfgang, not having written for a considerable time, meant to surprise him with a visit, was not fulfilled; he himself, accompanied by Heinrich Marchand, paid a flying visit to Munich in February, 1787, but did not go on to Vienna. His paternal pride was gratified by the intelligence of Wolfgang's brilliant success in Prague; and he did not neglect to inform his daughter when Pater Edmund, who had

been on a visit to Vienna, declared on his return that Wolfgang had the reputation of being the first of living musicians (February 3, 1786). He watched with anxious sympathy over the course of his son's worldly affairs, but refused with consistent severity any substantial support, the right to which Wolfgang had clearly forfeited by his independent attitude; paternal advice, in its most unsparing form, was always at his service. Leopold Mozart transferred to his daughter the tenderness and active participation which was now denied to him in his intercourse with his distant son. Thus he remained to the end true to his principles, but not untouched by the weakness and suffering of old age; he answers one of Marianne's anxious inquiries after his health (February 24, 1787): —

An old man must not expect anything like perfect health; he is always failing, and loses strength just as a young man gains it. One must just patch oneself up as long as one can. We may hope for a little improvement from the better weather now. You will, of course, find me very much thinner, but, after all, that is of no consequence.

He had still a pleasure to come in the visit of the Storaces and Kelly; Mdlle. Storace had packed up Wolfgang's letter intrusted to her so carefully, that she could not get at it, but verbal intercourse with such intimate friends of his son must have been ample compensation for this. Soon afterwards he fell ill, on hearing which Wolfgang wrote as follows (April 4, 1787): —

I have this moment heard what has quite overwhelmed me — all the more since your last letter allowed me to imagine that you were quite well — and now I hear that you are really ill! How earnestly I long for reassuring news from your own hand, I do not need to tell you, and I confidently hope for it, although I have learnt to make it my custom to imagine the worst of everything. Since death (properly speaking) is the true end of life, I have accustomed myself during the last two years to so close a

contemplation of this, our best and truest friend, that he possesses no more terrors for me; nothing but peace and consolation! and I thank God for enabling me to discern in death the *key* to our true blessedness. I never lie down in bed without remembering that perhaps, young as I am, I may never see another day; and yet no one who knows me can say that I am melancholy or fanciful. For this blessing I thank God daily, and desire nothing more than to share it with my fellow men. I wrote to you on this point in the letter which Mdlle. Storace failed to deliver *ä propos* of the death of my dearest friend Count von Hatzfeld; he was thirty-one — just my own age; I do not mourn for him, but for myself, and all those who knew him as I did. I hope and pray that even as I write this you may be already better; but if, contrary to all expectation, this should not be the case, I conjure you by all that we hold most sacred, not to hide the truth from me, but to write at once, in order that I may be in your arms with the least possible delay. But I hope soon to receive a reassuring letter from yourself, and in this hope,

I, with my wife and Carl, kiss your hands a thousand times, and am ever, — Your most dutiful son.

This letter puts the seal on the beautiful, genuinely human relations existing between the father and son; in the presence of death, they stand face to face like men, calm in the assurance that true love and earnest efforts after truth and goodness reach beyond the limits of our earthly existence. Leopold Mozart apparently recovered from this attack, and wrote to his daughter on May 26, that he should expect her and her family to spend Whitsuntide with him; but this pleasure was denied to him. On May 28, 1787, a sudden death ended the career of a man who had accomplished, by means of a singular union of shrewdness and industry, of love and severity, the difficult task of educating a child of genius into an artist.

The personal relationships which resulted from Mozart's marriage not only affected his mental and social condition, but had also considerable influence on him as a composer; it is indispensable therefore to take them into account in any consideration of his artistic career.

His relations with his mother-in-law were, as might have been expected, unfavourable enough at first. She did not indeed live in the same house with them, as Mozart writes for his father's consolation (August 31, 1782); but even at the second visit which he paid her with his wife, she scolded and disputed until Constanze was reduced to tears, and they resolved in consequence only to visit her on family fête-days. This state of affairs was afterwards improved, since we can well understand that it was impossible for a man of Mozart's genial and loving nature to keep up offence. "Mozart and our late mother became more and more attached to each other," writes Sophie Haibl. "He used often to come running to our house with little packets of coffee and sugar, saying as he handed them out: 'Here, mamma dear, take a little *Jause*' (afternoon coffee). He never came to us empty-handed." Constanze's youngest sister, Sophie, was in very frequent intercourse with them; her sister's constant illness rendered her help in nursing, which she was always most willing to bestow, quite invaluable; and during Mozart's last illness we find her constant in attendance at his bedside. Mozart's intercourse with Aloysia Lange and her husband seems to have been friendly and unembarrassed. The Langes did not live happily together, and though Lange himself laid the blame upon backbiters, it was notorious that their disunion arose from his unreasonable jealousy, a jealousy for which his wife had far more cause than he. But as far as Mozart was concerned Lange's jealousy must have been unprovoked, or he would hardly have taken the part of Pierrot in the pantomime already noticed (Vol. II., p. 304), allowing his wife to play Columbine to Mozart's Harlequin. She acknowledged later that, as a young girl, she had under-

estimated Mozart's genius, and she learnt to look upon his music with admiration and reverence, and upon himself with friendship and esteem. We find many indications in the letters of friendly intercourse between the Mozarts and the Langes. It was natural, therefore, that they should have afforded each other professional help whenever opportunity arose. On April 10, 1782, Mozart composed a song (383 K.) for his sister-in-law, the words of which show it to have been intended for a benefit performance by way of farewell: —

Nehmt meinen
Dank, ihr holden Gonner
So feurig als mein
Herz ihn spricht.

Whether Madame Lange was about to leave Vienna on a tour, or had merely come to the end of an engagement, I cannot say. The composition (in G major) takes the form of a ballad in two verses, and is very simple, easy and pleasing. Original features are not wanting, as for instance, suspensions and transition notes on an organ point, which even modern musicians would find piquant. The accompaniment is easy, but delicate; the stringed instruments play *pizzicato* throughout, a device not often employed by Mozart; the flutes, oboe, and bassoon, employed as solo instruments, but without any bravura, enliven the simple design. In the following year (January 8) he composed a Rondo (416 K., part 1), "Mia speranza adorata," which she first sang at a concert at the Mehlgrube; the distinguishing qualities of this song are delicacy and tenderness; it depends for effect more upon a sympathetic delivery than on the compass and executive powers of the singer. In March of the same year, Madame Lange and Mozart mutually supported each other at their concerts.

After the revival of the Italian opera, it often happened that Mozart was requested to compose detached pieces for insertion. When, in 1783,

Anfossi's opera of "Il Curioso Indiscreto," composed in 1778, was represented, Madame Lange and Adamberger, who, as German singers, had to contend with much opposition, knew that they could not fail to make an effect in music of Mozart's composition, and begged him to write two songs for their *début*. He was, as ever, quite ready to grant their request; but he had yet to learn that even in Italian opera he could not assert his claims without opposition. We have his own account in a letter to his father (July 2, 1783): —

The opera was given the day before yesterday, Monday; none of it pleased except my two songs, and the second, a bravura song, was encored. But you must know that my enemies were ill-natured enough to spread about beforehand that Mozart had undertaken to correct Anfossi's opera. I heard of this, and sent word to Count Rosenberg that

I would not produce the songs unless the following notice in German and Italian was printed in the opera-book: "Notice. — The two songs, page 36 and page 102, are composed, not by Signor Anfossi, but by Herr Mozart, at the desire of Madame Lange. This announcement is made out of respect and consideration for the fame of the celebrated Neapolitan composer." This was done, and I handed over the songs, which did as much credit to myself as to my sister-in-law. So my enemies are caught in their own trap! Now I must tell you of one of Salieri's tricks, which did not hurt me so much as poor Adamberger. I think I wrote to you that I had also composed a rondo for Adamberger. At one of the early rehearsals, before the rondo was ready, Salieri called Adamberger aside, and told him that Count Rosenberg was not pleased at the idea of his inserting a song, and he should advise him as a friend to abandon it. Adamberger, exasperated against Rosenberg, answered with a stupid display of ill-timed pride: "I flatter myself that Adamberger's fame is so well established in Vienna that he has no need to seek the favour of the public by songs written on purpose for him; I shall sing what is in the

opera, and never insert any song as long as I live." And what was the consequence? Why, that he made no effect at all, and now repents, but too late; for, if he were to come to me to-day for the rondo, I would not give it to him. I can use it very well in one of my own operas. But what most provokes him is that my prophecy and his wife's turns out correct, viz., that neither Count Rosenberg nor the manager knew a word of the affair, so that he was simply tricked by Salieri.

Adamberger might certainly have made a brilliant display of his powers in the song (420 K., part 8) "Per pietä non ricercata." It is broad in design, and affords the singer opportunities for a display of voice, delivery, and execution; it maintains a certain dignity of tone throughout. A very effective use is made of the wind instruments; and a comparison of their full satisfying sound with that of the wind instruments in the song quoted (Vol. II., pp. 232, 233) will show how closely connected in a true work of art are the tone-colouring of the instruments and the nature and development of the motifs.

The first of Madame Lange's two songs, "Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!" (418 K.), was composed on June 20, and is broad in outline, the first slow movement in especial being delicately elaborated in detail. It expresses the painful hesitatation of a mourner who would fain express her grief, but dares not; and this idea is well expressed by the broken phrases of the voice part, leaving the thread of the music to be carried on by the accompanying orchestra. A simple accompaniment, delivered pizzicato by the second violins and tenors, forms the canvas for the design, in which the oboe supports the principal motif, sometimes accompanying the voice, sometimes relieving it; an easy figure twines round the chief subject, sustained throughout by the first violins muted; while the horns and bassoons in sustained chords give consistency and shading to the whole. The situation and subject of the song necessitate restless and varied

modulation; and this opening movement affords an example of Mozart's art in projecting a design and maintaining it throughout with the utmost delicacy and variety of detail. The allegro which follows is more directly suggestive of opera buffa in its impulsive haste and in its dramatic characterisation; but the skill is worthy of note with which the elevated tone of the first movement is preserved and the bravura of the singer is placed in the most favourable light. The second song, "No che non sei capace" (419 K.), which is allotted to the same character, Clorinda, is a bravura song, in the very fullest acceptation of the term. The passages of two allegro movements mount to the highest heights like rockets, bursting from a ground-work of declamatory and dignified melody. The orchestra, too, is tolerably noisy, but so managed as always to spare the voice.

Mozart was very much gratified when the Langes selected his "Entführung aus dem Serail" for their benefit performance prior to a month's leave of absence, and he takes care to acquaint his father with the fact (December 10, 1783). The choice was of course made chiefly in their own interests, since the opera was a favourite, and the part of Constanze might have been written for Madame Lange. Kelly, who admired her as one of the first vocalists of the day, and repeats Stephen Storace's comparison of her voice and execution to those of the Bastardella, was of opinion that the part of Constanze was of "the exact compass" for her voice. When she reappeared, after a severe illness, in the same opera, on the 25th of November, 1785, she was "deservedly well received," and the part was one which she frequently played later with the greatest applause, bestowed especially on the bravura songs.

Mozart wrote another song for her on March 14, 1788 (538 K.), "Ah se in ciel benigne stelle" (from Metastasio's "Eroe Cinese,") apparently as a concert-piece. It is long and elaborate, well calculated to display great compass of voice, and more of bravura than the previous songs; but, as

regards invention and mechanism, it is of less importance than those already noticed. It is not wanting in interesting harmonic details nor in expressive passages, but they stand apart, and are not blended into a harmonious whole in Mozart's usual manner.

A very favourable idea of Aloysia's vocal powers may be formed from the songs composed for her in Vienna; the promise of the young girl had been amply fulfilled. The fabulous height of her voice, which reached with ease to —

was moderated in the second song to —

but the low notes appear to greater advantage, and we are surprised by intervals such as —

The flexibility of the voice appears to have been cultivated to an astonishing degree in every direction, and though the merit was chiefly Mozart's that these passages were interesting, expressive, and in good taste, yet their execution required a cultivated and accomplished singer. Hufeland wrote in 1783 that Madame Lange's voice was one of the finest he had ever heard, unusually pleasing and sympathetic, although somewhat weak for the stage, and in this judgment Cramer concurs. It was no doubt from consideration for the distinctive tone-colouring of the voice that Mozart did not make use of the whole body of wind instruments, particularly not of the clarinets, but allowed the gentler oboe to predominate in the accompaniment.

Mozart's eldest sister-in-law, Josepha, made her first appearance as a singer at Schikaneder's theatre, after her marriage with the violinist Hofer. With the exception of a high and flexible voice (a common inheritance, apparently, of all the Webers), she had no special gifts nor musical cultivation, and Mozart seems to have taken great pains in practising her parts with her. He wrote a bravura song for her on September 17, 1789 (580 K.), "Schon lacht der holde Frühling," which she, as Rosina, was to insert in

the German adaptation of Paesiello's "Barber of Seville"; only portions of the score remain. It has no special significance, and reminds us in its embellishments of the Queen of Night's songs, which it resembles in other respects. Mozart interested himself also in his brother-in-law Hofer, studying his quartets with him, although Hofer was an indifferent musician; he took him with him on his last professional journey to Frankfort, that the name of Mozart might facilitate his public appearance, and be of use to him in his very narrow circumstances.

Mozart was always ready to lend a helping hand, even where family considerations had no influence. When Nancy Storace, the original Susanna, in "Figaro," was leaving Vienna, he composed for her the beautiful song with obbligato pianoforte (505 K., part 6), which he played himself at her concert. He selected the words of the song which had been composed for Idamante in the Vienna performance of "Idomeneo," "Non temer amato bene." The circumstance that Idamante addresses laments and endearments to Ilia, who is present, perhaps suggested the appropriateness of an obbligato accompaniment, and, in point of fact, the piano part represents the lover in the most charming and expressive manner, appearing now to assent, now to reply to the expressions of the singer. In this respect, as well as in its tone and sentiment, this song is far in advance of the earlier one with obbligato violin; the spirit of "Figaro" moves over it, and we seem to recognise the depth of feeling and the tinge of sentimentality which characterise the Countess.

Mozart's comparative failure in his attempt to insert songs in Anfossi's "Curioso Indiscreto" did not prevent his coming forward as soon as another opportunity of the same kind offered itself. On November 28, 1785, Bianchi's "Villanella Rapita" was produced for the first time, and Mozart was induced to give the opera the support of some ensemble movements of his composition. The beautiful Celestine Coltellini (second daughter of the

poet Coltellini, who had written the libretto of Mozart's first opera) was engaged in 1783 by the Emperor Joseph II. himself at Naples, where she had been singing with great success since 1779. She first appeared on April 6, 1785, in Cimarosa's "Conta-dina di Spirito," and took the place of Mdlle. Storace (who had temporarily lost her voice) in the first performance of Storace's opera, "Gli Sposi Malcontenti," on June 1,1785. Her voice was not first-rate, and her compass only moderate, but she had been thoroughly well trained, sang with ravishing expression, and fascinated her audience by her acting, especially in comic parts. These qualities were made prominent in Mozart's charming terzet and quartet; her part is that of a peasant-girl, simple even to silliness, who receives presents from a Count, without being in the least aware of his intentions, nor of the rage and jealousy of her betrothed and her father. In the terzet (450 K. — (Probably 480 K. DW)) "Mandina amabile" (composed November 21, 1785), the delight with which she accepts the money, and, at the request of the Count, gives him her hand with the words, "Ecco servitevi!" is not given with any particular refinement by the poet; but Mozart has thrown so much grace and roguery into the action that it becomes an excellent point for a clever actress. The opening has a certain resemblance to the duet between Don Giovanni and Zerlina, although the latter stands several degrees higher, in accordance with the different characters of the personages; a comparison of the two pieces affords a proof of Mozart's skill in basing his characterisation on the conditions of the dramatic situation. Even when the lover interferes with jealous violence, and the Count seeks to excuse himself with as good a grace as possible, she fails to perceive what is passing before her; and Mozart does not neglect the opportunity of combining these opposing elements into a well-proportioned animated whole. The effect is excellent when the key, after the duet has pursued its rollicking course in A major and the nearly related keys, passes into A

minor, and then with rapid transition into C major; even when it has reverted into A major the minor key constantly recurs in discords suggestive of jealousy. The quartet (479 K.) “Dite almeno, in che mancai” (composed November 15, 1785), has a less strongly marked situation. Mandina confronts her indignant lover and father with innocent simplicity; when the Count enters, a violent altercation arises between the men, of which she cannot understand the cause, but, anxious at any sacrifice to restore peace, she begs with really touching earnestness for pity and forgiveness. Her calmness, in opposition to the voluble excitement of the men, gives the movement its distinguishing character, which it was the task of the performer to throw into relief; her part, especially in the tender and beseeching passages, is full of feeling and charm. As to the other parts, the ever-increasing tumult of an animated dispute is represented with very simple, well-calculated expedients in a manner which is thoroughly Italian; a striking instance of this is the joining in of the orchestra when the wrangling is at its height, with the preservation of all the delicate comic effects. The masterly treatment of the orchestra, both in detail and in effects of grouping, would alone suffice to raise these two pieces far above similar movements of the then commonly received opera buffa type. More excellent even than the brilliant and characteristic sound effects is the independent and copious construction of the instrumental parts, which nevertheless are kept within their proper provinces as foils to the voices. Of the voice parts it need scarcely be said that they are delicately and characteristically treated, and move freely and with animation side by side, producing at the same time an effective whole. There is no bravura, and the treatment of the voices indicates moderate capabilities on the part of the singers. Coltellini’s part never goes above —

rarely so high, and calls for no great amount of execution. Among the male singers Mandini was by far the most important; the part of Almaviva

was afterwards written for him, and the passionate expressions of the lover Pippo in the terzet remind us of that part. The tenor Calvesi (Count) and the second bass Bussani (Biaggio) were of less account. These ensemble pieces were the mature and graceful products of Mozart's fully developed genius, and nothing but their simplicity of design and construction points them out as pieces inserted in an opera, and dependent upon it for their peculiar character.

We can well believe that Mozart composed songs to please the singers, male and female, who appeared in his operas. He was not only ready to write additional pieces for them in his own operas, but frequently offered songs as an acknowledgment to the performers who sang for him. Louise Villeneuve appeared on June 27, 1789, as a new performer in Martin's "Arbore di Diana," and was received with well-deserved and genuine applause on account of her pleasing appearance, her expressive acting, and her artistically beautiful singing. When she was about to appear as Dorabella in "Cosi fan tutte," in August, 1789, Mozart wrote for her an aria to Cimarosa's opera, "I Due Baroni" (578 K.), "Alma grande e nobil cuore," of forcible expression without making any great demands on the voice. More original, although not very deep, are the two songs composed for the same singer in October, 1789, for insertion in Martin's "Burbero di Buon Cuore." The first (582 K.), "Chi sa, chi sa quai sia," is a single andante movement very moderate in tone. The second (583 K.), "Vado, ma dove," begins with a short, passionate allegro, with which is connected an andante simple in design and construction, but with a wonderfully beautiful and expressive cantilene, the effect of which is much heightened by the splendid instrumentation.

A bass song, composed for Signor Franc. Albertarelli in Anfossi's "Le Gelosie Fortunate" (May,1788), was occasioned by the singer's connection with the performance of "Don Giovanni." It is a cheerful, thoroughly buffo

aria, and the principal melody — has been employed again by Mozart, with a slight but expressive alteration, in the first movement of the C major 1 symphony, the only instance of the kind known to me. Similar demands were made upon Mozart's generosity when he came into connection with Schikaneder's theatre. He composed (March 8,1791) for the bass singer, Gerl, who sang Sarastro in the "Zauberflote," an aria (612 K.), "Per questa bella mano," with an obbligato double-bass accompaniment, which was played by Pischlberger with extraordinary execution. The combination reminds us of other similar Schikaneder-like effects, and the interest of the song depends mainly on the executive powers of the double-bass player, which are nevertheless confined within narrow limits. The limitation has in some degree influenced the treatment of the voice part, and this pleasing and, for a powerful bass voice, effective song can only be regarded as a curious occasional piece. Another occasional composition is Gleim's German war song, "Ich möchte wohl der Kaiser sein" (539 K.), composed March 5, 1788, for performance by the favourite comedian, Friedrich Baumann, jun., at a concert in the Leopoldstädter Theatre on March 7, with special reference, no doubt, to the Turkish war which had just broken out. This accounts for the running accompaniment of Turkish music to an otherwise simple and popular song. To sum up: it would appear that during Mozart's residence in Vienna, from 1781 to 1791, he completed five ensemble movements of different kinds, besides at least thirty separate songs for various occasions, among which there is not one which does not possess artistic interest, and a great number which may be placed in the first rank of works of the sort.

His genius was at the service of others besides vocalists. We have already seen that he wrote a pianoforte concerto for the blind performer Mdlle. Paradies (Vol. II., p. 288). An artist similarly afflicted from early youth was Marianne Kirchgassner (b. 1770), who had attained

extraordinary proficiency on the harmonica under Schmittbauer's instruction. When, in the course of a grand professional tour, she came to Vienna (May, 1791) she excited Mozart's interest so greatly by her playing, that he composed a quintet for her, which she frequently afterwards performed with great success. The combination of instruments — flute, oboe, tenor, and violoncello, with the harmonica — produces an originality of sound effect which is seriously impaired when, as usually happens, the piano is substituted for the harmonica. The latter instrument is limited in compass, having no bass notes, and requires for its due effect a melodious and expressive style of execution. Mozart has given the adagio a sentimental, love-sick tone, which is sometimes a good deal overdrawn, but the second movement is cheerful and pleasing, and, without forming too strong a contrast, it leads to a sound and agreeable conclusion. With just discrimination he has given the piece a very well-defined and firmly constructed form, relying for original effect on the tone-colouring and harmonic transitions, which are often extremely bold.

Mozart gave his support to another young artist, who had no such claim to pity as the two just mentioned. Regina Strinasacchi, of Ostiglia (1764-1839), was a pretty, amiable girl, and an accomplished violin-player, who came to Vienna in 1784. Mozart extols her taste and feeling to his father, who confirmed the praise when Strinasacchi appeared at Salzburg in December, 1785: "Every note is played with expression, even in symphonies, and I have never heard a more moving adagio than hers; her whole heart and soul is in the melody which she delivers, and her power and beauty of tone are equally remarkable. I believe, as a rule, that a woman of genius plays with more expression than a man." "I am just writing," continues Wolfgang, "a sonata (454 K.) which we shall play together at her concert on Thursday" (April 24, 1784). But the sonata was not ready in time, and Strinasacchi with difficulty extorted her own part

from Mozart the evening before the concert, and practised it without him on the following morning; they only met at the concert. Both played excellently, and the sonata was much applauded. The Emperor Joseph, who was present, thought he could distinguish through his glass that Mozart had no music before him; he had him summoned and requested him to bring the sonata. It was blank music paper divided into bars, Mozart having had no time to write out the clavier part, which he thus played from memory, without even having heard the sonata.

Mozart found an old Salzburg acquaintance at Vienna in the person of the horn-player Joseph Leutgeb. He had settled in Vienna, as Leopold Mozart writes (December 1, 1777), and bought a “snail-shell of a house” in one of the suburbs, upon credit; here he set up business as a cheesemonger, from the profits of which he promised to repay a loan, which, however, was still owing when Wolfgang came to Vienna; he begs his father’s indulgence for Leutgeb, who was then wretchedly poor (May 8, 1782). He was a capital solo-player on the French horn, but was wanting in higher cultivation. Mozart was always ready to help him, but he frequently made him the butt of his exuberant sprits. Whenever he composed a solo for him, Leutgeb was obliged to submit to some mock penance. Once, for instance, Mozart threw all the parts of his concertos and symphonies about the room, and Leutgeb had to collect them on all fours and put them in order; as long as this lasted Mozart sat at his writing-table composing. Another time, Leutgeb had to kneel down behind the stove while Mozart wrote. The manuscripts themselves bear traces of good-humoured banter. One (417 K.) has the superscription: “Wolfgang Amadé Mozart takes pity on Leutgeb, ass, ox, and simpleton, at Vienna, March 27, 1783”; another (495 K.) is written alternately with black, red, blue, and green ink. While he is writing down a rondo he amusingly imagines the player before him, and keeps up a running commentary on the supposed performance. The tempo, too, is jokingly

indicated as adagio for the horn part, while the accompaniment is allegro; Leutgeb's inclination to drag is alluded to in the remark at the close of the ritornello: "A lei Signor Asino" — in the ejaculations on the theme: "Animo — presto — sù via — da bravo — coraggio — e finisci giä" (at the conclusion). He goes on the same strain: "Bestia — oh che stonatura — chi — oimè (at a repeatedly recurring F sharp) — bravo poveretto! — Oh seccatura di coglioni! (when the subject recurs) — ah che mi fai ridere! — ajuto (at a repeated E flat) — respira un poco! (at a pause) — avanti, avanti! — questo poi va al meglio (when the theme reappears) — e non finisci nemmeno? — ah porco infame! Oh come sei grazioso! — Carino! Asinino! hahaha — respira! — Ma intoni almeno una, cazzo! (at a repeated C sharp) — bravo, ewiva! — e vieni ä seccarmi per la quarta, e Dio sia benedetto per l' ultima volta (at the fourth repetition of the theme) — ah termina, ti prego! ah maledetto — anche bravura? (at a short run) bravo — ah! trillo di pecore (at a shake) — finisci? grazie al ciel! — basta, basta!" Leutgeb was quite willing to submit to his friend's banter as the price of four concertos (412, 417, 447, 495, cf. also 514 K.). They are rapidly put together and easy of execution, without any great originality. Their brevity enables the instrument to preserve its true character as one unsuited for display of execution; in the last movement, which is the regulation rondo in 6-8 time, the original nature of the horn as a hunting instrument is made apparent, which at that time, when hunting music was thought more of than at present, was no doubt found very entertaining. In other respects, the customary concerto form is preserved. The first movement is an allegro in sonata form, kept within narrow limits, the second is a simple romanza, followed by the rondo. The accompaniment is simple, to allow due prominence to the horn as the solo instrument, but Mozart seldom refrains from adding touches of life and character to the whole by means of a freer movement in the accompaniment. The quintet for the horn, violin, two

tenors, and bass (407 K.), was also written for Leutgeb, who possessed the autograph. The horn part is throughout concertante, the stringed instruments serve only as accompaniment, but are very independent and characteristic, so that the whole has some approach to the quartet style. The piece is altogether more important and finer than the concertos.

Far more important both as to compass and substance is the concerto for clarinet in A major (622 K.), which Mozart wrote or adapted for Stadler, towards the close of his life (between September 28 and November 15, 1791). There exist six pages of a draft score of the first movement, composed much earlier for the basset-horn, in G major, and available for the clarinet with a few alterations in the deeper notes. It has not been ascertained whether this concerto was ever finished, but it is scarcely probable.

It was to be expected that Mozart, who was the first to do justice to the capabilities of the clarinet as a solo instrument, would deal with it with peculiar partiality; the more so, as he had so distinguished a performer to work for. The brilliant qualities of this splendid instrument are in point of fact thrown into the strongest relief. The contrasts of tone-colouring are made use of in every sort of way, especially in the low notes, here much employed in the accompaniment passages, whose wonderful effect Mozart was, as far as I know, the first to discover.

The capacity of the clarinet for melodious expression, tunefulness, and brilliant fluency, and for the union of force with melting tenderness, is skilfully taken into account; and as Mozart invariably brings the external into harmony with the internal, we find in this work that the grander and broader forms and the greater execution are the natural outcome of brilliant and original ideas. It is not too much to say that this concerto is the basis of modern clarinet-playing.

Mozart composed on September 29, 1789, for the same fickle friend, the “Stadlersquintett” for clarinet and strings (582 K.), which was first performed at the concert for the Musicians’ Charitable Fund on December 22, 1789.

The distinct and frequently overpowering effect of the clarinet, in conjunction with stringed instruments, would necessitate its treatment as a solo instrument; and Mozart’s loving efforts to display to the full its singular beauties and rich powers serve to isolate it still more completely. Although he avoids with equal taste and skill the danger of treating the stringed instruments as mere accompaniment, or of emphasising the clarinet unduly, and combines them to a whole often with touches of surprising delicacy, yet the heterogeneous elements are not so completely incorporated as are the stringed instruments when they are alone. The whole mechanism is therefore loose and easy, the subjects are more graceful than important, and their development less serious and profound than usual. This quintet therefore, cast as it is in the most beautiful forms, and possessed of the most charming sound effects — fully justifying the praise bestowed upon it by Ambros (“Limits of Music and Poetry”) in Goethe’s words, “its whole being floats in sensuous wealth and sweetness” — yet falls below the high level of the stringed quintets.

The Andante in A major to a violin concerto, dated in the Thematic Catalogue April 1, 1785 (470 K.), must certainly have been written for a virtuoso; perhaps for Janiewicz, who was then in Vienna.

Mozart sometimes bestowed improvised compositions in the form of alms. One day a beggar accosted him in the street and claimed a distant relationship with him. Mozart, having no money, went into the nearest coffee-house, wrote a minuet and trio, and sent the beggar with it to his publisher, who paid him what it was considered worth.

His ever-ready good-nature must have made Mozart a great favourite among his fellow-artists, and yet he had only too often to complain of the ingratitude to which his very good-nature subjected him. Between him and the majority of Italian opera-singers there existed, nevertheless, an innate antagonism; they complained of his compositions as being far too difficult and not telling enough. There can be no doubt that he made many concessions to display of execution, but these were not considered extensive enough at the time, and Mozart, scorning so cheap and easy a way of gaining the applause of the public, sought to attain his end by other and better means. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Italians in Vienna for the most part objected to singing in Mozart's operas, the more so as their disinclination was fostered by outsiders; Mozart, on his part, disliked the then prevalent style of singing: "They rush at it, and shake and make flourishes," he said, "because they have not studied, and cannot sustain a note."

He was fond of mocking in his sarcastic style at this kind of composition and performance, and used to imitate off-hand at the piano grand operatic scenas in the style of well-known masters, with the most telling effect. Such exhibitions would not tend to increase the number of his friends. Mozart was "cutting" (*schlimm*), as we know, and took no pains to restrain his jesting moods, which were doubtless often taken in far worse part than they were meant. But he also pronounced many a sharp censure in earnest upon artists who felt the more bitter as his own superiority made itself incontestably felt. Soon after his settlement in Vienna his father was informed that his boasting and criticisms were making him enemies among musicians and others, but this accusation Wolfgang indignantly repelled (July 31, 1782).

Nevertheless, we find him writing not long afterwards (December 23, 1782): "I should like to write a book — a short musical criticism with

examples; but of course not in my own name." There was a rage at Vienna for the discussion and criticism of all imaginable subjects by means of pamphlets and brochures. That which tempted Mozart to take pen in hand was the downfall of German opera, which was a serious blow to him. He was conscious of what he as a German might have accomplished for German art, and it pained him to see the universal preference for Italian art and artists.

From early youth he had been aware of the unworthy devices often employed in Italian music, and his aversion to "all Italians" continually betrays itself, but very seldom to the extent of making him unjust towards individual persons or performances. His healthy judgment and inexhaustible flow of human kindness preserved him from this danger. Jos. Frank relates that, finding Mozart continually engaged on the study of French opera scores, he once asked him if he would not do better to devote himself to Italian music, which was then the fashion of the day in Vienna. Mozart answered: "As regards the melodies, yes; but as regards the dramatic effects, no; besides which, the scores that you see here are by Gluck, Piccinni, Salieri, and, with the exception of those by Grétry, have nothing French in them but the words." This was true, and we may allow that Mozart did not require to learn melody from the Italians. His judgments of various composers might offend at the time, but we are now ready to endorse them as not only striking but fair. We have already learnt his opinion of Righini (Vol. II., p. 251). Of Martin, the universal favourite, he said: "Much in his works is really very pretty, but ten years hence he will be quite forgotten." How ready he was to acknowledge merit in any performance "which had something in it" is plainly shown in a letter to his father (April 24,1784): —

Some quartets have just appeared by a man named Pleyel; he is a pupil of Jos. Haydn. If you do not already know them, try to get them, it is worth

your while. They are very well and pleasantly written, and give evidence of his master. Well and happy will it be for music if Pleyel is ready in due time to take Haydn’s place for us.

This was just at the time when he was busy with his own quartets, where he showed how one master learns from another. When he found nothing original in any work he put it aside with the words, “Nothing in it,” or vented his mocking humour on it. Rochlitz relates that once at Doles, he made them sing the Mass of a composer “who had evident talent for comic opera, but was out of place as a composer of sacred music,” parodying the words in a very entertaining manner.

The description which Mozart gives to his father of the celebrated oboist, J. Chr. Fischer (1733-1800), is characteristic of his sharp and involuntarily comic criticism. Fischer had come to Vienna from London, where he enjoyed an extraordinary reputation (April 4, 1787): —

If the oboist Fischer did not play better when we heard him in Holland (1766) than he plays now, he certainly does not deserve the reputation which he has. But, between ourselves, I was then at an age incapable of forming a judgment. I can only remember that he pleased me, as he pleased all the world. It would be quite reasonable to contend that taste has altered since then to a remarkable degree, and that he plays after the old school — but no! he plays, in fact, like a miserable learner; young André, who used to learn from Fiala, plays a thousand times better. And then his concertos of his own composition! Every ritornello lasts a quarter of an hour — then enter the hero — lifts up one leaden foot after another, and plumps them down on the ground alternately. His tone is all through his nose, and his tenuto is like the tremulant stop on the organ. Could you have supposed all this? and yet it is nothing but the truth, the real truth, which I tell you.

Mozart's amiability and good-nature prevailed in his personal intercourse with fellow-artists, even where reserve or irritated feeling would have been excusable. When the Italian Opera was reopened, from which Mozart had been purposely excluded, he did not withdraw his friendship from the composers, whom he might justifiably have considered as interlopers. When Paesiello came to Vienna from St. Petersburg in 1784 he was treated with a distinction never bestowed upon German masters. His "Barbiere di Seviglia" was at once put upon the stage, and the Emperor lost no time in commissioning him to compose an opera, for which Casti, as the most distinguished comic poet, was to provide the libretto. The opera was "Il Re Teodoro," for which Joseph himself suggested the subject as a satire, it was said, on the visit of Gustavus III. of Sweden to Venice in the year 1783. Such active participation from the Emperor assured the maestro a brilliant position, both pecuniary and social, during his stay in Vienna. Mozart, whose judgment of Paesiello's light music was very favourable, made friendly advances towards him. Kelly was present at their introduction, and testifies to their mutual courtesy and esteem; and we have already seen (Vol. II., p. 279) how pleased Mozart was to have his compositions performed before Paesiello by a talented pupil. Paesiello, on his part, begged for the score of "Idomeneo" for his own study. Mozart was equally complaisant to Sarti, who was in Vienna at the same time, on his way to St. Petersburg. "If Maestro Sarti had not been obliged to set out to-day for Russia," he writes to his father (June 9, 1784), "he would have gone out with me. Sarti is a straightforward, honest man. I have played a great deal to him, ending with variations on one of his airs (460 K.), which gave him great pleasure."

The "honest" man afterwards wrote a most malicious criticism on some passages in Mozart's quartets, concerning which, indignant that "barbarians, without any sense of hearing should presume to think they can compose

music," he exclaims, "Can more be done to put performers out of tune?" ("Si puö far di più per far stonar i professori?"). He points out error after error "which could only be made by a clavier-player, who can see no difference between D sharp and E flat"; and concludes with a flourish, "This is, in the words of the immortal Rousseau, 'De la musique pour faire boucher ses oreilles!'"

A charming instance of Mozart's benevolence towards younger artists is supplied by Gyrowetz. He relates in his autobiography, how he was introduced to the most distinguished artists of Vienna, at some grand soirée: —

Mozart appeared to be the most good-natured of them all. He observed the youthful Gyrowetz with an expression of sympathy which seemed to say: "Poor young fellow, you have just embarked on the ocean of the great world, and you are anxiously looking forward to what fate may have in store for you." Encouraged by so much affability and sympathy the young artist entreated the master to cast a glance over his compositions, which consisted of six symphonies, and to give his opinion of them. With true benevolence, Mozart granted the petition, went through the works, commended them, and promised the young artist to have one of his symphonies performed at his concert in the hall at the Mehlgrube, where Mozart gave subscription concerts during that year (1785). This took place on a Thursday. The symphony was performed with great applause. Mozart, with his native courtesy and kindness, took the young composer by the hand, and introduced him to the public as the author of the symphonies.

Beethoven made his appearance in Vienna as a youthful musician of promise in the spring of 1787, but was only able to remain there a short time; he was introduced to Mozart, and played to him at his request. Mozart, considering the piece he performed to be a studied show-piece, was somewhat cold in his expressions of admiration. Beethoven remarking this,

begged for a theme for improvisation, and, inspired by the presence of the master he reverenced so highly, played in such a manner as gradually to engross Mozart's whole attention; turning quietly to the bystanders, he said emphatically, "Mark that young man; he will make himself a name in the world!"

Mozart does not appear to have become intimately acquainted with Dittersdorf, who at that time was paying only passing visits to Vienna; but his way of mentioning Mozart shows appreciation and esteem. The same may be said of Gluck, who, as we have seen, showed himself on several occasions well disposed towards Mozart (Vol. II., pp. 212, 285); but the difference of their natures — perhaps also Salieri's close connection with Gluck — prevented anything like intimacy between them.

That, notwithstanding so much goodwill, Mozart should have met with envious critics and detractors among the artists of Vienna is scarcely to be wondered at. We have already noticed one of his most determined opponents, Kreibich (Vol. II., p. 203); another, equally implacable, was Leopold Kozeluch, a pianist of some brilliancy, and a fashionable teacher, especially after he gave lessons at court; he had a passing reputation, too, as a composer, but vanity and stupidity were his chief claims to distinction. He was fond of magnifying his own merits by paltry criticism of his fellow-artists, especially of Haydn. Once, when a new quartet of Haydn's was being performed in a large company, Kozeluch, standing by Mozart, found fault, first with one thing and then with another, exclaiming at length, with impudent assurance, "I should never have done it in that way!" "Nor should I," answered Mozart; "but do you know why? Because neither you nor I would have had so good an idea." Henceforth Kozeluch became Mozart's avowed and determined opponent; and what better revenge could be taken by the man "who never praised any one but himself," than to pronounce the overture to "Don Giovanni" "good, but full of faults"; and to exclaim

condescendingly, after hearing the full rehearsal of the overture to the "Zauberflöte," "Ah, our good friend Mozart is trying to be learned this time!,, When they were both at Prague, at the coronation of Leopold, Kozeluch expressed his enmity to Mozart so obtrusively, that he forfeited a great share of the interest "with which hitherto every Bohemian had been proud to own him as a fellow-countryman."

The most charming instance of Mozart's reverence and love for Joseph Haydn is the dedicatory epistle wherein he offers him his six quartets as the fruit of long and painful study inspired by his example, as a father intrusts his children to a tried and valued friend, confident of his protection and indulgence towards them. These expressions of reverence came from the very depths of Mozart's heart: to a friend who made some remark on the dedication he answered: "It was due from me, for it was from Haydn that I learned how quartets should be written." "It was quite affecting," says Niemetschek" (p. 94) "to hear him speak of the two Haydns or any other of the great masters; one would have imagined him to be one of their enthusiastic pupils rather than the all-powerful Mozart." The Haydn so honoured of Mozart was not by any means the "Father Haydn" of a later time, reverenced and loved by all. It was not until after his residence in London that Haydn met with general admiration and veneration in the Austrian capital; in earlier years the opposition to his originality was nowhere stronger than in Vienna. His very position in the service of Prince Esterhazy, and his residence in Hungary, prejudiced the musicians of the capital against him. The music-loving public enjoyed his fresh and jovial creations with unrestrained delight, but the artists and connoisseurs took grave exception to them. Humour in music was as yet unrecognised, and the dispute as to whether and in what degree it could be justified had just begun; the freedom, well considered as it was, with which Haydn treated

traditional rules, was looked upon as a grave fault. At the head of his opponents stood the Emperor Joseph; he would have nothing to say to his playful oddities, and we can scarcely wonder that the royal example was widely followed, and that Haydn had good cause to complain of his critics and enemies. It required an artist as genial and as incapable of envy as Mozart fully to understand and appreciate him. And Haydn was equally prompt to discover the greatness of Mozart, and to accord him his full share of admiration and esteem. We have seen the testimony which he bore of Mozart to his father (Vol. II., p. 321); and he lost no opportunity of expressing his conviction of Mozart's artistic greatness. When it was proposed to produce an opera by Haydn at Prague, together with Mozart's "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," Haydn wrote to the Commissary Roth: —

You wish an opera buffa from me. With all my heart, if it will give you any pleasure to possess some of my vocal compositions. But if it is your intention to place the opera on the stage in Prague I am sorry that I cannot oblige you. My operas are inseparable from the company for whom I wrote them, and would never produce their calculated effect apart from their native surroundings. It would be quite another matter if I had the honour of being commissioned to write a new opera for the theatre in question. Even then, however, it would be a risk to put myself in competition with the great Mozart. If I could only inspire every lover of music, especially among the great, with feelings as deep, and comprehension as clear as my own, in listening to the inimitable works of Mozart, then surely the nations would contend for the possession of such a jewel within their borders. Prague must strive to retain the treasure within her grasp — but not without fitting reward. The want of this too often saddens the life of a great genius, and offers small encouragement for further efforts in future times. I feel indignant that Mozart has not yet been engaged at any imperial or royal

court. Pardon my wandering from the subject — Mozart is a man very dear to me.

This letter was written in December, 1787, and the news of Mozart's appointment as Imperial private composer had not yet reached Haydn in Esterhaz; the uncertain position of his friend evidently affected him greatly. In the year following, when controversy was rife in Vienna on the subject of "Don Giovanni," Haydn found himself one evening in the midst of a company discussing the faults of omission and commission of the new opera; at last he was asked for his opinion. "I cannot decide the questions in dispute," said he; "but this I know, that Mozart is the greatest composer in the world." It must not be imagined that because Haydn set so high a value on Mozart's operatic compositions, he had by any means a small opinion of his own. Forgotten as they now are, he himself was not inclined to rank them below the performances of the majority of his contemporaries. He writes to Artaria (May 27, 1781): —

Mons. Le Gros, directeur of the Concert spirituel, writes me many compliments on my "Stabat Mater," which has been performed four times with great success. The management were surprised at this revelation of my powers as a vocal composer; but they had had no previous opportunity of judging of them. If they would only hear my operetta "L'Isola Disabitata," and my last opera "La Fedeltä Premiata"! I assure you, such works have never yet been heard in Paris, and perhaps not in Vienna; but it is my misfortune to live retired in the country.

He says of the "Armida," in March, 1874, that it has been produced with signal success, and is considered his best work. It is doubly significant, therefore, that Haydn should have acknowledged himself so completely overshadowed by Mozart as an operatic composer. And not in this branch of their art alone did he accord him superiority; he gave way even where they might justly be considered as rivals, and declared that, if Mozart had written

nothing but his violin quartets and the “Requiem,” he would have sufficient claim to immortality. He assured a friend, with tears in his eyes, that he could never forget Mozart’s clavier-playing; “It came from the heart!” To the end of his life he missed no occasion of hearing Mozart’s music, and used to assert that he had never heard one of his compositions without learning something from it. In 1790, when he had returned to his solitude at “Estoras,” he writes how the north wind had waked him from a dream of listening to the “Nozze di Figaro.”

The personal intercourse between the two was simple and hearty. Mozart used to call Haydn “Papa,” and both Sophie Haibl and Griesinger mention their use of the pronoun *du* to each other, a habit less frequent in those days than at present between friends of such difference in age. But while Mozart lived in Vienna, Haydn had his fixed residence at Eisenstadt or Esterhaz, and only came to Vienna for a few months at a time with his princely patron, who was not fond of the capital, and shortened his stay there as far as was practicable; Haydn sometimes obtained leave of absence for a flying visit to Vienna, but the Prince always gave it unwillingly.

It was not until the Kapelle was broken up, on the death of Prince Nicolaus in 1790, that Haydn took up his abode in Vienna; and in December of the same year Salomon persuaded him to undertake the journey to London. Mozart agreed with others of Haydn’s friends in considering this expedition a great risk, and drew his attention to the difficulties he was sure to encounter as an elderly man, unused to the world, amidst a strange people whose language he did not understand. Haydn replied that he was old, certainly, (he was then fifty-nine), but strong and of good courage, and his language was understood by all the world. Mozart spent the day of Haydn’s departure with him, and as they took leave he was moved to tears and exclaimed: “We are taking our last farewell in this world!” Haydn

himself was deeply moved, thinking of his own death, and sought to console and calm Mozart.

A letter from Haydn to Frau von Gennzinger (October 13, 1791) shows that calumniators sought to sow enmity between the friends in their separation: “My friends write, what I cannot however believe, that Mozart is doing all he can to disparage me. I forgive him. Mozart must go to Count von Fries to inquire about the payment.” When the news of Mozart’s death reached London, Haydn lamented his loss with bitter tears.

The sight of these two great and noble men extending to each other the hand of brotherhood, and remaining true to the end, untouched by professional envy or intrigue, is as pleasant as it was rare in the Vienna of those days. Each understood and appreciated the other, each freely acknowledged his indebtedness to the other from a musical point of view, and each, in his own consciousness of power and independence, found the standard for estimating the worth of his brother-artist.

Those who strove to raise the dust of dissension between them are, for the most part, forgotten or relegated to their due position in the background of musical history: Mozart and Haydn stand side by side on the heights, witnessing for ever to the truth that the greatness of a genuinely artistic nature attracts and does not repel its like.

CHAPTER XXIX. SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

FIRST among the group of friends in intercourse with whom Mozart found entertainment and refreshment of the highest kind, must be named the Countess Thun, *née* Uhlefeld. She was one of the musical ladies who took him under their protection from the first, and it was she more especially who introduced him in Vienna, and furthered his advancement by every means in her power. The prominent position which was hers more in virtue of her cultivation and amiability than of her rank and wealth, pointed her out as a fitting protectress for genius. She was one of the few ladies with whom the Emperor Joseph continued in later years on a footing of intimacy, and he took leave of her in a touching letter from his death-bed. Music had the place of honour in her entertainments. She played the pianoforte herself with "that grace, lightness, and *délicatesse* to which no fingers but a woman's can aspire," as Burney says; he was delighted with her gay, natural manners, her witty sallies, and her pleasant irony, as well as with her taste, knowledge, and serious interest in all things musical. Her favourite composer at that time (1772) was Beecké (Vol. I., p. 367), who mentions to Dalberg having composed in 1785 a sonata for three pianofortes for the Countess Thun and her daughters.

Reichardt also, whom she took under her protection on his arrival in Vienna in 1783, extols her as the most intellectual and most charming woman in Vienna, and adds that her musical receptions were frequented both by the Emperor and the Archduke Maximilian. Georg Forster became her enthusiastic admirer during his stay in Vienna in, 1784. He enumerates in a letter to Heyne the distinguished men whose favour and patronage he enjoyed, and we recognise among them many of Mozart's friends and patrons. Such were the good old Counsellor von Born, Baron Otto von

Gemmingen — the intimate friend of Van Swieten, who had come to Vienna in the summer of 1782 — the old Councillor von Spielmann — a man of learning and at the same time more deeply versed in the affairs of the department of Prince Kaunitz than any other statesman — the great minister Kaunitz himself (Vol. II., p. 212), good, simple Count Cobenzl (Vol. II., p. 173), Field-Marshal Haddik, “a splendid old soldier, plain and plump,” and to this list Forster adds the name of the Countess Thun, “the most virtuous and enlightened woman of Vienna.” He gives a more particular account of his intercourse with her to Thérèse Heyne: —

You cannot imagine how condescending and friendly every one is. One scarcely remembers that one is among persons of high rank, and one feels quite on the footing of an intimate friend. This is especially my case with the Countess Thun, the most charming woman in the world, and her three graces of daughters, each of them an angel in her own way. The Countess is the best mother that I know; the children are all innocence, joyful as the morning light, and full of natural sense and wit, at which I wonder in silence, just as I wonder at the sense and wit of a certain maid on the Leine. This charming family combine the most refined discourse, and the most extensive reading and liberal knowledge, with a pure, heartfelt religion, free from all superstition, the religion of gentle and innocent hearts familiar with the secrets of nature and creation. Almost every evening between nine and ten, these [above-named] people assemble at the Countess Thun’s, and enjoy brilliant conversation or music, either clavier-playing, or German or Italian singing; sometimes, when the humour seizes them, they dance.

We can well imagine how completely Mozart felt himself at home in this circle; Prince Karl Lichnowsky, his friend and pupil, was the Countess Thun’s son-in-law.

Greiner’s house was another in which learning was honoured and cherished, and which formed a meeting-point for all celebrities. Greiner’s

daughter, Caroline Pichler, an admirable pianiste, thus describes it: —

Besides the poets Denis, Leon, Haschka, Alxinger, Blumauer, &c., whose names were then famous, our house was frequented by men of severer science. No foreign scholar or artist visited Vienna without bringing introductions to Haschka or to my parents themselves. Thus we entertained the celebrated traveller Georg Forster, Professors Meiners and Spittler, Becker, Gögking, the actor Schroder, and many musicians and composers such as Paesiello and Cimarosa; I need not say that our native artists, Mozart, Haydn, Salieri, the brothers Hickl, Füger, and others were frequent guests.

The house of the Martinez brother and sister, which has become by association a true temple of the muses for the Viennese, was another rendezvous for musicians, Metastasio, on his arrival at Vienna in 1730, took up his residence with Nicolai Martinez, Master of the Ceremonies to the Apostolic Nuncio, and remained with him until his death in 1782. He became the intimate friend of the family, and carefully superintended the education of the children. One of the daughters, Marianne (born about 1740), by reason of her talent, and her lively, pleasant manners, attracted his special attention. Through his instruction she became well versed in the Italian, French, and English languages and literature, and in all the branches of a liberal education. Nor was this all; Metastasio perceived that she possessed considerable musical talent, and took care that she should receive a thorough musical education. Joseph Haydn, who, on being dismissed from the Kapellhaus a penniless young man, had taken a miserable garret in the same house, was engaged to give Marianne lessons in playing and singing, for which he was boarded free for three years by way of payment, a more important result for him being that he thus became acquainted with Porpora, who interested himself in Marianne’s education out of friendship for Metastasio. Afterwards, under the careful guidance of Bono and of

Metastasio himself, she developed gifts as a singer, player, and composer which excited general admiration, and won applause from Hasse. In 1773 she was made a member of the Philharmonic Academy at Bologna, and afterwards received a “Dictor-diplom” both from Bologna and Pavia; in 1782 her oratorio “Isaaco” was performed at the “Societätsconcert.” She lived with her brother (Imperial librarian) after the death of Metastasio, whose property she inherited; she gave receptions, which were frequented by all the intellectual and musical celebrities of the day. Kelly, who brought an introduction to her, declared that, in spite of her advanced age, she retained all the animation and cheerfulness of youth, and was pleasant and talkative. He says that Mozart (who had been warmly received by Metastasio on his early visits to Vienna) was very intimate with her, and that he had heard them play duets of her composition at her musical parties.

One of the most distinguished musical dilettanti of the day at Vienna was the Geheimrath Bernh. von Keess (d. 1795). This “well-known lover of music and patron of musicians” took the amateur concerts in the Augarten (Vol. II., p. 284, note 47) under his protection, and possessed a rare and costly collection of musical objects. He gave private concerts twice a week in his own house, as Gyrowetz relates: —

The best virtuosi in Vienna, and the first composers, such as Jos. Haydn, Mozart, Dittersdorf, Hoffmeister, Albrechtsberger, Giamovichi, Ac., assembled at these concerts. Haydn’s symphonies were performed there, Mozart used generally to play the pianoforte, and Giamovichi, the most celebrated violin virtuoso of the day, usually played a concerto; the lady of the house sang. It happened one evening that Mozart was late in arriving, and they waited for him to begin, because he had promised to bring with him a song for the lady of the house. One servant after another was sent to find him, and at last he was discovered in a tavern; the messenger begged him to come at once, as all the company was waiting to hear the new song.

Mozart thereupon recollected that he had not written a note of it. He sent the messenger for a sheet of music paper, and set to work in the tavern to compose the song. When it was finished he went his way to the concert, where the company were waiting for him with great impatience. After a little gentle reproach for his delay he was most affectionately received; the lady of the house sang the new song, a little nervously, it is true, but it was enthusiastically received and applauded.

Mozart's boyish fancy of only playing before connoisseurs naturally disappeared as he grew older and more sensible. He took pleasure in playing to all who took pleasure in hearing him, and was so far from the affectation of requiring to be pressed, that many persons of rank in Vienna reproached him with being too ready to play to anybody who asked him. One requirement, indeed, he made which seems difficult of attainment in musical society, viz., the silence and attention of his audience. "Nothing irritated him so much," says Niemetschek (p. 88), "as restlessness, noise, or talking over music. On such occasions the usually gentle, courteous man completely lost patience, and expressed his annoyance without reserve. He has been known to rise in the middle of his playing, and leave an inattentive audience." In some cases his satirical humour led him to show his disgust in other ways. When he was playing to real musicians and connoisseurs he was indefatigable. After his concert in Leipzig, where he had alternately played and conducted, he said to the good old violin-player Berger: "I have only just got warm. Come home with me, and I will play you something worthy of an artist's ears." And after a hasty supper, his ideas and imaginations streamed from the instrument till close on midnight. Then suddenly springing up, as his manner was, he cried: "Now, what do you think of that? You have heard Mozart after his own fashion; something less will do for the others."

The family with whom Mozart appeared most completely at home in Vienna was that of the celebrated botanist Freih. von Jacquin. We have an attractive description of it (1844) from Caroline Pichler, who was intimate there from her youth: —

This family had for sixty or seventy years been a shining light in the scientific world, both in and out of Vienna, and their house was visited by many for the sake of the pleasant social intercourse there to be enjoyed. While the learned, or would-be learned, paid their respects to the famous father and his worthy son, Jos. Frz. v. Jacquin, the more youthful assembled round the younger son Gottfried, whose lively intellect, striking talent for music, and charming voice made him the centre of the gay circle, together with his sister Franziska, the still-surviving Frau von Lagusius. On Wednesday evenings — which from time immemorial, were dedicated by the family to society, even in winter when the Jacquins lived in the Botanic Gardens — learned talk went on in the father's room, while we young people chattered, joked, made music, played games, and entertained ourselves entirely to our satisfaction.

How thoroughly happy and at home Mozart was with this family may be seen from a letter to Gottr. von Jacquin, written in the full glow of his happiness at the brilliant reception he had met with in Prague (January 14,1787): —

At last I am fortunate enough to find a moment in which to inquire after your dear parents, and all the Jacquin family. I can only hope and pray that you are all as well and happy as we two are. I can assure you, however, that (although we have been received here with extreme politeness and all possible honour, and Prague is really a handsome, pleasant city) I long very much for Vienna, and most particularly for *your* house. When I reflect that after my return I shall enjoy the pleasure of your society again for a short time, and then perhaps lose it for ever, I feel to its full extent the friendship

and esteem which I bear to your whole family. Now farewell! Present my respects to your revered parents, and embrace your brother for me. I kiss your sister's hand a thousand times. But now it is time I close, is it not? Long ago, you will think. Write to me soon, very soon; if you are too lazy to do it yourself, send for Salmann, and dictate a letter to him; but it never comes straight from the heart unless you write yourself. Well — I shall see whether you are as much my friend as I am, and always shall be, yours.

During his second stay in Prague Mozart acquaints his friend with the good reception of "Don Giovanni" (November 4, 1787), and adds: —

I wish that all my friends (especially Bridi and you) could be here just for one evening to participate in my pleasure.

And then he ends in his mocking way: —

My great grandfather used to say to his wife, my great grandmother, and she to her daughter my grandmother, and she again to her daughter, my mother, and she finally to her daughter, my dear sister, that it was a great art to be able to speak well and fully, but that it was perhaps a still greater art to know when to leave off speaking. I will, therefore, now follow the advice of my sister due to our mother, grandmother, and great grandmother, and bring my moral reflections and my letter to a close together.

And when, to his "delighted surprise," he received a second letter from Jacquin, he answers in a postscript: —

Can it be that neither your dear parents, nor your sisters and brother keep me in remembrance? That is incredible! I put it down to your forgetfulness, my friend, and I flatter myself that I may safely do so.

Gius. Ant. Bridi, of whom Mozart speaks in the above letter, was a young merchant of Roveredo, who was a favourite in musical circles alike for his fine, well-trained tenor voice, and for his amiable character. On the production of "Idomeneo" at the Auersperg theatre, he took a part, probably

that of Idomeneo. He too enjoyed, as he afterwards gratefully recorded, Mozart's friendship and confidence. Gottfried von Jacquin wrote the following characteristic words in Mozart's album (April n, 1787): —

Genius without heart is a chimera — for it is not intellect alone, not imagination, not even the two combined which make genius — love! love! love! is the soul of genius.

He was endeared to Mozart by his musical talent and sympathy. A memorial of their friendship exists in the song composed for Jacquin on March 23, 1787: "Mentre di lascio, o figlia," from Paesiello's "Disfatta di Dario" (513 K., part 9). A comparison of this with the song composed for Fischer shows how well Mozart understood the art of adapting himself to given conditions. There is no presupposition here of such a compass and flexibility of voice, nor of such force of passion as give the earlier song its original stamp; all that is required is a bass voice of moderate compass and no great depth, a certain volubility of voice, and a considerable amount of feeling and cultivation. The situation excludes any expression of violent emotion, and moderates the sentiment without rendering it less hearty; we are called on to sympathise with the sorrow of a father taking leave of his daughter at a moment pregnant with fate, not with that of a youth parting from his beloved. Here again external conditions have been utilised in the production of a song which is worthy by its beauty of form and grace of expression to take a high rank among others of its class. Mozart composed other songs for his friend and his friend's family; ballads, for instance, for particular occasions and friends. Concerning one of these, he writes: "If the song *en question* is to be a test of my friendship, have no more doubt on the subject, here it is. But I hope that you do not need the song to convince you of my friendship" (Prague, November 4, 1787). Another, "Erzeugt von heisser Phantasie" (520 K.) is inscribed: "Den 26 Mai, 1787, in Hrn. Gottfried von Jacquin's Zimmer, Landstrasse." Several charming little

canzonetti for two sopranos and a bass, with Italian words, were also written for this circle, Mozart indicates one of them, “Più non si trovano” (549 K.), under date July 16, 1788, and there are five other nottumi of the kind existing in autograph, viz.: “Luci cari luci belle” (346 K.); “Ecco quel fiero istante,” by Metastasio (436 K.); “Mi lagnero tacendo,” by Metastasio (437 K.); “Se lontan ben mio tu sei” (438 K.), “Due pupille amabili” (439 K.). To these exists in Mozart’s handwriting wind-instrument accompaniment, for two clarinets and a basset-horn, or three basset-homs, a combination often employed by Mozart, apparently without any special reason. The accompaniment may be dispensed with, the canzonetti being properly intended for the voices alone. They are extremely simple, but full of grace and charm, and betray the master in their harmonic turns and disposition of parts. It may be inferred that these compositions were primarily intended for the Jacquin family, from the fact that several of them passed as the composition of Gottfr. von Jacquin in Vienna, as was the case with more than one solo song concerning whose authenticity there can be no doubt. Mozart set little store by such occasional compositions; they passed from hand to hand, and as Jacquin himself composed songs, which were put in circulation from his house, some of Mozart’s might easily, without any fault on his part, be ascribed to him. As a set-off to these, the bass song, “Io ti lascio, o cara, addio” (245 K. Anh.), composed by Jacquin, is to this day included among Mozart’s works. In the “Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung,” where it was first printed, it was expressly stated that the original was in Mozart’s handwriting, and was written by him in a few minutes, as he took leave of a lady friend; the scene was afterwards variously laid at Prague and Mayence, and elaborated into a love episode. But in a letter to Hartel (May 25, 1799), Mozart’s widow protested against the genuineness both of the song and of the story, and emphatically asserted, supported by the Abbé Stadler, that the song was composed by

Gottfr. von Jacquin as a farewell to the Countess Hatzfeld, and that Mozart put the accompaniment to it. The song contains Mozart-like phrases, but no characteristic touches of his genius.

Kelly relates that he composed Metastasio's "Grazie agi' inganni tuoi," that Mozart was pleased with the simple melody, and wrote variations upon it. These do not exist, but we have a sketch by Mozart in which Kelly's melody, with some slight improvements, and a new middle phrase, is arranged for two soprano voices and a bass, with a wind instrument accompaniment (flute, two clarinets, horns and bassoons) no doubt for some special occasion (532 K.).

Concerted songs of this kind were then a favourite pastime in musical circles; they were often comic, and sometimes coarse. No one will doubt that Mozart was always ready for this species of fun, and his comic "Bandl-Terzett" (441 K.) was known, not only among his Vienna friends, but far and wide among lovers of music and fun. Mozart had made his wife a present of a new belt ribbon which she wished to wear one day when she was going for a walk with Jacquin. Not finding it she called to her husband: "Liebes Mandl, wo ists Bandl?" (Where is the belt, my dear?) They both looked for it in vain till Jacquin joined them and found it. But he refused to give it up, held it high in the air, and being a very tall man, the Mozarts, both little, strove in vain to reach it. Entreaties, laughter, scolding, were all in vain, till at last the dog ran barking between Jacquin's legs. Then he gave up the ribbon, and declared that the scene would make a good comic terzet. Mozart took the hint, wrote the words in the Vienna dialect (which is essential for the comic effect), and sent the terzet to Jacquin. Well sung, it never fails of its effect. A four-part pendant to the terzet "Caro mio Druck und Schluck," was in the possession of Mozart's widow, as she informed Hartel (May 25, 1799); it seems to have been a canon with a comic bass part (Anh. 5 K.).

Canons were in special favour at the social gatherings of which we have been speaking. It may always be taken for granted that children and persons of slight musical cultivation will take peculiar pleasure in this severest form of musical mechanism, if the persistent regularity with which each part pursues its independent course is combined with a general effect of harmony and satisfaction. For the enlightened few, the interest arises from such a skilful handling of forms confined within the strictest rules as shall emphasise epigrammatic points in the most vivid and telling manner. So in poetry, the sonnet, the triolet, and other similar forms serve by their very limitations to emphasise the conceits which they express. The same sort of contrast, produced without departing from a strict adherence to rule, forms the chief effect of the canon. The sharp definition of its various parts gives it abundance of means for accentuating particular points, aided by their constant recurrence in different positions and different lights. The canon, therefore, is the *epigrammatic* form of music, the most suitable vehicle for a moral sentence or a witty phrase, and it is capable of expressing alike the most serious and the most comic ideas. It requires, indeed, the firm hand of a master so to triumph over the difficulties of the form as to produce not only a masterpiece of counterpoint for the satisfaction of the learned, but also a melodious self-sufficing vocal piece, whose most studied difficulties shall leave the impression of lucky accidents. The greatest masters seem to have turned for recreation to the composition of canons, and even grave men like Padre Martini and Michael Haydn did not disdain to write comic canons. Mozart cultivated the style, and a long list may be placed under his name. In the “Oeuvres” (XV., XVI.) two two-part, nine three-part, nine four-part, and one six-part canons are printed; but they are certainly not all genuine. In the Thematic Catalogue, the following are noted as composed by Mozart: —

XV.

1. Difficile Iectu [Nimm ists gleich warm] three-part (559 K.).

2. Caro bell’ idol, three-part (562 K.).

5. Ave Maria, four-part (554 K.).

6. Lacrimoso son io, four-part (555 K.).

XVI.

1. O du eselhafter [Gähnst du Fauler], four-part (560 K.).

2. Alleluja, four-part (553 K.).

3. Grechtelseng [Allés Fleisch], four-part (556 K.).

4. Gemma in Prater [Allés ist eitel], four-part (558 K.).

6. Bona nox [Gute Nacht], four-part (561 K.).!!!

Besides these there must have been four more published from Mozart’s autograph, for the widow writes (November 30, 1799) that she has sent thirteen canons in the original. But of these one (XV. 12) “O wunderschon” (227 K.) was by W. Byrd (d. 1623), published by Mattheson (Vollk. Kapellm. p. 409), and only copied by Mozart, and the same may have been the case with others. We recognise Mozart with some certainty in: —

XVI.

4. L. m. d. A. r. s. [Nichts labt. mich mehr.], four-part (233 K.).

5. Lieber Freistadler, lieber Gaulimauli [Wer nicht liebt], four-part (232 K.).

7. L. m. i. A. [Lasst uns froh sein], six-part (231 K.).

9. [Lass immer] two-part (410 K.). But this canon exists in Mozart’s handwriting as an adagio for two basset-homs with a bassoon, perhaps as an accompaniment to a vocal piece.

Concerning the others I can speak with no certainty; but those which are well authenticated seem to me by far the finest. Some genuine canons by Mozart are omitted from this collection, such as the four-part canon, called

in the Thematic Catalogue “Nascoso” (557 K.), which is particularly fine. There are serious canons, cheerful canons, and an overwhelming majority of comic canons. The words to these last were generally his own; they are almost always in the Vienna dialect, and not a few of them are too coarse for publication, although they are preserved in verbal tradition. The original words of two of the most authentic may serve as an example of the rest: —

Grechtelseng, grechtelseng, wir gehn in Prater. In Prater? itzt, lass nach, i lass mi nit stimma. Ei bei Leib. Ei ja wohl. Mi bringst nit aussi! Was blauscht der? was blauscht der? Itzt halts Maul, i gieb dir a Tetschen! (556 K.).

Gemma in Proda, gemma in d’ Hetz, gemma in Kasperl. Der Kasperl ist krank, der Bar ist verreckt, was that ma in der Hetz drausst, in Prater giebts Gelsen und Haufen von Dreck (558 K.).

The fun consisted essentially in the dialogue form and colloquial expressions of the text — as will be evident to all who compare the newly substituted versions, which, unexceptionable and correct as they are, neutralise the whole comic effect — of the canons. Mozart’s mastery of form and his wonderful power of transforming everything he attempted into a complete and well-rounded work of art, are displayed in all the canons without exception; each one contains the clear expression of a particular mood, together with a melodious beauty, so thoroughly consistent with the form in which they are embodied as to appear inseparable from it. Finding eight four-part and two three-part canons under one date (September 2, 1788) in the Thematic Catalogue, we may be inclined to imagine that Mozart was seized with a sort of periodical canon-fever; but it is more probable that some circumstance led to his noting on that day all the works of the kind that he had either in hand or in prospect. No doubt most of them were composed on the spur of the moment, as we know was the case with two among the list. The tenor singer, Joh. Nepomuk Peierl, “a man of

refinement," according to Schroder, who had sung with his wife for several years at the Salzburg theatre, paid a short visit to Vienna in 1785, and became acquainted with Mozart. He had a peculiar pronunciation which often made him the subject of raillery, and Mozart made it the text for a three-part canon of wonderfully comic effect. This was scarcely ended when the singers turned over the leaf, and began another four-part canon (560 K.) on the words: "O du eselhafter Peierl! o du peirlischer Esel! du bist so faul als wie ein Gaul, der weder Kopf noch Haxen hat, mit dir ist gar nichts anzufangen, ich seh dich noch am Galgen hangen; du dummer Gaul! du bist so faul! du dummer

Peierl bist so faul als wie ein Gaul; O lieber Freundverzeihe mir! Nepomuk! Peierl! verzeihe mir!" There is nothing particularly refined or amusing about the jest except the very excellent and effective canon. This was so highly applauded that it was employed on other occasions with more emphatic invectives, addressed to other individuals. Mozart's marvellous gift of improvisation, showing itself in this form among others, is illustrated by an anecdote vouched for by Rochlitz. The evening before Mozart left Leipzig for Berlin, whence he intended to return in a few days, he supped with the Precentor Doles, with whom he was very intimate. His entertainers, melancholy at the prospect of parting, begged for a few lines of his writing by way of remembrance. Mozart was in a merry mood, laughed at their "whining," and declared he would rather go to bed than write music. At last he took a sheet of note-paper, tore it in half, sat down and wrote — at the most for five or six minutes. Then he handed one-half to the son, the other to the father. On one page was a three-part canon in long notes without words, and when sung very melancholy and melodious. On the second page was also a three-part canon without words, but in quavers, and full of drollery. When they had discovered that the two might be sung together, Mozart wrote to the first the words, "Lebet wohl, wir sehn uns wieder!" To

the second, “Heult noch gar wie alte Weiber” — and so they were sung. Unhappily this double canon is not preserved.

Many comic compositions of this kind are ascribed to Mozart wrongly or on insufficient grounds. One most diverting example of his love of humour exists in the “Musikalische Spass,” as he calls it himself — the “Bauem-symphonie,” as it is sometimes designated — which was probably written for a special occasion on June 11, 1787; owing, no doubt, to pressure of time it was only partially scored. Ignorant composers and unskilful performers are ridiculed together in this piece, which is in the form of a divertimento (Vol. I., p. 303) in four movements for string quartet and two horns. The ridicule of the players is very broad, as, for instance, when the horns, where they should come in solo in the minuet, play actual wrong notes, or when the first violin at the close of a long cadenza, consisting of a number of trivial disconnected passages, finishes off with an ascending scale, and goes at least half a tone too high. But the most amazing confusion occurs at the end, where, in the midst of a fanfare in F major for the horns, the stringed instruments strike in one after another, each in a different key. A semitone higher or lower is treated as a matter of small importance, thirds are carried on even where they are out of place; but sometimes, when a part seems to come in too soon, or when nothing but accompaniment is heard for several bars, as if the principal parts were pausing too long, or when at a particular point a note occurs which sounds excruciatingly false, it is only by the context that we can be assured that no actual mistake has happened, and that the composer does not deserve to be hissed on his own account. This is repeatedly the case also in the plan and treatment of the movements as a whole; they are after the usual pattern, turns and passages occur of the customary kind, with here and there a striking modulation, but there is a complete lack of power to grasp or carry out an idea; two or three bars bring each effort to an end, and there is a constant recurrence to the traditional

formula of the closing cadence. The attempt after thematic elaboration in the finale is very ludicrous; it is as though the composer had heard of such a thing, and strove to imitate it in a few phrases, greatly to his own satisfaction. The art is most remarkable whereby the pretended ignorance never becomes wearisome, and the audience is kept in suspense throughout. The effect rests partly on the shrewd conception of what is truly comic in ignorant pretension (for nowhere is irony more dangerous than in music, the impression of discord being one difficult of control), partly on the perfect mastery of the instruments displayed by the composer.

Among the compositions resulting mainly at least from friendship or social circumstances may be included the songs or ballads (Lieder) of which we have already noticed some examples. In Vienna and South Germany the "Lied" was far from having attained, at that time, the importance it afterwards possessed. Even in social circles, classical and, therefore so far as song was concerned, Italian music predominated, and aspiring dilettanti sought exclusively for songs which should display their artistic cultivation. Dilettantism was then just beginning to bear sway, especially over the pianoforte, and its dominion speedily extended to vocal music, where the "Lied" became its peculiar form of expression. In North Germany the state of affairs was somewhat different. Italian opera in Dresden and Berlin was too isolated to have much influence; the want of practised singers had caused the cultivation of the operetta, which fell back on the confined form and simple expression of the "Lied," and in its turn raised the "Lied," which had lingered only in taverns and the domestic circle, to higher significance and cultivation. Weisse expressly declared that his operas were intended to incite the Germans to social song. Nor had earlier and greater composers, such as Telemann, Graun, Ph. Em. Bach, and others, disdained to compose ballads, or odes as they were then called, for domestic practice. In Berlin this tendency was especially active, and

Marpurg, in his “Critical Letters,” treats of the musical ode (“Chanson, Strophenlied”) historically and aesthetically, and appends a long list of examples. The influence of the operetta upon the development of the 44 Lied” is unmistakable. It was something more than chance which caused the simultaneous rise of German lyric poetry in many parts of North Germany, which produced such lyric poets as Weisse, Uz, Gleim, Hagedom, Jacobi, &c., and the “Dichterbund” of Gottingen, with Hiller as their special composer. Klopstock had little to do with the movement. His odes have found composers, especially (not to mention Reefe) Gluck, who followed his principles in keeping close to the words of the poet, and aiming at declamatory effect. He was followed by Reichardt, a warm admirer of Klopstock, who wrote an essay on the composition of Klopstock’s odes. But they had little influence, and the musical treatment of lyrical poetry received its chief impulse when Herder awoke the taste for national songs, and Goethe produced genuine German lyric poems: Reichardt and Schulz were the two composers who felt this impulse most strongly, and mainly strove for the development of the German ballad in its own simple popular style.

But this phase of musical influence had, in Mozart’s day, hardly penetrated to Vienna. Hofmann, Steffan, Beecké, Haydn, and others had indeed composed Lieder, but they laid claim to nothing higher than the amusement of social circles; the words are generally of mediocre merit, and the music so simple as to make it evident that the song did not intend to intrude into good society. Mozart only occasionally composed Lieder. He was in the habit, as his wife writes to Hartel, of writing down in a book kept for the purpose any poem which he admired, or which incited him to composition; but his reading was not extensive, and there was little to attract him in Vienna at that time. He had his own opinions on this subject

as on others, and we are struck with his remarks in a letter to his father (December 23,1782): —

I am at work upon a very difficult matter, viz., the setting of an ode on Gibraltar, by Denis. But it is a secret, for a Hungarian lady wishes to surprise Denis with it. The ode is dignified — fine, if you like — but too pompous and exaggerated for my taste. How can it be otherwise? Truth and moderation are hardly known and never valued nowadays. If a thing is to succeed it must either be so easy that a hackney-coach-man could imitate it, or so incomprehensible that, just because they do not understand it, everybody is ready to praise it.

Every competent critic will endorse Mozart's opinion on Denis's ode; but how many then in Vienna were as independent and candid in their judgment on the favourite poet as the young composer? A facsimile of Mozart's hasty sketch of part of this ode is taken from the archives of the Mozarteum at Salzburg. Whether the ode was ever finished I do not know.

We may gather that Mozart's Lieder were the result of occasional impulses, from the fact that they occur at long intervals, and that he usually wrote several at one time. On May 7, 1785, he composed three poems by Weisse; on the autograph (472-474, K.) is noted, "Weisse, erster Band, p. 18,14,29"; Weisse's lyrical poems (Leipzig, 1772) formed part of Mozart's modest library. The year 1787, however, was most fruitful, owing doubtless to his constant intercourse with Jacquin; we find four in May (517-520, K.), two on June 24 (523, 524, K.), two at Prague on November 6 (529, 530, K.), and another on December 11 (531 K.). Then there is a pause until January 14, 1791, when three ballads (596-598, K.) were composed, according to Nissen, for a children's publication. Mozart published but few of these compositions; they generally remained in the possession of those for whom they were written, and were circulated in MS. copies, which

explains why many were attributed to him which he never wrote, while some of his own composition were attributed to others. The greater number of them are true "Strophenlieder," such as the ballads from Campe's "Kinderbibliothek" (595, 598, K.), to which also belongs the ballad for little Fritz's birthday (529 K.), to which very unsuitable words have been adapted. These are all manifestly easy and simple, and possess the same charm from the mouths of children as "Komm lieber Mai." Hagedom's little song, "Zu meiner Zeit bestand noch Recht und Bil-ligkeit" (517 K.), is jestingly treated; Mozart himself has written over it, "A little through the nose," to emphasise the proper comic delivery. The quality which distinguishes these songs from the majority of those contemporary with them is not so much their perfect form and finish, their attractive melodies, or their harmonious delicacy (though these exist in full measure) as their vivid expression of a poetic mood, be it cheerful, earnest, or passionate. The poems of Hagedorn, Weisse, Jacobi, Overbeck, Hölty, Miller, Claudius, and others whose names are unknown, seem to us little calculated to stir the poetical productivity of the composer; and the passionate expression and forcible accentuation of some of the songs strike us as being almost in opposition to the words of the poem. Look only at the close of the second song, "Zufriedenheit"

(473 K.), "Und angenehm ist selbst mein Schmerz, wenn ich vor Liebe weine"; or the words in the "Betragenen Welt" (474 K.), "Eswird ein prachtig Fest vollzogen, bald hinkt die Reue hinterdrein." We must not leave out of account, however, that the standpoint of literary cultivation accepted by Mozart and his contemporaries had its own conceptions and standard of poetic representation; a perhaps not very distant future will doubtless feel equal wonder at some of the poems set to music in our own day. It is more important to note Mozart's exposition of his own poetic nature, which led him to grasp and embody, not so much the words and the

form, as the animating idea of the poem before him. Therefore it is that he gives us in his music a depth and truth of emotion which are wanting in the words. Take, for example, the first song by Weisse, “Der Zauberer.” Divest it of the pastoral costume, which is strange to us, and of the tame, somewhat clumsy expression, and retain the situation of a young girl awaking to her first consciousness of love with timid amazement. This we shall find in Mozart’s composition; certainly not in Weisse’s shepherdess.

In one song of passionate and sorrowful expression— “Trennung und Wiedervereinigung,” by Jacobi — two verses, in which the sentiment is considerably modified, have a fresh setting, and the first melody recurs only at the close. Others have each verse the same. One of these is the song “An Chloë” (524 K.), perhaps the best known and liked of all Mozart’s pleasant, easy melodies; but it is the least significant and song-like of any, being formed after the manner of Italian canzonetti. “Abendempfindung” (523 K.) is more original and finer in its expression of emotion and in its form, which appears to yield to its changing moods, but is in reality both finished and well defined; “Unglückliche Liebe” (520 K.) is passionate and almost dramatic, a definite situation being indicated by the poet in the superscription: “Als Louise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte.”

But the crown of all the songs, by virtue of its touching expression of emotion and its charming perfection of form, is unquestionably Goethe’s “Veilchen” (476 K.). In other songs we discern musical genius divining and bringing to light the poetic germ which lies hidden in the words; here we have the impression made upon Mozart by true poetry. It may seem remarkable that so simple a lyrical poem should have been treated by Mozart as a romance, giving a certain amount of dramatic detail to the little story; and yet it must not be overlooked that the masterly touch which repeats the closing words: “Das arme Veilchen! es war ein herzigs

Veilchen!” fully reasserts a genuine lyric element. A tendency to dramatic effect was inherent in Mozart’s nature as an artist, and Goethe’s clear and plastic presentation of a simple image, true in every feature, could not fail to impress him deeply. The poem must have fallen into his hands by some accident; had he known others of them, he would certainly have preferred them to Weisse’s. Why did he not seek them out? He does not seem to have sought out any poems for composition, but took what came, and Goethe had scarcely penetrated to the circle in which he lived. Had the springtime of German poetry been opened before his day, what inspirations might he not have drawn from its source!

Mozart’s labours as a song composer are not by any means on a level with those in the other branches of his art, although even here his artistic nature could not fail to make itself felt. Beethoven followed him closely in his manner of song-writing, and walked steadily to the last in the path indicated by Mozart.

CHAPTER XXX. VAN SWIETEN AND CLASSICAL MUSIC.

OTTFRIED, Baron van Swieten, was a man who exercised, in more than one respect, an important influence on Mozart's career. He was born in 1734, the son of the Empress Maria Theresa's celebrated and influential physician Gerhard van Swieten, who had removed with his family from Leyden to Vienna in 1745. Gottfried devoted himself to the study of the law, and pursued a diplomatic career, but from his youth up he had been passionately fond of music, and had turned his studies in the art to practical, though not very successful account. In 1769 Favart's "Rosière de Salency" was produced in Paris with music by different composers; Van Swieten wrote several of the songs, but they failed to attract much praise. He also composed eight symphonies "as stiff as himself," as Haydn said. In 1771 Joseph II. appointed him ambassador to the Court of Prussia, and there Nicolai made his acquaintance, and speaks of him as "an enthusiastic amateur and connoisseur, and even a composer." His residence in Berlin was important for the development of his musical taste and the ideas which he afterwards undertook to introduce in Vienna.

In 1740, Frederick the Great had erected the Berlin Opera House, and produced the Italian opera seria of the time with all the brilliancy of first-rate performers and scenic accessories. Grand operas (interrupted, however, by the Seven Years War) were regularly given; the King used to sit in the pit immediately behind the conductor, so as to be able to look over his score. He held firm to his original principles of taste; would admit nothing but opera seria, and no new works except those of Hasse and Graun. The Kapellmeister Carl Heinrich Graun (1709-1759) was obliged to compose the operas (to which the King furnished libretti in French, to be turned into

Italian), and hurried over his uncongenial task; they were always submitted to the King, and what he disapproved of had to be altered. He preferred Hasse's composition on account of his greater fire and passion, while Graun (highly prized as a singer by his royal master) heard little but blame for his shortcomings as a composer.

Notwithstanding this, he had to produce his opera year after year, and matters continued unchanged. Johann Friedrich Agricola (1720-1774), who succeeded Graun in 1760, wrote little himself, except some pieces for insertion in old operas, which are kept in the same style. The King would have nothing to say to any other composers, and received Reichardt with the advice: "Have a care of the new Italians; the fellows write like pigs."

Reichardt, in applying for Agricola's post after the death of the latter in 1775, was obliged to support his claims by the production of an opera, "modelled on the pattern of Graun and Hasse"; as kapellmeister, he must not dream of striking out in any other direction. For the last ten years of his life the King took little interest in musical matters; Italian opera lingered on with the pieces of Graun and Hasse, but it sank lower and lower.

Side by side with the opera, however, which followed so closely the Italian tradition, there arose in Berlin a peculiar form of instrumental music founded on the Saxon school. The King, as is well known, gave a private concert every evening, and performed on the flute pieces composed by himself or his master Quanz, who wrote over three hundred such for Frederick. Johann Joachim Quanz (1697-1773) to whom the King had been much attached from his earliest years, was supreme in all matters musical, and was nicknamed the "Pope of the Berlin music." He was the only man who presumed to cry "Bravo!" to the King's playing. Next after Quanz in Frederick's favour stood Franz Benda (1709-1786), an artist of originality and a first-rate violin-player; his manner of execution was peculiar to himself, and rested mainly on a pure and expressive delivery.

His brother Joseph (1724-1804) and the sons of both followed in his footsteps, and the Concertmeister J. Gottlieb Graun (1698-1771) highly esteemed as a violin-player and instrumental composer, may be said to have belonged to the same school. By these distinguished artists the Berlin orchestra was formed and trained to a degree of excellence second only to that of Dresden, and not until later surpassed by Mannheim and Vienna.

The highest rank among the artists of Berlin must be accorded to Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714-1788). He was summoned to the Prussian capital in 1738 as accompanist to the then Crown Prince, and after 1756 he shared the office with Fasch. He was an accomplished and tasteful accompanist, but the wearisome monotony of the royal concerts disgusted him, and as an artist he could not but be annoyed at the King's narrow prejudices. He revenged himself by refusing to comply when Frederick, who liked to play in "various times" required his accompanist to give way to him. This led to a dislike on the King's part, which prevented him from duly appreciating Bach; and the latter willingly obeyed a summons to Hamburg in 1767, to fill Telemann's place. His technical studies, founded on J. Sebastian Bach's system of fingering, and his clavier sonatas entitle him to be considered as the father of modem pianoforte-playing, and Haydn acknowledged him alone as his model. He was held in unbounded reverence as a creative and original artist, especially in Berlin and Hamburg, and deserved equal respect as a man of cultivation and good-breeding. Nicolai declares that what Quintilian says of Cicero may be applied with equal truth to Bach: that those who have learnt to appreciate his works above all others have made a marked advance along the path of knowledge. The school of Joh. Sebastian Bach was represented in all its severity and scholarly learning by his son Wilhelm Friedemann Bach (1710-1784), who passed the later years of his life in Berlin, as much admired as an artist of genius and scholarship as he was dreaded and disliked by reason of his overbearing egotism and

eccentric fancies. Agricola was also a pupil, and like all his pupils, an enthusiastic admirer of Seb. Bach, but Kirnberger was undoubtedly his greatest apostle. It was he who represented the school of Bach in Berlin, side by side with the operatic school of Hasse and Graun, and he was mainly, though far from exclusively, active in developing the instrumental style, which determined the taste of the Berlin musical world.

The position of music in Berlin was peculiar in that it had gained recognition for itself, even in respect of its literature. Not a few musicians were cultivated and scientific men, ready with their pen and anxious to employ it in the musical cause. Quanz's "Course of Flute-Playing" (1752) was followed by Ph. Em. Bach's "True Art of Playing the Clavier" (1753, 1761) and Agricola's "Introduction to the Art of Song" (1757); and together with these may be noted Marpurg's "Art of Playing the Clavier" (1750), "Introduction to Clavier-Playing" (1755, 1765), and "Introduction to Music and Singing" (1763); it was no small honour for Leop. Mozart's "Violin Method" to find recognition in this circle (Vol. I., p. 16). The writings of the advocate Krause on musical poetry (1752), of Nichelmann on melody (1755), and Marpurg's "Introduction to Vocal Composition" (1758) must not be omitted from the list.

The theory of harmony and counterpoint was studied with equal zeal, and Kimberger and Marpurg have earned for themselves a place of honour in the history of music.

Joh. Phil. Kimberger (1721-1783), Kammermusicus to the Princess Amalie, a pupil of Seb. Bach, was of small merit as a composer, but, being a sagacious man, and fond of research, he busied himself in tracing the principles and maxims of composition through the works of his revered master. The gift of literary expression was denied to him by his education and manner of life; and unless he were assisted by friends such as Agricola, Sulzer, or his pupil Schulz, he found it difficult to express his views with

clearness. His intellect, knowledge, and study were considerable, his character open and estimable; but he was embittered by the want of the recognition which he believed to be his due. Want of refinement led him to turn his critical acumen into a weapon of attack, which he often used in a manner both spiteful and unjust. Quanz had maintained that a genuine duet admitted of no bass, and published some duets to prove his point; Kimberger played the duets on the church organ while Quanz was receiving the communion, with a bass added.

Friedr. Wilh. Marpurg (1718-1795) thereupon took up the cudgels, and endeavoured to prove from Kimberger's fugues that he was the last man who had a right to make himself conspicuous as a critic. This gave rise to a feud, which was carried on with great bitterness on both sides, respecting various principles of musical theory. Marpurg had the advantage of a thorough school and university education. As private secretary to General Bodenberg he had enjoyed intercourse with Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Maupertuis, and a lengthened stay in Paris in 1746 had made him familiar with the French cultivation of the time. After 1749 he lived in Berlin. In his youth he had been the friend of Winckelmann and the companion of Lessing, in his jovial hours as well as in his studies and controversies. Shrewd and thorough in matters of research, and of passionate temper, he could neither brook contradiction nor control his violence; and superior as he was to Kirnberger in powers of expression, he yielded nothing to him in coarseness and virulence of attack.

Yet another influence on musical affairs in Berlin remains to be noted, viz., the musical journals edited by Marpurg and the musicians and scholars associated with him— "The Musical Critic on the River Spree" (1749-1750), "Critical and Historical Contributions to the Study of Music" (1754-1762), and "Critical Letters on Music" (1760-1764).

Music was treated also by literary men from a more general point of view. Sulzer included music in his “Treatise on the Fine Arts” (1771-1774), and sought counsel of professional men better versed in the art than himself. He selected Kirnberger as the fittest man for his purpose, and after him his pupil J. A. P. Schulz, who was inferior to his master in scholarly acquirements, but far superior to him in clearness and facility. The great influence which Sulzer’s work exercised in Germany caused his views upon music therein expressed to be appealed to as a sort of final authority. Fr. Nicolai was exceedingly fond of music, and made it a practical study. He was personally acquainted with all the great musicians, especially Agricola, Marpurg, and Reichardt, and he set himself seriously to form musical opinions founded on his own observation. When he undertook the German Universal Cyclopedia in 1765, he included music in the list of subjects treated. Nicolai’s influence in Berlin was great, and a literary organ of so much importance could not fail to give weight and consideration to musical criticism.

The practical result of these musical efforts, so far as they did not proceed immediately from the King, consisted mainly in the “Liebhaberconcert,” founded in 1770, and held every Friday evening under Nicolai’s direction. All available forces were assembled on these occasions; orchestral works, native or foreign, were performed, vocal and instrumental virtuosi found an audience, and great vocal compositions were frequently produced, such as Graun’s and Ph. Eman. Bach’s sacred music, and what is more noteworthy, Handel’s oratorios, especially “Judas Maccabæus,” the “Feast of Alexander,” and the “Messiah.” Earnest and upright intention, and efforts after intellectual comprehension in art, deserve all recognition, even when united with partiality, pedantry, and quarrelsomeness. The supremacy claimed by Frederick the Great’s capital, even in music, extended to South Germany, and especially to Vienna.

Wagenseil and Steffan, at that time men of considerable note in Vienna, are complacently taken to task by Marpurg. Nicolai openly says that after Fux's death Vienna had various good composers, but no extraordinary genius worthy to rank with Seb. and Ph. Em. Bach, Telemann, Graun, or Hasse, men who had determined the course of musical progress in North Germany until Haydn appeared. The Viennese, on the other hand, were entirely ignorant of all that concerned music in North Germany, and especially in Berlin.

Youthful impulses could not altogether fail, however, to stir the musical world of Berlin. The French operetta, conducted for a long time by Schulz, and still more the German opera after 1771, had the effect of gradually reforming the taste of the general public. Prince Henry, who had an excellent band in his pay, was by no means so devoted to old music and the old composers as the King. His concertmeister Joh. Pet. Salomon (1745-1815), whom Reichardt heard perform Bach's violin solos without accompaniment exceedingly well, produced Haydn's symphonies and quartets with zeal and energy. His successor, J. A. P. Schulz (1747-1800), a pupil of Kirnberger's, who had made a lengthened tour in Italy, and become personally acquainted with Haydn, followed his natural inclination — to the great dissatisfaction of his master — in composing after the new style, and wishing to produce not only Haydn's but Gluck's music. His attempts were unsuccessful, but Haydn's music was admired by others besides the more youthful of the public. There were, it is true, supporters of the old music, who made a noisy exit whenever Haydn's music was performed; but others, such as Marpurg, laughed at such folly, and did not withhold their recognition of his genius; Nicolai speaks of him with frank and enlightened approbation. Reichardt, as kapellmeister to the king, could not afford an independent judgment; but he endeavoured, by the "Concert spirituel''

which he set on foot, and by his compositions and writings, to turn the interest of the public in new directions.

It was into this peculiar musical atmosphere, so different from that of Vienna, that Van Swieten entered at Berlin. His turn of mind being essentially rational and methodical, disposed him to sympathy with the severe Berlin school, and to a partiality for a concise style; he was enchanted with the music of Handel and Bach, which he brought back with him to Vienna, and turned to account by means of his personal friendship with Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. He commissioned Ph. Em. Bach to compose, in 1774, six grand orchestral symphonies, with the express wish that he would allow his genius full play, without any regard to difficulty of execution. In Berlin also Van Swieten became better acquainted with Haydn than was possible in Vienna, and like Mozart and the youthful Beethoven, he' loved and reverenced him next to Handel and Bach. "As far as music is concerned," he writes (December, 1798), "I have gone back to the times when it was thought necessary before practising an art to study it thoroughly and systematically. In such study I find nourishment for my mind and heart, and support when any fresh proof of the degeneracy of the art threatens to cast me down. My chief comforters are Handel and the Bachs, and with them the few masters of our own day who tread firmly in the footsteps of the truly great and good, and either give promise of reaching the same goal, or have already attained to it. In this there can be no doubt that Mozart, had he been spared to us, would have succeeded; Joseph Haydn stands actually at the goal." On his return to Vienna (which took place about 1778) he at once assumed a position of great importance. He succeeded to his father's office as Prefect of the Imperial Library, was appointed President of the Education Commission in 1781, and intrusted with the conduct of the educational scheme which was introduced throughout the Empire in 1783. Knowledge, intelligence, and zeal he

certainly possessed; but he was wanting in the energy and decision necessary to carry out the projects he conceived. His influential position, rank, and wealth, the hereditary fame of his family, and the importance of his mission at the court of Frederick the Great, gave him the right to a place among the most distinguished society. He exerted all his influence in the cause of music, even for so subordinate an end as to enforce silence and attention during musical performances. Whenever a whispered conversation arose among the audience, his excellency would rise from his seat in the first row, draw himself up to his full majestic height, measure the offenders with a long, serious look, and then very slowly resume his seat. The proceeding never failed of its effect. Van Swieten was not liberal in money matters; he always had it in his power to collect money among his friends of high rank for musical purposes, and he did not fail on such occasions to contribute his own quota; but he was not by any means generous for a wealthy and childless man. Haydn's experience supported this view, and the eulogies pronounced on Van Swieten's benevolence to Mozart's family after his death have no foundation; in fact, he did nothing worth mentioning for them. In his intercourse with artists, however highly he might estimate them and their works, his demeanour was always that of a grand seigneur, and he enforced his own views with an air of somewhat overbearing superiority. This was again Haydn's experience, and Mozart can scarcely have escaped some measure of annoyance from the same source.

But such personal failings as these are cast into the shade by the merit which is due to Van Swieten as the man who awoke interest in Vienna for severe and classical music. His influence upon Mozart is unmistakable. At the beginning of 1782 we find them in constant intercourse, and Mozart habitually present at Van Swieten's musical Sunday mornings, at which music in the severe style only was performed. He had, as Mozart writes to

his sister (April 20, 1782), “a stock of music good in point of value, but small in quantity”; and in order to add to it, Mozart requests his father to send him both his own church compositions, and some select works of Michael Haydn and Eberlin, which he had formerly copied (Vol. I., p. 238); they were performed with great applause in the little circle, These performances were clearly not intended for an audience; for Van Swieten sang tenor, Mozart alto (at the same time playing the pianoforte), Starzer tenor, and young Tebery, who had just returned from Italy, bass (März 12, 1783). But in this way they became familiar with the best works of masters who had been hitherto unheard in Vienna. “It is a fact,” writes Mozart (April 12,1783), “that the change of taste has extended even to church music, which is much to be regretted; so it comes that the best church music lies worm-eaten in the garret.”

Clavier music of the same school also found a place in Van Swieten’s musical meetings. Mozart writes to his father (April 10, 1782): —

I wish you would send me Handel’s six fugues and the toccata and fugues by Eberlin. I go every Sunday morning to the Baron van Swieten, and nothing is played there but Handel and Bach. I am making a collection of the Bach fugues, Sebastian’s as well as Emanuel’s and Friedemann’s, and also of Handel’s, and I want just these six. Also, I should like to let the Baron hear Eberlin’s.

Concerning the latter, however, he writes soon after to his sister (April 20, 1782): —

If my father has not yet had Eberlin’s works copied, pray countermand them. I have found them here, and see (now that I refresh my memory of them) that they are very trivial and unworthy of a place with Handel and Bach. His four-part movement deserves all respect, but his clavier fugues are simply *versetti* spun out to great length.

We have seen already how Mozart's interest in the study of these masters was still further kindled by the pleasure his wife took in fugues (Vol. II., p. 267). When he sent his sister a three-part fugue with a prelude, he wrote to her (April 20, 1782) that if time and opportunity served, he meant to write five more fugues, and present them all to Van Swieten; she must therefore keep this one to herself, learn it by heart, and play it; "it is not so easy to play fugues." A second (39 Anh. K.) has only the theme with one answer written down: —

A third is rather more finished (40 Anh. K.), and its very original subject promises an interesting elaboration —

which causes the more regret that it should have stopped short of completion.

Mozart twice projected arranging Frohberger's "Phantasia supra Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la" for the pianoforte, but neither time did he accomplish his intention (292 Anh. K.). The three-part fugue in C major, which has been published (394 K.), probably the same that Mozart sent to his sister with a prelude, gives an idea of his intentions. A four-part fugue in G minor, wanting only a few bars, was finished and published by Stadler (401 K.). Only sketches remain of other clavier fugues. The most finished (26 bars) is a fugue in G major (23 Anh. K.): —

To the same time and school belongs the great fugue for two pianofortes in C minor, composed on December 29,1783 (426 K.). The beginning is preserved of another fugue for two pianofortes in G major of a totally different character (45 Anh. K.): —

We may judge of the manner in which Mozart wished his fugues to be played from an expression to his sister, when he sent her the first of them (April 20, 1782): —

I have taken care to write “andante maestoso” on it, that it may not be played too fast; for, if a fugue is not played slowly, the recurring subject is not distinctly and clearly heard, and so loses its effect.

Afterwards (in June, 1788) Mozart arranged the C minor fugue for his string quartet, and wrote “a short adagio” as an introduction (546 K.), probably for Van Swieten, with whom he was then in closer intercourse than ever, in consequence of the instrumentation and performance of Handel’s oratorios.

The ease and distinctness with which four-part movements of this metrical style could thus be executed, had already suggested to Mozart the arrangement of five fugues from Bach’s “Wohltemperirte Klavier,” for stringed instruments (405 K.). The handwriting points to 1782 or 1783, when Van Swieten’s influence was at its highest. The fugues selected, doubtless with a view to their suitability for the purpose, were (in Breitkopf and Härtel’s edition): No. 2, in C minor; No. 7, in E fiat major; No. 9, in E major; No. 8, transposed from D sharp major to D major; and No. 5, in D major.

An interesting illustration of the pleasure with which Mozart sought to follow in the steps of Handel and Bach, is afforded by the unfinished “Klaviersuite” (399 K.) belonging to 1782 or 1783. It begins, according to rule, with an overture (C major) consisting of two movements, a slow introduction in imitation, and a fugued Allegro closing on the dominant. Then follows, after traditional usage, an Allemande (C minor), a Courante (E flat major), and a Sarabande (G minor); of this last, however, only six bars are written. The imitation of the older masters is unmistakable in the design and many of the details of the movements, the only novelty being the changes of key. They may, in this sense, be considered as studies; but Mozart’s originality constantly asserts itself, and the Courante in especial is completely imbued with it. Still more original and free is the “Short Gigue

for the Klavier," which Mozart wrote on May 17, 1789, "in the album of Herr Engel, court organist in Leipzig" (574 K.), no doubt in remembrance of Bach, whose motetts he had there heard for the first time with unbounded delight. The light and flexible gigue had been transformed by Bach's freer, and at the same time severer, treatment into a fantastic, almost humorous movement, which took the same place in the suite that was afterwards given to the scherzo in the sonata. Mozart selected the severer style, and the intellectual skill with which the strictest forms of counterpoint, harmony, and rhythm are so freely and archly treated, as to make both player and listener hold their breath from surprise, renders this little composition a masterpiece. It causes regret that the suite, containing as it did so many elements capable of development, was not seriously taken up and carried to perfection by Mozart.

It must not be supposed that Mozart's study of Bach and Handel had no result but to teach him to write fugues; his earlier compositions show him to have been no novice in the art of counterpoint. What he found most admirable in these masters was their power of making forms strict even to rigidity the medium of a natural expression of their musical ideas and emotions; their use of all the available wealth of contrapuntal combinations was no mere trick of barren speculation, but a deliberate selection of a means of expression from the inexhaustible fund of their productive powers. That this was the sense in which Mozart reverenced his masters is proved by his criticism of Eberlin and of Hassler, who had learnt Bach's harmonies and modulations by heart, but was unable to work out an original fugue; and it is proved more satisfactorily still by his own works.

Even in compositions avowedly written as studies, Mozart's originality appears, and in his later works there is no trace of any attempt at servile imitation of Bach or Handel. He imitated, not their work, but their way of working, drew from the sources to which they had given him access, and

employed that which he received from them in accordance with his own nature and the task before him.

Master-strokes of genius in many pieces of his chamber music — as also in the last movement of the C major symphony, and in the overture to the "Zauberflote," where art reaches its highest pitch in the union of strictest form with freest fancy — may be ascribed in no small degree to the impulses arising from his study of Bach and Handel. But their influence reaches beyond his compositions in the severe style. The perfection of *polyphonic* composition which characterises all Mozart's works, and wherein consists one of his chief merits, rests, even in its broadest and freest development, upon the foundations laid by those masters. So, too, the fertility and boldness of Mozart's harmonic treatment may be traced back to the same source. Harmonic beauties, novel and striking transitions and turns, are frequent enough in his earlier works, but they are simply harmonic combinations, whereas in his later works they appear as a free and intellectual development of the polyphonic principle.

Again, the influence of the older masters and their works is observable in a certain harshness occasioned by independence in the disposition of parts, which Mozart does not by any means seek to avoid. In this respect he makes demands upon his audience as great and greater than those, for instance, of Bach and Beethoven, and may be compared to Sophocles, who, admired as he justly was by the ancients for his sweetness and charm, did not hesitate upon occasion to startle his hearers with his harsh severity. Mozart's severity is never the result of clumsy workmanship, but is a conscious and deliberate choice of means; neither is it employed as a stimulant, but rather as an incentive to a better appreciation of passages of perfect beauty. The sense of deliverance from conflict and obscurity, and passage into calmness and light, is so striking that it cannot be wondered at if the means whereby it is attained are little analysed.

Among the compositions in precise or metrical style special interest attaches to the three-part pianoforte fugue in C major (394 K.). It opens with an introduction, more elaborate than a prelude, and entitled, therefore, a “fantasia.” Such introductions, not always in free form (sometimes called “toc-cate”), were usually prefixed to a fugue or other composition in order to give it the character of an improvisation; several others by Mozart exist. The one in question, after a few slow bars, is a lively movement, varies its key continually, and does not carry out fully any motif or passage; this agitated unrest gives it a pathetic character, and excites expectation; the whole movement is brilliant and effective.

It closes on the dominant, thus announcing its nature as an introduction. The fugue which follows is in striking contrast, firm and quiet, yet full of life and latent emotion: —

The two first bars, with their intervals of fourths, announce a more serviceable than individually expressive subject, but the agitated motif which follows has a very original character, heightened by its auxiliary notes and by its rapid succession of sharp dissonants. A gentle, almost melancholy, tone pervades the whole fugue, and is expressed also by its frequent passage into a minor key. Apart from its interesting technical elaboration, it is important by reason of its characteristic expression, and may serve as an illustration of Mozart’s complete mastery of the fugue form. To this it may be added that the fugue we are considering is essentially adapted for the pianoforte both in conception and composition. This is not the case in the same degree with the G minor Fugue (401 K.), which is artistically worked out, but not equal to the C major either in breadth of expression or adaptation to the nature of > the instrument. The same may be said of the three-part fugue in D major, of which Mozart has written thirty-seven bars (443 Anh., 67 K.). The effect of the C minor fugue (426 K), also, rests neither on the sound effects of the pianoforte nor on

those of the stringed instruments. It is so broadly conceived, so earnestly and with such ruthless severity carried out, that the external means of expression fall into the background before the energetic enunciation of the laws of form, obeyed consciously, but without servility. Quite otherwise is the case with the introduction, which, written originally for strings, is expressly adapted to their peculiarities of sound effect. The harmonic treatment, and more especially the enharmonic changes, are of extraordinary beauty and depth, and occasion remarkable effects of suspense and climax. Most admirable is the art with which the character of the movement as an introduction is maintained, and the defiant style of the following fugue clearly indicated, at the same time that the mind is tuned to a pitch of longing and melancholy which makes the entry of the categorical fugue a positive relief and stimulant.

A fugue for four stringed instruments in D minor, of which the first elaboration is indicated in the sketch (76 Anh. K.) —

appears well suited to the instruments. Whether it was to form a movement in a quartet or an independent piece we have no means of ascertaining.

It appears fitting to cast a glance in this place on two works belonging to a later time, but falling within the same school of composition. These are the two “Pieces for an organ in a clock,” in F minor, which have been published, and are well known as Fantasia and Sonata for the Pianoforte, for four hands. They both consist of a slow movement and another in lively, metrical style; their design is similar, but not identical. The first, composed in December, 1790 (594 K), opens with a solemn Adagio, whose impression of great gentleness is not disturbed by some harmonic harshness; it keeps strictly within the limits of an introduction. The Allegro in F major, formed by the imitative treatment of an agitated motif, is divided sonata-like into two parts, and returns through an harmonic

transition to the Adagio, which is modified in a masterly way, and leads to a calm conclusion. The whole piece is marvellously rounded off; and the restlessness of the Allegro contrasts with, but does not oppose, the gentle expression of the Adagio. Each forms the fitting complement to the other.

The second piece (608 K.), composed on March 3, 1791, is more broadly planned, and has a greater depth of feeling. It begins with the Allegro, the first bars of which serve to introduce a fugue, admirably disposed and full of lovely melody, with a general tone of serious contemplation. When the fugue has been brought to a close by a stretto with the subject inverted, a striking harmonic transition leads back to the opening motif, which passes into the Andante in A flat major. Its treatment as a middle movement is more weighty and elaborate. A well-developed motif recurs again and again in varied figuration, connected by different interludes, and gives a general impression of pure and satisfied grace, touched with a breath of melancholy recollection, the natural development of the powerful feeling and contemplative spirit of the Allegro. But this happy calm is of short duration. The first movement returns; the fugue recommences, rendered more animated than before by a countersubject, and breaks off with a passionate conclusion.

These two compositions are a fresh proof of Mozart’s deep insight into the nature of the forms of counterpoint, which gave him power to use them as the free expression of his individual nature; he is entitled to the praise of having brought these forms to their fullest perfection, an incalculable gain to the development of music, which has proceeded in other directions since his time. It is sometimes regretted that Mozart should have wasted his genius and his labour upon compositions for a toy clock. We may rather remark how like a true artist he set himself to perform the task before him,

and produced a work which, keeping within its given conditions, forms, nevertheless, a great and harmonious whole.

Mozart, having become acquainted through Van Swieten with the vocal compositions of Handel, Bach, and other masters of the church style, turned, as might be expected, with renewed zeal to this branch of musical art. Unfortunately, upon the introduction of the new regulations in church matters in 1783, the Emperor Joseph prohibited the performance of figured or instrumental church music in the churches of Vienna, and it was only at the court chapel or St. Stephen's cathedral, when the Archbishop celebrated, that musical masses could be performed. German congregational singing was substituted in other cases; it was not liked, and many complaints were made that the total abolition of church music should have been deemed the only remedy for its abuses. Thus Mozart was deprived of all hope of success in this direction. But he had undertaken in 1782, in performance of a vow, to compose a Mass for Salzburg; and this work bears distinct traces of the studies which were occupying him at the time. Mozart completed the Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, and Benedictus of this Mass in C minor (427 K.); the first movement of the Credo is complete as to the choir parts and bass, and the essential points of the accompaniment are indicated; in the same way the voices, obbligato wind instruments, and bass of the Incarnatus are fully written out, the rest of the accompaniment being only indicated. The whole plan and treatment of the Mass differ from those of the earlier ones. In the latter, limitation to a narrow standard and the subservience of the parts to the whole are the prevailing principles, while in the former the effort is evident to give as wide a signification as possible to each part in itself. With this object each section of the text is treated as an independent movement; the Gloria consists of seven completely detached pieces. The mechanism corresponds to its external divisions, and the treatment throughout is thematic and elaborate, for the most part in strict form. A

wealth of resource is displayed in the means employed to give the desired effect; several of the choruses are five-part, one is eight-part, and then again four solo voices are introduced in various ways. The orchestra necessarily complies with the usual Salzburg conditions; the brass instruments are completely appointed, but neither flutes nor clarinets are used with the oboes and bassoons — all the effect of independence possible is given, chiefly by the skilful introduction and treatment of obbligato instruments. It cannot be said, however, that the instrumental part of this work is as brilliant and full of colour as others composed at the same period; the tone-colouring is on the whole monotonous; but there are not wanting some original instrumental effects, principally of the wind instruments. Such is the employment of the trombones (usually only a support to the voices), with independent effect in several parts of the Kyrie and Sanctus. The effect of the whole accompaniment consists mainly in the independence with which it contrasts with the voices, and is produced partly by effective passages and partly by skilful contrapuntal elaboration. That which most strikes us on a careful examination of this Mass is the dissimilarity of the movements in many respects, suggesting that it was undertaken as a study. The solo movements are the most important, more especially by reason of their bravura treatment. Bravura was not considered by any means out of place in church music, and even the classical masters of the last century — such as Handel and Bach — did not exclude it from their sacred works. But it is curious that Mozart, who only introduced bravura into his dramatic music from complaisance to the singers, should have made concessions to the taste for it in this Mass. The first grand soprano solo is quite after the pattern of an old bravura aria, and displays little or nothing of Mozart’s originality. It is so suggestive of the style of Graun or Hasse that we are inclined to suspect the influence of these masters through Van Swieten. More of Mozart’s own character is given to the Incarnatus est, accompanied

by the wind instruments, and containing touches of delicacy and grace; but the bravura goes beyond all bounds, especially in the twenty-two bars of cadenza for the voice and wind instruments. The duet for two sopranos, Domine Deus, and the terzet for two sopranos and tenor, Quoniam tu solus, are written in stricter form, both for voice and accompaniment, and are simpler and more dignified in expression.

But the inflexibility of form has something in it of pedantry; the work seems to be done as an exercise, and we seek in vain for the fresh wellings-up of inspiration which delight us even in less important compositions of Mozart. The same remark holds good of the choruses. The first five-part choral movement of the Credo accords most in design with the style of the earlier Masses. A lively subject shared between the strings and wind instruments forms, as it proceeds, the thread which binds the choral passages together; the latter are contrapuntally treated, and the whole movement is more solemn in tone than was usual in earlier works. The long fugue “Cum Sancto Spiritu” is admirably worked out, and, in spite of its difficulty, very clear. Notwithstanding all this, the nervous force of individual life is wanting to the work, and cannot be replaced by the artistic workmanship displayed in the different parts, even when these have force and character of their own, as for instance in the magnificent ending, when the voices in unison maintain the theme against a florid accompaniment.

The Osanna has more of independent life; it is a long, elaborately fugued movement, the technical interest of which has engrossed the composer longer than was necessary. The Benedictus in four parts, and worked out at length, is remarkable on account of its earnest, somewhat dry tone, which effectually distinguishes it from the same movement in other masses, to which a soft and pleasing character was given. The Kyrie, Gloria, and Sanctus are very fine movements, in which the skilful rendering of strictest

form does not overpower the expression of feeling and the truly musical proportions of the work. The varied expression of the different passages is so suitable, so clear and telling, that we may see at once how firm a grasp Mozart had taken of the true spirit of church music. The crown of the composition, however, is the five-part Gratias with the eight-part Qui tollis, which are planned and executed in masterly fashion, and are penetrated with Mozart's spirit and life. Their earnestness, severe even to harshness, their breadth of outline and massive effects, are worthy of the great examples who were vividly present to his mind; and we cannot fail to discern the master who was stimulated by these very examples to draw more deeply on the resources of his own creative genius, and to soar to higher realms of art by the exertion of his own powers.

After the first performance of the Mass in its unfinished state at Salzburg, in 1783, Mozart laid it aside for more pressing work. But when in 1785 he was commissioned to write an oratorio for the concert for the Musical Fund (March 13 and 14; Vol. II., p. 174), he determined to make use of the Kyrie and Gloria to which, with slight alterations, the Italian words of the "Davide Penitente" (469 K.) were adapted. He added (on March 6 and 11) two new arie for Mdlle. Cavalieri and Adamberger. The work lost in unity of style more than it gained by the addition of these two songs, of which the orchestral accompaniment is in Mozart's later style, and the design and treatment are different from those of the other movements. They are both in the style of the concert arie of the time, and are quite equal to the best in expression and treatment of the voice. The Mozart-like character is more marked than in the rest of the work, but it does not reach its fullest development; and the arie are too florid for an oratorio. But the mixture of styles was then customary, and indeed brilliant solos were looked for by the public as a relief to the more serious choral movements.

At the present day there cannot be two opinions as to the impropriety of such a mixture. The important point to be noted, however, is that just at the time when the instrumental and operatic music of Vienna threatened to banish altogether the severer and more classical style, Mozart became familiar through Van Swieten with the works of the classical masters. They laid deep hold on his imagination and intellect, giving him a powerful impulse to classical studies, without which his genius would not have arrived at a full mastery of his art; these studies, combined with his ever-growing powers of production, have impressed their indelible stamp upon the works of this period.

CHAPTER XXXI. MOZART AND FREEMASONRY.

AN account of the circumstances which affected Mozart's social and artistic position in Vienna, as well as his moral and intellectual development, would be incomplete without some notice of his connection with Freemasonry.

It is well known that a propensity for secret associations and brotherhoods, having for their object the furtherance of intellectual, moral, and political ideas, was very prevalent in Germany during the latter half of the eighteenth century. These associations were all more or less closely allied to Freemasonry, and the traces of their influence are most apparent in the impulse which they gave to the national literature. Be the degree great or small in which Free-masonry has advanced the cause of humanity, and granting that its good effects have often been obscured by the follies, crimes, and impostures which have hidden themselves behind the secrecy of its vows; it is still an undoubted fact that princes like Frederick the Great, great and good men like Lessin, Herder, Wieland, and Gofethe, have looked upon Freemasonry as a means of attaining their highest endeavours after universal good. It will suffice for our present purpose to quote a passage from Goethe's funeral oration upon Wieland: —

If any testimony were desired in favour of an association which has existed from very ancient days, and has survived many vicissitudes, it would be found in the spectacle of a man of genius — intelligent, shrewd, cautious, experienced, and moderate — seeking his equals among the members of our association, feeling himself at one with us, and, fastidious as he was, acknowledging our fellowship to be the perfect satisfaction of his earthly and social desires.

Wieland himself declared that the "intellectual temple-building" had for its chief and highest object "the earnest, energetic, and persevering efforts of every true and honest mason to approach nearer himself, and to lead his brethren nearer, to the ideal of humanity, and to prove that man is fashioned and appointed to be a living stone in the eternal temple of the Almighty." It was natural that in Vienna, where there was more intellectual life than elsewhere, the form of secret association should have been utilised in the furtherance of these high aims: —

In the year 1781 was formed a society of the most distinguished leaders of thought in Vienna, under the presidency of the noble and intellectual Ignaz von Born. The aim of the society was to give effect to that freedom of conscience and thought so happily fostered by the government, and to combat superstition and fanaticism in the persons of the monkish orders, the main supports of both these evils. Reinhold and the friends of his youth, Alxinger, Blumauer, Haschka, Leon and Ratschky, were the most zealous members of this association. They adopted the forms of Freemasonry as an outward expression of their mental and spiritual union. Their lodge was entitled "True Harmony," and, supported indirectly by the favour of the Emperor Joseph, they laboured for a considerable time with energy and success to carry out their preconceived designs. Their weapons were learning and eloquence, and in their use of these, whether in earnest severity or in jesting irony, they were more than a match for their opponents.

From this circle, which contained other distinguished men, such as Sonnenfels, Retzer, and Gemmingen, proceeded the satires of Born and Blumauer against monasticism, which had so extraordinary an effect at the time. The scientific organ of the Freemasons was the Vienna "Real-zeitung," edited by Blumauer, which endeavoured to drive superstition and prejudice from the domain of science in the same insidious way in which they had entered it — Blumauer's principle being that the work of

enlightenment is a very gradual one, and that a far harder task than that of learning is the unlearning of what has been once hammered into the heads of ordinary mortals. As might have been expected, Freemasonry became after a time an affair of fashion in Vienna, and many abuses crept in: —

The order of Freemasonry pursued its course with an amount of publicity and ostentation almost ludicrous. Freemasons' songs were composed, published, and sung everywhere. Their symbols were hung as charms upon watch-chains; ladies were presented with white gloves by novices and associates, and various articles of fashion were christened *à la franc-maçon*. Many members joined the order from curiosity, or in order to enjoy the pleasures of the table. Others had still more interested views. It might be of material advantage to belong to a brotherhood which had members in every rank, and had made a special point of gaining the adhesion of powerful officials, presidents, and members of the government. One brother was bound to help another; and those who did not belong to the brotherhood were often at a serious disadvantage; this fact enticed many to join. Others again, more sincere or more ignorant, thought they had found a key to higher mysteries — such as the philosopher's stone, or intercourse with disembodied spirits. The Freemasons were unquestionably very benevolent; collections for the poor brethren were often made at their meetings.

The proceedings against the Illuminati in 1785 led to a commencement of persecution of the Freemasons, but on December 11 of the same year the Emperor Joseph issued a decree in which, while disclaiming any knowledge of the secret vows of the order, or any approval of its juggleries, he gave it his countenance upon condition of certain reforms, and placed it under the protection of the state. This decree, which was extolled by some as a proof of the highest wisdom and clemency, and bewailed by others as the ruin of genuine Freemasonry, gave occasion to violent disputes, intensified by the carrying out of the Emperor's order for the reduction of the existing eight

lodges to three. Born, who disapproved of the reform, had, in spite of his previous popularity, to suffer numerous personal attacks: An unpleasant encounter with Jos. Kratter, nicknamed the “freemason’s auto-da-fé,” called forth a multitude of malignant pamphlets, and in 1786 Bom retired altogether from the lodge. His loss was a serious one for its intellectual influence, and his example was followed by others. The imperial recognition of the lodge did not preserve it from increasing attacks and suspicions, which afterwards proceeded to publicly expressed disapproval on all sides. But many steadfast spirits still held out. Loibl, for instance, placed his dwelling at the disposal of the lodge for their meetings. His daughter still remembers (1867) how her father spent hours clothed in his robes, sitting before a crucifix with lighted tapers, reading the Bible in preparation for the sittings, at which the children, peeping through the keyhole, wondered to see the gentlemen seated round the table conversing with earnest mien. Mozart was among these enthusiasts, and maintained his connection with the lodge until his death; he even conceived the idea of founding a secret society of his own— “The Grotto” — and drew up rules for its guidance.

It can scarcely have occurred to Mozart to consider his connection with Freemasonry as a means of worldly advancement; such calculations were foreign to his nature, and would have been in no degree realised. His connection with the order was of no practical advantage to him. The high standing of the order when Mozart came to Vienna — the fact that the most distinguished and cultivated men, moving in the best society, were counted among its members, renders it natural that he should have desired to attach himself to it. His need for intercourse with earnest and far-seeing intellects would lead him to the same conclusion. So, too, in a still greater degree, would his genuine love for mankind, his warm sympathies both in joy and sorrow, his sincere desire to help and benefit others, which amounted even

to a weakness; and perhaps the greatest attraction of all would be the satisfaction of his truly exceptional longing for friendship. Even his boyish years are full of instances of enthusiastic devotion and attachment — to young Hagenauer (Vol. I., p. 50), to Father Johannes at Seeon (Vol. I., p. 58), to Thomas Linley (Vol. I., p. 119), and others; and as a man his loving, sympathetic friendship was accorded to many, among whom I may remind the reader of Bullinger (Vol. I., p. 335)> of Barisani (Vol. I., p. 305), of Gottfried von Jacquin (Vol. II., p. 357), of Count Hatzfeld (Vol. II., p. 291). An order which made the brotherhood of its members the chief reason of its existence was sure to have strong attractions for him, the more so that the spirit of independence which he possessed in common with all other gifted natures was gratified by the equality of every brother within the circle of his order. Again, the position which he had at that time assumed in relation to the priestly and monkish orders gave him a powerful impulse towards Freemasonry. Notwithstanding his strict religious training, he had inherited from his father a decided aversion to these institutions. L. Mozart writes to his daughter (October 14, 1785): —

There is an appalling difference between these sisterhoods and true Christianity. It would be an undoubted gain if the nunneries were dissolved. They exist neither by virtue of true vocation, nor supernatural calling, nor spiritual zeal, nor as the true discipline of devotion and abnegation of desires, but are the result of compulsion, hypocrisy, dissimulation, and childish folly, leading in the end to confirmed wickedness.

The effects of his connection with Freemasonry upon Mozart are as plainly discernible as his reasons for joining the order. Carefully and well as his early training laid the foundation of his after-development, it was impossible but that the narrow circumstances of his Salzburg life should cramp his intellectual energies; and his visits to great cities, important as they were in inciting him to fresh efforts for self-improvement, were too

transitory to have much practical effect. Earnest endeavours after freedom of moral and intellectual development were at that time the special characteristic of Freemasonry in Vienna, and the effect must needs have been a salutary one which followed the entrance of a young man into a circle which busied itself in solving, both theoretically and practically, the highest problems of the universe. It would be difficult to say how far the secrecy and mystery of the order worked on his imagination and attracted him; but some such influence is quite conceivable in a nature so artistic and excitable as his.

That Mozart was quite in earnest in his fidelity to his order is proved by the pains he took to induce his father to become a Freemason. The letter, already quoted (Vol. II., p. 323), in which, anticipating his father's speedy death, he speaks of the true meaning of death from a mason's point of view, bears ample testimony to his earnestness. His lodge recognised it in the oration pronounced after his death, of which the passages immediately relating to him may here be quoted: —

It has pleased the Almighty Architect of the Universe to take from among us our best-beloved and most estimable member. Who did not know, who did not respect, who did not love our worthy brother, Mozart? Only a few weeks ago he was in our midst celebrating the dedication of our masonic temple with entrancing tones. Who of us that saw him then, my brethren, would have supposed his days to be numbered? Who would have thought that in three weeks we should be mourning his loss? How true it is that man's sad destiny often cuts short his career in the very prime of life! Kings perish in the midst of their ambitious plans, which go down to posterity incomplete. Artists die, after devoting all that was granted them of life to the glorification of their art. The admiration of all mankind follows them to the grave, nations mourn for them, and yet the universal fate of these great men is — to be forgotten of their admirers. It shall not be so

with us, my brethren! Mozart's early death is an irreparable loss to art. His genius, displayed in earliest childhood, rendered him the wonder of his age — half Europe was at his feet — the great ones of the earth called him their darling — and we called him — brother. Fitting as it is, however, to call to our remembrance his abilities in his art, we must not forget to give our strongest testimony to his excellent heart. He was a zealous supporter of our order. The main features of his character were brotherly love, devotion to the good cause, benevolence and genuine satisfaction in using his talents for the good of his fellows. He was estimable alike as husband, father, friend of his friends, brother of his brothers; he wanted only wealth to make hundreds happy after his own heart.

Mozart owed many of his impulses as a composer to his connection with Freemasonry. We shall see later that the "Zauberflote" came directly under its influence; in this place it will be fitting only to mention those compositions which he composed for particular festivities within the lodge; they are, of course, exclusively for male voices, and betray in other ways enforced compliance with certain conditions.

The "Gesellenreise" (468 K.), composed on March 26, 1785, is a social song, elevated and pleasing in tone; two others are intended for the opening and closing of a lodge (483, 484,K.): all three have organ accompaniments. The two last conclude with a chorus for two tenors and a bass voice. Similar three-part choruses are introduced in other Freemason cantatas, and are easy and popular, suitable to amateurs. The tenor solos, on the other hand, are adapted to a trained singer, Adamberger, who was a member of the lodge.

An unfinished cantata (429 K.) was probably intended for some masonic purpose. The first chorus, "Dir Seele des Weltalls, Sonne, sei heute das erste der festlichen Lieder geweiht," for two tenors and bass, with accompaniment for the quartet and flute, clarinet, two oboes and two horns, is written out in full for the voices with a figured bass, and the

accompaniment is sketched in Mozart's usual way. The same is the case with the long-drawn-out tenor aria which follows, "Dir danken wir die Freude." Only seventeen bars of a second duet for tenor voices, intended as a conclusion, are written out. The three-part male chorus, the solos exclusively for tenor voices, and the limited orchestra, all suggest masonic influence; I will not attempt to give an opinion on the symbolism of the words. The first chorus is fine, spirited and solemn. Two other cantatas certainly fall within this category. The first of these is the Maurerfreude (471 K.) composed on April 20, 1785, shortly before the departure of his father, in whose presence it was first performed. The lodge were giving a banquet in honour of Born, who had been highly complimented by the Emperor for his invention of a new kind of amalgam. The cantata, with words by Petran, was afterwards published in score, with a title-page engraved by Mansfeld, representing "Wisdom and Virtue," as the text says, "addressing themselves to their disciple"; it was sold for the benefit of the poor. The main substance of the work consists of a long tenor solo worked out in free form for Adamberger, the first and greater part being after the fashion of the allegro of a concert aria. There is nothing of the Italian form in it, but deep and genuine feeling is expressed in Mozart's familiar and purely German manner. The animation of the expression reaches its climax in a recitative leading to a serious and rhythmical song of two verses, the concluding lines of which are repeated by the chorus. In the accompaniment to this cantata, a clarinet is introduced in addition to the quartet, two oboes and two horns, and treated with evident partiality, the deeper notes being employed in Mozart's favourite triplet passages; Stadler had no doubt something to do with this. The second, "Kleine Freimaurercantate" (623 K.), with words by Schikaneder, was composed on November 15, 1791, and performed a few days afterwards at the consecration of a new masonic temple: it is the last work which Mozart completed. There is somewhat

more of variety in its conception; a short chorus interrupted by solos is followed by a recitative and aria for the tenor, which leads to another recitative divided between tenor and bass; then follows a duet, after which the first chorus is repeated. It is very pleasing and popular in tone, but not equal to the previous cantata in depth and energy of expression. The cantata, “Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls Schopferehrt” (619 K.), composed in July, 1791, is not certainly the immediate result of Mozart’s connection with Freemasonry, but it is evidently an expression of the state of mind which it was the object of Freemasonry to produce. Frz. Hein. Ziegenhagen, a wealthy merchant of Hamburg, incited by the study of the Encyclopedists, especially of Rousseau, felt himself called upon to take part in the various attempts which were made towards the close of the last century to abolish the pedantry of the schools; and his efforts to bring education back to a state of natural simplicity were more energetic and daring than those of less ardent reformers. He published, out of love for humanity and paternal tenderness, as he said, an elaborate treatise in which he sought to prove, by a criticism of the biblical tradition, that existing religions could not satisfy the inquirer into the nature of things, and then laid down rules for the theoretical and practical education of human beings. He hoped, in all seriousness, “to induce wise princes and enlightened universities to introduce the study of the relations of things to each other, which is so unmistakably superior to ordinary religious teaching; and he hoped also to make the acquaintance of such parents as wished to devote their children to husbandry and the management of a colony which he proposed to found, in accordance with his views, in the neighbourhood of Strasburg.” In order to render his book attractive from every point of view he adorned it with eight copperplate engravings by Chodowiecki, and requested Mozart to compose a song to be sung with orchestral accompaniment in the meeting-houses of his colony.

Mozart was certainly not acquainted with the entire contents of this eccentric, almost crazy work; Ziegenhagen gave him a few general hints of his Utopian scheme, in which he was doubtless perfectly sincere, and sent him the words of the hymn. These words emphatically express the effort after truth, brotherhood, and happiness which was the final object of Freemasonry, and Mozart could not but treat them after the same manner that he treated similar poems avowedly masonic. Ziegenhagen's lines are so deficient in poetic spirit, and even in poetic metre, that it required a more than ordinary amount of genius and cultivation to give them the impress of a musical work of art. A work of art this cantata undoubtedly is; it is more free in conception than usual, the arie, and especially the recitatives, being allowed considerable scope, in order to fall in with the unequal and rhetorical words. The union of such an accentuation as was necessary to the sense of the words with the full expression of warm emotion and the subservience of both to appointed musical forms, are the essential features of this composition, and are the more likely to strike us, who are so entirely out of sympathy with the ideas suggesting the work. A style of music specifically belonging to Freemasonry is of course inconceivable; but in the finest passages of works such as this, and in the "Zauberflöte," something is expressed of the essence of the masonic character, of *moral convictions* (I had almost said of *virtue*, but fear to be misunderstood), which appears outside the province of music, but which has sometimes been made very effective, especially by Beethoven. The "Maurerische Trauermusik bei dem Todesfalle der Br. Br. Meklenburg und Esterhazy" (477 K.), composed in July, 1785, is an orchestral composition of wonderful beauty and originality. The combination of instruments is unusual; besides the stringed instruments there are two oboes, one clarinet (only one again), three basset-horns, one horn in E flat, one horn in C, and a double bassoon. The deep tones of the wind instruments give a peculiarly solemn expression to the work. After a

few introductory chords they are joined by the strings, and the first violins maintain throughout the same character, contrasting with the wind instruments in free rhapsodic passages, expressive of grief in all its varied shades. This is most striking when a Cantus firmus, following the introduction —

is first delivered *piano* by the oboes and clarinet, and at the sixth bar is taken up by the full force of the wind instruments. The violins in the meantime have graceful passages, expressive of gentle sorrow, which rise to a gradual climax of passionate regret. As this storm abates, we are led back to the introductory motif, which prepares the way in another climax for the conclusion, preceded by a singularly bold harmonic transition of deeply sorrowful expression: —

If we compare the contrapuntal treatment of this Cantus firmus with similar works of earlier date, such as the "Betulia Liberata," we are struck with its development of technical mastery as well as of depth of sentiment and freedom of expression; the same is the case also with the "Zauberflote" and the "Requiem." Mozart has written nothing finer than this short adagio in technical treatment, sound effects, earnest feeling, and psychological truth. It is the musical expression of that manly calm which gives sorrow its due, and no more than its due, in the presence of death, and which was expressed by Mozart in another form in the letter to his father already quoted (Vol. II., p. 323).

CHAPTER XXXII. MOZART AS AN ARTIST.

OF those who realise the excitement and want of repose of Mozart's life in Vienna, and the variety of occupations and distractions which beset him, it must appear matter of wonder that he was able to produce so large a number of compositions, each bearing an individual character of maturity and finish. The wonder increases as the conviction grows that not only was he ready as each occasion arose to prove, as Goethe says every artist should, that his art came at his command, but that he had the power of bringing forth at will his deepest, best conceptions, so that the external impulse appeared only as the momentum given to an artistic inspiration. It must at the same time be remembered that Mozart was not fond of writing, and generally waited until the last moment to give shape to his ideas. He was occasionally, therefore, late with his compositions, as with the sonata for Strinasacchi (Vol. II., p. 337), or had only time to write the parts without scoring them (Vol. II., pp.318, 366), or scarcely allowed the copyist time to finish his work (Vol. II., p. 327); it is only necessary to look through his Thematic Catalogue to see that most of his compositions were written as short a time as possible before they were actually wanted. His father, who, as a man of business, considered the proper disposition of time as a matter of vital importance, often called his son's attention to this failing. "If you will examine your conscience closely," he writes (December 11, 1777), "you will find that procrastination is your besetting sin and when Wolfgang was at work on "Idomeneo" in Munich, he warned him "not to procrastinate" (November 18, 1781). After his stay in Vienna, convinced that his son was in this respect unchanged for the better, he writes to Marianne, on hearing from Wolfgang that he was over head and ears at work on the "Nozze di Figaro" (November 11, 1785), "He has

procrastinated and thrown away his time after his usual habit, until now he is forced to set to work in earnest, in compliance with Count Rosenberg's commands."

It cannot be denied that Leopold Mozart was right, and that a judicious and methodical distribution of time is as desirable in an artist or a genius as in any one else; it is true also that perseverance and care may enable even an artist to overcome his inclination to procrastination.

But a glance at the extraordinary fertility of Mozart's genius, at the burning zeal and intensity with which he worked, will suffice to show the injustice of accusing him of idleness, or of never working unless he was actually driven to it. He was perfectly justified in writing to his father from Vienna (May 26, 1781): "Believe me, I do not love idleness, but rather work." The father's injustice was the result of a want of comprehension of the peculiar creative process of his son's genius. He did not appreciate the activity and industry of his mind, because it made no show, and, indeed, often hid itself behind a careless demeanour; he failed to perceive that the disinclination to write generally arose from the feeling that the workings of the mind were not yet in a shape to be expressed by the pen.

A conception of Mozart's work, almost equally mistaken, is that which takes as a measure of his genius his wonderfully rapid production, which often made his grasp of an artistic idea coincident with his embodiment of it in music. The overture to "Don Giovanni" is most often quoted as an example of this extraordinary speed. Niemetschek says (p. 84): —

Mozart wrote "Don Juan" at Prague in 1787; it was finished, rehearsed, and announced for performance in two days' time, before the overture was begun to be written. The anxiety of his friends, increasing every hour, appeared to entertain him; the more apprehensive they became, the less he would consent to hurry himself. It was not until the night before the

performance, after spending the merriest evening imaginable, that he went to his room at near midnight, began to write, and completed the admirable masterpiece in a few hours.

This very credible account is corroborated by Mozart's wife: —

The evening before the performance of "Don Juan" at Prague, the dress rehearsal having already taken place, he said to his wife that he would write the overture at night, if she would sit with him and make him some punch to keep his spirits up. This she did, and told him tales about Aladdin's Lamp, Cinderella, &c., which made him laugh till the tears came. But the punch made him sleepy, so that he dozed when she left off, and only worked as long as she told tales. At last, the excitement, the sleepiness, and the frequent efforts not to doze off, were too much for him, and his wife persuaded him to go to sleep on the sofa, promising to wake him in an hour. But he slept so soundly that she could not find it in her heart to wake him until two hours had passed. It was then five o'clock; at seven o'clock the overture was finished and in the hands of the copyist.

This musical myth has received a stronger colouring in the account of the elder Genast, then a young actor at Prague. According to him, Mozart partook so freely of the hospitalities of a certain gentleman on the evening in question that Genast and a friend brought him home, laid him senseless on his bed, and themselves went to sleep on the sofa. On awakening, they heard Mozart lustily singing, as he composed his overture, and "listened in reverential silence as the immortal ideas developed themselves." A good instance, this, of the way to manufacture an anecdote.

Niemetschek, who had previously remarked with justice that Mozart's work was always ready in his head before he sat down to his writing-table, was no doubt of the correct opinion that the overture was only written down in this haste, not composed. Whether the wife believed this or not is doubtful, since she adds ingenuously: "Some will recognise the dozings and

rousings in the music of the overture." An evident repetition of some one else's words, and a very ingenious idea. One can only say with Hoffman: "Some people are fools!"

An unprejudiced examination soon disposes of the not only foolish but detrimental idea that rapidity of workmanship is a sign of true genius; but it is not by any means so easy a task to gain a clear and comprehensive insight into the workings of an artist's nature. Fortunately for our purpose, however, averse as Mozart was to talk much of himself or his compositions, he has left us characteristic traits and expressions sufficient to enable us to realise his individualities in this respect.

It is a matter of universal experience that the great men of every art and science, who have left any enduring proofs of their genius, have worked the more zealously and the more earnestly in proportion as their genius surpassed that of other men. That this holds true of Mozart no one who has studied his life and works will wish to deny. In his youth, as long as he remained under the direct control of his father, his studies were regular and severe. And as a man and a fully developed artist he had no ambition to be considered one who threw off his compositions with the carelessness of genius, or who was ashamed of his honest efforts and labours. His dedication of his quartets to Haydn speaks of them as the fruit of long and painful labour, and in a conversation with the orchestral conductor Kucharz, at Prague, before the performance of "Don Giovanni," he expressed himself as follows: "I have spared neither labour nor pains to produce something worthy of the reputation of Prague. It would be a great mistake to imagine that my art is an easy matter to me. I assure you, my dear friend, no one has given more trouble to the study of composition than myself. It would not be easy to find a celebrated musician whose works I have not often and laboriously studied." And in point of fact, the narrator continues, even when he had attained to classical perfection, the works of great masters were

always to be seen lying on his desk. We have already seen how eagerly and with what good result he studied Bach and Handel, when once Van Swieten had given him the impetus. Rochlitz declares that he was as familiar with the works of Handel as if he had been all his life director of the Ancient Concerts in London. He had arrived in Leipzig just after arranging “Acis and Galatea” and the “Messiah” for Van Swieten, and the impressions of these works were fresh upon him. “Handel,” Rochlitz heard him say, “knows better than any of us what will make an effect; when he chooses he strikes like a thunderbolt.” He admired not only Handel’s choruses, but many of his arie and solos, which were not thought much of at that time. “Although he is often prosy, after the fashion of his time,” said he, “there is always something in his music.”

At Leipzig Mozart became acquainted with the vocal compositions of Sebastian Bach. Doles made the St. Thomas choir sing him the wonderful eight-part motett, “Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied.” His surprise at the flow of melody, wave upon wave, passed all bounds; he listened with rapt attention, and exclaimed with delight: “That is indeed something to take a lesson from!” When he heard that the St. Thomas school possessed several other motetts by Bach, he begged to see them, and no score being accessible he surrounded himself with the parts, and was buried in study until he had worked them all out; then he asked for copies of the motetts. His interest in Benda’s monodramas (Vol. II., p. 74) and his expressions on the importance of French opera, prove that he had profited by the study of living masters; all his works bear traces of the kind of influence which is exercised upon a genial and receptive nature by the great performances of others.

Of a different kind to these general preparatory studies, is that which may be properly be called the labour of production: such a technical skill and perfection as enables an artist to clothe his ideas in form. It is impossible in any art (and more especially so in music) to separate

absolutely form and substance, and to treat each as a self-sufficing element, and equally impossible to divide at any given point the creative, inventive force of an artistic production from its formative, executive force. The process of production, whether physical or mental, is a mystery to mankind; whence and how the artist is inspired as by a lightning flash with an idea, he knows himself as little as he can trace in his completed work the actual momentum of its conception.

The characteristics of the gradual formation and perfection of artistic ideas vary greatly in different artists; even in great and highly organised natures the mental powers are variously endowed and developed. Statements as to the easy or painful, rapid or deliberate, methods of working of different artists, vague and unsatisfactory in themselves, are for the most part the result of superficial observation and knowledge. It is of little consequence whether an artist at his work is easily distracted by external impressions, or whether he pursues his train of thought undisturbed by what is going on around him. It is of little consequence whether an artist feels necessitated or has made it his habit, to regulate his intellectual labours, and to give a written form to every creative impulse, or whether he renounces external aids, and shapes, proves, elaborates and connects his ideas in his own mind only. That which is of consequence, that which no true artist is without, is the power to carry on a train of thought from its earliest germs to its full development, unhindered by interruptions and distractions; and the further power to realise the idea of the whole at every point, as the determining element of the details of conception and form. It is difficult to know whether to admire more the steady flow of invention and form as it proceeds from some minds, or the gradual evolution of a unique self-contained whole out of an apparent waste of disconnected ideas which is characteristic of others. Mozart displayed from every point of view an exceptionally happy organisation. His copious and easily excited productive

power was supported by a delicate sense of form, which was developed to such perfection by thorough and varied study that he employed the technicalities of musical form as if by a natural instinct. In addition to this he possessed the gift of so detaching his mind from what was going on around him that he could work out his ideas even to the minutest detail; his wonderful memory enabling him to retain in its completeness whatever he had thus inwardly elaborated, and to reproduce it at any moment in a tangible form.

The impulse which drives an artist to production is seldom consciously felt by himself and is never capable of definition. In most cases this signifies but little, for external impulse usually furnishes only the occasion for a work of art, and even when the impulse happens to be a visible one our attention is concentrated on the creation which it has called forth. This is especially true of music, which draws its immediate inspiration neither from nature nor from the world of thought. It would be of the highest interest to follow the process by means of which impressions made on the artist's mind produce well-defined musical ideas. This, however, is impossible; the idea and its musical development are simultaneous efforts of the mind; the work of art thus called into being cannot be immediately referred to any impulse from without.

Nor is it by any means essential that it should. It is of far greater psychological interest to consider those characteristics of the artist which give a clearer insight into his disposition and ways of feeling, although it may not be possible to trace them in the details of his works. Thus we are told that the sight of beautiful nature stirred Mozart's productive powers to activity. Rochlitz writes on Con-stanze's authority: —

When he was travelling with his wife through beautiful scenery, he used to gaze earnestly and in silence on the scene before him; his usually absent

and thoughtful expression would brighten by degrees, and he would begin to sing, or rather to hum, finally breaking out with: “If I could only put the subject down on paper!” And, when I sometimes said that he could do so if he pleased, he went on: “Yes, of course, all in proper form! What a pity it is that one’s work must all be hatched in one’s own room!”

He always endeavoured to pass the summer in the country or where there was a garden; it is well known that it was chiefly in a garden that he wrote “Don Juan” in Prague and the “Zauberflöte” in Vienna; and in 1758, having taken a country residence for the summer, he wrote to Puchberg (June 27): “I have done more in the ten days that I have been here than I should have done in two months anywhere else.” This love of nature is not surprising in a man of Mozart’s healthy tone of mind, who had been brought up amid the beautiful surroundings of Salzburg. But he was by no means wedded to these, or to any other influences from without. Wherever he was he was incessantly occupied with musical thoughts and labours. “You know,” he writes to his father (Vol. II., p. 43), “that I am, so to speak, steeped in music — that it is in my mind the whole day, and that I love to dream, to study, to reflect upon it.” Those who knew him well could not fail to be aware of this. His sister-in-law Sophie describes him well: —

He was always good-humoured, but thoughtful even in his best moods, looking one straight in the face, and always speaking with reflection, whether the talk was grave or gay; and yet he seemed always to be carrying on a deeper train of thought. Even when he was washing his hands in the morning, he never stood still, but walked up and down the room humming, and buried in thought. At table he would often twist up a corner of the table-cloth, and rub his upper lip with it, without appearing in the least to know what he was doing, and he sometimes made extraordinary grimaces with his mouth. His hands and feet were in continual motion, and he was always

strumming on something — his hat, his watch-fob, the table, the chairs, as if they were the clavier.

Karajan tells me that his barber used to relate in after-years how difficult it was to dress his hair, since he never would sit still; every moment an idea would occur to him, and he would run to the clavier, the barber after him, hair-ribbon in hand. We have already observed that musical ideas occupied him during all bodily exercises, such as riding, bowls, and billiard-playing; his timidity in riding may have arisen from the frequent distraction of his attention from the management of his horse. General conversation, as Frau Haibl says, did not disturb his mental labours, and his brother-in-law Lange was particularly struck by the fact that when he was engaged on his most important works he took more than his usual share in any light or jesting talk that was going on; this resulted from an involuntary impulse to find a counterpoise for his intellectual activity. Even when music was going on, provided it did not particularly interest him, he had the power of carrying on his own musical thoughts, and of ignoring the music he heard, as completely as any other disturbance. His elder sister-in-law, Frau Hofer, told Neukomm that sometimes at the opera Mozart’s friends could tell by the restless movements of his hands, by his look, and the way in which he moved his lips, as if singing or whistling, that he was entirely engrossed by his internal musical activity.

The abstraction and absorption of men of genius appears natural and comprehensible, and is respected even by those whose intellectual activity is not concentrated in the same way. But few are able to enter into the workings of a mind which is ever conceiving and shaping ideas in its hidden recesses, without severing its connection with what is going on around; such a mind has a sort of double existence, and appears able to follow two paths leading in different directions at the same time. If, as sometimes happens, the outer activity fails to keep pace with the inner, a

superficial observer possesses himself of this fact, and makes it the basis of his judgments, leaving out of account the inner and true activity of which the outer is but a manifestation. Even Mozart's father failed to comprehend his peculiar organisation, and refused to recognise any results of his labour but those which were written down, and which had thus, after a long and uninterrupted chain of intellectual exertions, received the seal of their artistic completion. To Mozart himself, on the contrary, this part of his labour seemed unimportant and even burdensome, his productive powers having little share in it. He postponed it as long as possible, not only because he wished to retain his power over the work which occupied him, until it was fully matured in his own mind, but also because he took far more pleasure in creating than in transcribing. It cannot be denied that he sometimes postponed this least congenial part of his task too long. To the methodical man of business this appears all the more blamable, since Mozart was always able at need to execute commissions accurately and punctually; to speak of idleness, or of forced industry, shows complete ignorance of the man. It is true that Mozart laid himself open to the imputation by the speed at which he wrote when he actually set to work; those who observed this could not conceive why a man with such "gifts of Providence" did not "compose," as people say, from morning to night. His wife said truly: "The greater industry of his later years was merely apparent, because he wrote down more. He was always working in his head, his mind was in constant motion, and one may say that he never ceased composing." Although his wife was constantly called on by his admirers to urge him to work, she considered it her duty far oftener to restrain and moderate his activity.

The wonderful harmony of different artistic qualities in Mozart, which Rossini expressed so finely by saying that Mozart was the only musician who had as much genius as knowledge and as much knowledge as genius,

may be traced in many particulars. The more subordinate power of grasping the idea of a strange composition at a glance, and of executing it on the spot, he possessed as a matter of course. His playing at sight has already been noted many times (Vol. I., pp. 37, log, 363, 365), and his criticism of Sterkel and Vogler show his own view of the matter (Vol. I., p. 387). “It must be,” Umlauf said, as Mozart writes to his father (October 6, 1782), “that Mozart has the devil in his head and his fingers — he played my opera, which is so badly written that even I cannot read it, as if he had composed it himself.” To this power of seeing at a glance the details and whole conception of a musical work was added a marvellous memory, capable of retaining all that was so seen. As a boy he gave proof of this by his transcription of the Miserere (Vol. I., p. 119); in later years he used to play his concertos by heart when he was travelling; not merely one or another that he had practised, but any or all; he was known to play a concerto from memory that he had not seen for long, because he had forgotten to bring the principal part. At Prague he wrote the trumpet and drum parts of the second finale in “Don Juan” without a score, brought them himself into the orchestra, and showed the performers a place where there would certainly be a mistake, only he could not say whether there would be four bars too much or too little; the mistake was found just as he had said. But this proves only the power of remembering what was finished and impressed on the mind. A more remarkable instance of musical memory was his writing only the violin part of a sonata for piano and violin to perform with Strinasacchi (Vol. II., p. 337), and playing the piano part from his head without ever having heard the piece; or writing a composition at once in parts, without having scored it (Vol. II., p. 366). This displays the astonishing clearness and precision with which he grasped and retained compositions he had once thought out, even in their minutest details, and we can now account for the rapidity of his transcription from the fact of its

being mere transcription. External distractions, so far from annoying him, served to divert his mind during the mechanical labour with his pen. He made Constanze tell him stories, or played bowls; his wife tells us herself how she was confined of her first child while he was composing the second of his quartets, dedicated to Haydn (421 K.). This was in the summer of 1783, and he sat at work in the same room where she lay; indeed, he generally worked in her room during her frequent illnesses. When she complained of pain, he would come to her to cheer and console, resuming his writing as soon as she was calm. This is a striking proof how unshackled Mozart's musical activity was by external circumstances; it is not given to many to remain so completely master of their ideas and powers during an event which would naturally appeal to the ten-derest feelings of the heart. Still more striking is his expression to his sister when he sends her the prelude and fugue before mentioned (Vol. II., p. 321). He apologises for the prelude being placed improperly after the fugue: "The reason was," he says, "that I had already composed the fugue, and wrote it down while I was thinking out the prelude."

Such mental powers as these reduced the mere writing to an almost mechanical operation; nevertheless, he did not rely so completely as he might have done on his memory, but made occasional notes for his better convenience and certainty. Rochlitz tells us, no doubt on Constanze's authority: —

Mozart, when in company with his wife or those who put no restraint on him, and especially during his frequent carriage journeys, used not only to exercise his fancy by the invention of new melodies, but occupied his intellect and feeling in arranging and elaborating such melodies, often humming or singing aloud, growing red in the face and suffering no interruption. The briefest indications in black and white sufficed to preserve these studies in his memory; his easily kindled imagination, his complete

mastery of the resources of his art, and his extraordinary musical memory needed little aid; he used to keep scraps of music paper at hand (when travelling, in the side-pocket of the carriage) for such fragmentary notes and reminders; these scraps,carefully preserved in a case, were a sort of journal of his travels to him, and the whole proceeding had a sort of sacredness to his mind which made him very averse to any interference with it.

These notes, having served their purpose, seem to have been thought unworthy of preservation; the few that remain are interesting and suggestive. The sketch which is given in facsimile of Denis's ode (Vol. II., p. 370) gives an outline of the whole work in writing so hasty as scarcely to be recognised for Mozart's. The voice part is written entire as well as the bass of the accompaniment, and the other parts have all their characteristics so clearly noted that there could be no doubt as to their further elaboration. It is evident that the composition was finished in Mozart's brain when the sketch was written, so that it does not appear as one attempt among several to give shape to his conception, but as an aid to the memory when it should be necessary to write down the whole in detail. Similar, but still slighter, is the sketch for one of the songs in "L' Oca del Cairo," which is given in facsimile in Jul. André's edition in pianoforte score. Here again the voice part is given from beginning to end, but the bass is not shown, and the accompaniment only here and there (once with the direction that the clarinets are to be used). The piece was simple enough to require very slight reminders for its elaboration. It would not be easy to decide whether such a sketch should be considered as the result of much previous reflection and study, or whether it was the immediate fruit of a moment of inspiration.

These two sketches never having been elaborated, so far as we are aware, we can make no comparison which will show how far such sketches were modified before the completion of the work. There is considerable difference between the first hasty sketch of the terzet (5) from the "Sposo

Deluso” (430 K.), which Jul. André has given in the preface to his pianoforte edition, and the later elaboration of it. Nothing remains but the first motif —

but so differently applied that this sketch cannot have been taken as the point of departure for the working-out, but must be considered as an earlier and rejected conception. On the other hand, the sketches for a song from “Idomeneo” (Vol. II., p. 148) and for a tenor song (420 K.) are almost identical in the voice part with the score as it stands.

Peculiar interest attaches to Sketch I., given in facsimile. The three first lines are noted for a clavier composition; then follows the sketch of a terzet (434 K.) for two bass voices and a tenor, from an opera buffa, on which Mozart was apparently at work in 1783. A fair copy of the work is partially preserved, and gives an idea of the way in which Mozart arranged his scores. The sketch contains only the voice parts, with slight hints for the accompaniment, showing how in one place the first idea was rejected and then again resumed. It is evident from the way in which the space is employed that the notes were made very hastily.

The score, on the contrary, is a fair copy of the work accidentally left unfinished. It has the proper number of parts for the voices and orchestra, with the corresponding title before each. The ritornello is first given, which is long, because it serves as an introduction to the first scene of the opera. It is formed of motifs which recur later, and it is plain that this independent introduction was written after the completion of the terzet, in which the motifs have each their special signification. The principal parts (first violin and bass), are written in full, but only those parts of the wind instruments in which they have independent motifs; all that was intended to give colouring and shading to this simple outline is omitted. The voice parts are all inserted in proper order, and the bass is given in full; but there are few hints for the accompaniment. It is all written firmly and neatly, showing plainly enough

that it was finished. The deviations from the sketch are unimportant in the bass voice, more striking in the tenor, where the primary design of the melody remains, but the elaboration is modified and the conclusion lengthened. Where the voices are together nothing has been altered, so far as we can discover. The first sketch breaks off a few bars sooner than the score, which itself is a comparatively small fragment of the whole terzet.

It is evident, therefore, that the true artistic work was done before the first sketch was made, and that the elaboration of the latter into the score was no mere mechanical adoption of the motif (which seems to have been rejected upon critical revision and, so to speak, bom again), but the final reduction to form of what was already complete in conception. This is still more the case in the elaboration of the accompaniment in detail; the well-defined outline which is given keeps it within certain limits without imposing on it any hampering restraint.

Further instances may be found in those works of which the plans of the scores, generally unelaborated, are preserved. Particularly instructive are the unelaborated movements of the Mass in C minor (427 K.) and of the "Requiem" (626 K.) in André's edition; also the pianoforte score of the duet (384 K.) from the "Entführung" and the unfinished opera "L' Oca del Cairo," edited by Jul. André, are examples of similar sketches. They possess peculiar interest to students, since they show those points which Mozart considered as containing the germ of the whole conception. The different stages of the elaboration can be traced in most of Mozart's autograph scores. The voices and bass are invariably written first, and enough of the accompaniment to show its characteristic points; this fact can be recognised, even in scores afterwards fully elaborated, by the differences in ink and handwriting, which is generally more hasty in the elaboration than in the earlier sketch. When once this was made, the elaboration was often long deferred; the whole of the first act of "L' Oca del Cairo" was thus

projected, and, the design of the opera being abandoned, was never elaborated; so, too, all the movements of the “Requiem,” from the Dies irse to the Quam olim were written entire for the voices with a figured bass, while the instrumentation was only suggested. He waited for time and inclination to continue the work thus begun, and needed more urging to it than to any other, for once having fixed the outline of his design, it required a mere mechanical effort to reproduce it in his mind with details of form and colour. A striking example is that mentioned on p. 360 (Vol. II.), where, by the figuring of the bass, he supplied an aid to his memory of a peculiar harmonic succession which perhaps flashed across him at the moment of transcription in his compositions.

Important alterations were seldom made by Mozart, unless at the instance of the singer or the instrumentalist. He sent his father the score of the “Entführung” with the remark that there were many erasures, because the score had to be copied at once, and he had therefore given free play to his ideas, and then altered and curtailed them before giving the score to be written; it is evident from this that the alterations were almost all made with reference to external circumstances. The improvements made as the work proceeded were usually only trifling, such as modifications in pianoforte passages, or unimportant turns of expression in vocal parts. Thus, for instance, the close of the Count’s song in “Figaro” was originally simpler —

In the duet for the two girls in “Cosi fan Tutte” (4), Dorabella’s part had the bars —

The decided heroic style of the first version, which would be fitting enough for Fiordiligi, is thus toned down, and an expression of greater elegance given to the passage.

It is worth remarking that the characteristic motif of Donna Anna’s song in “Don Giovanni” —

Or sai chi l’ o-no- re ra - pi - re a me vol-se, chi fu il tra - di - to -re, was originally —

Or sai chi l’o-no-re ra - pi - re a me vol-se, chi fu il tra - di - to - re, and every one must feel how greatly it has gained by the alteration. In every case Mozart’s self-criticism has been founded on true feeling and discrimination, even when it has not been called for on definite technical grounds. In the Countess’s song in “Figaro” (19) the first division of the allegro, from bar eight, concluded originally thus: —

The phrase as it is now known was written underneath and the bass scratched out. In the further course of the allegro the three bars — were originally simply repeated after the interlude, and then went on: —

Mozart appears to have felt when he surveyed the whole song that such an untroubled expression of a fresh joyous impulse was not altogether appropriate to the character of the Countess, and he therefore inserted seven bars on the repetition of the motif, which give the passage an altogether different colour: —

The strongly accented change to C minor expresses such a depth of sorrow and yearning pathos that the lively tone of the allegro seems to be covered with a veil, and the whole emphasis of the song falls upon this place. Certainly, none would have suspected this passage of being an interpolation. The concluding bars of the Andante of the C major symphony (551 K.) originally ran thus: —

How beautifully this passage is replaced by the eleven closing bars, which now lead back to the chief theme, and give emphasis and dignity to the close! In the terzet from “Tito” (14) the andantino originally closed with a simple passage for the strings: —

This is now replaced by a passage divided among all the instruments —

which, with its agitated motion, is more sharply characteristic of the situation. All these are examples, not of improvements to a finished work, but of a free act of production giving a new disposition to the passages in their relation to the whole work. But Mozart sometimes hesitated at the moment of decision, and made repeated experiments before he was satisfied, as in the case of the conclusion of Susanna's charming song in "Figaro," which seems to belong so naturally to its position that one cannot imagine it other than it is; yet the sketches and alterations of the original show that many earlier experiments were made. Worthy of note also are the two bars in the overture to the "Zauberflote" (p. 10, André), in which the clarinet leads the repetition of the second subject —

and which Mozart, with just discrimination, has struck out of the finished work.

It is a curious fact that Mozart was sometimes uncertain as to his rhythm. The quartet in "Cosi fan Tutte" (21) was originally written: —

At the eighth bar Mozart saw that this was incorrect, and altered the first bars —

and continued it so. There is an exactly similar case in the duet in the "Zauberflote" (8) which Mozart wrote at first thus — and did not find out his mistake until quite the end, when he carefully scratched out all the bar lines and put in the correct ones: —

Again, in Sesto's air in "Tito" (19), the adagio originally began —

but the bar lines were afterwards erased and fresh ones supplied in red chalk, making the first bar full. Another very singular mistake in the duet in the "Zauberflöte" consists in the omission in the second and third bars of the two chords for clarinets and horns, which Mozart has evidently merely forgotten to transcribe. Now and then, but very rarely, important alterations are made in the instrumentation of his works. One instance occurs in the

introduction to the “Zauberflöte,” at the beginning of which the trumpets and drums were in C, and were so carried on to the entrance of the three ladies; then Mozart seems to have thought that trumpets and drums could be used with effect as accompaniment, and he has struck through all that he had previously written, and noted the trumpets and drums upon a loose sheet in E flat; he has then continued them for seven bars as an accompaniment to the opening trio. At the beginning of Leporello’s great songs in “Don Giovanni” (1,4) trumpets and drums were indicated, but they were afterwards struck out when it came to be performed. In a long comic air, which was intended for “Cosi fan Tutte” (584 K.), he has struck out the horn part, after writing the whole of it. In Dorabella’s air (28) the fundamental bass of those parts where only wind instruments are now employed was intrusted to the double-bass; Mozart afterwards struck this out, and expressly noted “senza basso.” In the second finale of the “Zauberflöte” the *piano* chords which follow Pamina’s words, “Ich muss ihn sehen” were first given by the strings, but flutes and clarinets were afterwards substituted. In the G minor symphony he at first intended to have four horns, but after a few bars he struck them out, and limited himself to two. In the terzet in the “Zauberflöte” (20), the first bar of the accompaniment was given to the violins, thus —

which was afterwards erased, and a single crotchet used on the unaccented part of the bar, with great gain to the effect. But these are solitary instances. The individual tone-colouring of the instruments is an essential element of musical construction, which cannot be added afterwards, but is contemporaneous with the conception, and has its own share in the working-out of the musical idea. When, therefore, the composer develops his work in his own mind, he hears not only certain abstract sounds, but definite individual tones embodied in the voices and instruments; the whole image glows with vivid colouring in his mind, and

only needs to receive its outward form. Besides, it must be remembered that Mozart himself created the orchestra as it was employed with increasing effect from “Idomeneo” onwards; the full use of wind instruments, their combination with each other and with the strings; the consequent radical change of colouring in the instrumentation as a whole, and the wealth of charming detail in the blending of the tone-colours, are all due to Mozart. He had never heard the effects he strove to produce; they existed in the orchestra, it is true, as the statue exists in the marble; but just as the sculptor must have seen with his spiritual eye what he strives to reproduce in the stone, so Mozart can have heard only with his spiritual ear the sounds which he drew from his orchestra.

The alterations which have been mentioned are not to be considered as selected from among many similar instances, they are the only ones of any consequence with which my researches have acquainted me. In forming our idea of Mozart’s method of writing his score, we may remark further, that he did not content himself with such hasty outlines beforehand as might suggest the course of the whole by a few touches, but sketched out fully those parts where he thought well to give particular attention to the details. Canons, fugues, passages in counterpoint, with a complicated disposition of parts or some other difficulty, were worked out upon scraps of music paper or sheets which had been previously used but not quite filled, and then transferred to the score. An accurate sketch for the first finale in “Don Giovanni,” for instance, where the three dance melodies occur together in different measures, was shown to me by Al. Fuchs, who had procured one such sketch from each of Mozart’s great operas. There was another also of the three-part canon in the second finale of “Cosi fan Tutte,” in which only the canon, not the voice part belonging to it, was noted. There exists also, in addition to the rough draft of the score of “L’ Oca del Cairo,” sketches of

those parts of the quartet (6) and finale (7) which demand particular attention on account of the contrapuntal disposition of the parts. Unfortunately but few of these sketches have been preserved, but those few show Mozart's method very clearly, and leave no doubt that they were made in order that his conception might be fully developed and arranged in his own mind before its final reduction to writing. They testify, too, of the thoughtfulness and deliberation with which he worked, of the severe demands which he made upon himself, and the conscientiousness which prevented his trusting to the lucky inspiration of the moment or to his own well-tried readiness of resource. Our idea of Mozart as an artist is no longer that which has been so commonly received and admired, and which shows us a spendthrift of his artistic powers, who was only driven by dire necessity to collect the fruits which his genius cast unbidden into his lap. The prerogative of genius is not a dispensation from labour and painful exertion, but the power of attaining the highest aims of such labour, and of obliterating every trace of effort in the perfection of the work.

The external characteristics of Mozart's scores show also great care for order and clearness. His handwriting was small, but though often rapid, and sometimes hasty, always clear, decided, and individual. The smaller details, in which copyist's errors might easily creep in, are specially cared for; all the instructions for delivery are carefully given in each part. In short, Mozart's scores leave an impression, not of pedantry, which magnifies what is unimportant and loses time in an exaggerated regard for method and uniformity, but of a well-considered order and careful arrangement of details in their due relation to the whole work.

Admirably illustrative of Mozart's method, as we have endeavoured to portray it, are the numerous unfinished compositions of which frequent mention has been made; many of these were found after his death, and some are preserved in the Mozarteum at Salzburg. Among these rough

draughts of scores are several beginnings of masses belonging to his Salzburg days, as also some songs and many unfinished instrumental compositions, but by far the greater part were written in Vienna. Among them we may note: —

6 fragments of string quintets.

2 quintets for clarinet and strings.

1 quartet for English horn and strings.

9 drafts of violin quartets.

9 drafts of pianoforte concertos.

1 pianoforte quartet.

2 drafts of pianoforte trios.

1 sonata for pianoforte and violoncello.

2 sonatas for pianoforte and violin.

4 movements for two pianofortes.

9 movements for the pianoforte.!!!

These are none of them roughly sketched drafts, but fair copies of unfinished scores, the completion of which was prevented by outward circumstances. Again we meet with confirmation of the fact that Mozart never began to write until his composition was in all essential points completed in his own mind. When only a few bars are written they offer a perfected melody, a motif only requiring its further development. When the sketches are longer they form a well-rounded, continuous whole, that is evidently interrupted, not because the continuation is not ready to hand, but because some chance has prevented its further transcription. It may be plainly discerned also that not only are detached ideas put into shape, but the different characteristic traits of execution are indicated in the usual way, so that the chief effects and capabilities of the motifs may be clearly inferred.

It appears as if Mozart, when once interrupted in the transcription of a composition, was very loth to return to it again. That he might have done so cannot for a moment be doubted. His memory was infallible; but his interest was concentrated on the work with which he was concerned at the moment. He was easily impelled to write what he had already completed in his head, and this led him naturally to the next piece of work; to return to what he considered as over and done with was contrary to his nature and habit. There is no reason whatever to suppose that any of these sketches, preliminary notes, or unfinished compositions were ever subsequently made use of. This not only testifies of the wealth and ease of his productivity, which scorned to borrow even from himself, but it proves that his creations proceeded immediately from spontaneous impulses, each having independent birth, and owing its development to the singular fecundity of his artistic nature. The individual truth and fresh life of Mozart's works are founded in this natural spring of ever-welling spontaneity. Their artistic perfection rests on the skill with which the conception is developed; but in what consists the peculiar charm and beauty which is acknowledged and enjoyed by us all as inseparable from Mozart's music is, and will ever remain, an unsolved mystery.

However carefully Mozart, as a rule, prepared his compositions before writing them, we, who are acquainted with his nature and education, can scarcely doubt that he was able on occasion to compose as he wrote. Such a song as that which he wrote in the tavern for Frau von Keess cannot well have been ready in his head. When he was in Prague at the beginning of 1787 he promised Count Joh. Pachta to write a country dance for a public ball, but failed to produce it. At last the Count invited him to dinner an hour earlier than his usual time, and when Mozart appeared placed all the requisite materials before him, and entreated him to compose the dance on the spot, seeing that it was required for the following day. Mozart set to

work, and before dinner had composed nine country dances, scored for full orchestra (510 K), which he certainly had not prepared beforehand. These and similar instances refer to easy pieces in free form; but we have already seen (Vol. II., p. 366), that he could improvise canons and double canons of an unusual kind; and what further proof can be required than reference to his marvellous gift of executive improvisation?

In composing Mozart never had recourse to improvisation. “He never came to the clavier when he was writing.” says Niemetschek (p. 82); “his imagination pictured the whole work when he had once conceived it.” His wife also says naïvely, but graphically: “He never composed at the clavier, but wrote music like letters, and never tried a movement until it was finished.” When his compositions were completed he used to rehearse them, singing or playing, with his wife or any one else who happened to come in. Kelly narrates that Mozart greeted him one evening with, “I have just written a little duet for ‘Figaro.’ You shall hear it.” He sat down at the pianoforte, and they sang it together; it was the duet (16) “Crudel perché finora”; and Kelly often remembered with keen delight how he had first heard and sung this charming composition.

In one sense, it is true, Mozart felt the necessity for an external vent to his musical ideas; and for this he had frequent recourse to his own special instrument, the clavier or pianoforte. “Even in his later years,” says Niemetschek (p. 83), “he often spent half the night at the piano’ these were the hours that witnessed the birth of his divinest melodies. In the silent calm of night, when there was nothing to distract the mind, his imagination was kindled into supernatural activity, and revealed the wealth of melodious sound which lay dormant in his nature. At such times Mozart was all emotion and music, and unearthly harmonies flowed from his fingers! Only those who heard him then could know the depth and extent of his musical

genius; his spirit, freed from every impediment, spread its bold pinions, and soared into the regions of art." It could scarcely fail to be the case that in such hours as these the subject of his improvisation should often be the work of which his mind was full at the time; but it would be a mistake to consider the improvisation as an express preparation for a subsequent work, or as the actual source from which it sprang. The improvisation was the embodiment of the mood of the moment, its form and extent were limited by the conditions of the instrument on which it was played, and it could by no means serve as an immediate foundation to a work to be performed under entirely different conditions and with a definite object.

Mozart carefully separated his time for writing and his time for improvising. To the end of his life he kept to his early habit of writing in the morning (Vol. II., p. 208), and even when he had been out the evening before, or had played far into the night, he was accustomed to begin work at six or seven o'clock; in later days, however, he indulged himself by writing in bed. After ten he usually gave lessons, and never returned to the writing-table unless there were urgent occasion. Such occasion arose often enough, it is true. When he was composing "Figaro," his father tells Marianne (November 11, 1785) how he postponed all his pupils until the afternoon, so as to have the whole morning free for writing, and we have already seen that he sometimes wrote in the evening, and even at night. Mozart's marvellous improvisations were not confined to hours of solitude and calm, nor to the satisfaction of his inner cravings; he showed himself equally master of the art when the impulse came from without, as was frequently the case, for people loved to hear him improvise. There is a peculiar charm in this accomplishment which, while it at once identifies the artist with his creation, requires the highest concentration of artistic energy to satisfy the varied conditions on which the production of a work of art depends. The improvising musician and his audience act and react upon each other; the

latter receive the direct impression of the artist's individuality and power, and feel themselves, as it were, let into the secret of his method of producing the works which delight them, while the former is inspired to fresh efforts of genius by his consciousness of possessing the sympathy of his hearers. Mozart was always ready to play when he thought he should give pleasure, but he improvised in his best vein only "when he spied out among the crowd surrounding him one or more of the privileged few who were capable of following the flights of his genius; oblivious of all others, he addressed the elect in the hieroglyphics of his art, and poured forth for them alone his richest streams of melody." We have much contemporary testimony as to the impression made by Mozart's improvising. Ambros Rieder, who died in 1851 at eighty years of age in Perch-tolsdorf — an enthusiastic musician and a worthy man — writes in his "Recollections"; — In my youth I had opportunities of hearing and admiring many distinguished virtuosi, both on the violin and the harpsichord; but I cannot describe my amazement and delight in hearing the great and immortal W. A. Mozart play variations and improvise on the pianoforte before a numerous and aristocratic audience. It was to me like the gift of new senses of sight and hearing. The bold flights of his imagination into the highest regions, and again down to the very depths of the abyss, caused the greatest masters of music to be lost in amazement and delight. I still, in my old age, seem to hear the echo of these heavenly harmonies, and I go to my grave with the full conviction that there can never be another Mozart.

And Niemetschek, when an old man, said to Al. Fuchs: "If I dared to pray the Almighty to grant me one more earthly joy it would be that I might once again hear Mozart improvise; those who have not heard him can form no idea of his extraordinary performances." Repeated mention has already been made of Mozart's readiness and skill in playing "out of his head," as he used to call it (Vol. I., pp. 385-386). He avoided the common error of

improvising virtuosi in the introduction of long cadenzas, “making a hash in the cadenza of what had sounded well enough in the concerto,” as Dittersdorf says (Selbstbiogr., p. 47). A new fashion came into vogue about this time; instead of a long cadenza, a simple theme was delivered, and then varied according to every rule of the art; but Mozart used also frequently to improvise a free fantasia in his concertos (Vol. II., p. 285). Rochlitz narrates how at Leipzig the audience wished to hear him alone at the close of one of his concerts, and though he had already played two concertos and an obbligato scena, and accompanied for nearly two hours —

He sat down at once, and played to the delight of all. He began simply and seriously in C minor — but it is absurd to attempt to describe it. As he was playing with special reference to the connoisseurs who were present, he brought the flights of his fancy lower and lower, and closed with the published variations on “Je suis Lindor.” (Vol. II., p. 174).

Stiepanek, writing of the concert which Mozart gave in Prague (February, 1787), says: —

At the close of the concert Mozart improvised on the pianoforte for a good half-hour, and raised the enthusiasm of the delighted Bohemians to its highest pitch, so that he was obliged to resume his place at the instrument in compliance with their storm of applause. His second stream of improvisation had a still more powerful effect, and the audience again tumultuously recalled him. Their enthusiasm seemed to inspire him, and he played as he had never played before, till all at once the deathlike silence of the listeners was broken by a voice from among them exclaiming, “Aus ‘Figaro’!” whereupon Mozart dashed into the favourite air, “Non più andrai,” and improvised a dozen of the most interesting and artistic variations upon it, ending his wonderful performance amid a deafening storm of applause.

Niemetschek also speaks of this concert (p. 40): —

A sweet enchantment seized upon us in listening to Mozart's improvisation on the pianoforte, which he continued for more than half an hour, and we gave vent to our delight in a perfect storm of applause. His playing surpassed anything that could be imagined, uniting all the qualities of first-rate composition and perfect ease of execution.

Such moments of inspiration as this gave his countenance an expression which betrayed the artist within him. At other times, his appearance was in no way striking or distinguished. His head was somewhat too large in proportion to his body; his face was pale, though not unpleasing, but in no way uncommon, and the Mozart family nose asserted itself very plainly as long as he continued to be thin. His eyes were tolerably large and well shaped, with good eyelashes and bushy brows, but they were not bright, and his look was absent and restless. He had a great dislike to hearing his appearance commented on as insignificant (Vol. I., p. 381), and was seriously angry once when the Prussian ambassador gave him a letter of introduction, in which he said that he hoped Mozart's insignificant personal appearance would cause no prejudice against him. "This absent creature," says the notice in Schlichtegroll's "Nekrolog," "became another being as soon as he sat down to the piano. His spirit seemed to soar upwards, and his whole mind was absorbed in what seemed the proper object of his being, the harmony of sound." "His whole countenance would change," says Niemetschek, "his eye became calm and collected; emotion spoke from every movement of his muscles, and was communicated by a sort of intuitive sympathy to his audience."

CHAPTER XXXIII. MOZART'S PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

THERE can be no reason to doubt what has often been asserted and maintained with proof, that Mozart was the greatest pianoforte-player of his time. Although, however, the fame of a virtuoso among his contemporaries is more brilliant and universal than that of a composer, yet posterity can form but a vague idea of the performances which were so enchanting to the hearers. It is impossible to give an accurate or very intelligible account of Mozart's playing, but it will not be without interest to note such of its characteristic features as are still within our grasp.

"He had small, well-shaped hands," says Niemetschek (p. 66), "and moved them so gently and naturally over the keys, that the eyes of his hearers were charmed no less than their ears." Like most pianoforte-players, his hands used involuntarily to assume the position they would have had in playing. The notice in Schlichtegroll's "Nekrolog" even observes that constant practising had rendered his hands awkward in ordinary use, and that it was only with extreme difficulty that he could cut up his meat at table!

"It was wonderful that he could do so much with them, particularly in left-hand stretches. A great deal of his perfection must be ascribed to the admirable fingering, which according to his own acknowledgment he owed to a diligent study of Bach's works." Mozart certainly appears to have played Bach's clavier music from a very early age (in his letters to Breitkopf the father frequently orders Bach's last compositions); and once at a party at Doles', when the conversation fell upon Bach's playing, Mozart declared: "He is the father; we are the lads. Those of us who can do anything owe it to him; and whoever does not admit that is a ——— ."

Mozart's criticisms on the playing of Nanette Stein (Vol. I., p. 361) and Vogler (Vol. I., p. 387) prove the value he attached to good fingering as the foundation of firm and expressive execution. It is well known that Ph. Em. Bach's practical development of his father's principles laid the foundation of the present system of the art of fingering, and it is equally certain that Mozart, and with and after him Clementi, were the first to tread in the path so marked out. He insisted mainly that the player should have a "quiet, steady hand," the natural ease, flexibility, and smooth rapidity of which should be so cultivated that the passages should "flow like oil" (Vol. I., p. 361); he did not counsel the practice of *tours de force* which might be prejudicial to these qualities. His first requirements were the delivery of "every note, turn, &c., correctly and decidedly, and with appropriate expression and taste" (Vol. I., p. 387). He cautions players against over-rapidity of execution, not only of passages where the harmony is strictly connected, but also of those where offences against strict time seem more allowable. He was strongly opposed to violations of time. He believed (Vol. I., p. 361) that Nanette Stein would never acquire the power of playing in time, because she had not been accustomed to it from childhood. His own playing always excited admiration from his accurate time, never giving way to a *tempo rubato* in the left hand, while at the same time playing with perfect expression and deep feeling — and without making grimaces, to which he had a great aversion (Vol. I., p. 361).

He placed correctness first in the list of qualities essential to first-rate playing, and included among them ease and certainty in the execution of unusual technical difficulties, delicacy and good taste in delivery, and, above all, that power of breathing life and emotion into the music and of so expressing its meaning as to place the performer for the moment on a level with the creator of the work before him. We must be content to accept the enthusiastic testimony of the public, of connoisseurs, and of accomplished

fellow-artists, who all agreed that Mozart indisputably ranked highest among virtuosi, by virtue of his fulfilment of all these conditions. When we find Clementi declaring that he never heard any one play so intellectually and gracefully as Mozart, Dittersdorf finding art and fine taste united in his playing, and Haydn asserting with tears in his eyes that he could never forget Mozart's playing, because it came "from the heart" (Vol. II., p. 350), the simple expressions of such men are more eloquent than the most emphatic hyperbole.

The union in Mozart of the virtuoso and the composer caused his performances as a virtuoso to be more directly influenced by his compositions than was usually the case. His pianoforte compositions have left us only an imperfect image of these combined accomplishments, partly because the living breath of genius cannot be reproduced, partly because the greater number of these works were written under the influence of external circumstances, which denied free scope both to the composer and the performer.

Variations upon a well-known theme were at that time a favourite form of improvisation, so much so that varying and improvising were terms often used synonymously. It is easy to understand the interest which even a less educated public took in this form. A simple theme, either familiar or of a kind to be easily understood, gives the hearers something to be laid hold of, and it amuses them to recognise and follow the air in its manifold disguises. The regular development and elaboration of a motif, obliging constant attention from the hearers in order to trace the connection of its different parts, was not expected in these fashionable variations. What was looked for was such a prominence given to some characteristic elements of the subject (whether in the harmonic succession, in the rhythm or the melody) as should serve constantly to suggest it to the mind, while affording a basis for a free play of musical fancy. Such variations on a given subject may be

in some measure compared with arabesque and similar ornamentations in architecture, which display complex and fantastic varieties of animal and vegetable forms, but behind their apparent irregularities maintain a constant reference to the constructive design.

Mozart never cultivated any other than this easy style of variation; and we find a contemporary critic expressing the wish that he would write, “not only these florid variations, but others in the style of the two Bachs, with scientific inversions and imitations, and in counterpoint.” But amateurs were fond of the easier form, and he found frequent occasion to write variations for his pupils or other friends. He did not care about them himself, and took no pains to have them published. But finding favour with the public, they were eagerly sought after and published, often with many inaccuracies; nor were all genuine that appeared under the name of Mozart. The following variations belong to the Vienna period, and probably to the year 1784:

1. “Unser dummer Pöbel,” from Gluck’s “Pilgrims of Mecca” (Vol. II., p. 285, 455 K.)

2. “Come un agnello,” from Sarti’s “Fra Due Litiganti” (Vol. II., p. 345, 460 K.).

In 1785 were composed: —

3. September 12 (500 K.)

4. Duet, November 4 (501 K.)

Then follow: —

5. “Upon a Minuet by Dupont,” composed April 9, 1789 (573 K.)

6. “Ein Weib ist das herrlichste Ding,” from the second part of the “Two Antonios,” by Schikaneder, composed March 8, 1791 (613 K.)

The following were announced in 1785, but some of them certainly belong to an earlier date: —

7. “Lison dormoit” (264 K.).

8. “La Belle Françoise” (353 K.).

9. “Salve tu Domine,” from Paesiello’s “Eingebildete Philosoph” (398 K.).

10. “La Bergère Silimène,” with violin (359 K.).

11. “Hèlas, j’ai perdu mon amant,” with violin (360 K.).

In 1786: —

12. “Marche des Manages Samnites,” by Grétry (352 K.).

In 1787: —

13. “Ah, vous dirais-je maman?” (265 K.).

In all these, even the more pretentious of them, there is no appearance of a higher object than passing amusement, secured by means of the contrast of the different variations in time and measure, major and minor, prominence of the right hand or the left, with all of which devices we are now so over-familiar. It never occurred to Mozart to give a deeper meaning to his variations by the grouping of the movements, nor still less to torture a simple theme into all sorts of fantastic forms. He confined himself to a tasteful embellishment of the subject; harmonic and contrapuntal treatment was not altogether absent, but it was little more than suggested as a sort of seasoning to the music. In many of the earlier variations mechanical difficulties are brought into the foreground. Certain favourite difficulties, such as the passing over of the hands, long shakes or chains of shakes in one hand, while the other has the subject, were always to be found; passages which now offer neither novelty nor difficulty display nevertheless, upon closer inspection, both elegance and originality. The equal use made of the two hands is worthy of remark; a considerable amount of execution in the left hand is presupposed in these as in most of Mozart’s compositions. In the later variations (3, 5, 6, 17) there is little or no bravura. The theme is easily and gracefully treated; and no attempt is

made to invest with undue dignity what is merely a light and passing expression of fancy. As one of the most interesting and successful compositions of this kind may be mentioned the four-handed variations (4), which are both graceful and amusing.

Sometimes variations form a component part (the middle or last movement) of a sonata, either with or without accompaniment (284, 331, K.). This has caused no essential difference in their treatment; they are neither wider in conception nor freer in execution, nor are they connected by intermediate passages so as to form one whole — a device often and successfully employed by Haydn and Beethoven.

Mozart's original themes are, for the most part, fresher and more graceful than those he has borrowed. The accompanied sonatas give greater scope for originality by the multiplication of the parts; and very often the simple enunciation of the theme by one of the parts allows a better defined expression of free contrapuntal treatment to be given to it by the other parts. But, as we have said, these modifications are unimportant; the form of the variation is here, as elsewhere, simply light and entertaining.

Various short pianoforte pieces, for particular occasions and persons, were written during Mozart's Vienna period, as, for instance, the three rondos: —

1. In D major, composed January 10, 1786 (485 K.).
2. In F major, composed June 10, 1786 (494 K.).
3. In A minor, composed March 11, 1787 (511 K.).

The two in F and D major are easy of comprehension and execution — cheerful, but not striking music; the latter is peculiar in that the oft-repeated theme recurs in different keys, thus necessitating changing modulations in the episodes. The third, in A minor, is very original and beautiful. The theme is somewhat piquant in its rhythm and harmonic treatment, and

suggestive of a national melody — a mode of characterisation not often used either by Mozart or Beethoven. Its original modifications cause fresh surprise each time that it recurs. The second theme, effective by contrast with the first, is in itself both fine and expressive, and gives occasion for much appropriate and interesting treatment. The short middle movement, in A major, is lighter in style, but accords well with the chief theme, and leads back to it by a striking modulation. The whole piece is original in character; and the tone of melancholy which runs through it and constantly asserts itself forms a most attractive contrast to the restless movement of some of its parts.

The short Adagio in B minor (540 K.) (composed March 9, 1788) is also very beautiful, serious and even sad in tone, and otherwise interesting by reason of its harmonic inflections. Although this piece is written in perfectly regular form, in two parts with a coda, it reminds us in its whole style of an improvisation. This is still more the case with the so-called fantasias. It has already been remarked that preludes or fantasias were often prefixed as introductions to various kinds of compositions, either in the form of free improvisations or elaborate pieces that could be used on different occasions. A fantasia of this kind, prefixed to the beautiful fugue in C major, has already (Vol. II., p. 391) been noticed.

Mozart sent to his sister from Paris (July 20,1778) a short prelude, “not a prelude to lead from one key to another, but a sort of capriccio, to try the clavier,” leaving the style of playing to her own judgment. “She received it at four o’clock,” writes the father (August 13, 1778), “and at five, when I came home, she said she had thought of something, and if I liked it, she would write it down. She then began to play the prelude by heart. I rubbed my eyes and said: ‘Where the deuce did you get that idea?’ She laughed and drew your letter from her pocket.” This is, no doubt, the unpublished prelude in C major (395 K.) which was in the possession of Mozart’s sister.

The essential character of this, as of the prelude in C minor (396 K.), is modulatory. There is no delivery of a regular melody, or working out of a definite motif, but the whole consists of varied and skilfully grouped passages and arpeggios, keeping both hands in equal activity, and displaying an abundance of rapid and often curious and striking changes of harmony. But even in this apparently unfettered straying through harmonies we cannot fail to be aware of organisation in the succession of the modulations, in the connection of the passages, and in the whole conception. The C major is in several detached contrasting movements, the C minor is founded on the definite form of a two-part sonata movement, but very freely treated.

The fantasia in D minor(337 K. — >(397 K. DW)) is of somewhat different design, in so far that the melodic element is more prominent, but at first only in oft-repeated phrases, which are continually prevented from developing into a perfect cantilene by the occurrence of a contrasting motif, or the outbreak of a quick stormy passage. The character of a gradual concentration of force is very clearly expressed. The tender and graceful theme which is at last allowed to assume its due proportions, can, however, be in no way considered as the proper result of such a preparation; it is not worked out, but first interrupted, and then brought to a rapid but not a satisfying conclusion, so maintaining the character of the piece as an announcement of something greater which was to come.

The well-known fantasia in C minor (475 K.), Mozart's performance of which so surprised Jos. Frank (Vol. II., p. 279), is better worked out, and in every respect a more important work. Five movements, in various keys and tempos, are closely bound together into a whole by connecting passages or harmonic inflections. Each movement, though not completely separate, has yet a certain independence, with melodies of its own rounded into a simple song-like form; there is no attempt at the elaboration, or even the full

development, of a motif, but everything presses onwards, each section leading as of necessity to the next, which is intended to form a lively contrast to what has preceded it. In spite of the predominance of a slow tempo, the whole work has a restless character, and the recurrence at the end of the serious and sustained commencement leads only to a provisional and unsatisfying conclusion. Here again, the essence of the fantasia is modulatory. The changes of harmony are frequent — often bar by bar — rapid and striking; the passages and even the melodies are so constructed as to lend themselves to this method. In spite of its length the fantasia preserves the character of an introduction, though not of necessity to the sonata with which it is printed. The mood which is so distinctly expressed in the two first bars of the adagio is preserved throughout the fantasia; it is a sad and sorrowful mood of doubting and questioning, of struggling and striving, of longing for deliverance from a heavy burden, for freedom from doubt and care; disheartened by failure, unrefreshed by consolation, it sinks at last into itself, and is heard no more. But there is no hopeless despair, no cynical irony in this music. It is expressive throughout of the composure of a man who even in combat never loses command over himself. The boldness of its harmonies, and the consistency of its tone were of unusual significance at the time of its composition. It is much to be regretted that the letter concerning it, which Mozart addressed to Frau von Trattnern (Vol. II., p. 279), has not been preserved.

Above and beyond such detached movements as these, the form of pianoforte composition chiefly cultivated by Mozart was the sonata, either with or without the accompaniment of one or more instruments. The foundation of the sonata proper, and of the definite form in which the chief movement of the sonata, at least, was cast — was laid by Kuhnau and Dom. Scarlatti, the latter of whom brought his extraordinary technical knowledge to bear with effect on the treatment and style of pianoforte music. From the

middle of the last century the piano as a solo instrument has been increasing in favour, especially among amateurs, and it naturally followed that this species of composition should be cultivated with corresponding attention. Ph. Em. Bach and his disciple Jos. Haydn fixed the form of the sonata in all essential respects, and by the intrinsic worth of their compositions, and the charm of their execution, brought the germ of perfection therein contained to the point of vital development. To them succeeded Mozart, carrying on their work in his own original manner.

It has already been demonstrated (Vol. I., p. 292) that the clavier sonata in its free development forms the basis of independent instrumental composition, and that every advance in the one direction acts favourably in the other; it will suffice here, therefore, to touch briefly on the main points of this species of composition.

The sonata now signifies a composition for a solo instrument, consisting of several movements, differing in time, measure, and key, but sufficiently allied in design and grouping to form a coherent whole. In its earlier stage two movements often composed a sonata, but afterwards three or four became the rule. One of the movements is in slow time, and forms the appropriate expression of a calm, serious, or tender mood. It soon became usual to place this movement in the middle, with the instinctive feeling that a composed and self-concentrated mood ought to succeeed to a demonstrative or passionate one. If the more animated movement were preceded by the slow one, the latter would lose its independent character, and become a mere introduction to the former. The second of the lively movements served as a conclusion, and was invariably cheerful, sometimes even merry in tone. The music being principally intended for social entertainment, was so constructed as to leave a pleasant, cheerful impression. When a fourth movement was added it was generally in the same tone, and sometimes preceded, but more often followed, the slow

movement. During his Vienna period Mozart's sonatas, both solo and accompanied, have but three movements, while his symphonies, quintets, and quartets are always furnished with minuets.

The three movements of the sonata have only gradually assumed their present form. One of Mozart's earlier sonatas, in A major (331 K), consists of an andante with variations, a minuet, and rondo; another, in D major (284 K.), has a middle movement, consisting of a rondo *en polonaise*, followed by a theme with variations. Afterwards, however, he adhered to the regular sonata form, with the first movement as its most characteristic part, forming the point of departure for the development of all modern instrumental music. It has already been remarked that the essential elements of the sonata movement consist in the treatment of the principal motif in the first part, and in its working out in the second.

The contrapuntal elaboration of a theme in strict form was the groundwork of the first part, and was followed by the characteristic treatment of well-defined motifs, side by side with a free use of figures and passages. An important point was the delivery of a second theme, independent of the first and sharply distinguished from it. This was always in the dominant of the principal major key (C major — G major), or in the relative major of the principal minor key (C minor — E flat major). These are the two main pillars of the movement. Their further development, their connection by means of interludes, and the conclusion of the part, are not further hampered by rule, except that the part must close in the dominant. The province of the second part was the working out of one or more motifs employed in the first part, or altogether new. The treatment was either mainly harmonic or mainly thematic, and had for its object the organic development of the given elements, the enhancing of the interest, and the effective return to the first part. Upon this elaboration, and leading back to the first theme, were concentrated all the power and genius of the master.

The repetition of the first part entailed many modifications, partly because the second theme was obliged to appear in the principal key in which the movement closed; it allowed also of alterations in grouping the different phrases, of amplifications or curtailments, and especially of such a long-drawn climax at the close as should almost entitle the repeated second part to be considered as a third part.

Mozart found these elements ready to hand, and gave them the stamp of his own individual nature. In his hands the second subject, distinctly enunciated, became not only an independent but a counter-subject rising in characteristic relief from the body of the part. But his originality is principally displayed in the formation of the themes. Their predominant characteristic is songlike melody, which Nägeli (Vorlesungen üh. Musik, p. 156), with a mistaken view of the nature of instrumental music, considered to be the degradation and ruin of pianoforte-playing. With truer judgment Mozart has followed the injunctions of Ph. Em. Bach, and after him Haydn, and has striven to write melodiously. Mozart's musical training was founded on song — and his inclinations led him to song — in a greater degree than was the case with his two predecessors. When once' the pianoforte composer had renounced the severe polyphonic method — when once he had come to regard his theme not as material for pedantic elaboration, but as a free melody capable of giving expression to his artistic perceptions, then song became the point of departure for all his melodies. A transference to the instrument of the forms expressly constructed for the voice was impracticable; they could only be employed by analogy, in conformity with the nature of the instrument. Mozart never employed the form of the Italian cantilene in his pianoforte compositions, nor in his instrumental works generally; a glance at his Italian operas will show the difference in the treatment of the melodies. Wherever a comparison of

instrumental with vocal works is possible, it must be made with the German operas, especially with the “Zauberflöte.” In his instrumental works Mozart gave his emotions their natural expression without binding himself to any such set forms as those of Italian opera; with equal freedom he treated song in his German operas as the immediate outcome of his feelings. The developed forms of German instrumental music suggested this treatment. The essential conditions of a beautiful melody, founded on the relations of intervals, rhythm and harmonies, were perfectly fulfilled in Mozart’s pianoforte compositions. Each melody is complete, uniform and full of his own charm of grace and euphony. The delivery of such melodies must have given special prominence to those qualities in Mozart’s playing which Haydn declared came from his heart; we are sometimes surprised in the concertos, for instance, to find the chief effect depending on a long, simply sustained melody, which he must have played in masterly fashion. This songlike and expressive treatment of the separate melodies was accompanied by an extraordinary wealth of melody. Instead of the connecting phrases which generally led out of the principal motif or were formed by free passages, Mozart introduced new melodies. This was made an occasion of reproach to him, as Dittersdorf says (“Selbstbiographie,” p. 237): “Mozart is unquestionably a great original genius, and I know of no composer who possesses such an astonishing wealth of ideas. I only wish he were a little less prodigal of them. He gives his hearers no time to breathe; as soon as one beautiful idea is grasped, it is succeeded by another and a finer one, which drives the first from the mind; and so it goes on, until at the end not one of these beauties remains in the memory.” We shall certainly not echo this complaint of Mozart’s prodigality of ideas; but it cannot be denied that though the formation of independent melodies is an important and necessary step in advance, it does not reach the last stage of development. Mozart’s melodies are not strung together without connection,

both external and internal; but, in the shorter sonatas especially, where they are not worked out, they strike us as the indicated points in a design wanting as yet the detail of which it is capable.

The gain was important in two respects. The close juxtaposition of melodies excluded, or greatly limited, the employment of connecting passages without sense or meaning. Of these Mozart makes comparatively little use. He used figures and passages chiefly as ornaments, and not as independent members of the movement. But where this form of transition seemed inevitable, he used it without ceremony, just as in architecture supports are worked into the artistic design, without any disguise of their structional importance. We may instance the broad and expressive treatment of his closes and half-closes, which are now so striking as to appear to many a special peculiarity of Mozart's style. This, however, they are not; they were then in general use, and proceeded from the desire to maintain the key with firmness and decision.

The greater freedom of modern music in this respect, and the substitution of graceful and original transition phrases for dry commonplaces is an undoubted progress. Mozart's transition phrases were, however, often elegant and interesting, as may be proved from a reference to his returns to the theme in the second parts, and to the varied development which he gives to the simple ground form of the organ point.

The second respect in which Mozart's method was a gain to music was in the clearness which it gave to his designs.

This clearness is an inseparable adjunct of Mozart's art; by means of it the main points of his structure were as clearly defined as an architectural ground-plan, and became the supports for elaboration and development. Mozart himself was far from exhausting the resources of the method which he founded; others have followed in his footsteps, and Beethoven, his

intellectual heir, has displayed all the depth and wealth of that which he has inherited.

In the choice and arrangement of his melodies Mozart invariably displays delicate taste and discrimination. He is particularly happy in surprising his hearers with a new melody when they least expect it — at the close of the first theme, for instance, which generally brings with it a certain sense of satisfied completeness. But his most inimitable effect is produced when, just as the movement is drawing to a close, a perfect melody starts up in all its charm of fresh sweetness, reviving the interest of the hearers, and often giving an entirely new turn to the whole. As a striking example,

I may remind my readers of the first movement of the Symphony in C major (551 K.). Who has not been charmed again and again by the last melody, which, like a shining meteor, sheds light and cheerfulness around? Similar, though not perhaps equally brilliant, effects are of constant occurrence; they have not been achieved, have scarcely even been attempted by any other musician. On the other hand, however, the partiality with which Mozart has treated the close and other less prominent points of his movements has been prejudicial to the so-called second subject; this is usually the weakest part. It should have a light and tender character, in contrast to the principal subject; it is frequently, however, insignificant in comparison to the other motifs, and gives the impression of having been neglected.

The further development of the fundamental scheme was accomplished by means not of the insertion of phrases connecting its principal members, but of the thematic treatment of these members themselves. Mozart’s study of Bach and Handel led him in this direction, as was particularly shown in his later pianoforte works; an interesting example is afforded by the two movements in the Allegro and Andante in F major (553 K.), which are throughout in counterpoint. This work must not be considered as a relapse

into the strict forms of counterpoint, such as the canon and the fugue, but as the free development of the laws to which polyphonic and contrapuntal forms are alike subject. Instrumental and especially pianoforte music, freed from the fetters of strict form, was in danger of advancing exclusively in the direction of homophonie development, and so becoming insipid. It is Mozart's merit to have brought polyphonic and thematic treatment, modified according to the altered character of the music and the nature of the instrument, to its freest and most beautiful expression. This is particularly noticeable in the "working-out" divisions of the movements, on which the main emphasis must necessarily fall, and which can only attain their full significance by means of this treatment. Mozart does not indeed develop them in length and breadth as Beethoven does, but he makes them, even when they are so condensed as to appear mere transition movements, the culminating point of the whole movement, the concentration of all its force and action. The mode of treatment is as free as the choice of subject; but the effect generally depends upon a thematic treatment which is often very artistically designed and woven together.

Not that the harmonic element is neglected — the boldest and most original modulations occur in the very places where close examination discloses the thematic as the vivifying element, the true impulse of the work. This free and intellectual treatment of the polyphonic method was distasteful to many of Mozart's contemporaries, who only accepted the traditional forms of counterpoint. Thus, a critic expresses himself as follows concerning the E flat sonata for violin and piano (481 K.): —

The pleasing style of this sonata by Herr M. will cause it to find favour with all lovers of the art. It is to be wished, however, that Herr M. would attach himself less closely to the passing taste of the day; his works would thereby gain a more universal and lasting worth. That Herr Mozart is not wanting either in the knowledge of harmony or the wealth of imagination

which would enable him to offer us stronger meats is sufficiently vouched for by this and many other of his well-known works.

The same critic considered the working-out movement far too long: —

Although musical science has no actual rule in such cases, yet a difference of three pages is out of all reason.

The slow middle movement and the last movement have not the accurate and well-defined form of the first. Two essentially easier forms are mainly employed, with many modifications, namely, variations and the rondo. The slow movement is, as a rule, founded upon the song form, and is therefore often designed in two parts; but the design is only very seldom developed as broadly and fully as in the first movement; the repetition of the theme more than once, with the then customary additions and embellishments, led naturally to the adoption of variations. But in every case the first requirement was the composition of a movement melodious in form and substance, and owing its expression not to its connection with any other, but to its own intrinsic feeling. The tone of sentiment then existing was favourable to the production of just such movements, and they therefore undoubtedly belong to Mozart’s finest creations. These simple and expressive melodies, exquisitely formed and firmly handled, full of warm and deep emotion or of sentimental tenderness, seem to be the precious legacy of the time to which we also owe the purest strains of our lyric poetry. The calm with which they are for the most part permeated expresses in a rare degree the enjoyment and satisfaction of artistic activity. The very ease with which these movements are constructed, by means of the development of the main idea of variations on it and of freely treated and often contrasting secondary parts, shows how freely and naturally they proceeded from the heart of the musician. As an instance of detail we need only mention the delicacy and grace with which Mozart leads up to the

conclusion, and leaves his hearers with a parting impression of perfect satisfaction.

The last movements are not by any means of equal merit with the other two. A large majority are in the easy rondo or variation form. The incredible ease with which Mozart poured forth melodies is more than ever apparent in these movements, but they are often loosely strung together without development, and sometimes trivial in character. The original intention of the movement, of enlivening the audience by a cheerful dance or something similar, is generally kept in view; the tone is one of more or less excited merriment, without depth or true humour. Mozart's enjoyment of dances, games, and jests of all kinds found expression in such performances as these. Their purity and grace of form shows however that, like a true artist, he lifts every manifestation of his nature into a higher sphere. Many of his last movements form exceptions to what has been said above, both by reason of their stricter form and of their more elevated tone.

The list of sonatas for pianoforte alone which Mozart composed in Vienna is not a very long one. Of the first which appeared — Three sonatas, Op. 6 (330-332, K.), in C, A, F major.

Three sonatas, Op. 7 (333, 284, K.), dedicated to the Countess Therese Cobenzl, in B flat and C major; the third is with the violin (454 K.) —

some must certainly have been composed earlier; then follow: —

C minor, composed October 14, 1784 (457 K.), with the fantasia (475 K.) published in 1785 as Op. 11.

F major, composed January 3, 1788, in two movements (533 K.).

"A Short Pianoforte Sonata for Beginners," in C major (545 K.), composed June, 1788.

B flat major, "for pianoforte alone," composed February, 1789 (570 K.).

B flat major (*D major — DW*) composed July, 1789 (576 K.).

Most, if not all, of these appear to have been composed for special occasions. The most important is unquestionably the celebrated one in C minor, the fire and passion of which, especially in the last movement, surpass all previous efforts, and point to what Beethoven was to achieve in the piano-forte sonata. The second, in B flat major, is pleasing and gay; the working out of the first movement is free and full. The third, in D major, is easy and cheerful, with more passages than usual.

Three four-handed sonatas are also preserved: —

D major, composed November, 1781, for Aurnhammer's Soirée (381 K.).

F major, composed August 1,1786 (497 K.).

C major, composed May 29, 1787 (521 K.).

Pianoforte music for two performers was then far from having attained the popularity which it now possesses, especially among amateurs. Those who wished to play for the sake of playing, and to give full effect to their performance, would not readily shackle themselves with a fellow-performer, and lose their absolute sway over the instrument. Duets were considered an exceptional kind of amusement, not without its peculiar charm. This charm consisted in the richer elaboration of material which they allowed, and in such a division and alternation of the parts as should set the two players in competition. Mozart, who excelled in this kind of treatment, often employed it, and even transfers entire cantilene with their accompaniments to the bass part, not always, as Marx rightly observes ("Lehre von der Musikalischen Composition," III., p. 601), with a good sound effect. Of the two great sonatas, that in F major is by far the most striking; the emphasis is not here laid upon the first movement. The adagio, and still more the rondo, are specially interesting from their beautiful motifs and the seriousness — even to grandeur — of their treatment. The other

Sonata in C major is not trivial in conception, but depends more upon brilliant execution, and leaves a cheerful, pleasant impression.

Compositions for two pianofortes were more popular, as affording more scope for display to the performer, but the inconvenience attending their performance has prevented the cultivation of this branch of composition. It appears at one time to have been a favourite one with Mozart, owing, no doubt, to some special circumstances. The Fugue in C minor (426 K., Vol. II., p. 392) was composed on December 29,1783, and the Sonata in D major (448 K.) at the beginning of 1784; the latter is a capital bravura piece for the time at which it was written, effective even now, and interesting from the interweaving of the two parts. The first movement is the best, the working-out forcible and effective, though not elaborate; the andante is somewhat tedious, owing to the repetition of the entire first part. Several commencements now among the sketches in the Salzburg Mozarteum fall within this perio.d. A second fugue, in G major (45 Anh. K.), has already been noticed (Vol. II., p.388); the commencements of an Allegro in C minor (44 Anh. K.) and of an Adagio in D minor (35 Anh. K.) are so grand and forcible as to cause regret that they were not continued; a last movement in B flat major (43 Anh. K.) is calmer and more cheerful in character. It is remarkable how these few bars confirm the observation that the choice of a minor key was with Mozart an invariable sign of a special effort of his productive powers.

The sonatas with violin accompaniment composed by Mozart in Vienna were few in number. The first collection which appeared in November, 1781 (Vol. II., p. 187), Six Sonatas, Op. 2 (376, 296, 377-380, K.), in F, C, F, B flat, G, E flat major, comprise some sonatas written at an earlier date — those in C and B flat major undoubtedly were, both upon external and internal evidence. That they were all intended for one collection is evidenced by the differences in their designs, probably for the sake of

variety. Thus, the Sonata in C major begins with an elaborate Adagio leading into the Allegro in G minor (in depth of feeling these are the finest movements in the set); the last movement is in variations. In the Sonata in F major, variations are placed in the middle, and the last movement is a tempo di minuetto, treated rondo fashion. The first movement is especially prominent in the Sonatas in F major and E flat major. A Sonata in C major begun in 1782, “Pour ma très chère épouse” (404 K.), is unfinished. The fragment of a Sonata in A major, with an introductory Andante, followed by a Fugue in A minor (402 K.), only half worked-out, and completed by Stadler, belongs unquestionably to the period of Mozart’s intercourse with Van Swieten. These were followed by: —

B flat major, composed April 21,1784, for Strinasacchi (Vol. II., p. 336), (454 K.).

E flat major, composed December 12, 1785 (481 K.).

A major, composed August 24, 1787 (525 K.).

F major, “Short Violin Sonata for Beginners,” composed July 10, 1788 (547 K.).

The greater number of these were composed for pupils. The majority of amateur pianists were then ladies, and it was usual for them to be accompanied on the violin by their teachers or other friends; this kind of music found favour also in social reunions. It follows, therefore, that these sonatas have no great depth of passion or scholarly treatment, but are well supplied with beautiful melodies and startling harmonic inflections, and are made interesting, sometimes even brilliant, to please the performers. A notice of the first six sonatas soon after their appearance says: —

These sonatas are unique of their kind; rich in new ideas and signs of the genius of their author, very brilliant and well suited to the instrument. Besides this, the violin accompaniment is so artistically combined with the

pianoforte part that both instruments are kept in constant activity, and the sonatas require a violin-player of equal skill with the pianist. But it is impossible to give a full description of this very original work. The connoisseur must play it through for himself, and he will then be ready to acknowledge that we have not exaggerated its merits.

It appears from this that the violin part was usually treated as subordinate, exclusively intended for accompaniment; but not so with Mozart: his violin parts are completely independent, on an equality with the piano, and composed with special reference to the idiosyncrasies of the instrument. Indeed, the whole design of these sonatas avoids any interweaving of the parts, which are generally in strict counterpoint; even the simple form of imitation is comparatively seldom employed; the parts relieve one another, exchange melodies and passages, or move freely together. If, however, we compare the violin part so skilfully added to the Sonata in B flat major (570 K.), we shall find that it is no essential part of the design, but an evident addition; while in the violin sonatas proper, simple as the violin part may be, it cannot be subtracted without injury. The principal charm of these sonatas lies in the rich development of their harmonies. In this respect, too, the later sonatas are, as usual, superior to the earlier. With the exception of the short sonata for beginners (547 K.), that in E flat major (481 K.) is the easiest, but it is remarkably clear and pretty. The working-out of the first movement is formed by the delicate harmonising of the favourite subject already known to us (Vol. I., p. 259) —

which recurs free in the second part, and is therefore judiciously used to bring the whole movement to a close. In the B flat major sonata also (454 K.) the interest of the working-out is essentially harmonic; the return to the first subject is as striking to those who hear it now as it could have been to Mozart’s contemporaries. There are many similar touches which suffice to convince us how great an effect of novelty and boldness these sonatas must

have produced. The first place must again be accorded to the slow middle movements by reason of their beautiful melodies, in the steady flow of which the art of not merely beginning well, but of maintaining the interest, and knowing where to leave off, may be admired and studied. In all of them a delicate and tasteful accompaniment, a rich and bold harmonic treatment — I need only mention the effective enharmonic changes in the andante of the B flat major sonata (454 K.), and in the adagio of the E flat major (481 K.) — give to the simple outlines a delicate warmth of colour. Each of these movements is fine of its kind, but the andante of the Sonata in A major (526 K.) is specially attractive from the earnestness of its tone.

In the same class may be reckoned the trios, or, as Mozart called them, terzets for piano, violin, and violoncello, which were also principally intended for the social circle of amateurs. Their composition for special occasions may be inferred from the fact that they all five fall within the summer and autumn of 1786 and 1788: —

G major, composed July 8, 1786 (496 K.).

B flat major, composed November 18, 1786 (502 K.).

E major, composed June 22, 1788 (542 K.).

C major, composed July 14, 1788 (548 K.).

G major, composed October 27, 1788 (564 K.).

In June of the latter year Mozart asked his friend Puchberg if he did not intend to give a musical party soon, for he had written a new trio. This was the trio in E major; and a later distinct mention of a trio written for Puchberg probably refers to the same. There can at least be no question as to the superiority of this trio in design and originality, as well as in the effective treatment of the instruments. The first movement is full of fire and energy, the imitative working-out of the second subject being wonderfully heightened in effect by a bold harmonic inflection. The second movement, with something of the character of a national melody, is fresh and charming,

and has rhythmic and harmonic points which give it a piquancy altogether modern. The last movement, though not devoid of expression and delicacy, is inferior in vital energy to the first, and seems somewhat too long, perhaps because an exclusive attention to brilliancy loses its effect upon hearers of our day. External influences account for the fact that the succession of the trios is not in accordance with their merit and importance. The two last are inferior not only to that just mentioned, but also to the two first. In these, as usual, the middle movements stand highest; in the first movement of the trio in B flat major (2) there is no new second subject, but the first is employed again with some modification; the second part, therefore, opens with an entirely new and independent melody. The trio in C major (548 K.) is very easy, and seems to have been intended for some particular person. The last (564 K.) was first written by Mozart as a sonata for pianoforte alone. When he had occasion to add the two stringed instruments, he had the original composition copied, added the violin and violoncello parts, and altered what had to be altered for the piano. The original sonata may be easily traced, except here and there, where the alterations have gone deeper, and the different instruments, except in the variations, have little independence. In contrast with the emancipation of the violin part in the violin sonatas, the violoncello part of the trios is always in the background. It is treated as a bass instrument, and only exceptionally leads the melody or takes an independent part; of bravura it has little or none, and thus the original effects of which the combined instruments are capable seldom occur. One remarkable instance of such an effect, however, is in the last movement of the first trio (496 K.) at the passage in G minor, where the violin repeats four times the melancholy bar —

and then slides on to the G, while the violoncello carries out an expressive bass passage in crotchets, and the piano in two parts moves above both instruments in quavers; an effect of sound and motif which has

often been laid claim to in recent days as something new and original. An insurmountable obstacle to the fuller development of the trio (in which Beethoven later put forth all his creative powers) consisted in the want of good violoncellists among the musical circles for whom Mozart composed these works.

A trio in E flat major, for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola (498 K.), composed on August 5, 1786, for Franziska von Jacquin, is very original (Vol. II., p. 278). The unusual combination of instruments necessitated unusual treatment. The viola is not a bass instrument, and is only available for middle parts, so that the usual violoncello part could not be given to it; this necessitated an altogether original design and execution, and a dependence for effect upon a peculiarly light colouring and transparent clearness. The viola, whether accompanying or leading the melody, is treated throughout with special partiality, and has even a certain amount of bravura. Mozart was fond of taking the viola himself in his later years, and Franziska von Jacquin was an excellent pianiste, so that we can understand his providing himself with a good part to perform with his friends. The deeper tones of the clarinet are not used, out of consideration to the viola; its full liquid tones are particularly well adapted for the delivery of the melody. The plan of the movements deviates from the ordinary course. The first is not an Allegro, but an Andante 6-8 (signifying formerly a moderately agitated tempo) which is played straight through with no repetition of the first part. It is in three tolerably equal divisions, in each of which the two beautiful subjects are enlarged upon in an easy but attractive manner, the first of them especially —

being scarcely ever lost sight of; the movement ends with a short coda. The second movement is a minuet, the only one of the kind in Mozart’s pianoforte pieces, serious and broad in tone, somewhat elaborated in the trio, the motif of which is taken up in the coda; on the whole, a fine and

characteristic movement. The concluding rondo is full of pretty melodies and brilliant passages, and the different parts are delicately and independently treated.

A relatively much higher rank than that of the majority of the trios is taken by the two quartets for pianoforte, violin, viola and violoncello, of which the first, in G minor (478 K.), was composed on October 19, 1785; the second, in E flat major, on June 3, 1786 (493 K.). They are, suitably to their enlarged resources, grander and broader in design, the motifs are fuller, and thematic treatment comes to the foreground. The details of the work are developed from within, and are made subservient to the plan-of the whole. Notwithstanding, therefore, their more elaborate treatment, the mode of expression is more definite, the contents weightier, the expression more forcible and clearer.

The inclination of the present day, since Beethoven has raised chamber music both in substance and form to a hitherto unapproachable height, is to make beauty of form predominate over force and depth of original expression; it will be instructive, therefore, to cast a glance over a criticism by Rochlitz, written in the year 1800: —

In these compositions, written for a select and limited circle, the spirit of the artist is displayed after a rare and singular manner, with the grandeur and sublimity of an appearance from another world; there are moments, it is true, of melting sadness or cheerful humour, but they are only moments, and the composer breaks forth again in the greatness, even fierceness, of his strength, or writhes in bitter sorrow — the struggle ending, as it were, only in victory or death. That this may not be taken for mere empty raving, let any one hear, well-executed — (which can only be by persons who possess, together with the requisite skill, both a heart and an understanding for music) — Mozart’s quartet for pianoforte, violin, viola and violoncello, in E flat major. Let it be heard, studied, and then heard again.

As an illustration of passionate feeling, amounting even to harshness in the force of its expression, we should rather quote the first movement of the quartet in G minor. The following account from Vienna of “the latest musical novelties at grand concerts,” written in 1788, will give some idea of the reception which these quartets met with on their first appearance, and of the difficulties they presented to contemporary performers: —

The favourite pianoforte composer among lady amateurs is Kozeluch, but Pleyel is beginning to be a dangerous rival to him. Pleyel’s music contains humour and more of original invention than Kozeluch’s, although the latter possesses elegance, regularity of form, and a certain flow of ideas. Mozart is at present residing in Vienna as imperial kapellmeister. He is considered as a remarkable man by every philosophic lover of music. His genius was precocious, and he both composed and played in his eleventh year (even earlier) to the admiration of all who heard him. But what is truly remarkable is that this precocious child should have blossomed into maturity as an accomplished musician. We know the usual rapid course of such a prodigy by sad experience! We look in vain for its fruits, for its stability. Not so with Mozart! But now a few words on a curious phenomenon which he (or his celebrity) has brought to pass. A short time ago appeared a solitary quartet (for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello), very artistically arranged, requiring extreme accuracy of delivery in all the four parts, but even under the most favourable circumstances not likely to please any but musical connoisseurs in a *musica di camera*. The report, “Mozart has written a new and very remarkable quartet, and such or such a princess possesses it and plays it!” was soon spread abroad, excited curiosity, and caused the indiscretion of the production of this original composition at a grand noisy concert. Many pieces can sustain their reputation even under a mediocre performance; but this work of Mozart’s in

the hands of indifferent amateurs, carelessly rendered, is simply unendurable. It was so performed innumerable times last winter; at almost every place which I visited I was taken to a concert, and there entered a town-bred miss, or some other conceited amateur, to play this quartet to the noisy company who pretended to find it the *goût*. But it gave no real pleasure; every one gaped with *ennui* at the long *tintamarre* of four instruments who did not keep together for four bars, and whose contradictory *concentu* gave no impression of unity of sentiment. The obstinacy with which it was forced down everywhere was indescribable. It is not enough to stigmatise this folly as an ephemeral *manie du jour* for it lasted throughout a whole winter, and (as far as I can learn) is still only too often repeated. What a contrast if this masterpiece were to be performed by four skilful musicians, in a quiet room where the listening ear might catch the suspension of every note, in the presence of only two or three attentive listeners! But this would give no opportunity for display or the applause of the vulgar.

The quintet in E flat major (452 K.) for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon is a composition of peculiarly charming effect; it was composed by Mozart on March 30, 1784, for a concert which he gave in the theatre, and, being excellently performed, was received with great applause. He himself considered it, as he tells his father (Vol. II., p. 287), to be the best thing he had ever written, and he selected it to play before Paesiello (Vol. II., p. 279). It must not be judged from the various arrangements which have been made of it; it is accurately and exclusively fitted for the instruments for which it was written. The sound effects produced by the well-considered combinations of the wind instruments are of surprising beauty, and the pianoforte maintains its ground against its melodious rivals by means of its power of quicker motion. The whole work is clear and easy in each of its multitudinous details, and from beginning to end it is a true

triumph of the art of recognising and adapting the peculiar euphonious quality of each instrument. This harmony of sound, combined with a somewhat strongly accentuated harmonic treatment, constitutes the principal charm of the work, which is not rich in thematic invention. Here and there Italian echoes are heard in the melodies, but the German style predominates, as it does in the quartets previously noticed. Beethoven is known to have emulated this work of Mozart's in his quintet (Op. 16); in no other of his works, perhaps, does he so plainly appear to have set a pattern before him for imitation; for once he has not succeeded in surpassing it.

The pianoforte concertos, of which Mozart wrote seventeen in Vienna, must be considered from a somewhat different point of view. They are as follows: —

F major, composed end of 1782 A major, composed early in 1783 C major, composed early in 1783

Op. 4

(413 K., part 12). (414 K., part 10). (415 K., part 3).

E flat major, composed February 9, 1784, Op. 23 (449 K., part 14).

B flat major, composed March 15, 1784, Op. 67 (450 K., part 14).

D major, composed March 22, 1784, Op. 18 (451 K., part 13).

G major, composed April 12, 1784, Op. 15 (453 K., part 9).

B flat major, composed September 30, 1784, Op. 21 (456 K., part 11).

F major, composed December 11, 1784, Op. 44 (459 K., part 10).

D minor, composed February ro, 1785, Op. 54 (466 K., part 8).

C major, composed March 9, 1785, Op. 82, 6 (467 K., part 1).

E flat major, composed December 16,1785, Op. 82, 4 (482 K., part 6).

A major, composed March 2, 1786, Op. 82, 5 (488 K., part 2).

C minor, composed March 2, 1786, Op. 82, 5 (491 K., part 7).

C major, composed December 4, 1786, Op. 82, 1 (503 K., part 16).

D major, composed February 4, 1788, Op. 46 (537 K., part 20), “Kronungsconcert.”

B flat major, composed January 5, 1791, Op. 82, 2 (595 K., part 15).

The greater number of these were composed between 1783 and 1786, when Mozart played much at concerts, and were intended for his own use; some of them also for that of others (Vol. II., p. 294). This accounts for their great diversity of character and design. Of the three first which were intended to come before the public together (Vol. II., p. 293), Mozart wrote to his father, while still at work upon them (December 23, 1782): —

The concertos are a happy medium between too easy and too difficult; they are very brilliant, pleasing to the ear, without, of course, being empty. Here and there are places which appeal exclusively to connoisseurs, but even ignoramuses will be pleased with them without knowing why.

It is plain that he knew what he intended. Of the later concertos he writes (May 24, 1784): —

I cannot make a choice between the two concertos in B flat and D (450, 451, K.). I consider them both tough morsels for the performers (*Concerte die schwitzen Machen*): but the one in B flat is more difficult than the one in D. I am very curious to hear which of the three concertos in B flat, D, and G major (453 K.) you and my sister like best; that in E flat does not belong to them, being quite peculiar of its kind, and written for a small rather than a large orchestra. So that we have only to do with the three concertos, and I am curious to find whether your opinion agrees with the universal one here, and with my own. They ought, it is true, to be heard with all the parts, and well played.

The emphasis which Mozart laid on the orchestra is very noticeable. The essential merit and originality of his concertos consists in his combination of the orchestra and the solo instrument into a whole, by means of the co-operation of all their separate and independent elements. The prominence

given to the orchestra (which, it must be remembered, owed to Mozart its richer composition, both of wind and stringed instruments) in those larger portions of the work where it occurs independent of the piano, as in the tutti of the ritornelli, gives a symphonic character to the concertos. Even in those places where the pianoforte asserts itself as the solo instrument the orchestra participates so directly in the course of the pianoforte part as to form a not disjointed whole; in fact, the concertos have been aptly designated as symphonies with a part for the pianoforte. Mozart's art of blending the tone-colouring of the orchestra, which drew tears from his old father at the hearing of one of his new pianoforte concertos, shows his delicate sense of euphony and accurate knowledge of instrumental effects. The pianoforte, with its comparative want of sustained tone, is at a disadvantage even with solo stringed or wind instruments, far more so with a combination of them. This was still more the case at that time, in consequence of the defective mechanism of the instrument; and both art and ingenuity were required to make it at all effective. When, after an elaborate ritomello, which has given a sense of fulness and satisfaction to the hearers, the pianoforte enters, Mozart aims at producing such a contrast, either by means of extreme simplicity or of a brilliant pianoforte passage, as shall gain over the listener to the peculiar charm of the new element, and excite his attention, which is then kept up by the competition of the rival forces. The composer has no intention of confining the orchestra within the narrow limits of a modest accompaniment (for in that case why should he have appointed it so fully?); he means it to put forth its whole strength, as well as to support and raise the pianoforte part. An inexhaustible succession of fine effects is thus produced. The delivery by the orchestra of the melody in sustained chords supports, as it were, the tendrils thrown out by the pianoforte, and gives a firm basis for figures and passages containing bold harmonic successions: But while it thus seems subservient to the solo

instrument, the intensive strength and the tender fragrance of its sound effects are made to form an admirable contrast to the light and brilliant versatility, the sharpness, and clearness of the pianoforte. It seems scarcely necessary to illustrate by an example the universal characteristics of the species, but I may instance the wonderfully fine andante of the Concerto in C major (467 K.) Here the orchestral part is rich in striking harmonic detail, and in fine and original sound effects, which so completely enchant and satisfy the ear as scarcely to allow of a climax. In contrast to this we have a surprisingly simple pianoforte part, displaying the distinctive properties of the instrument without effort or difficulty, and hovering, as it were, like a higher spiritual element over the orchestral accompaniment, with which it is nevertheless inseparably connected. Even Beethoven (who made a profound study of Mozart’s pianoforte concertos) cannot be said to have surpassed him in this combination from within of different instrumental forces. The superiority of his great pianoforte concertos rests upon other grounds.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mozart had no higher qualities than a finely cultivated sense for the blending of tone colours. The invention, elaboration and distribution of the motifs were governed by the nature of the resources at his command; these had to be taken into account in the first sketch of the work, that so justice might be done them in its completed form; the germ must contain the capacity for development under the most varied conditions. There is scarcely one instance in the concertos of an important motif confided to the orchestra or the pianoforte alone; they are all shared in common. But when a subject is broadly and elaborately treated by the orchestra, it is naturally kept in the background by the pianoforte, while other motifs, merely announced by the orchestra, are rendered with their full effect and embellishments by the solo instrument. This competition of the two forces is most evident in the alternating effects given to the working-out of the different subjects, but even in the brilliant

figures and passages the orchestra appears like a well-proportioned edifice, decked with a profusion of arabesque-like ornament by the pianoforte. Thus the charm of these concertos, most rightly so called, depends upon the active co-operation of the contrasted elements, by means of which the whole work is richly and brilliantly grouped, as a picture is grouped by a judicious disposition of light and shade.

The division of the concertos into three movements, as well as the formation of the movements after the analogy of the sonata, were found ready to hand, and only further developed by Mozart. The first and principal movement contains the essential ingredients of the sonata form, namely, a second well-defined subject, and the working-out division but it is freer, and, owing to its improved resources, more fully appointed. A distinct first part with a repetition does not exist; in its place there appears the first ritornello, with the solo movement belonging to it. The principal subjects, with their working-out, are shared between the orchestra and the piano; but the solo is no mere repetition of the orchestral part; it differs both in the grouping and treatment of the subjects, and leads up to an inevitable climax. A short ritornello brings this section to a close, and introduces the working-out part, equally shared between the pianoforte and orchestra. The severer forms of counterpoint are only sparingly used, the harmonic element being the main support of an animated figure treatment; the polyphonic and homophonie manner are so blended throughout as to display the principal subjects from ever-varying points of view, and to keep the interest alive and active from first to last. This middle movement, on which as usual the main interest is concentrated, leads back to the principal key and the introductory ritornello. The latter is generally shortened, and the first part is not literally repeated, but undergoes modifications in arrangement and elaboration. The conclusion is formed by the customary cadenza, which might also be introduced at other pauses, but was invariable here. It gave opportunity for a

free improvisation, consisting of brilliant passages wrought into a sort of capriccio with the addition of an elaborate variation on one of the subjects, or of several subjects so condensed as to form a *resume* of the whole movement. The cadenza thus forms the concluding coda of the pianoforte part, and the orchestra brings the movement to an end in similar fashion by a more or less elaborate ritornello. In this way the first movements of the concertos are developed out of the general sonata form, with such a regard to the relative claims of the orchestra and the pianoforte as serves to distinguish them from corresponding movements of the quartet and the symphony.

The two other movements are altogether simpler in design and execution. The slow movement is in song-form, its working out sometimes that of a rondo, sometimes varied, but always simple and clear, and abounding in charming detail. Here again Mozart has displayed a fund of deep and noble sentiment in its purest form, and the fantastic and romantic elements, mingled with a dreamy resignation, and an earnest endeavour after the expression of individual feeling, are more apparent in these movements than in any other of his compositions. Startling harmonic progressions, scattered touches of piquancy contrasting with vague sentimentality, and rhythmical whimsicalities, give all the greater charm that they in no way interfere with simplicity of conception or purity of form. I need only adduce by way of illustration the simple and beautiful romanze of the Concerto in G major (453 K.), or the pleasing and highly original Siciliana of the Concerto in A major (488 K.). The andante of the C major concerto already mentioned is, however, incomparably the finest (467 K.). The emotion is so pure and lofty that the sorrowful impulses which prompt it, harshly expressed though they may be in places, such as the following — penetrate the music like memories of a long since vanquished grief that has

no more power to trouble the pure serenity of a mind which has mounted from resignation to holy joy. This example, among many others, should teach us that beauty does not consist in the mere rejection of all that is harsh or keen, but in the maturity of the conception which gives birth to the work, and in the harmony of the conditions under which it is represented. Such fruits as these can only be offered by an artist who has discovered the true secret of life.

The last movement of the concertos is always the easiest; it is generally in rondo form, sometimes in variations, lively and cheerful in tone; its predominant 2-4 time preserves its original character of a dance; or sometimes it is in 6-8 time, after the fashion of a hunting song, as in the rondo of the Concerto in B flat major (450 K.) which closes in a long crescendo with a regular hunting flourish of trumpets. On the whole these last movements are more interesting than those of the other pianoforte compositions, and full of graceful, even humorous, passages, of which the last movement of the C minor Concerto (491 K.) may serve as an illustration. The peculiar harmonic treatment gives the subject a character entirely its own, and a new transition at the close invests it with a surprising charm. The Concerto in D minor also (466 K.) confirms the oft-repeated observation that Mozart's compositions in the minor keys are his deepest and most important, for its last movement is distinguished above all others by its fire and intensity of expression. On the other hand, the middle movements of these two symphonies (in E flat and B flat major), although not wanting in grace, are inferior to their other two movements in force and passion. It is true that the andante of the C minor symphony was encored cm its first performance (Vol. II., p. 288), but the effect it made depended not so much on its melodies, charming as they are, as on the obbligato treatment of the wind instruments, which was an entire novelty at that time.

There can be no doubt that Mozart’s concertos afford the best standard for our judgment of him as a pianoforte composer. The majority of them, written for himself in his best days, take the highest rank among his works. The first three (413-415 K.) intended for large audiences are, as Mozart rightly indicates, light in character; so is the Concerto in E flat major (449 K.), written for Fräulein Ployer, and the Concerto in B flat major, probably intended for Fraulein Paradies (456 K.); next to these may be placed the Concertos in D major (451 K.) and F major (459 K). They are all distinct in their main characteristics; some, such as those in B flat major (450 K.), G major (453 K.), A major (414, 488 K.), are cheerful and graceful; others, as the D minor (466 K.) and C minor (491 K.), are passionately agitated; others again, serious and self-contained, as the E flat major (452 K.)

ENDNOTES.

[1] Ed. Fournier, Mozart ä Paris (Revue Franç., 1856, II., t. 7, p. 28).

[2] Cf. Histoire du Théätre de l’Opéra en France (Paris, 1753; 2nd Edit., 1757). Castil-Blaze, L’Académie Imp. de Musique de 1645 ä 1855 (Paris, 1855,1., II.).

[3] Grimm, Corr. inéd., p. 222; cf. Corr. Litt., I., p. 93. The following is not bad (Corr. Litt., II., p. 205): “M. Hasse, qui avait entendu parler de la légèreté et de la pétulance françaises, ne se lassait point, lorsqu’il fut en ce pays-ci, d’admirer la patience avec laquelle on écoutait ä l’Opéra une musique lourde et monotone.” Goldoni amusingly describes the impression made upon him by the French opera (Mém., II., p. 182).

[4] Grimm, Corr. Litt., XV., p. 283; cf. IV., p. 165. Grétry gives more particular instances of the faults of the old style (Mém., I., p. 301).

[5] The last performance of one of Lully’s operas (“Thésée “) was in 1778.

[6] Raguenet, Parallèle des Italiens et François en ce qui regarde la Musique et les Opéras (.Paris, 1702), translated into German, with notes, and the rejoinder of Freneuse de la Vieuville (Bonnet,

Histoire de la Musique, p. 425; Bourdelot, Hist, de la Mus., I., p. 291), in Mattheson's Critica Musica (Hamburg, 1712), I., p. 91, and in Marpurg's Krit. Briefen, I., pp. 65, 89, 113, 398. Freneuse, Comparaison de la Mus. Ital. et de la Mus. Franç. Brussels, 1705 (in Bourdelot'8 Hist, de la Mus., 1725 and 1743, II.-IV.). Raguenet, Défense du Parallèle (Paris, 1705).

[7] La Harpe, Corresp. Litt., II., p. 302.

[8] When Grimm first came to Paris he wrote to Gottsched: "M. Rameau is rightly considered by all connoisseurs to be the greatest musician who has ever lived" (Danzel Gottsched, p. 349). His opinion soon changed, but the account he afterwards gives of Rameau (Corr. Litt., IV., p. 80), prejudiced as it is, recognises Rameau's merits, though without giving him the credit of them. In his Lettre sur "Omphale" (1752, Corr. Litt., XV., p. 281), Grimm gave a detailed criticism in a very moderate tone. A good account of him may be found in Ad. Adam's Derniers Souvenirs d'un Musicien, p. 39.

[9] Hiller, Wöch. Nachr., 1770, p. 331. Schelle, N. Ztschr. f. Mus., LVII., and LVIII., p. 119.

[10] According to Castil-Blaze (L'Opéra Italien, p. 144), the operas produced by the Bouffons were, "La Serva Padrona," by Pergolese; "ü Giocatore," by Orlandini: "ü Maestro di Musica," by Al. Scarlatti; "La Finta Cameri'era," by Atella; "La Donna Superba," by Rinaldo da Capua; "La Scaltra Gover-natrice," by Cocchi; "ü Cinese Rimpatriato," by Selletti; "La Zingara" by Rinaldo da Capua; "Gli Artigiani Arrichiti," by Ladlla; "II. Paratajo" by Jomelli; "Bertoldo in Corte," by Ciampi; "I Viaggiatori," by Leo.

[11] The Italian opera was conducted from the pianoforte only, while in the French opera time was beaten audibly with a stick. Cf. Grétry, Mém., I.p. 39.

[12] The heads of the parties had their regular places below the box of the King and Queen.

[13] It was republished (Corr. Litt., XV., p. 315,) and translated into German (N. Ztschr. f. Mus., IV., p. 63, where it is wrongly ascribed to Rousseau). Grimm speaks of its extraordinary success to Gottsched, and Frau Gottsched speaks of an imitation of it directed against Weisse's operetta, "Der Teufel ist los" (Danzel Gottsched, p. 350).

[14] The account which he gives to Rameau's nephew of his uncle and Italian music is graphic enough (Goethe, XXIII., p. 208).

[15] This was in the well-known Lettre sur la Musique Française (1753), to which the Lettre d'un symphoniste de l'Académie Royale de Musique ä ses camarades de l'orchestre (1753) was a witty

after-piece.

[16] Grétry, Mém., I., p. 279.

[17] Rousseau, Confessions 1., VIII. Grimm, Corr. Litt., I., p. 92. Fétis, Curios. Hist, de la Mus., p. 107.

[18] Grimm, Corr. Litt., I., p. 114.

[19] Rousseau had apparently a natural musical talent, which was quickened by Italian music; his logical reflections sometimes led him into error, but he remained accessible to new musical impressions, even when they contradicted his expressed opinions.

[20] Diderot appears to have had some musical taste, but not much cultivation, and in this respect Grimm had some influence upon his opinions, as he certainly had upon Grimm's in more important matters. The article "Poème lyrique" in the Encyclopédie (publ. Corr. Litt., XV., p. 349), is a curious mixture of Italian taste, and of reflections after Diderot's manner: the views it upholds are often warped and superficial.

[21] Grimm, Corr. Litt., VI., p. 229. The parodies are collected in Les Parodies du Nouveau Théätre Italien (Paris, 1738,I.-IV.). Supplément aux Parodies (Paris, 1763,1. III.).

[22] Favart, Mém., I., p. XVII.

[23] Favart, Mém., I., pp. 203, 214, 228, 233.

[24] D'Orville] Histoire de l'Opéra Bouffon (Amst., 1760). Desboulmiers Histoire du Théätre de l'Opéra-Comique (Paris, 1769, I., II.). Fétis, Curios. Hist, de la Mus., p. 342. Castil-Blaze, Acad. Imp. de la Mus., I., p. 216.

[25] Grimm, Corr. Litt., VII., p. 289.

[26] Goldoni concedes the superiority of the opéra-comique over the Italian huffa (Mém., II., p. 227).

[27] Grimm, Corr. Litt., IV., p. 164; VII., p. 126. After 1765 he thought his style "un peu vieux et faible, mais ailleurs plein de finesse, de charme, de grace, et de vérité. C'est toujours malgré sa faiblesse l'homme chez lequel nos jeunes compositeurs devraient aller ä l'école" (Corr. Litt., IV., p. 414). He afterwards exhorts Philidor and Grétry to yield the field to him with honour (Corr. Litt., V.» pp. 140, 369; VI., p. 63).

[28] A. Adam, Derniers Souvenirs d'un Musicien, p. 107.

[29] Grimm, Corr. Litt., VI., p. 61.

[30] Grimm, Corr. Litt., III., p. 136.

[31] Grimm judged him so severely (Corr. inéd., p. 219; cf. Corr. Litt., III., p. 136; VI., p. 208; IX., p. 463); that one suspects personal dislike. Madame de Genlis rightly protested against his severity (Mém., II., p. 22).

[32] Grimm, even in this case, ascribed all the merit to the poet (Corr. Litt., VI., pp. 197, 206); Madame de Genlis, on the contrary, maintained that Monsigny's music caused one to overlook the improbabilities of the piece (Mém., II., p. 21)

[33] G. Allen, Life of Philidor (Philadelphia, 1863). At first Grimm thought his music no better than other French music (Corr. Litt., II., p. 346; III., p. 89); after 1764 he notes his increasing progress (III., p. 401; IV., p. 200), and praises him highly in 1768 (VI., p. 14). He was accused of stealing from Italian masters, but Grimm retorted that it required great talent to steal in such a way (V., p. 25; VI., p. 145). Later on Grimm considered that Philidor inclined too much to Gluck's manner (IX., p. 378; X., p. 358), and finally he declared that Philidor had grown feeble (XII., p. 468; XIII., p. 137).

[34] Tagebuch der Mannh. Schaub'., I., p. 264.

[35] Marmontel relates the affair more circumstantially (Mém., IX.; Ouvr., II., p. 72).

[36] Grimm discusses this question after the manner of Diderot, on the production of "Le Déserteur," the first comic opera of the kind (Corr. Litt., VI., p. 212). Madame du Deffand thought the exhibition of passion in "Le Déserteur" of very doubtful propriety (Corr. inéd., I., p. 175).

[37] Grimm condemns the "barbarous fashion" of mixing spoken dialogue and song in the comic opera, and asserts that there can be no great composers in France until real recitative is made use of (Corr. Litt., IV., p. 166; VI., pp. 120, 209).

[38] He has given a detailed account of his education, of the suggestions for his works and of his views on dramatic music in his Mémoires ou Essais sur la Musique (Paris, 1789; Brussels 1829,1.-III.). The naïveté of intense vanity is apparent everywhere. His opinions show some power of observation, but are for the most part trivial and arbitrary.

[39] He describes his way of working to the celebrated physician Tronchin (Mém., I., p. 21): “Je lis, je relis vingt fois les paroles que je veux peindre avec des sons; il me faut plusieurs jours pour échauffer ma tète; enfin je perds l’appétit, mes yeux s’enflamment, l’imagination se monte, alors je fais un opéra en trois semaines ou un mois.” He maintains that this excitement is more likely to lead a composer aright than attention to rules (I., pp. 168, 204).

[40] Prince Henry of Prussia paid him the most appropriate compliment in the words: “Vous avez le courage d’oublier que vous êtes musicien pour être poète” (Mém., I., p. 121, cf., p. 346).

[41] Mém., I., p. 112.

[42] Mém., I., pp. 141, 238; III., p. 144.

[43] Mém., I., p. 169.

[44] Mém., I., pp. 146, 170.

[45] Mém., I., p. 231.

[46] He declared the French language to be the one best suited to music (I., p. 400), although he does not conceal its difficulties (I., p. 134), and demonstrates that France is destined to be pre-eminent in music.

[47] Mém., I., p. 212; cf. pp. 224, 260.

[48] Mém., I., p. 339; II., p. 45.

[49] Mém., I., pp. 237, 375.

[50] Mém., I., p. 356.

[51] Mém., II., p. 10. He sometimes gave him good advice (I., p. 215) and Grétry embraced his views (III., p. 377).

[52] Grétry, Mém., I., p. 270; cf. II., p. 331.

[53] Grimm says, after the performance of “Le Huron” (Corr. Litt., VI., p. 34): “M. Grétry est un jeune homme qui fait ici son coup d’essai; mais ce coup d’essai est le chef-d’ouvre d’un maître, qui élève

l’auteur sans contradiction au premier rang.” His praise of the “Lucile”.

[54] Grimm, Corr. Litt., X., p. 228.

[55] Grétry, Mém., I., p. 150.

[56] He himself examines the grounds on which his music has become naturalised in France, “sans me faire des partisans enthousiastes et sans exciter des ces disputes puériles, telles que nous en avons vu (Mém., I., p. 169).

[57] It is almost comical to observe the pertinacity with which the Grand-Opèra brought out its old pieces, to be as pertinaciously attacked by Grimm.

[58] A collection of Klopstock’s odes, set to music by Gluck has often been published; he had the “Herrmannsschlacht” ready in his head, according to his habit, but it was never written out. For Gluck’s intercourse with Klopstock in Karlsruhe. (see Strauss, Kl. Schr., p. 42. p. 122) and the “Tableau parlant” (VI., p. 251) was equally strong, and he accompanied it with a respectful and appreciative criticism.

[59] It is worthy of note how certain intellectual currents, running through an age, take simultaneous effect in different spheres. The tendency to individuality in art, to truth and nature, which was due to the encyclopedists, made itself manifest side by side with the principle of simple beauty which Winckelmann laid down as characteristic of ancient art.

[60] Planelli, Dell’ Opera in Musica (Neap., 1772), p. 148, approves of Gluck’s principles, and the latter praises Planelli’s performance of “Alceste”; Vine. Manfredini (Regole Arm., p. 163) takes much exception to it.

[61] Schelle has (N. Ztschr. f. Mus., LIX., p. 42) published Calsabigi’s letter (Mercure de France, Aug. 21,1784), in which the latter, who considered himself neglected, represents his relations with Gluck.

[62] Mém. pour servir ä l’Hist. de la révolution opérée dans la Musique par Gluck, p. 8.

[63] Calsabigi retracted his opinion on the opera in the letter prefixed to his “Elfrida” in 1794. At that time he believed in Paesiello as the true philosophical composer.

[64] Berlioz rightly protests against Gluck’s views (Voy. Mus., II., p. 269; X Travers Chants, p. 150). Cf. Hanslick, Vom Musikalisch-Schönen, p. 24.

[65] A. B. Marx, Musik des neunzehnten Jahrh., p. 82.

[66] Marx ibid., p. 183; he modified his opinion afterwards (Gluck u. d. Opera, II., p. 67. II.

[67] It failed in Naples in 1774 (Galiani, Corr. inéd., II., p. 96).

[68] Count Durazzo had the score printed there; Favart tells him how highly Mondonville and Philidor thought of the opera. (Favart, Mém., II., pp. 67, 102, 180).

[69] Sonnenfels, Briefe IIb. d. Wien. Schaubühne (Ges. Schr., V., p. 155; Hiller, Wöch. Nachr., 1768, p. 127). Riedel, Ueber die Musik des Ritter Gluck, p. IX.

[70] Allgem. deutsche Bibl., X., 2 p. 31. Nicolai, Reise, IV., p. 529. Reichardt relates (A. M. Z., XV., p. 612; Schletteier Reichardt, I., p. 264) that the King afterwards expressed himself in violent terms against Gluck. Cf. A. M. Z., III., p. 187.

[71] Agricola criticised “Alceste” in the Allgem. deutschen Bibliothek (X., 2 p. 29, XIV., 1 p. 3; also in Forkel’s Musik. Krit. Bibl., I., p. 174) in a pedantic, trivial spirit, but not ill-naturedly.

[72] Calsabigi says that he wrote the libretti for “Semiramide” and “Iperm-nestra” on Gluck’s commission, and they were afterwards taken as the foundation of Salieri’s “Danaides” (Cramer, Magaz. d. Mus., I., p. 366; N. Ztschr, f. Mus. LIX., p. 42).

[73] This is correctly put forward by Marx (Musik des neunzehnten Jahr-hunderts, p. 84).

[74] His admirable ballet music was slow in making its way in Paris; it was so confidently assumed that the French were the first masters in the world for ballet music, that a foreigner had to contend against much prejudice. La Harpe remarks that want of success in this respect was in Gluck’s favour, for that his system, consistently carried out, would exclude ballet.

[75] Interesting details of this visit are given by Frz. M. Rudhart, Gluck in Paris (Munich, 1864).

[76] Burney, Reise, II., p. 253. Cf. Cramer’s Magazin, 1783, p. 561.

[77] Madame de Genlis, Mém., II., p. 248.

[78] A number of pamphlets and newspaper articles of this and following years are collected in Mémoires pour servir ä l’Histoire de la révolution opérée dans la musique par M. le Chev. Gluck (ä

Naples et ä Paris, 1781), partly translated by Siegmeyer: Ueber Gluck und seine Werke (Berlin, 1823). Here again the dispute is chiefly carried on by men of literary rather than musical knowledge (Madame de Genlis, Mém., II., p. 250). The first favourable notices were at once translated by Riedel and published with an enthusiastic preface, Ueber die Musik des Ritters Gluck (Vienna 1775). This called forth Forkel's criticism (Musik. Krit. Bibl., I., p. 53). He was incapable of appreciating Gluck's true greatness, and as partial and philistine as other Berlin critics of that day; he was spiteful besides; but some of his remarks are true enough. The personal animosity which Forkel afterwards threw into his attacks is quite repulsive.

[79] Grimm, Corr. Litt., VIII., p. 320.

[80] Grimm, Corr. Litt., VIII., p. 321; IX., pp. 34, 350.

[81] Grimm, Corr. Litt., VIII., pp. 321, 427; IX., p. 350.

[82] Grimm, Corr. Litt., VIII., p. 321. Garat, Mém. sur M. Suard, II., p. 238. La Harpe, Corr. Litt., I., p. 86. Rudhart, Gluck in Paris, p. xo. A speaking testimony of his reverence for Gluck is the "Réponse sur un morceau de l'Orphée de M. le Chev. Gluck," and the unfinished "Observations sur l'Alceste Italien de M. le Chev. Gluck," where some striking observations are made.

[83] Grimm, Corr. Litt., VIII., pp. 78, 322. When he remarked that Gluck influenced other composers, such as Grétry, he turned the full sharpness of his criticism upon them.

[84] Berlioz, À Travers Chants, p. 127.

[85] Mdlle. de l'Espinasse, in Stendsal, Vie de Rossini, p. 607. As might be expected, Grimm bestowed his highest praise upon "Orphée" (Corr. Litt., VIII., p. 390).

[86] Winterfeld, Zur G each. heil. Tonk., II., p. 308.

[87] Berlioz, Voy. Mus., II., p. 279; À Travers Chants, p. 142. Schelle, N. Ztschr. f. Mus., LV., p. 205. LVI., p. z.

[88] Galiani, Corr. inéd., II., p. 106.

[89] Marmontel, Mém. Litt., IX.; Ouvr., II., p. no.

[90] Grimm, Corr. Litt., IX., p. 348. Dorat describes very comically in an Irishman's letter the party-fight in the pit (Coup d'Oeil sur la Littér., I., p. 211). Amusing incidents were not wanting. At one concert a song by Gluck was announced; as it began the Piccinnists ostentatiously left the hall, and the Gluckists applauded noisily; it afterwards appeared that the song was by Jomelli (Grimm, Corr. Litt., X., p. 440).

[91] An account of the whole dispute from this side is given by Garat, Mém. Hist, sur M. Suard, II., p. 231.

[92] Grimm, Corr. Litt., X., p. 34. Schelle, N. Ztschr. f. Mus., LV., p. 197.

[93] Grimm, Corr. Litt., IX., p. 352. Galiani, Corr. inéd., II., p. 292.

[94] Marmontel, Mém. Litt., IX.; Ouvr., II., p. 115. P. L. Ginguené, Not. sur Piccinni, p. 25.

[95] Grimm, Corr. Litt., IX., p. 352. Galiani, Corr. inéd., II., p. 291.

[96] To Marie Antoinette's question as to whether his opera, "Armida," was finished, and how he liked it, Gluck is said to have answered composedly: "Madame, il est bientöt fini, et vraiment ce sera superbe!" (Madame Campan, Mém., 7 p. 131.)

[97] Grimm, Corr. Litt., IX., p. 428.

[98] Grimm, Corr. Litt., IX., p. 469.

[99] Grimm gives a minute and amusing account of all this.

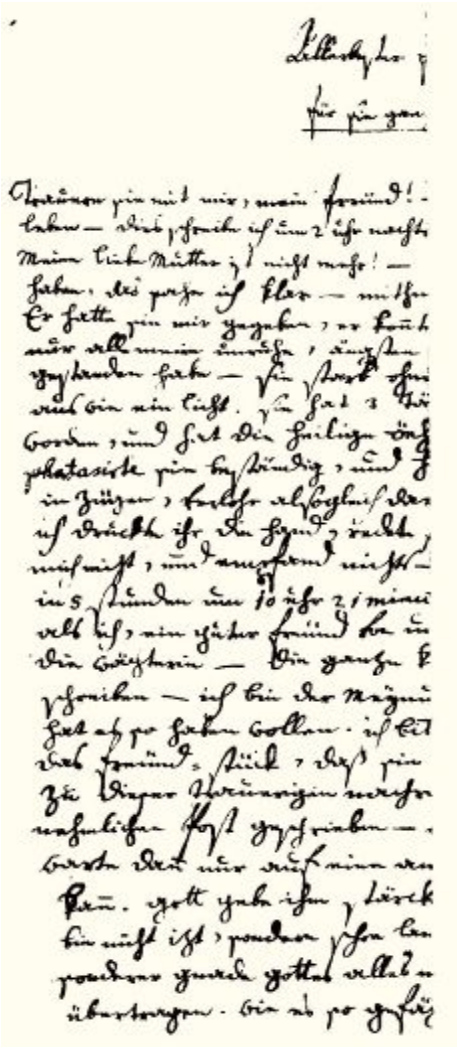
[100] So Grimm says. His friendliness towards Piccinni is confirmed by Galiani (Corr. inéd., II., p. 248), and Madame de Genlis (Mém., II., p. 248). Cf. Gin-guené, Not. sur Piccinni, p. 45

[101] Grimm, Corr. Litt., IX., p. 500; X., p. 23.

VOLUME III.

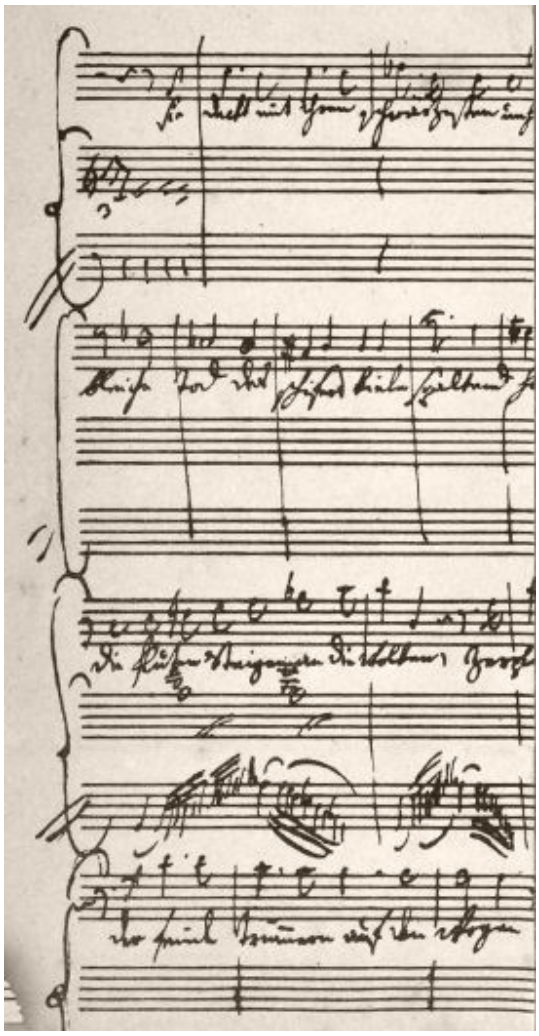
FAC-SIMILES

Fac-similé No. 1 is of Mozart’s letter to Bullinger from Paris, after the death of his mother (see Vol. II., p. 53).



Fac-simile No. 2 is of the original MS. of “Das Veil-chen,” now in the possession of Mr. Speyer, of Herne Hill (see Vol. II., p. 373).

Fac-similes Nos. 3 and 4 are sketches illustrative of Mozart’s method of composing. Sketch I. is described in Vol. II., p. 425. Sketch II. is of part of Denis’s Ode, the words of which are given below; it is noticed in Vol. II., pp. 370, 424:

O Calpe! dir donnerts am Fusse,
Doch blickt dein tausendjähriger
Gipfel Ruhig auf Welten umher.
Siehe dort wölkt es sich auf
Ueber die westlichen Wogen her,
Wölket sich breiter und ahnender auf, —
Es flattert, O Calpe! Segelgewolk!
Flügel der Hülfe! Wie prachtig
Wallet die Fahne Brittaniens
Deiner getreuen Verheisserin!
Calpe! Sie walltl Aber die Nacht sinkt,
Sie deckt mit ihren schwàrzesten,
Unholdesten Rabenfittigen Gebirge,
Flàchen, Meer und Bucht Und Klippen, wo der bleiche
Tod Des Schiffers, Kiele spaltend, sitzt.
Hinan!

CHAPTER XXXIV. MOZART'S INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

NEXT to pianoforte music for amateur musical entertainments, the quartet for stringed instruments was the favourite form of chamber music. The performers were occasionally highly cultivated amateurs, but more often professional musicians, thus giving scope for more pretentious compositions. The comparatively small expense involved enabled others besides noblemen, even those of the citizen class who were so inclined, to include quartet-playing among their regular entertainments. [1] Jos. Haydn was, as is well known, the musician who gave to the quartet its characteristic form and development. [2] Other composers had written works for four stringed instruments, but the string quartet in its well-defined and henceforth stationary constitution was his creation, the result of his life-work. It is seldom that an artist has been so successful in discovering the fittest outcome for his individual productiveness; the quartet was Haydn's natural expression of his musical nature. The freshness and life, the cheerful joviality, which are the main characteristics of his compositions, gained ready and universal acceptance for them. Connoisseurs and critics, it is true, were at first suspicious, and even contemptuous, of this new kind of music; and it was only gradually that they became aware that depth and earnestness of feeling, as well as knowledge and skill, existed together with humour in Haydn's quartets. He went on his way, however, untroubled by the critics, and secured the favour and adherence of the public by an unbroken series of works: whoever ventured on the same field was obliged to serve under his banner.

The widespread popularity of quartet music in Vienna could not fail to impel Mozart to try his forces in this direction. His master was also his

attached friend and fellow-artist, with whom he stood in the position, not of a scholar, but of an independent artist in noble emulation. The first six quartets belong to the comparatively less numerous works which Mozart wrote for his own pleasure, without any special external impulse. They are, as he says in the dedication to Haydn, the fruit of long and earnest application, and extended over a space of several years. The first, in G major (387 K.), was, according to a note on the autograph manuscript, written on December 31, 1782; the second, in D minor (421 K.), in June, 1783, during Constanze's confinement (Vol. II., p. 423); and the third, in E flat major (428 K.), belongs to the same year. After a somewhat lengthy pause he returned with new zeal to the composition of the quartets; the fourth, in B flat major (458 K.), was written November 9, 1784; the fifth, in A major (464 K.), on January 10; and the last, in C major (465 K.), on January 14, 1785. It was in February of this year that Leopold Mozart paid his visit to Vienna. He knew the first three quartets, Wolfgang having sent them to him according to custom; and he heard the others at a musical party where Haydn was also present; the warmly expressed approbation of the latter may have been the immediate cause of Mozart's graceful dedication, when he published the quartets during the autumn of 1785 (Op. ü). [3]

The popular judgment is usually founded on comparison, and a comparison with Haydn's quartets was even more obvious than usual on this occasion. The Emperor Joseph, who objected to Haydn's "tricks and nonsense" (Vol. II., p. 204), requested Dittersdorf in 1786 to draw a parallel between Haydn's and Mozart's chamber music. Dittersdorf answered by requesting the Emperor in his turn to draw a parallel between Klopstock and Gellert; whereupon Joseph replied that both were great poets, but that Klopstock must be read repeatedly in order to understand his beauties, whereas Gellert's beauties lay plainly exposed to the first glance. Dittersdorf's analogy of Mozart with Klopstock, Haydn with Gellert (!),

was readily accepted by the Emperor, who further compared Mozart's compositions to a snuffbox of Parisian manufacture, Haydn's to one manufactured in London. [4] The Emperor looked at nothing deeper than the respective degrees of taste displayed by the two musicians, and could find no better comparison for works of art than articles of passing fancy; whereas the composer had regard to the inner essence of the works, and placed them on the same footing as those of the (in his opinion) greatest poets of Germany. However odd may appear to us — admiring as we do, above all things in Mozart, his clearness and purity of form — Dittersdorf s comparison of him with Klopstock, it is nevertheless instructive, as showing that his contemporaries prized his grandeur and dignity, and the force and boldness of his expression, as his highest and most distinguishing qualities. L. Mozart used also to say, that his son was in music what Klopstock was in poetry; [5] no doubt because Klopstock was to him the type of all that was deep and grand. But the public did not regard the new phenomenon in the same light; the quality they esteemed most highly in Haydn's quartets was their animated cheerfulness; and his successors, Dittersdorf, Pichl, Pleyel, had accustomed them even to lighter enjoyments. "It is a pity," says a favourable critic, in a letter from Vienna (January, 1787), "that in his truly artistic and beautiful compositions Mozart should carry his effort after originality too far, to the detriment of the sentiment and heart of his works. His new quartets, dedicated to Haydn, are much too highly spiced to be palatable for any length

of time." [6] Prince Grassalcovicz, a musical connoisseur of rank in Vienna, [7] had the quartets performed, as Mozart's widow relates, [8] and was so enraged at finding that the discords played by the musicians were really in the parts, that he tore them all to pieces — but Gyrowetz's symphonies pleased him very much. From Italy also the parts were sent back to the

publisher, as being full of printer's errors, and even Sarti undertook to prove, in a violent criticism, that some of the music in these quartets was insupportable from its wilful offences against rule and euphony. The chief stumbling-block is the well-known introduction of the C major quartet —

the harshness of which irritates the expectant ear. Its grammatical justification has been repeatedly given in learned analyses. [9] Haydn is said to have declared, during a dispute over this passage, that if Mozart wrote it so, he must have had his reasons for doing it [10] — a somewhat ambiguous remark. Ulibicheff [11] undertook to correct the passage with the aid of Fétis, [12] and then considered it both fine and pleasing; and Lenz [13] declared that Mozart in "this delightful expression of the doctrine of necessary evil, founded on the insufficiency of all finite things" had produced a piquant, but not an incorrect passage. It is certain, at least, that Mozart intended to write the passage as it stands, and his meaning in so doing, let the grammatical construction be what it will, will not be obscure to sympathetic hearers. The C major quartet, the last of this first set, is the only one with an introduction. The frame of mind expressed in it is a noble, manly cheerfulness, rising in the andante to an almost supernatural serenity — the kind of cheerfulness which, in life or in art, appears only as the result of previous pain and strife. The sharp accents of the first and second movements, the struggling agony of the trio to the minuet, the wonderful depth of beauty in the subject of the finale, startling us by its entry, first in E flat and then in A flat major, are perhaps the most striking illustrations of this, but the introduction stands forth as the element which gives birth to all the happy serenity of the work. The contrast between the troubled, depressed phrase —

has a direct effect upon the hearer; both phrases have one solution: —

and the shrill agitated one —

The manner in which they are opposed to each other, and the devices by which their opposition is thrown into strong relief, are of unusual, but by no means unjustifiable, harshness. But the goal is not reached by one bound; no sooner does serenity seem to be attained than the recurrence of the *b* draws the clouds together again, and peace and the power of breathing and moving freely are only won by slow and painful degrees. [14]

Any difference of opinion as to this work at the present day can only exist with regard to minor details, and it will scarcely now be asserted by any one that “a piece may be recognised as Mozart’s by its rapid succession of daring transitions.” [15] We are accustomed to take our standard from Beethoven, and it seems to us almost incredible that a contemporary of Mozart’s, the Stuttgart Hofmusicus, Schaul (who acknowledged, it is true, that he belonged to a time when nothing was heard but Italian operas and musicians), should exclaim: [16] —

What a gulf between a Mozart and a Boccherini! The former leads us over rugged rocks on to a waste, sparsely strewn with flowers; the latter through smiling country, flowery meadows, and by the side of rippling streams.

Apart from all differences of opinion or analogies with other works, it may safely be asserted that these quartets are the clear and perfect expression of Mozart’s nature; nothing less is to be expected from a work upon which he put forth all his powers in order to accomplish something that would redound to his master Haydn’s honour as well as his own. The form had already, in all its essential points, been determined by Haydn; it is the sonata form, already described, with the addition of the minuet — in this application a creation of Haydn’s. Mozart appropriated these main features, without feeling it incumbent on him even to alter them. Following a deeply rooted impulse of his nature, he renounced the light and fanciful style in which Haydn had treated them, seized upon their legitimate points,

and gave a firmer and more delicate construction to the whole fabric. To say of Mozart's quartets in their general features that, in comparison with Haydn's, they are of deeper and fuller expression, more refined beauty, and broader conception of form, [17] is only to distinguish these as Mozart's individual characteristics, in contrast with Haydn's inexhaustible fund of original and humorous productive power. Any summary comparison of the two masters must result in undue depreciation of one or the other, for nothing but a detailed examination would do full justice to them both and explain their admiration of each other. Two circumstances must not be left out of account. Mozart's quartets are few in number compared with the long list of Haydn's. Every point that is of interest in Mozart may be paralleled in Haydn; hence it follows that certain peculiarities found in Haydn's music are predominating elements in Mozart's. Again, Haydn was a much older man, and is therefore usually regarded as Mozart's predecessor; but the compositions on which his fame chiefly rests belong for the most part to the period of Mozart's activity in Vienna, and were not without important influence on the latter. This mutual reaction, so generously acknowledged by both musicians, must be taken into account in forming a judgment upon them.

The string quartet offers the most favourable conditions for the development of instrumental music, both as to expression and technical construction, giving free play to the composer in every direction, provided only that he keep within the limits imposed by the nature of his art. Each of the four combined instruments is capable of the greatest variety of melodic construction; they have the advantage over the piano in their power of sustaining the vibrations of the notes, so as to produce song-like effects; nor are they inferior in their power of rapid movement. Their union enables them to fulfil the demands of complete harmonies, and to compensate by increase of freedom and fulness for the advantages which the pianoforte

possesses as a solo instrument. The quartet is therefore particularly well adapted both for the polyphonic and the homophonie style of composition. The varieties of tone of the instruments among each other, and of each in different keys, further increases their capacity for expression, the nuances of tone-colouring appearing to belong to the nature of stringed instruments. Thus the material sound elements of the string quartet are singularly uniform, at the same time that they allow free scope to the individual movement of the component parts. The beginning of the andante of the E flat major quartet (428 K.) will suffice to show how entirely different an effect is given by a mere difference in the position of the parts. The value which Mozart set upon the uniformity of the naturally beautiful sound effects of stringed instruments may be inferred from the fact that he seldom attempted interference with it as a device for pleasing the ear. Pizzicato passages occur only three times — in the trio of the D minor quartet (421 K.), of the C major quintet (515 K.), and of the clarinet quintet (581 K.) — and each time as the gentlest form of accompaniment to a tender melody. He was not prone either to emphasise bass passages by pizzicato, and has done so only in the second adagio of the G minor quintet (516 K.) and in the first movement of the horn quintet (407 K.). Nor is the muting, formerly so frequent, made use of except in the first adagio of the G minor quartet and in the larghetto of the clarinet quintet. It need scarcely be said that an equal amount of technical execution and musical proficiency was presupposed in each of the performers. This is especially noticeable in the treatment of the violoncello. It is not only put on a level with the other instruments as to execution, but its many-sided character receives due recognition, and it is raised from the limited sphere of a bass part into one of complete independence.

The favourite comparison of the quartet with a conversation between four intellectual persons holds good in some degree, if it is kept in mind that

the intellectual participation and sympathy of the interlocutors, although not necessarily languishing in conversation, are only audibly expressed by turns, whereas the musical embodiment of ideas must be continuous and simultaneous. The comparison is intended to illustrate the essential point that every component part of the quartet stands out independently, according to its character, but so diffidently that all co-operate to produce a whole which is never at any moment out of view; an effect so massive as to absorb altogether the individual parts would be as much out of place as the undue emphasising of any one part and the subordination of the others to it. The object to be kept continually in view is the blending of the homophonie or melodious, and the polyphonic or formal elements of composition to form a new and living creation. Neither is neglected; but neither is allowed to assert itself too prominently. Even when a melody is delivered by one instrument alone, the others do not readily confine themselves to a merely harmonic accompaniment, but preserve their independence of movement. Infallible signs of a master-hand are visible in the free and ingenious adaptation of the bass and the middle parts to the melodies; and, as a rule, the characteristic disposition of the parts gives occasion for a host of interesting harmonic details. The severer forms of counterpoint only appear in exceptional cases, such as the last movement of the first quartet, in G major (387 K.). The intention is not to work out a subject in a given form, but to play freely with it, presenting it from various interesting points of view by means of combinations, analysis, construction, and connection with fresh contrasting elements. But since this free play can only be accepted as artistic by virtue of the internal coherency of its component parts, it follows that the same laws which govern strict forms must lie at the root of the freer construction. In the same way a conversation — even though severe logical disputation may be studiously avoided — adheres to the laws of logic while letting fall here a main proposition, there a subordinate idea, and connecting

apparent incongruities by means of association of ideas. A similar freedom in the grouping and development of the different subjects exists in the quartet, limited only by the unity of artistic conception, and by the main principles of rhythmic and harmonic structure, and of the forms of counterpoint. This is most observable when an apparently unimportant phrase is taken up, and by its interesting development formed into an essential element of the whole, as in the first movement of the third quartet, in B flat major (458 K.), where a figure —

at the close of a lengthy subject is first repeated by the instruments separately, with a mocking sort of air, and afterwards retained and treated as the germ of numerous freely developed images.

In publishing these six quartets together Mozart certainly did not intend them to be regarded in all their parts as one whole; his object was to bring to view the many-sidedness of expression and technical treatment of which this species of music was capable. The first quartet, in G major (387 K.), and the fourth, in E flat major (428 K.), have a certain relationship in their earnest and sustained tone; but how different is the expression of energetic decision in the first from that of contemplative reserve in the fourth; a difference most noticeable in the andantes of the two quartets. Again, in the third and fifth quartets, in B flat (458 K.) and A major (464 K.), the likeness in their general character is individualised by the difference in treatment throughout. The second quartet, in D minor (421 K.), and the sixth, in C major (465 K.), stand alone; the former by its affecting expression of melancholy, the latter by its revelation of that higher peace to which a noble mind attains through strife and suffering.

An equal wealth of characterisation and technical elaboration meets us in a comparison of the separate movements. The ground-plan of the first movement is the usual one, and the centre of gravity is always the working-out at the beginning of the second part, which is therefore distinguished by

its length as a principal portion of the movement. The working-out of each quartet is peculiar to itself. In the two first the principal subject is made the groundwork, and combined with the subordinate subject closing the first part, but quite differently worked-out. In the G major quartet the first subject is spun out into a florid figure, which is turned hither and thither, broken off by the entry of the second subject, again resumed, only to be again broken off in order, by an easy play on the closing bar —

to lead back again to the theme. In the D minor quartet, on the other hand, only the first characteristic division —

of the broad theme is worked out as a motif; the next division somewhat modified —

is imitated and adorned by the final figure: —

The first part of the third quartet, in B flat major, has not the usual sharply accented second subject; the second part makes up for this in a measure by at once introducing a new and perfectly formed melody, followed by an easy play with a connecting passage —

this is invaded by the analogous motif of the first part —

which brings about the return to the first part. The peculiar structure of the movement occasions the repetition of the second part, whereupon a third part introduces the chief subject anew, and leads to the conclusion in an independent way. In the E flat major quartet the interest depends upon the harmonic treatment of an expressive triplet passage connected with the principal subject. The first subject of the fifth quartet, in A major, is indicated from the very beginning as a suitable one for imitative treatment, and very freely developed in the working-out section. In the last quartet in C major also, the treatment of the principal subject is indicated at once, but the importance of the modest theme is only made apparent by the harmonic and contrapuntal art of its working-out, leading to the expressive climax of the coda and the conclusion.

The slow movements of the quartets are the mature fruit of deep feeling and masterly skill. With fine discrimination the consolatory andante of the melancholy D minor quartet is made easy, but so managed as to express the character of ardent longing, both in the ascending passage —

and in the tendency to fall into the minor key. The andante of the fourth quartet, in E flat major, forms a complete contrast to this. Its incessant harmonic movement only allows of pregnant suggestions of melodies, and is expressive of a self-concentrated mood, rousing itself with difficulty from mental abstraction. But the crown of them all in delicacy of form and depth of expression is the andante of the last quartet, in C major; it belongs to those wonderful manifestations of genius which are only of the earth in so far as they take effect upon human minds; which soar aloft into a region of blessedness where suffering and passion are transfigured.

The minuets are characteristic of Mozart's tendencies as opposed to Haydn's. The inexhaustible humour, the delight in startling and whimsical fancy, which form the essence of Haydn's minuets, occur only here and there in Mozart's. They are cast in a nobler mould, their distinguishing characteristics being grace and delicacy, and they are equally capable of expressing merry drollery and strong, even painful, emotion. Haydn's minuets are the product of a laughter-loving national life, Mozart's give the tone of good society. Especially well-defined in character are the minuets of the D minor and C major quartets — the former bold and defiant, the latter fresh and vigorous. Delicate detail in the disposition of the parts is common to almost all of them, keeping the interest tense and high, and there are some striking peculiarities of rhythmical construction. Among such we may notice the juxtaposition of groups of eight and ten bars, so that two bars are either played prematurely, as in the minuet of the first quartet, or inserted, as in the trio of the B flat major quartet. [18] The ten-bar group in the minuet of the D minor quartet is more complicated, because more intimately

blended, and still more so is the rhythm of the minuet in the fourth quartet, where the detached unequal groups are curiously interlaced. [19] Very characteristic is also the sharp contrast between minuet and trio — as, for instance, the almost harshly passionate minor trios of the first and last quartets, and the still more striking major trio of the D minor quartet, light and glittering, like a smile in the midst of tears.

The finales have more meaning and emphasis than has hitherto been the case in Mozart's instrumental compositions. Three of them are in rondo form (those of the B flat, E flat, and C major quartet), quick, easy-flowing movements, rich in graceful motifs and interesting features in the working-out. The merriment in them is tempered by 1 a deeper vein of humour, and we are sometimes startled by a display of pathos, as in the finale of the C major quartet. The more cheerful passages are distinctly German in tone; and echoes of the "Zauberflote" may be heard in many of the melodies and turns of expression.

The last movement of the G major quartet is written in strict form, and highly interesting by reason of the elegance of its counterpoint; the finale of the A major quartet is freer and easier, but nevertheless polyphonic in treatment. [20] The D minor quartet concludes with variations, the original and long-drawn theme having the rhythmical and sharply accented harmonic form of the siciliana. It is in imitation of a national song, and is sometimes like a slow gigue, sometimes like a pastorale. The rhythm of the 6-8 time is somewhat peculiar, in that the first of three quavers is dotted throughout; the tone is soft and tender. There is a very similar siciliana in Gluck's ballet "Don Juan" (No. 2), showing how marked the typical character is. [21] The variations, which are as charming from their grace and delicacy of form as from their singular mixture of melancholy and mirth, bring this wonderful quartet to a close in a very original manner.

The middle movement of the A major quartet is also in variations — more earnest and careful on the whole — the precursor of the variations in Haydn's "Kaiser" and Beethoven's A major quartets. These quartet variations far surpass the pianoforte variations in character and workmanship; they consist not merely of a graceful play of passages, but of a characteristic development of new motifs springing from the theme.

The success of the quartets, on which Mozart put forth all his best powers, was scarcely sufficient to encourage him to make further attempts in the same direction; not until August, 1786, do we find him again occupied with a quartet (D major, 499 K.), in which may be traced an attempt to meet the taste of the public without sacrificing the dignity of the quartet style. It is not inferior to the others in any essential point. The technical work is careful and interesting, the design broad — in many respects freer than formerly — the tone cheerful and forcible throughout, with the sentimental element in the background, as compared with the first quartets. The last movement approaches nearest to Haydn's humorous turn of thought, following his manner also in the contrapuntal elaboration of a lightly suggested motif into a running stream of merry humour. Nevertheless, this quartet remained without any immediate successor; it would appear that it met with no very general approval on its first appearance. "A short serenade, consisting of an allegro, romance, minuet and trio, and finale" in G major, composed August 10, 1787 (525 K.), does not belong to quartet music proper. The direction for violoncello, contrabasso, points to a fuller setting, which is confirmed by the whole arrangement, especially in the treatment of the middle parts. It is an easy, precisely worked-out occasional piece.

During his stay in Berlin and Potsdam in the spring of 1789 Mozart was repeatedly summoned to the private concerts of Frederick William II. of Prussia, in which the monarch himself took part as a violoncellist. He was a

clever and enthusiastic pupil of Graziani and Duport, and he commissioned Mozart to write quartets for him, as he had previously commissioned Haydn [22] and Boccherini, [23] rewarding them with princely liberality. In June of this year Mozart completed the first of three quartets, composed for and dedicated to the King of Prussia, in D major (575 K.); the second, in B flat major (589 K.), and the third, in F major (590 K.), were composed in May and June, 1790. From letters to Puchberg, we know that this was a time of bitter care and poverty, which made it a painful effort to work at the quartets, but there is even less trace of effort in them than in the earlier ones. The instrument appropriated to his royal patron is brought to the front, and made into a solo instrument, giving out the melodies in its higher notes. This obliges the viola frequently to take the bass part, altering the whole tone-colouring of the piece, and the instruments are altogether set higher than usual, the more so as the first violin constantly alternates with the violoncello. By this means the tone of the whole becomes more brilliant and brighter, but atones for this in an occasional loss of vigour and force. In other respects also, out of deference no doubt to the King's taste, there is more stress laid upon elegance and clearness than upon depth and warmth of tone. Mozart was too much of an artist to allow any solo part in a quartet to predominate unduly over the others; the first violin and violoncello leave the other two instruments their independent power of expression, but the motifs and working-out portions are less important, and here and there they run into a fanciful play of passages. It is singular that in the quartets in D and F major the last movements are the most important. When once the composer has thrown himself into the elaboration of his trifling motifs he grows warm, and, setting to work in good earnest, the solo instrument is made to fall into rank and file; the artist appears, and has no more thought of his presentation at court. The middle movements are very fine as to form and effect, but are without any great depth of feeling. The charming allegro

of the second quartet, in F major, is easy and graceful in tone, and interesting from the elegance of its elaboration. In short, these quartets completely maintain Mozart's reputation for inventive powers, sense of proportion, and mastery of form, but they lack that absolute devotion to the highest ideal of art characteristic of the earlier ones.

Mozart's partiality for quartet-writing may be inferred from the many sketches which remain (68-75, Anh., K.), some of them of considerable length, such as that fragment of a lively movement in A major (68, 72, Anh., K.) consisting of 169 bars.

Duets and trios for stringed instruments were naturally held in less esteem than string quartets. Mozart composed in Vienna (September 27, 1788), for some unspecified occasion, a trio for violin, viola, and violoncello, in £ flat major (563 K.), which consists of six movements, after the manner of a divertimento — allegro, adagio, minuet, andante with variations, minuet, rondo. The omission of the one instrument increases the difficulty of composing a piece full in sound and characteristic in movement, more than could have been imagined; the invention and skill of the composer are taxed to the utmost. It is evident that this only gave the work an additional charm to Mozart. Each of the six movements is broadly designed and carried out with equal care and devotion, making this trio unquestionably one of Mozart's finest works. No one performer is preferred before the other, but each, if he does his duty, may distinguish himself in his own province. With wonderful discrimination, too, every technical device is employed which can give an impulse to any happy original idea. How beautifully, for instance, is the simple violoncello passage which ushers in the adagio —

transformed into the emphatic one for the violin —

coined in due time, with climacteric effect, by the viola and violoncello. The violin-jumps in the same adagio —

are effective only in their proper position; and all the resources at command are made subservient to the art which is to produce the living work.

The variations demand special attention. The theme is suggestive of a national melody, and its effect is heightened by the different treatment of each part when repeated, which also gives fulness and variety to the variations. Each of these is artistically worked out in detail and of distinctly individual character; the last is especially remarkable, in which the viola, to a very lively figure, carries out the theme in its simplest enunciation as a true Cantus firmus. The whole impression is one of freshness and beauty of conception, elevated and enlivened by the difficulties which offered themselves. Nothing more charming can be imagined than the first trio of the second minuet; its tender purity charms us like that of a flower gleaming through the grass.

Haydn seems to have made no use of the increased resources offered by the quintet, although other musicians — Boccherini, for instance — cultivated this branch. It would appear to have been for some particular occasions that Mozart composed four great string quintets, in which he followed the track laid out in the first quartets. Two were composed in the spring of 1787, after his return from Prague — [24]

C major, composed April 19, 1787 (515 K.).

G major, composed May 16, 1787 (516 K.). —

the other two —

D major, composed December, 1790 (593 K.).

E flat major, composed April 12, 1791 (614 K.). —

at short intervals, “at the earnest solicitation of a musical friend,” as the publisher’s announcement declares. [25]

Mozart doubles the viola [26] — not like Boccherini in his 155 quintets, the violoncello [27] — whereby little alteration in tone, colour, or structure is effected. The doubling of the violoncello gives it a predominance which its very charm of tone renders all the more dangerous: whereas the strengthening of the less strongly accentuated middle parts by the addition of a viola gives freer scope for a lengthy composition. The additional instrument gives increase of freedom in the formation of melodies and their harmonic development, but it also lays on the composer the obligation of providing independent occupation for the enlarged parts. A chief consideration is the grouping of the parts in their numerous possible combinations. The first viola corresponds to the first violin as leader of melodies, while the second viola leaves the violoncello greater freedom of action; these parts share the melodies in twos or threes, either alternately or in imitative interweaving; the division of a motif as question and answer among different instruments is especially facilitated thereby. Again, two divisions may be placed in effective contrast, the violins being supported by a viola, or the violas by the violoncello. But the device first used by Haydn in his quartets, of giving two parts in octaves, is perhaps the most effective in the quintets, a threefold augmentation being even employed in the trio of the E flat major quintet (614 K.). Finally, it is easier to strengthen the violoncello by the viola here than it is in the quartet. It is not that all these resources are out of reach for the quartet, but that they find freer and fuller scope in the quintet. The effect of the quintet is not massive; it rests on the characteristic movement of the individual parts, and demands greater freedom in order that this movement of manifold and differing forces may be well ordered and instinct with living power. The increased forces require greater space for their activity, if only on account of the increased mass of

sound. If the middle parts are to move freely without pressing on each other, the outer parts must be farther apart, and this has a decided influence on the melodies and the sound effects, the general impression becoming more forcible and brilliant. The dimensions must also be increased in other directions. A theme, to be divided among five parts, and a working-out which is to give each of them fair play, must be planned from the first. The original motif of the first Allegro of the C major quintet (515 K.) — involves of necessity the continuation of the idea enunciated; and only after a third repetition with modifications is it allowed to proceed to a conclusion. It has thus become too far developed to allow of a repetition of the whole theme; it starts again in C minor, is further developed by harmonic inflections; and after a short by-play on a tributary, it is again taken up and leads on to the second theme; we have thus a complete organic development of the first motif. The second theme is then of course carried out, and finally we have the broadly designed motif which brings the part to a conclusion in a gradually increasing *crescendo* for all the parts; the whole movement thus gains considerably in dimensions.

The motif of the first movement of the E flat major quintet (614 K.) —

is precisely rendered. But it is the germ whence the whole movement is to spring; all beyond itself is suggested by this motif, and is important only in relation thereto. The unfettered cheerfulness which runs through the whole of the movement is expressed in these few bars, given by the violas like a call to the merry chase. The opening of the C major quintet prepares us in an equally decided manner for what is to follow. The decision and thoughtfulness which form the ground-tone of the whole movement, in spite of its lively agitation, are calmly and clearly expressed in the first few bars.

The G minor quintet begins very differently, with a complete melody of eight bars, repeated in a different key. Few instrumental compositions express a mood of passionate excitement with such energy as this G minor

quintet. We feel our pity stirred in the first movement by a pain which moans, sighs, weeps; is conscious in its ravings only of itself, refuses to take note of anything but itself, and finds its only consolation in unreasoning outbreaks of emotion, until it ends exhausted by the struggle. But the struggle begins anew in the minuet, and now there is mingled with it a feeling of defiant resentment, showing that there is some healthy force still remaining; in the second part a memory of happy times involuntarily breaks in, but is overcome by the present pain; then the trio bursts forth irresistibly, as if by a higher power, proclaiming the blessed certainty that happiness is still to be attained. One of those apparently obvious touches, requiring nevertheless the piercing glance of true genius, occurs when, after closing the minuet in the most sorrowful minor accents —

Mozart introduces the trio with the same inflection in the major —

and proceeds to carry it out in such a manner that only a whispered longing may be detected underlying the gently dying sounds of peace. This turn of expression decides the further course of the development. The next movement, “Adagio ma non troppo, con sordini,” gives us an insight into a mind deeply wounded, tormented with self-questionings; earnest reflection, doubt, resolve, outbreaks of smothered pain alternate with each other, until a yearning cry for comfort arises, tempered by the confident hope of an answer to its appeal; and so the movement ends in the calm of a joyful peace instead of, as the first, in the silence of exhaustion. The conquered pain breaks out again in the introduction to the last movement, but its sting is broken — it dies away to make room for another feeling. The new émotion is not merely resignation, but joy — the passionate consciousness of bliss, just as inspired, just as restlessly excited as the previous pain. But the exultant dithyramb has not the same engrossing interest for the hearers; man is readier to sympathise with the sorrows of others than with their joys, although he would rather bear his sorrow alone than his joy. This complete

change of mood may well excite a suspicion of fickleness, but it is not the less true that the anguish of the first movement, and the exultation of the last, belong to one and the same nature, and are rendered with absolute truth of artistic expression.

We turn involuntarily from the artist to the man after such a psychological revelation as this, and find traces of Mozart's nature unmistakably impressed on his work. But we may seek in vain for any suggestion of the work in his actual daily life. At the time when he wrote this quintet his circumstances were favourable, he had only lately returned from Prague covered with honour and substantial rewards, and he was enjoying an intercourse with the Jacquin family which must have been altogether pleasurable to him. It is true that he lost his father soon after (May 26), but a recollection of the letter which he addressed to him with the possibility of his death in view (Vol. II., p. 323), Mozart being at the time engaged on the C major quintet, will prevent our imagining that the mood of the G minor quintet was clouded by the thought of his father's approaching decease. The springs of artistic production flow too deep to be awakened by any of the accidents of life. The artist, indeed, can only give what is in him and what he, has himself experienced; but Goethe's saying holds good of the musician as well as of the poet or painter; he reveals nothing that he has not felt, but nothing *as* he felt it.

The main characteristics of the other quintets are calmer and more cheerful, but they are not altogether wanting in energetic expression of passion. The sharper characterisation made necessary by the division of the music among a greater number of instruments was only possible by means of the agitation and restless movement of the parts, even when the tone of the whole was quiet and contained. We find therefore various sharp or even harsh details giving zest to the whole — such, for instance, as the use of the minor ninth and the comparatively frequent successions of ninths in a circle

of fifths; and the quintets have apparently been a mine of wealth to later composers, who have made exaggerated use of these dangerous stimulants. Greater freedom of motion stands in close connection with the better defined characterisation of the quintets. Polyphony is their vital element; the forms of counterpoint became more appropriate as the number of parts increased. The finales to the Quintets in D and E flat Major (573, 614, K.) showed that Mozart was able to make use of the very strictest forms upon occasion. Both movements begin in innocent light-heartedness, but severe musical combinations are developed out of the airy play of fancy; ideas which have only been, as it were, suggested are taken up and worked out, severe forms alternate with laxer ones — one leads to the other naturally and fluently, and sometimes they are both made use of at the same time. The disposition of the parts is free, without any preconceived or definitive form, and its many delicate details of taste and originality give an individual charm to each separate part. The homophonie style of composition is not altogether disregarded for the polyphonic, but it is never made the determining element. Even a melody such as the second subject of the first movement of the G minor quintet, complete in itself as any melody can be, is made use of as a motif for polyphonic development. The freest and most elastic treatment of form is that of the last movements. The other movements are fully developed, and sometimes carried out at great length, but the main features are always distinct and well preserved; the outline of the finales is less firm, and capable of a lighter and more varied treatment.

Another branch of concerted music high in favour in Mozart’s day was the so-called “Harmoniemusik,” written exclusively for wind instruments, and for performance at table or as serenades. Families of rank frequently retained the services of a band for “Harmoniemusik” instead of a complete orchestra. [28] The Emperor Joseph selected eight distinguished virtuosi [29] for

the Imperial “Harmonie,” who played during meals, especially when these took place in the imperial pleasure-gardens. The performances included operatic arrangements as well as pieces composed expressly for this object. [30] Reichardt dwells on the enjoyment afforded him in 1783 by the Harmoniemusik of the Emperor and the Archduke Maximilian. “Tone, delivery, everything was pure and harmonious; some movements by Mozart were lovely; but unluckily nothing of Haydn’s was performed.” [31] First-class taverns supported their own “Harmonie” bands, in order that the guests might not be deprived of this favourite accompaniment to their meals. [32]

Besides the great serenades, intended for public performance, the old custom was still practised of writing “Standchen,” [33] for performance under the window of the person who was to be thus celebrated; and the general desire that such pieces should be new and original provided composers with almost constant employment on them. [34] Wind instruments were most in vogue for this “night-music.” The instruments were usually limited to six — two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons, strengthened sometimes by two oboes. Such eight-part harmonies sufficed both the Emperor and the Elector of Cologne as table-music and for serenades; and at a court festival at Berlin in 1791 the music during the banquet was thus appointed. [35] The “Standchen,” in “Cosi fan Tutte” (21), and the table-music, in the second finale of “Don Giovanni,” are imitations of reality.

Mozart did not neglect the opportunities thus afforded him of making himself known during his residence in Vienna. He writes to his father (November 3, 1781): —

I must apologise for not writing by the last post; it fell just on my birthday (October 31), and the early part of the day was given to my devotions. Afterwards, when I should have written, a shower of congratulations came and prevented me. At twelve o’clock I drove to the

Leopoldstadt, to the Baroness Waldstädten, where I spent the day. At eleven o'clock at night I was greeted by a serenade for two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons, of my own composition. I had composed it on St. Theresa's day (October 15) for the sister of Frau von Hickl (the portrait-painter's wife), and it was then performed for the first time. The six gentlemen who execute such pieces are poor fellows, but they play very well together, especially the first clarinet and the two horns. The chief reason I wrote it was to let Herr von Strack (who goes there daily) hear something of mine, and on this account I made it rather serious. It was very much admired. It was played in three different places on St. Theresa's night. When people had had enough of it in one place they went to another, and got paid over again.

This "rather serious" composition is the Serenade in E flat major (375 K.), which Mozart increased by the addition of two oboes, no doubt in June, 1782, when he also wrote the Serenade in C minor for eight wind instruments (388 K., s.). He had at that time more than one occasion for works of this kind. The attention both of the Emperor and the Archduke Maximilian was directed towards him (Vol. II., p. 197); and since Reichardt heard compositions by Mozart at court in 1783, his attempt to gain Strack's good offices must have been successful. In the year 1782 Prince Liechtenstein was in treaty with Mozart concerning the arrangement of a Harmoniemusik (Vol. II., p. 206), and he had undertaken with Martin the conduct of the Augarten concerts, which involved the production of four great public serenades (Vol. II., p. 283).

Both the serenades already mentioned are striking compositions, far above the ordinary level of their kind, and may be considered, both as to style and treatment, the precursors of modern chamber music. The first movement of the Serenade in E flat major had originally two parts, which Mozart afterwards condensed into one, giving it greater precision by the

omission of lengthy repetitions. The addition of the oboes gives it greater fulness and variety; but it is easy to detect that they are additions to a finished work. The whole piece is of genuine serenade character. After a brilliant introductory phrase, a plaintive melody makes its unexpected appearance, dying away in a sort of sigh, but only to reassert itself with greater fervour. The amorous tone of the “Entführung” may be distinctly traced in the adagio, and through all its mazy intertwining of parts we seem to catch the tender dialogue of two lovers. The closing rondo is full of fresh, healthy joy; the suggestion of a national air in no way interferes with the interesting harmonic and contrapuntal working-out. [36] The Serenade in C minor is far from leaving the same impression of cheerful homage. The seriousness of its tone is not that of sorrow or melancholy, but, especially in the first movement, of strong resolution. The second theme is especially indicative of this, its expressive melody being further noteworthy by reason of its rhythmical structure. It consists of two six-bar phrases, of which the first is formed of two sections of three bars each: —

After the repetition of this, the second phrase follows, formed from the same melodic elements, but in three sections of two bars each — and also repeated. On its first occurrence it forms a fine contrast to the passionate commencement, and lays the foundation for the lively and forcible conclusion of the first part, while in the second part its transposition into the minor prepares the way for the gloomy and agitated conclusion of the movement. The calmer mood of the andante preserves the serious character of the whole, without too great softness or languor of expression.

Mozart has perpetrated a contrapuntal joke in the minuet. The oboes and bassoons lead a two-part canon in octave, while the clarinets and horns are used as tutti parts. In the four-part trio the oboes and bassoons again carry out a two-part canon (*al rovescio*) in which the answering part exactly renders the rhythm and intervals, the latter, however, inverted: —

Tricks of this kind should always come as this does, without apparent thought or effort, as if they were thrown together by a happy chance, the difficulties of form serving only to give a special flavour to the euphonious effect. The last movement, variations, passes gradually from a disquieted anxious mood into a calmer one, and closes by a recurrence to the subject in the major, with freshness and force.

This serenade is best known in the form of a quintet for stringed instruments, to which Mozart adapted it apparently before 1784 (506 K.). Nothing essential is altered — only the middle parts, accompaniment passages, &c., are somewhat modified. Some of the passages and movements, however, especially the andante and finale, have lost considerably by the altered tone-colouring.

Various divertimenti for wind instruments, which have been published under Mozart's name, have neither external nor internal signs of authenticity. [37] An Adagio in B flat major for two clarinets and three basset-horns (411 K.), concerning which little is known, stands alone of its kind. [38] The combination of instruments points here as elsewhere (Vol. II., pp. 361, 410) to some special, perhaps masonic occasion, the more so as a detached and independent adagio could only have been written with a definite object in view. The juxtaposition of instruments so nearly related, with their full, soft, and, in their deeper notes, sepulchral tones, produces an impression of solemnity, which is in accordance with the general facter of peace after conflict expressed by the adagio.

Mozart's works for wind instruments are distinguished by delicacy of treatment apart from virtuoso-like effects. Considering them, however, in the light of studies for the treatment of wind instruments as essential elements of the full orchestra, they afford no mean conception of the performances of instrumentalists from whom so much mastery of technical

difficulties, delicacy of detail, and expressive delivery might be expected. Instrumental music had risen to great importance in Vienna at that time. A great number of available, and even distinguished musicians had settled there. Besides the two admirably appointed imperial orchestras, and the private bands attached to families of rank, there were various societies of musicians ready to form large or small orchestras when required; and public and private concerts were, as we have seen, of very frequent occurrence.

The appointment was, as a rule, weak, when judged by the standard of the present day. The opera orchestra contained one of each wind instrument, six of each violin, with four violas, three violoncelli, and three basses. [39] On particular occasions the orchestra was strengthened (Vol. II., p. 173), but most of the orchestral compositions betray by their treatment that they were not intended for large orchestras. The purity and equality of tone and the animated delivery of the Vienna orchestra is extolled by a contemporary, who seems to have been no connoisseur, but to have faithfully rendered the public opinion of the day. [40] Of greater weight is the praise of Nicolai, a careful observer, who compared the performances of the Vienna orchestra with those of other bands. [41] He asserted, when he heard the Munich orchestra soon after, that it had far surpassed his highly wrought expectations of Mannheim, and that he had been perfectly astonished at the commencement of an allegro. [42] It was not a matter of small importance, therefore, that Mozart should have learnt all that could be learnt from the orchestras of Mannheim, Munich, and Paris, and then found in Vienna the forces at command wherewith to perfect this branch of his art. In this respect he had a great advantage over Haydn, who had only the Esterhazy band at his disposal, and never heard great instrumental performances except during his short stays in Vienna.

Mozart had much to do with raising the Vienna orchestra, particularly in the wind instruments, to its highest pitch of perfection. Among contemporary composers, who strove to turn to the best account the advantages of a fuller instrumentation,

Haydn undoubtedly claims the first rank. It is his incontestable merit to have opened the way in his symphonies to the free expression of artistic individuality in instrumental music, to have defined its forms, and developed them with the many-sidedness of genius; he did not, how-I ever, bequeath to Mozart, but rather received from him the well-appointed, fully organised, and finely proportioned orchestra of our day. In his old age Haydn once complained to Kalkbrenner that death should call man away before he has accomplished his life-long desires: “I have only learnt the proper use of wind instruments in my old age, and now I must pass away without turning my knowledge to account.” [43]

The first of the seven Vienna symphonies is in D major (part 5, 384 K. (likely 385 K. DW)), and was composed by Mozart, at his father’s wish, for a Salzburg fête in the summer of 1782. He wrote it under the pressure of numerous engagements in less than a fortnight, sending the movements as they were ready to his father (Vol. II., p. 211). No wonder that when he saw it again he was “quite surprised,” not “remembering a word of it.” For performance in Vienna (March 3, 1783) he reduced it to the usual four movements by the omission of the march and of one of the minuets, and strengthened the wind instruments very effectively in the first and last movement by flutes and clarinets.

A lively, festive style was called for by the occasion, and in the treatment of the different movements the influence of the old serenade form is still visible. The first allegro has only one main subject, with which it begins; this subject enters with a bold leap —

and keeps its place to the end with a life and energy enhanced by harsh dissonances of wonderful freshness and vigour. The whole movement is a continuous treatment of this subject, no other independent motif occurring at all. The first part is therefore not repeated, the working-out section is short, and the whole movement differs considerably from the usual form of a first symphony movement. The andante is in the simplest lyric form, pretty and refined, but nothing more; the minuet is fresh and brilliant (Vol. I., p. 219).

The tolerably long drawn-out concluding rondo is lively and brilliant, and far from insignificant, though not equal to the first movement in force and fire.

A second symphony was written by Mozart in great haste on his journey through Linz in November, 1783; it was apparently that in C major (part 6, 425 K.), which with another short symphony in G major (part 6, 444 K.), bears clear traces of Haydn's influence, direct and indirect. (Note: By M. Haydn — the Introduction only by Mozart. DW)

Several years lie between these symphonies and the next in D major (part 1, 504 K.). This was written for the winter concerts on December 6, 1786, and met with extraordinary approbation, especially in Prague, where Mozart performed it in January, 1787 [44] The first glance at the symphony shows an altered treatment of the orchestra; it is now fully organised, and both in combination and detail shows individual independence. The instrumentation is very clear and brilliant — here and there perhaps a little sharp — but this tone is purposely selected as the suitable one. Traces of Haydn's influence may be found in the prefixing of a solemn introduction to the first allegro, as well as in separate features of the andante; such, for instance, as the epigrammatic close; but in all essential points we have nothing but Mozart. The adagio is an appropriate preface for the allegro,

which expresses in its whole character a lively but earnest struggle. In this allegro the form of a great symphony movement lies open before us. The chief subject is completely expressed at the beginning — and recurs after a half-close on the dominant with a characteristic figure —

thus allowing of the independent development of section B. Then, after a complete close on the dominant, there enters the very characteristic and originally treated second subject; the close of the part is introduced by the figure, D, so that a member of the chief subject, A, is again touched upon. The working-out in the second part is founded on the third section of the chief subject, C. These two bars, which there formed only an intermediate passage, are here treated imitatively as an independent motif; first B, then D, are added as counter-subjects, all three are worked-out together, tributary subjects reappear from the first part, until the chief subject, A, enters on the dominant in D minor, leading the way for the other motifs, which press in simultaneously, and glide upon a long organ point gradually back to the first subject, with which the modified repetition of the first part begins. In this lengthy working-out every part of the main idea is fully developed. The simple enunciations of the first part appear, after the elaboration of their different elements like utterances of a higher power, bringing conviction and satisfaction to all who hear. The springlike charm of the andante, with all its tender grace, never degenerates into effeminacy; its peculiar character is given by the short, interrupted subject —

which is given in unison or imitation by the treble part and the bass, and runs through the whole, different harmonic turns giving it a tone, sometimes of mockery, sometimes of thoughtful reserve. The last movement (for this symphony has no minuet) displays the greatest agitation and vivacity without any license; in this it accords with the restraint which characterises the other movements. It illustrates the moderation of most of Mozart’s great works, which, as Ambros (“Granzen der Musik und Poesie,” p. 56) remarks,

“is not a proof of inability to soar into a higher sphere, but a noble and majestic proportioning of all his forces, that so they may hold each other in equilibrium.” The essence of the work, to borrow the aesthetic expression of the ancients, is ethic rather than pathetic; character, decision, stability find expression there rather than passion or fleeting excitement.

A year and a half passed before Mozart again turned his attention to the composition of symphonies; then, in the summer of 1788, within two months, he composed the three symphonies in E flat major (June 26), G minor (July 25), and C major (August 10) — the compositions which most readily occur to us when Mozart’s orchestral works come under discussion. The production of such widely differing and important works within so short a space of time affords another proof that the mind of an artist works and creates undisturbed by the changing impressions of daily life, and that the threads are spun in secret which are to form the weft and woof of a work of art. The symphonies display Mozart’s perfected power of making the orchestra, by means of free movement and songlike delivery, into the organ of his artistic mood. As Richard Wagner says: —

The longing sigh of the great human voice, drawn to him by the loving power of his genius, breathes from his instruments. He leads the irresistible stream of richest harmony into the heart of his melody, as though with anxious care he sought to give it, by way of compensation for its delivery by mere instruments, the depth of feeling and ardour which lies at the source of the human voice as the expression of the unfathomable depths of the heart. [45]

This result can only be attained by the most delicate appreciation of the various capacities of each individual instrument. The very diversity of tone-colouring which characterises these symphonies shows the masterly hand with which Mozart chooses and blends his tones, so that every detail shall

come to full effect. It would not be easy to find places in which the sound-effect does not correspond with the intention; as he imagined it and willed it, so it sounds, and the same certainty, the same moderation, is apparent in every part of the artistic construction.

The Symphony in E flat major (543 K., part 3) is a veritable triumph of euphony. Mozart has employed clarinets here, and their union with the horns and bassoons produces that full, mellow tone which is so important an element in the modern orchestra; the addition of flutes gives it clearness and light, and trumpets endow it with brilliancy and freshness. It will suffice to remind the reader of the beautiful passage in the andante, where the wind instruments enter in imitation, or of the charming trio to the minuet, to make manifest the importance of the choice of tone-colouring in giving characteristic expression. We find the expression of perfect happiness in the exuberant charm of euphony, the brilliancy of maturest beauty in which these symphonies are, as it were, steeped, leaving such an impression as that made on the eye by the dazzling colours of a glorious summer day. How seldom is this unalloyed happiness and joy in living granted to mankind, how seldom does art succeed in reproducing it entire and pure, as it is in this symphony! The feeling of pride in the consciousness of power shines through the magnificent introduction, while the allegro expresses purest pleasure, now in frolicsome joy, now in active excitement, and now in noble and dignified composure. Some shadows appear, it is true, in the andante, but they only serve to throw into stronger relief the mild serenity of a mind that communes with itself and rejoices in the peace which fills it. This is the true source of the cheerful transport which rules the last movement, rejoicing in its own strength and in the joy of being. The last movement in especial is full of a mocking joviality more frequent with Haydn than Mozart, but it does not lose its hold on the more refined and elevated tone of the preceding movements. This movement

receives its peculiar stamp from its startling harmonic and rhythmical surprises. Thus it has an extremely comic effect when the wind instruments try to continue the subject begun by the violins, but because these pursue their way unheeding, are thrown out as it were, and break off in the middle. This mocking tone is kept up to the conclusion, which appears to Nägeli ("Vorlesungen," p. 158) "so noisily inconclusive" (*so stillos unschliessend*), "such a bang, that the unsuspecting hearer does not know what has happened to him." [46]

The G minor symphony affords a complete contrast to all this (550 K., part 2). Sorrow and complaining take the place of joy and gladness. The pianoforte quartet (composed August, 1785) and the Quintet (composed May 16, 1787) in G minor are allied in tone, but their sorrow passes in the end to gladness or calm, whereas here it rises in a continuous climax to a wild merriment, as if seeking to stifle care. The agitated first movement begins with a low plaintiveness, which is scarcely interrupted by the calmer mood of the second subject; [47] the working-out of the second part intensifies the gentle murmur — into a piercing cry of anguish; but, strive and struggle as it may, the strength of the resistance sinks again into the murmur with which the movement closes. The andante, on the contrary, is consolatory in tone; not reposing on the consciousness of an inner peace, but striving after it with an earnest composure which even attempts to be cheerful. [48] The minuet introduces a new turn of expression. A resolute resistance is opposed to the foe, but in vain, and again the effort sinks to a moan. Even the tender comfort of the trio, softer and sweeter than the andante, fails to bring lasting peace; again the combat is renewed, and again it dies away, complaining. The last movement brings no peace, only a wild merriment that seeks to drown sorrow, and goes on its course in restless excitement. This is the most passionate of all Mozart's symphonies; but even in this he has not forgotten that "music, when expressing horrors, must still be music"

(Vol. II., p. 239). [49] Goethe's words concerning the Laocoon are applicable here ("Werke" XXIV., p. 233): "We may boldly assert that this work exhausts its subject, and fulfils every condition of art. It teaches us that though the artist's feeling for beauty may be stirred by calm and simple subjects, it is only displayed in its highest grandeur and dignity when it proves its power of depicting varieties of character, and of throwing moderation and control into its representations of outbreaks of human passion." And in the same sense in which Goethe ventured to call the Laocoon graceful, none can deny the grace of this symphony, in spite of much harshness and keenness of expression. [50] The nature of the case demands the employment of quite other means to those of the E flat major symphony. The outlines are more sharply defined and contrasted, without the abundant filling-in of detail which are of such excellent effect in the earlier work, the result being a greater clearness, combined with a certain amount of severity and harshness. The instrumentation agrees with it; it is kept within confined limits, and has a sharp, abrupt character. The addition of clarinets for a later performance gave the tone-colouring greater intensity and fulness. Mozart has taken an extra sheet of paper, and has rearranged the original oboe parts, giving characteristic passages to the clarinets, others to the oboes alone, and frequently combining the two. No clarinets were added to the minuet. Again, of a totally distinct character is the last symphony, in C major (551 K., part 4), in more than one respect the greatest and best, although neither so full of passion as the G minor symphony, nor so full of charm as the E flat major. [51] Most striking is the dignity and solemnity of the whole work, manifested in the brilliant pomp in the first movement, with its evident delight in splendid sound-effects.:

It has no passionate excitement, but its tender grace is heightened by a serenity which shines forth most unmistakably in the subject already alluded to (Vol. II., p. 455, cf. p. 334), which occurs unexpectedly at the

close of the first part. The andante reveals the very depths of feeling, with traces in its calm beauty of the passionate agitation and strife from which it proceeds; the impression it leaves is one of moral strength, perfected to a noble gentleness. The minuet recalls to mind the cheerful subject of the first movement. There is an elastic spring in its motion, sustained with a delicacy and refinement which transports the hearer into a purer element, where he seems to exist without effort, like the Homeric gods. The finale is that masterpiece of marvellous contrapuntal art, which leaves even upon the uninitiated the impression of a magnificent princely pageant, to prepare the mind for which has been the office of the previous movements. We recognise in the principal subject which opens the movement —

the motif of which Mozart made frequent use even in his youth (Vol. I., p. 259); here he seems anxious to bid it a final farewell. He takes it again as a fugue subject, and again inverted: —

Then other motifs join in. One, in pregnant rhythm —

asserting itself with sharp accents in all sorts of different ways, and connected with a third motif as a concluding section: —

All these subjects are interwoven or worked out with other subordinate ideas, both as independent elements for contrapuntal elaboration, and in two, three, or fourfold combinations, bringing to pass harmonic inflections of great force and boldness, sometimes even of biting harshness. There is scarcely a phrase, however insignificant, which does not make good its independent existence. [52] A searching analysis is out of the question in this place; such an analysis would serve, however, to increase our admiration of the genius which makes of strictest form the vehicle for a flow of fiery eloquence, and spreads abroad glory and beauty without stint. [53]

The perfection of the art of counterpoint is not the distinguishing characteristic of this symphony alone, but of them all. The enthralling interest of the development of each movement in its necessary connection

and continuity consists chiefly in the free and liberal use of the manifold resources of counterpoint. The ease and certainty of this mode of expression makes it seem fittest for what the composer has to say. Freedom of treatment penetrates every component part of the whole, producing the independent, natural motion of each. The then novel art of employing the wind instruments in separate and combined effects was especially admired by Mozart's contemporaries. His treatment of the stringed instruments showed a progress not less advanced, as, for instance, in the free treatment of the basses, as characteristic as it was melodious. The highest quality of the symphonies, however, is their harmony of tone-colour, the healthy combination of orchestral sound, which is not to be replaced by any separate effects, however charming. In this combination consists the art of making the orchestra as a living organism express the artistic idea which gives the creative impulse to the work, and controls the forces which are always ready to be set in motion. An unerring conception of the capacities for development contained in each subject, of the relations of contrasting and conflicting elements, of the proportions of the parts composing the different movements, [54] and of the proportions of the movements to the whole work; finally, of the proper division and blending of the tone-colours — such are the essential conditions for the production of a work of art which is to be effective in all its parts.

Few persons will wish to dispute the fact that Mozart's great symphonies display the happiest union of invention and knowledge, of feeling and taste. We have endeavoured also to show in brief outline that they are the characteristic expression of a mind tuned to artistic production, whence their entire organisation of necessity proceeds. But language, incapable of rendering the impressions made by the formative arts, is still more impotent in seeking to reproduce the substance of a musical work. [55] Points that can be readily apprehended are emphasised disproportionately; and the

subjectivity of the speaker or writer intrudes itself upon the consideration of the music. It has been lately questioned, for instance, whether Mozart's compositions were the absolute and necessary results of certain definite frames of mind, and a comparison has been made between him and Beethoven upon this point. If it is intended by this to draw attention to Beethoven's art, as proceeding from his *spiritual* being (Geist), in contrast to that of earlier composers — of Mozart especially — which came from the *mind* (Seele), [56] an important point is indicated. But if this distinction is made exhaustive, or essentially qualitative, the right point of view is thereby disturbed. There can be no doubt that Beethoven has struck chords in the human mind which none before him had touched — that he employs the means at his command with a power and energy of expression unheard before; that by him — the true son of his time — the strife of passions and the struggle for individual freedom are more powerfully and unhesitatingly expressed than by any of his predecessors. But human nature remains the same, and the genuine impulses of artistic creation proceed from universal and unalterable laws; the artist does but impress his individual stamp upon the composing elements of his work; and if, under certain circumstances, this should fail to be comprehended, it does not therefore follow that the work has no meaning. [57] For neither can the form and the substance of a veritable work of art be divided or substituted the one for the other, nor can such a work take effect as a whole when it is not accepted and grasped in all its parts. [58] It is this wholeness, this oneness, which brings the mind of the artist most clearly before us. Let it be remembered that Mozart's contemporaries dis-; covered an exaggerated expression of emotion and an incomprehensible depth of characterisation in those very compositions in which our age recognises dignified moderation, pure harmony, perfect beauty, and a graceful treatment of form sometimes even to the loss of intrinsic force; and it will be acknowledged that much which was supposed

to depend on the construction of the work lies really in the changing point of view of the hearers. Those only who come to the consideration of the work with a clear and unbiased mind, taking their standard from the universal and unchangeable laws of art — those only who are capable of grasping the individuality of an artistic nature, will not go astray either in their appreciation or their criticism.

CHAPTER XXXV. MOZART AS AN OPERA COMPOSER.

THE unexampled success of the “Entführung,” which brought fame to the composer and pecuniary gain to the theatrical management, justified Mozart in his expectation that the Emperor, having called German opera into existence, would commission him to further its prosperous career. He was indeed offered an opera, but the libretto, ‘‘Welches ist die beste Nation?” was such miserable trash, that Mozart would not waste his music on it. Umlauf composed it, but it was hissed off the stage; and Mozart wrote to his father (December 21, 1782) that he did not know whether the poet or the composer were most deserving of the condemnation the work received. In fact, the impulse given to German opera seemed only too likely to die away without lasting result. Stephanie the younger contrived by his intrigues to obtain the dismissal of Müller as conductor of the opera, and the appointment of a committee, whose jealousies and party feelings he turned so skilfully to account that they were all speedily satisfied to leave the actual power in his hands. The incessant disagreements which were the consequence, the hostility between composers, actors, and musicians, disgusted Kienmayer and Rosenberg, the managers of the opera, and the Emperor himself. Nor were the repeated experiments made with the works of mediocre composers (which so enraged Mozart that he purposed writing a critique on them with examples) likely to find favour with the Emperor. Add to this that his immediate musical surroundings, Salieri at the head of them, were at least passively opposed to German opera, and it will not be thought surprising that the Emperor Joseph angrily renounced German opera, and followed his own taste in the reinstalment of the Italian. Chance brought this determination to a point. A French company of considerable

merit, both in opera and the drama, was performing at the Kamthnerthortheater, and was patronised by the Emperor. He sent for the performers to Schönbrunn in the summer of

1782, and entertained them in the castle during their stay. They were dissatisfied with the hospitality they there received, and one of the actors had the ill-breeding, during a meal at which the Emperor happened to come in, to offer him a glass of wine, with the request that he would try it, and say whether such wretched Burgundy was good enough for them to drink. The Emperor drank the wine, and answered that it was good enough for him, but he had no doubt they would find better wine in France.

On the dismissal of this company, Count Rosenberg was commissioned to engage the best singers in Italy, male and female, for an opera buffa, which was all that was then thought feasible; and at the end of the carnival of 1783 the German opera company was dissolved, its best members associating themselves with the new Italian company. Under these circumstances there was not much hope of success for German operatic compositions; and only three new pieces were produced in 1783, none of them with any success. Mozart wrote to his father (February 5, 1783): —

Yesterday my opera was given for the seventeenth time with the usual applause, and to a crowded house. Next Friday a new opera is to be given, the music an absurdity (Galimathias) by a young pupil of Wagenseil's

(Joh. Mederitsch), called "Gallus cantans in abore sedens gigirigi faciens." It will probably fail, but perhaps not so completely as its predecessor, an old opera by Gassmann," "La Notte Critica" ("The Disturbed Night"), which was scarcely brought to a third performance. Before this there was Umlaufs execrable opera, which only reached a second. It is as though, knowing that German opera is to die after Easter, they wanted to hasten its end by their own act: and they are Germans —

confound them! — who do this. My own opinion is, that Italian opera will not survive long, and I shall always hold to the German; I prefer it, although it is certainly more trouble. Every nation has its opera, why should we Germans not have ours? Is not our language as fit for singing as the French and English? and more so than the Russian? Well, I am writing a German opera all *for myself*.

I have chosen as subject Goldoni's comedy "Il Servitore di Due Padroni," and the first act is already translated — the translator being Baron Binder! But it is to be a secret until it is finished. Now, what do you think of that? Don't you think that I shall do myself some good by it?

There can be little doubt that his father would have answered this question in the affirmative, but he would have been more sceptical as to the feasibility of the plan, and practical considerations seem to have caused its abandonment. Two German airs, preserved in draft score, belong by their handwriting to this period; one for a tenor (indicated as Carl), "Müsst ich auch durch tausend Drachen" (435 K.), and the other for a bass (Wahrmond), "Manner suchen stets zu naschen" (433 K.). No dramatic situation is recognisable, and it cannot therefore be affirmed that they were composed for this opera. The composition of a German opera for which he afterwards received a commission from Mannheim came to nothing. Klein sent him a libretto (doubtless "Rudolf von Habsburg") with the request that he would set it to music, whereupon Mozart answered (March 21, 1785): —

I ought certainly to have acknowledged before now the receipt of your letter and the accompanying parcel; but it is not the case that I have in the meantime received two other letters from you; if so, I should certainly have remembered to answer your first as I now do, having received your other two letters on the last post-day. But I should have had no more to say to you on the subject of the opera than I now have. My dear sir, my hands are so

full of work that I have not a moment to myself. You know by experience, even better than I, that a thing of this sort must be read carefully and attentively several times over. Hitherto I have not been able to read it once without interruption. All that I can say at present is, that I should like to keep the piece a little longer, if you will be kind enough to leave it with me. In case I should feel disposed to set it to music, I should wish to know beforehand whether it is intended for performance at any particular place? For such a work ought not to be left to chance. I shall hope for an explanation on this point from you.

The reasons for the final rejection of this opera are unknown. Mozart's account of the position of German opera in Vienna is very characteristic. In 1784, it was almost extinct; only Madame Lange selected the "Entführung" for her benefit on January 25, conducted by Mozart himself (Wiener Zeitung, 1784, No. 7); and Adamberger gave Gluck's "Pilgrimme von Mecca" on February 15. Besides these, Benda's melodramas, "Ariadne" and "Medea," Jacquet's chief characters, were performed a few times. But when in the following year the desire for German opera revived, it was decided to reappoint the Kamthnerthortheater, which had been freed from its connection with the court, and to reinstate the German opera in competition with the Italian. On this point Mozart continues: —

I can give you no present information as to the intended German opera, as (with the exception of the alterations at the Karnthnerthor-theater) everything goes on very quietly. It is to be opened at the beginning of October. I do not prophesy a very prosperous result. It seems to me that the plans now formed are more likely to end in the final overthrow of the temporarily depressed German opera, than in its elevation and support. My sister-in-law Lange alone is to be allowed to join the German company. Cavalieri, Adamberger, Teyber, all pure Germans, of whom our fatherland may be proud, are to stay in the Italian theatre, to oppose and rival their

own countrymen. German singers at present may be easily counted! And even if they be as good as those I have named, which I very much doubt, the present management appears to me too economical and too little patriotic to think of paying the services of strangers, when they can have as good or better on the spot. The Italian *troupe* has no need of them in point of numbers; it can stand alone. The present idea is to employ *acteurs and actrices* for the German opera who sing from need; unfortunately the very men are retained as the *directeurs* of the theatre and the orchestra who have contributed by their want of knowledge and energy to the downfall of their own edifice. If only a single patriot were to come to the fore, it would give the affair another aspect. But in that case, perhaps, the budding national theatre would break forth into blossom; and what a disgrace it would be to Germany if we Germans once began in earnest to think, or act, or speak and even — to *sing* German! Do not blame me, my dear sir, if I go too far in my zeal. Convinced that I am addressing a fellow *German*, I give my tongue free course, which unfortunately is so seldom possible that after such an outpouring of the heart one feels that one might get drunk without any risk of injuring one's health.

The performances of the new German opera, which opened on October 16, 1785, with Monsigny's "Félix," were in no respect equal to those of the Italian opera. Mozart, whose "Entführung" maintained its place in the repertory until March, 1788, when the house was again closed, was not further employed as composer. Only on one occasion did the Emperor seem to recollect that Mozart was the only opera composer of German birth who could rival the Italian Salieri. At a "Festival in honour of the Governor-General of the Netherlands," dramatic performances were commanded by the Emperor in the Orangery at Schönbrunn, on February 7, 1796; the most distinguished actors and singers, both Italian and German, were engaged. Stephanie junior was commissioned to prepare the German occasional

piece; it was called “Der Schauspieldirector.” The dramatis persona were as follows: —

The plot consists in the difficulties of Frank, the manager, in engaging a company for a theatre he has received permission to open in Salzburg. Many actors and actresses offer their services, and perform favourite scenes by way of testing their ability, the piece concluding with a similar trial of operatic music. The piece was loosely put together, and its main interest consisted in allusions to the passing events in the theatrical world; these are sometimes too palpable and rather coarse. Casti’s little Italian opera, written for the same occasion, “Prima la Musica e poi le Parole” is, on the contrary, really witty and amusing, and allows the composer scope for a genuine musical work. Salieri, whose music, according to Mozart, was tolerable, but nothing more, thus gained a great advantage over Mozart, to whom was entrusted the musical portion of the German piece. There could here, of course, be no question of dramatic interest and individual characterisation. The two singers bring their airs with them as prepared trials of skill. The object was to mark the contrast between them. The two songs are alike in design, with one slow and one agitated movement, and they further resemble each other in their mixture of sentimentality and gaiety, and in the number of bravura passages, which sometimes go to a considerable height. It is in the details that everything is different, even to the instrumentation, and that the sharpest possible contrast is maintained both in the parts and style of delivery. There is no great liveliness of movement until — the manager being perplexed to make his choice between the two — they fall to quarrelling, each of them reiterating with increasing warmth: “Ich bin die beste Sangerin.” Thereupon the tenor comes to the rescue, and seeks to allay the irritation of the enraged ladies, giving occasion for a comic terzet full of life and humour. This was composed by Mozart, probably because it amused him, on January 18, 1786, although the play was not finished until

February 3. Although the situation in itself cannot be said to possess much interest, there is a certain charm in the piece, and the forms which are usually only of artistic significance have here a substantial basis. The imitations with which the singers follow on each other's heels, the passages in which they run up to a fabulous height, the alternation of rapid *parlando* with affected delivery and extraordinary passages — all these not only take effect as means of dramatic characterisation, but give the hearers the pleasure of deciding for themselves which of the two aspirants really is the best singer. The peacemaking tenor attaches., himself now to one, now to the other singer, and then again opposes them both, giving a certain amount of dignity to the dispute by means of musical and dramatic contrasts. Indeed the whole scene is so lively, so gay, so free from caricature, and so euphonious, that the terzet may well claim a place with more important works. The concluding operatic piece is a vaudeville. Each solo voice delivers a verse of the song, passing with characteristic modifications into the principal motif, which takes the form of a chorus. The bass voice comes last; the actor Buf gives his decision for the first buffo. This was Lange, who himself used to say that he could only make a singer at need (Selbtsbiographie, p. 126), and who thus ironically parodied his own words.

Mozart also wrote an overture to the piece, in which, less bound by the triviality of the text, he could move more freely. It consists of a single movement in quick time. The first bars —

fall at once into the tone of the whole, and form in their contrasting elements the motifs which are afterwards intersected in the working-out. The two subsequent better-sustained melodies possess in their easy imitative movement, the charm of a lively, excited conversation, the transition passage forming a piquant contrast; in short, the whole overture resembles a comedy with the different characters and intrigues crossing

each other, until at last all ends well. The whole festival was twice repeated at the Kamthnerthortheater soon after the performance at Schönbrunn.

Several later attempts were made to give the piece more action and more music, so as to preserve Mozart's work on the stage.

When Goethe undertook the management of the court theatre at Weimar in 1791, numerous Italian and French operas were arranged to German words by the indefatigable concertmeister Kranz and the industrious theatrical poet, Vulpius. Goethe, being in Rome in the summer of 1787, was extremely amused by the performance of an intermezzo, "L' Impresario in angustie," which Cimarosa had composed in the Carnival of the previous year (at the same time as Mozart's "Schauspieldirector") for the Teatro Nuovo at Naples. He at once had it arranged as a comic opera, with the title of "Theatralische Abenteuer," and the whole of the music to Mozart's "Schauspieldirector" introduced.

It was performed at Weimar on October 24,1791, with great success, and afterwards repeated with alterations on other stages during a considerable time.

In Vienna, after the operetta had again been thrice performed in 1797, an experiment was made in 1814 with an increased adaptation by Stegmeyer, but without lasting success. Within the last few years L. Schneider has made a false step in the publication of the "Schauspieldirector, or Mozart und Schikaneder." Wishing to preserve Mozart's music free from foreign contact, he chose out some songs, which were suitably instrumentalised by Taubert, and fitted fairly well into the new piece. But in order to give the plot more interest he fell into the unpardonable error of making Mozart himself the hero of the opera, composing the "Zauberflöte"

under Schikaneder's direction. It is incredible that any one should have been capable of thus misrepresenting the master whom the resuscitation of

his music was intended to honour, as a senseless, infatuated coxcomb, contemptible both in his obsequious submission to Schikaneder and his immoral relations with his sister-in-law, Aloysia Lange. In 1856 Mozart's operetta was given in Paris at the Bouffes Parisiens with great success; but with what adaptations I am not aware.

Mozart was altogether deceived in his expectation that the Italian opera would not find favour with the public. Joseph made himself acquainted through Salieri with all the most distinguished artists whom the latter had heard in Italy (Mosel, Salieri, p. 75), and gave him full power to engage those he thought fit; he even made this a special object of his own journey through Italy. He thus succeeded in bringing together a *personnel* for opera buffa, which through a long series of years, with various changes, was unsurpassed in the unanimous opinion of the public and connoisseurs. The already mentioned Vienna singers who went over to the Italian opera, Lange, Cavalieri, and Teyber, were joined by Bemasconi, already past her prime, in honour of whom Gluck's "Iphigenie in Tauris" was performed in Italian, in December, 1783. From Italy came Nancy Storace, Mandini, and afterwards Celestine Coltellini. Of the German male singers they had indeed dismissed Fischer, whose loss Mozart rightly declared to be irreparable, but in Benucci they acquired a bass buffo of the first rank. True, he left Vienna the same year, but Marchesini, who replaced him, was not nearly so popular, and Benucci was recalled the following year. The baritones were Mandini, Bussani, and Pugnetti, together with the tenor, O'Kelly (Kelly), and the Germans, Adamberger, Saal, and Ruprecht. On April 22, 1783, the Italian opera was opened with Salieri's newly adapted opera "La Scuola dei Gelosi." It was a decided success, and was repeated twenty-five times, although a cold criticism of the opening night asserts: "The prima donna sang extremely well, but her gesticulation is intolerable. The buffo bore away the palm for natural acting. The other performers are

unworthy of notice." The next opera, by Cimarosa, "L' Italiana in Londra" (May 5), was not so well received; but on the other hand Sarti's opera, "Fra due Litiganti il Terzo Gode" (May 25) excited extraordinary enthusiasm. Schroder writes on July 26, 1783: "The Italian opera is much sought after, and the German theatre is empty." Earnestly as Mozart desired to be employed upon a German opera, he could not fail to be excited by the performances and success of the Italian opera, and his overpowering love of the drama urged him again to employ his genius in the field best fitted for its efforts. He writes to his father (May 7, 1783): —

The Italian opera has recommenced, and pleases very much. The buffo, named Benucci, is particularly good. I have looked through at least a hundred (indeed more) ibretti, but cannot find one satisfactory — that is, unless much were to be altered. And a poet would often rather write a new one than alter — indeed the new one is sure to be better. We have here a certain Abbate da Ponte as poet; he is driven frantic with the alterations he has to make for the theatre; he is, *per obligo*, employed on a new libretto for Salieri, and will be at least two months over it; then he has promised to do something new for me. But who knows whether he can or will keep his word? You know how fair-spoken the Italians are! If he tells Salieri about it, I shall get no opera as long as I live — and I should like to show what I can do in Italian music. Sometimes I have thought that if Varesco does not bear malice on account of the Munich opera he might write me a new book for seven characters — but you know best if that can be done. He might be writing down his ideas, and we could work them out together in Salzburg. The essential point is that the whole thing should be very comic and, if possible, that it should have two good female parts — one seria, the other mezzo carattere, but both equal in importance. The third female might be quite buffa, and all the male parts if necessary. If you think anything can be done with Varesco, please speak to him very soon.

By way of inducement to Varesco, he sent him word that he might reckon on a fee of four or five hundred gulden, for that it was customary in Vienna to give the poet the receipts of the third representation. Some time after he asks again (June 7, 1783)

Do you know nothing of Varesco? I beg you not to forget; if I were in Salzburg we could work at it together so well, if we had a plan ready prepared.

Before Mozart went to Salzburg he had an instance of what he might expect in the opposition made to the insertion of his two airs for Adamberger and Madame Lange in Anfossi's "Curioso Indiscreto" (Vol. II., p. 326). On his arrival in Salzburg at the end of July, he found Varesco quite ready for the undertaking, which was to begin at once, and to be completed in Salzburg.

Among Mozart's remains were found in Varesco's handwriting the first act complete, and the prose table of contents in detail of the second and third acts of the opera "L' Oca del Cairo" ("The Goose of Cairo"). The *dramatis personæ* are as follows: —

The contents are briefly these: —

Don Pippo, Marchese di Ripasecca, a vain and haughty fool, has by his ill-treatment forced his wife, Donna Pantea, to leave him; he believes her dead, but she is living, concealed at a place over the seas. Biondello, hated by him, loves his daughter Celidora, whom he intends to marry to Count Lionetto di Casavuota; he himself has fallen in love with her companion Lavina, who has come to an understanding with Calandrino, Biondello's friend and Pantea's relative. The two maidens are confined in a fortified tower and closely guarded. In full conviction of his security, Don Pippo has been induced to promise Biondello that if he succeeds in gaining access to Celidora within the year, her hand shall be his reward. Hereupon, Calandrino, a skilful mechanic, has constructed an artificial goose large

enough to contain a man, and with machinery capable of motion; this is conveyed to Pantea, who, disguised in Moorish costume, is to display it as a show; it is hoped that Pippo may consent to its exhibition before the two maidens, and that Biondello may thus be conveyed into the tower. As a condition Calandrino exacts from his friend a promise of Lavina's hand.

The opera begins on the anniversary of the wager. Don Pippo is about to marry Lavina, and awaits the arrival of Count Lionetto; his house is filled with preparations for festivity. The curtain rises on the whole household, including the coquettish maid Auretta and her lover the house-steward, Chichibio, having their hair dressed. Calandrino enters in much perturbation; Pantea has not arrived, and a violent storm gives rise to the fear that she may fail altogether; some other device must be hit upon. He promises marriage to Chichibio and Auretta, if they can succeed in abstracting Don Pippo's clothes, and preventing his leaving the castle, which they undertake. The scene changes: Celidora and Lavina are conversing on a terrace on the fourth story of the tower, to which they have obtained access in secret; the lovers appear below on the other side of the moat, and a tender quartet is carried on. The new plan is to throw a bridge across the moat and scale the tower. Workmen arrive and the task is eagerly commenced; but Chichibio and Auretta, chattering about their marriage, have failed to keep watch, and now announce that Don Pippo has gone out; he himself speedily appears, summons the watch, stops the work, and drives away the lovers.

In the second act Pantea lands with the goose in a violent storm. It is a fair-day, and the assembled people are full of amazement at the natural and rational movements of the goose, which is supposed to come from Cairo. Auretta and Chichibio inform Don Pippo of the wonderful sight. He causes Pantea to come forward, and she informs him that the goose having lost its speech from fright during the storm can only be restored by the use of a

certain herb growing in a lonely garden. Don Pippo, delighted, commissions Calandrino to take Pantea and the goose into the pleasure-garden, that so the two maidens may enjoy the spectacle. The finale represents the fair close to the tower, the two ladies looking on from the window. A dispute arises, in which Biondello takes part; Don Pippo, as magistrate, is called on to do justice; some ridiculous action is carried on, ending in a general tumult. Pantea then puts Biondello into the goose and enters the garden, while Calandrino informs Don Pippo that Biondello, in despair, has set out to sea in a small boat, which is confirmed by the weeping Auretta. Don Pippo, in high delight, forms a ludicrous wedding procession and proceeds to the tower, where Celidora and Lavina stand at the window while the goose makes various antics for the amusement of the crowd. Finally, Don Pippo appears in the great hall of the tower, accompanied by the two maidens and the goose, in full confidence of his triumph, and only waiting the arrival of Count Lionetto to celebrate the wedding. Chichibio enters with an uncourteous refusal from the Count. As Don Pippo is in the act of giving his hand to Lavina, Pantea advances in her true person, the goose begins to speak, opens, and Biondello steps out; Don Pippo is beside himself, and is ridiculed by them all; he ends by promising to amend his ways, and the three couples are made happy.

No doubt this summarised account has omitted to take note of many comic and effective touches; but on the other hand it has suppressed many absurdities — the general impression of a fantastic and senseless plot not being affected by the treatment of the details. In the first glow of delight at having a new libretto, Mozart set to work composing at once in Salzburg, and after his return to Vienna he anticipated different scenes that interested him; but he was soon seized with misgivings that the opera could not be put on the stage without important alterations. He wrote on the subject to his father (December 6, 1783): —

Only three more airs, and the first act of my opera is finished. With the aria buffa, the quartet, and the finale I can safely say I am perfectly satisfied — in fact, quite delighted. So that I should be sorry to have written so much good music in vain, which must be the case unless some indispensable alterations are made. Neither you, nor the Abbate Varesco, nor I, reflected that it would have a very bad effect — indeed, would ruin the opera — if neither of the two principal female characters were to appear on the stage until the last moment, but were to be always wandering about on the ramparts or terraces of the tower. One act of this might pass muster, but I am sure the audience would not stand a second. This objection first occurred to me in Linz, and I see no way out of it but to make some scenes of the second act take place in the fortress — *camera della fortezza*. The scene where Don Pippo gives orders to bring the goose in might be the room in which Celidora and Lavina are. Pantea comes in with the goose. Biondello pops out; they hear Don Pippo coming. In goes Biondello again. This would give an opening for a good quintet, which would be all the more comic because the goose sings too. I must confess to you, however, that my only reason for not objecting to the whole of the goose business is that two men of such penetration and judgment as yourself and Varesco see nothing against it. But there would still be time to think of something else. Biondello has only undertaken to make his way into the tower; whether he does it as a sham goose, or by any other trick, makes no difference at all. I cannot help thinking that many more comic and more natural scenes might be brought about if Biondello were to remain in human form. For instance, the news that Biondello had committed himself to the waves in despair, might arrive quite at the beginning of the second act, and he might then disguise himself as a Turk, or something of the kind, and bring Pantea in as a slave (Moorish, of course). Don Pippo is anxious to purchase a slave for his wife; and the slave-dealer and the Mooress are admitted into the fortress

for inspection. This leads to much cajoling and mockery of her husband on the part of Pantea, which would improve the part, for the more comic the opera is the better. I hope you will explain my opinion fully to the Abbate Varesco, and I must beg him to set to work in earnest. I have worked hard enough in the short time. Indeed, I should have finished the first act, if I did not require some alterations made in some of the words; but I would rather you did not mention this to him at present.

In the postcript he again begs his father to consult Varesco, and hurry him on. On further consideration, however, he thought he had still conceded too much, and a few days afterwards he wrote (December 10, 1783): —

Do all you can to make my book a success. I should like to bring the ladies down from the ramparts in the first act, when they sing their airs, and I would willingly allow them to sing the whole finale upstairs.

Varesco was quite willing to make the alteration, which was easily to be effected by a change of scene. The altered version exists, together with the original text; but we know nothing further on the subject. Mozart seems to have made more extensive demands. He wrote to his father (December 24, 1783): —

Now, for what is most necessary with regard to the opera. The Abbate Varesco has written after Lavina's cavatina: "A cui serverà la musica della cavatina antecedente" — that is of Celidora's cavatina — but this will not do. The words of Celidora's cavatina are hopeless and inconsolable, while those of Lavina's are full of hope and consolation. Besides, making one character pipe a song after another is quite an exploded fashion, and never was a popular one. At the best it is only fitted for a soubrette and her lover in the *ultime parti.* My idea would be to begin the scene with a good duet, for which the same words, with a short appendix for the coda, would answer very well. After the duet, the conversation could proceed as before:

“E quando s’ ode il cam-panello della custode.” Mademoiselle Lavina will have the goodness to take her departure instead of Celidora, so that the latter, as prima donna, may have an opportunity of singing a grand bravura air. This would, I think, be an improvement for the composer, the singers, and the audience, and the whole scene would gain in interest. Besides, it is scarcely likely that the same song would be tolerated from the second singer after being sung by the first. I do not know what you both mean by the following direction: At the end of the interpolated scene for the two women in the first act, the Abbate has written: “Siegue la scena VIII che prima era la VII e cosi cangiansi di mano in mano i numeri.” This leads me to suppose that he intends the scene after the quartet, where the two ladies, one after the other, sing their little songs from the window, to remain. But that is impossible. The act would be lengthened out of all proportion, and quite spoiled. I always thought it ludicrous to read: *Celidora*. “Tu qui m’ attendi, arnica. Alla custode farmi veder vogl’ io; ci andrai tu puoi.” Lavina: “Si dolce arnica, addio.” (Celidora parte.) Lavina sings her song. Celidora comes back and says: “Eccomi, or vanne,” &c.; and then out goes Lavina, and Celidora sings her air; they relieve one another, like soldiers on guard. It is much more natural also that, being all together for the quartet, to arrange their contemplated attack, the men should go out to collect the necessary assistants, leaving the two women quietly in their retreat. All that can be allowed them is a few lines of recitative. I cannot imagine that it was intended to prolong the scene, only that the direction for closing it was omitted by mistake. I am very curious to hear your good idea for bringing Biondello into the tower; if it is only comical enough, we will overlook a good deal that may be unnatural. I am not at all afraid of a few fireworks; all the arrangements here are so good that there is no danger of fire. “Medea” has been given repeatedly, at the end of which half the palace falls in ruins while the other half is in flames.

Whether Varesco refused to give up the “goose business,” whether he was afraid of further endless emendations, or what his reasons were, who can tell? In any case no radical change was made in the text, and, much against his will, Mozart was forced to lay the opera aside. Besides a recitative and the cursory sketch of a tenor air, six numbers of the first act are preserved in draft score (422 K.), with, as usual, the voice parts and bass completely written out, and the ritornelli and accompaniment more or less exactly indicated for the different instruments. Four numbers belong to Auretta and Chichibio; the comparison with “Figaro” is an obvious one, and though Chichibio is far from being a Figaro, Auretta approaches much nearer to Susanna. The situation of her air (2) is not badly imagined. Calandrino, hearing from Auretta that Chichibio is very jealous, embraces her in jest and says, “What would Chichibio say if he saw us?” Thereupon that personage enters, and Auretta, pretending not to observe him, sings: —

Se fosse qui nascoso
Quell’ Argo mio geloso,
O, poverina me!

Direbbe: “O maledetta,
Pettegola, fraschetta!
La fedeltà dov’ è?”

Pur sono innocente,
Se fosse presente,
Direbbe tra se:

“O qui non c’ è pericolo,
Un caso si ridicolo
Goder si deve affè.”

The musical apprehension of the contrasts contained in the words is remarkably humorous and graceful, and especially the point to which the whole tends. “O qui non cè peri-colo” is as charmingly roguish as anything in “Figaro.” Chichibio’s comic air (3) is in the genuine style of Italian buffo, and consists of a rapid *parlando*; after the direction to close with the ritornello it acquires some originality of colour from the instrumentation. In the shorter of the two duets between Auretta and Chichibio, the orchestra was also intended to play a prominent part. The first duet (1), however, is more important and more broadly designed; Auretta provokes Chichibio’s jealousy in the traditional manner, and then seeks to appease it. The whole piece, with its shifting humours, is lively and amusing, and the subject —

carried out by the orchestra and toyed with by the voice-parts, is of a mingled grace and intensity truly worthy of Mozart. Then there are sketches of two great ensembles. The quartet (6) in which the lovers converse from afar has less of a buffo character and more true feeling; the two pairs of lovers are clearly distinguished, and their characteristics sharply defined. The finale (7), on the other hand, is altogether in the liveliest buffo tone. At the beginning the lovers are full of eagerness and hope at the building of the bridge, then follows the excitement of suspense, and when Don Pippo actually appears a general tumult breaks out. It does not lie in the nature of this situation to make the same display of rich variety, nor of the dignity of deep emotion, which we admire so much in other finales; it is calculated rather to excite wonder at the long continuation of spirited movement and ascending climax. In the last presto, especially, this is quite extraordinary; here the chorus (contrary to custom in comic opera) is independent and full of effect, yielding to no later work of the same kind. A proof of the figure Don Pippo is intended to cut is given in this finale. The short andante maestoso, “Io sono offeso! La mia eccellenza, la prepotenza soffrir non de,”

indicates a grand buffo part such as never occurs in any other opera. We have, it is true, but a weak and shadowy outline of all these movements. Let the experiment be made of imagining corresponding numbers of “Figaro” and “Don Giovanni” deprived of all their orchestral parts except the bass, and a few bars to suggest the different motifs, and how much weaker and more colourless will be the image that remains! So, also, we can scarcely arrive at even an approximate idea of the life which Mozart would have thrown into these sketches when he came to work them out in all their detail and brilliancy of colouring. They betray, in common with all the works of this period, the firm touch of a master, and possess a singular interest to the student, even in their incomplete form. Who can say that Mozart, if he had finished the opera, would not have succeeded in overcoming the weaker points of the libretto? And yet he scarcely seems to have hoped as much himself, seeing that he finally laid aside the work, begun with so much eagerness and carried on so far. But he was far from abandoning his design, and seeing no immediate prospect of a new libretto, he selected from among the numerous books which he had collected one that he might at least hope to see put on the stage. This was “Lo Sposo Deluso” (“Der gefoppte Brautigam”), probably the same opera which was produced at Padua in the winter of 1787, with music by Cav. Pado. That it was a libretto which had already been made use of follows from the fact that Mozart made some corrections from the original of inaccuracies as to names committed by the ignorant Italian copyist. It is not necessary for the comprehension of the portions composed by Mozart (430 K.) to transcribe the whole of the complicated contents of the book; the list of characters, with the names of the singers to whom Mozart alloted the various parts, will suffice to show the drift of the plot.

The *dramatis personæ*, then, are as follows: —

The time at which Mozart was at work on this libretto falls within that during which Nancy Storace performed as Signora Fischer. She had been induced to marry an English violinist, a Dr. Fisher, at Vienna, who ill-treated her, and was thereupon sent out of the country by the Emperor. This was in the year 1784, and as Nancy Storace never afterwards bore the name of her husband, she could only have been so described by Mozart shortly after her marriage. As the opera begins, Bocconio, awaiting his bride, is discovered giving the finishing touches to his toilet; his friend Pulcherio, the woman-hater, is present, and jeers at him; so do Don Asdrubale and Bettina, who declares that if her uncle does not provide her with a husband without delay, she will give him and his wife no peace. While he is defending himself, the arrival of the bride is announced; the confusion increases, for he is not yet ready, and the others all torment him the more. Mozart has connected this quartet with the overture, which leads into the first scene without a break. We have a merry flourish of trumpets and drums, taken up by the whole orchestra, and at once we are in the midst of wedding festivities and joyous excitement. The plan of the overture, though without any actual allusion, reminds us of that to “Figaro,” but falls short of it in spirit and refinement. The merriment is interrupted by a tender andante 3-8, in which strings and wind instruments alternate, prefiguring the amorous emotions which are to have a place in the drama. The flourish is heard again, the curtain rises, and the andante is repeated in its main points, the instrumental movement serving as a foundation for the free motion of the voices. The different points are more sharply accented, and the hearer’s enjoyment is intensified by the richer and more brilliant working out of the movement, which shows itself, as it were, in an altogether new light. The ensemble is inspired with cheerful humour, full of dramatic life, and showing distinctly Mozart’s own art of giving independence and freedom to the voices and orchestra, as members of one perfect whole. The draft is

worked out somewhat beyond the first design, the stringed instruments being almost written in full, and the principal entrances of the wind instruments at least indicated. We are thus enabled to form a sufficient idea of the movement, which, had it been completed, would have been so brilliant an introduction to the opera. Two airs are preserved in the customary sketch form — voices and bass entire, and detached indications for the violin. In the soprano air (3), however, the outline is so characteristic that but a small effort of imagination suffices to endow it with the effect of full instrumentation. The caricatured haughtiness of the Roman lady Eugenia is shown in the very first words: —

The contrast between pomposity and volubility is given at once; the object is to balance one with the other, so that they may appear natural displays of a consistent character.

The moderation of tone thus obtained is all the more necessary from the character being a female one, since a woman cannot be caricatured to the point of being revolting, as a man can, without injury to the comic effect.

Nacqui all’ aura trionfale,
Del Romano Campidoglio
E non trovo per le scale,
Che mi venga ad incontrar?

Caricature, which emphasises certain characteristic features of an individual at the cost of others less striking must always be an objectionable mode of musical representation. The external features which can be exaggerated by the musician are limited and soon exhausted, the exaggeration of emotional expression to produce a comic effect is a very dangerous device, because music does not possess the resources which enable poetry and the formative arts to represent disproportions of caricature as amusing and comical rather than distorted and hideous. Mozart

takes as the foundation for his musical representation a genuine pride, which is only led by chance impulses to express itself in an exaggerated and distorted manner, and it is this temporary self-contradiction which produces the comic effect. The musical device he employs for the purpose is the composition of the air in the traditional heroic form of opera seria, which is opposed to the situation of the moment as well as to the fault-finding words. The compass and employment of the voice show that Mozart had Storace in view, for whom he afterwards composed Susanna. Pulcherio's second air (4) is much more sketchily delineated. Eugenia and Bocconio, after their first meeting, are not on very good terms with each other, and the obliging friend seeks to reconcile them; he draws Bocconio's attention to Eugenia's beauty, and hers to Bocconio's amiability, and as he goes first to one and then to the other with his appeals, he pictures to himself the misery which is sure to follow the union of the two. The contrasting motifs to which the situation gives rise are arranged in animated alternation. The sketch, however, shows only the general design; and the share taken in it by the orchestra, doubtless a very important one, cannot be even approximately arrived at. A terzet (5 cf., Vol. II., p. 424) between Eugenia, Don Asdrubale and Bocconio is completely worked out, and causes regret that it was not inserted in a later opera, that so we might have heard it from the stage. Don Asdrubale coming to greet Bocconio's bride, the lovers in amazement recognise each other. Eugenia, who had been informed of Don Asdrubale's death in battle, falls half-swooning on a couch, and Bocconio hastens off to fetch restoratives. Asdrubale, who is on the way to Rome that he may wed Eugenia, overwhelms her with reproaches, and throws himself on a couch in despair. Eugenia has risen, and before Asdrubale can explain himself, Bocconio returns, and to his astonishment finds the scene completely altered. At this point the terzet begins, and expresses most charmingly the confusion and embarrassment of the three personages, who are all in the

dark as to each other's conduct, and who put restraint on themselves even in their extremity of suspense. The orchestra carries on the threads independently, joined by the voices, sometimes apart and interrupted, to suit the situation, sometimes together. An excellent effect is given by the sharply accented expression of involuntary painful emotion contrasting with the reserve which otherwise prevails in the terzet. The whole tone of the piece is masterly; while never overstepping the limits of comic opera, it successfully renders the deep agitation of mind of all the three characters. This is contrived, not by the mixture of a comic element in the person of Bocconio, who rather approximates to the frame of mind of the other two, but by the cheerful tone which penetrates the whole without any loss of truth of expression.

This opera again stopped short of completion, and a third seems to have had the same fate. A terzet for male voices, which is preserved in duplicate draft, was intended for the first scene of a comic opera. An opera by Accoromboni, "Il Regno delle Amazoni," was, according to Fétis, performed at Parma in 1782, as well as elsewhere, with success, and the words of the terzet leave little doubt that this, too, was among the "little books" Mozart had looked through, and that it suggested to him an experiment which must almost have coincided in point of time with the two just mentioned. It can scarcely have been the imperfections of the libretti alone which caused Mozart to leave these operas unfinished, but also the improbability of ever bringing them to performance. The brilliant reception accorded to the Italian maestri, Sarti and Paesiello, in Vienna, only caused the German masters to fall more into the background. The extraordinary success of Paesiello and Casti with "Il Re Teodoro'' (Vol. II., p. 344), alarmed even Salieri. He had himself begun an opera, "Il Ricco d' un Giorno," but laid it aside rather than enter into competition with the "Re Teodoro." He was always skilful in turning circumstances to account. When

his “Rauchfangkehrer” failed in 1781, and Mozart’s “Entführung” was rousing great expectations, he received in the nick of time a commission from Munich to write the opera “Semiramide,” which was performed during the Carnival. He then set out, recommended and patronised by Gluck, to produce “Les Danaides” in Paris. Crowned with new laurels, by reason of the success which it there met with, he returned to Vienna and completed his opera, after the first enthusiasm for his rivals had died out. It was given on December 6, 1784, but without success. Mozart’s prospects for the year 1785 were not any more favourable, when suddenly help appeared from an unexpected quarter.

Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838), a native of Ceneda, was exiled from the republic of Venice, where he had been schoolmaster, on account of his opinions and manner of life. After a short stay in Gorz and Dresden, he came to Vienna, warmly recommended to Salieri by the poet Mazzola, just as the Italian opera was in process of being established. Through Salieri’s influence he was appointed a theatrical poet by Joseph II., who continued to befriend him; he had thus every reason to be beholden to Salieri. His first attempt was this opera, “Il Ricco d’ un Giorno,” which he did not himself consider a success; Salieri ascribed its failure, which he felt the more keenly in contrast to Paesiello’s success, solely and entirely to the poet, and swore that he would sooner cut off his hand than set to music another word of Da Ponte’s. He had no difficulty in obtaining a libretto from Casti, “La Grotta di Trofonio”; and this opera, which was first given on October 12, 1785, was a great success. Da Ponte now saw himself threatened in his position, for Casti was his declared rival and opponent.

Casti had long been famous as a witty and gallant verse-maker; he was acquainted with the most influential men of the day, and was ambitious of succeeding Metastasio as *poeta Cesareo*. The rise of Da Ponte, who had to some extent taken Metastasio’s place in the theatre, would be altogether

against his interests; he sought therefore both by praise and blame to bring his rival into discredit, and ridiculed him personally in his operetta, “Prima la Musica” (Vol. III., p. 47). Casti carried his vanity and self-complacency to such a pitch that Kelly mimicked him on the stage in his own opera (“Demo-gorgone”), to the intense delight of the public. It was plainly Da Ponte’s interest to gain the favour of composers who might do credit to his operatic libretti.

Vincent Martin (1754-1810), born in Valencia, and therefore called “Lo Spagnuolo,” had produced some operas in Italy with success since 1781; Storace had made a furore in one of them at Venice. This caused him to repair to Vienna in 1784, where the wife of the Spanish Ambassador took him under her powerful protection. At the command of the Emperor Da Ponte adapted for him the opera, “Il Burbero di Buon Core,” after Goldoni’s comedy, which was performed for the first time on January 4, 1786, with complete success; but his next operas, “Il Finto Cieco,” composed by Gazzaniga, and “Il Demogorgone,” composed by Righini, were not particularly successful. Not satisfied with these composers, he cast his eyes on Mozart, to whom he had promised a libretto as early as 1783. Da Ponte positively affirms that it was owing to his readiness and decision that Mozart was enabled to place his masterpiece on the stage in defiance of all the cabals and intrigues of his enemies; and he expresses the hope that an impartial and truthful account of the affair will make this evident. We shall therefore follow his account, but shall correct and modify it in its details by means of other available information.

Baron Wezlar, a great lover of music, in whose house Mozart had lived for a time (Vol. II., p. 304), had brought about the acquaintance between the latter and Da Ponte, and proved himself a munificent patron on the occasion. On Mozart’s expressing anxiety lest an opera composed by him should not be allowed to appear, Wezlar engaged to pay the librettist a

suitable fee, and to bring about the performance of the opera in London or Paris if the obstacles in Vienna proved insurmountable. Confiding in the favour and discernment of the Emperor, Da Ponte declined this offer. In discussing a suitable subject Mozart expressed the wish that Da Ponte would adapt Beaumarchais' comedy, "Le Mariage de Figaro," which, after a prolonged struggle, had been given for the first time on April 27, 1784, and was now occupying public attention. The adaptation would be an easy matter, but the Emperor had forbidden the production of the piece at the National Theatre on account of its freedom of tone. Da Ponte, however, hoped to overcome this difficulty; he agreed with Mozart to keep.the undertaking a secret. They set to work, Da Ponte writing the libretto, and Mozart composing it gradually as he received it: *in six weeks the whole was finished*. Fortunately there was a dearth of new operas at the time. Da Ponte, without consulting any one, went straight to the Emperor, and told him what had happened. The Emperor had misgivings both as to Mozart, who, though an excellent instrumental composer, had written an opera which was no great success ("non era gran cosa"), and as to the piece which he had already suppressed. Da Ponte declared that he would be answerable for Mozart as well as for the piece, which he had adapted in such a manner as to be perfectly fit for representation. The Emperor gave way, summoned Mozart before him with the score, and after hearing some portions of it, commanded that it should be performed and put into rehearsal at once. This caused much displeasure to Mozart's opponents, Casti and Count Rosenberg, "a sworn enemy of the Germans, who would listen to nothing that was not Italian," and who made as many difficulties as he could. Da Ponte relates one instance of the kind. The manager, Bussani (the singer who was cast for the part of Bartolo), told Count Rosenberg that in the third act of "Figaro," during the wedding festivities, while Susanna is conveying the letter to the Count, a ballet was to be introduced. Rosenberg sent for the

poet, reminded him that the Emperor would not allow a ballet, and turning a deaf ear to his remonstrances, tore the scene out of the book. Mozart was furious; wanted to call the Count to answer, to horsewhip Bussani, to appeal to the Emperor, to take back the score — in short, he could with difficulty be pacified. At the full rehearsal the Emperor was present. In obedience to Rosenberg's order the ballet was omitted, and in dead silence Susanna and the Count made their now meaningless gestures. The Emperor, in amazement, asked what it all meant, and on Da Ponte's explanation of the affair, ordered a proper ballet to be at once arranged. This story, although Da Ponte may have exaggerated the importance of his own share in it, doubtless gives a fair idea on the whole of the circumstances under which Mozart's "Figaro" was produced. Kelly's assertion that Mozart was commissioned by the Emperor to write an opera, and selected "Figaro," accords very well with Da Ponte's account. Mozart began his work in the autumn of 1785, as we learn from a letter of his father's to Marianne (November 11, 1785): —

At last, after six weeks' silence, I have received a letter from your brother of November 2, containing quite twelve lines. His excuse for not writing is that he has been over head and ears at work on his opera,

"Le Nozze di Figaro." He has put off all his pupils to the afternoon, so that he may have his mornings free. I have no fear as to the music; but there will no doubt be much discussion and annoyance before he can get the libretto arranged to his wish; and having procrastinated and let the time slip after his usual fashion, he is obliged now to set to work in earnest, because Count Rosenberg insists upon it.

This contradicts Da Ponte's account of the secrecy with which the opera was prepared; and it may be doubted also whether it was really written in six weeks. The date in Mozarts own catalogue,-April 29, 1786, only proves that he closed his work by writing the overture immediately before the first

performance (May 1). Da Ponte may have exaggerated somewhat tor the sake of effect. Mozart's Thematic Catalogue shows what he was capable of accomplishing even while at work upon "Figaro." There is a hiatus in the catalogue from July 5, 1785, to November 5. It is possible that he was busy with the opera during this interval; but during the time immediately following, when he was working at it in real earnest, we find the following compositions entered: —

1785. November 5. Quartet to the "Villanella Rapita" (Vol. II., p. 331).

November 21. Terzet I (479, 480 K.).

December 12. Sonata for piano and violin in E flat major (481 K.).

December 16. Pianoforte concerto in E flat major (482 K.).

1786. January 10. Pianoforte rondo in D major (485 K.).

January 18. Terzet from the "Schauspieldirector."

February 3. "Schauspieldirector" (486 K.).

March 2. Pianoforte concerto in A major (488 K.).

March 10. Duet and air for the private performance of "Ido-meneo" (489, 490 K.).

March 24. Pianoforte concerto in C minor (491 K.).

April 29. "Le Nozze di Figaro" (492 K.).

To these may be added the Lent Concerts, which were also then occupying him. There were other difficulties to be overcome before the performance, of which we hear nothing from Da Ponte, but which are related by Kelly: —

There were three operas now on the *tapis*, one by Righini ("ü Demo-gorgone"), another by Salieri ("La Grotta di Trofonio"), and one by Mozart, by special command of the Emperor. Mozart chose to have Beaumarchais' French comedy, "Le Mariage de Figaro," made into an Italian opera, which was done with great ability by Da Ponte. These three pieces were nearly ready for representation at the same time, and each composer claimed the

right of producing his opera for the first. The contest raised much discord, and parties were formed. The characters of the three men were all very different. Mozart was as touchy as gunpowder, and swore that he would put the score of his opera into the fire if it was not produced first; his claim was backed by a strong party. Righini, on the contrary, was working like a mole in the dark to get precedence. The third candidate was Maestro di Capella to the court, a clever, shrewd man, possessed of what Bacon called “crooked wisdom”; and his claims were backed by three of the principal performers, who formed a cabal not easily put down. Every one of the opera company took part in the contest. I alone was a stickler for Mozart, and naturally enough, for he had a claim on my warmest wishes, from my adoration of his powerful genius and the debt of gratitude I owed him for many personal favours. The mighty contest was put an end to by his majesty issuing a mandate for Mozart’s “Nozze di Figaro” to be instantly put into rehearsal.

A slight error has crept in here, for Salieri’s opera was given first on October 12, 1785; but this account confirms the fact of the Emperor’s interference. Mozart’s claims were supported by the distinguished company of amateurs who arranged a representation of “Idomeneo” at the Auersperg Theatre in March (Vol. II., p. 289). The fact that his friends Count Hatzfeld (Vol. II., p. 291) and Bridi (Vol. II., p. 359) took his part in the dispute shows that it was intended to put Mozart forward as a composer of Italian operas, and that powerful support was considered necessary for the purpose. His father had cause therefore to write to his daughter (April 18): —

On the 28th, “Le Nozze di Figaro” is to be put on the stage for the first time. It will mean much if it succeeds, for I know that there has been a surprisingly strong cabal against it. Salieri and all his adherents will move heaven and earth against it. Duschek told me lately that my son met with such violent opposition because of his extraordinary talent and cleverness.

Niemetschek (p. 37) goes so far as to assert that it was commonly reported that the Italian singers did all they could to ruin the opera on its first performance by intentional mistakes and carelessness, and that they had to be sternly reminded of their duty by the Emperor, to whom Mozart appealed in despair at the end of the first act. Kelly says nothing of this; he maintains, on the contrary, that never was opera so strongly cast, and that all the subsequent performances he had seen were no more to be compared to the original one than light is to darkness: —

All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I never shall forget his little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius; it is as impossible to describe it as it would be to paint sunbeams. I remember at the first rehearsal of the full band Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song "Non più andrai" Benucci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who, (*sotto voce*), was repeating: "Bravo! bravo, Benucci!" and when Benucci came to the fine passage, "Cherubino, alla vittoria, alia gloria militar!" which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated: "Bravo! bravo, maestro! viva, viva, grande Mozart!" Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music-desks. The little man acknowledged by repeated obeisances his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.

The following was the cast of the first performance, according to Mozart's Thematic Catalogue — the original libretto is unfortunately lost: —

The reception of the opera by the public on its first performance (May 1, 1786) was such as to justify the most favourable anticipations. "Never was anything more complete," says Kelly, "than the triumph of Mozart and his 'Nozze di Figaro.'" The house was crowded, and many pieces were encored, so that the opera lasted twice the usual time; but that did not prevent long-continued applause and repeated calls for Mozart at the close of the performance. L. Mozart wrote to his daughter on May 18: "At the second performance of your brother's opera (May 3) five pieces were encored, and on the third (May 8) seven; one little duet had to be sung three times." The opera, therefore, was a decided success; too much so, indeed, for many people, and the Emperor was persuaded, after the first performance, to forbid any piece to be encored, under the pretence of sparing the singers and the conductor. Kelly narrates how the Emperor, after issuing this prohibition, addressing himself at a rehearsal to Storace, Mandini, and Benucci, said: "I dare say you are all pleased that I put a stop to encores; it must be fatiguing and distressing to you to repeat so many songs." Storace replied: "It is indeed, sire, very distressing." The other two bowed, as if in assent; but Kelly, who was standing by, said boldly to the Emperor: "Do not believe them, sire, they all like to be encored; at least I am sure I always do"; whereupon the Emperor laughed. Mozart's enemies found it impossible to drive the opera completely from the stage, but they took care that it should not be given often enough to take firm hold of the public favour. Nevertheless, it reached nine performances within the year, though with long intervals between them (May 1, 3, 8, 24, July 4, August 28, September 22, November 15, December 18). On November 17 Martin's "Cosa Rara" (after so strong an opposition on the part of the singers, that the Emperor was obliged to compel them to sing) achieved an unprecedented success. This threw "Figaro" somewhat into the shade, both

in the public estimation and in the Emperor's opinion; the latter told Dittersdorf that Mozart overweighted the singers with his full accompaniments; Martin's easy and taking melodies were far more to the royal taste. During 1787 and 1788 "Figaro" was not given at all in Vienna, and was not reproduced until August 29, 1789.

CHAPTER XXXVI. “LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.”

THE choice of Beaumarchais’ comedy “Le Mariage de Figaro, ou La Folle Journée,” as a subject for operatic treatment, was deliberately made by Mozart himself. The play had excited unusual interest, both on account of the name and political position of the author and of the curious circumstances under which it had been produced in Paris. Beaumarchais had offered his comedy, towards the end of 1781, to the Théätre-Français, where it was readily accepted. But rumours prejudicial to the piece led Louis XVI. to have it read aloud in his presence; he was horrified at its freedom of tone, and declared that he would never consent to its performance. This only served to stimulate curiosity, and people thronged to hear the reading of the manuscript; a strong court party interested themselves for its production, the actors pressed for it, the public insisted upon it. Beaumarchais knew well how to turn all these circumstances to account; in June, 1783, his comedy was on the point of performance at the court theatre; the audience was actually assembled, when, just as the curtain was about to rise, a fresh prohibition arrived, from the King. Complaints of tyranny and oppression now became audible, and the affair assumed a political aspect. At length the King was prevailed upon to countenance a private representation at a festival given by M. de Vaudreuil to the Comte d’Artois in September, 1783. Beaumarchais contrived that this should lead to a public performance, which took place in April, 1784. The unheard-of success of the play caused its reputation to spread rapidly, and Mozart’s attention could not fail to be attracted to it, the more so as Paesiello’s “Barbiere di Seviglia,” founded on Beaumarchais’ earlier comedy, had been well received in Vienna. Mozart’s search for a suitable libretto among the Italian ones already published, and his attempt to produce a new one with.

Varesco, were equally unsuccessful. The accepted form of opera buffa, relying for effect solely on broadly comic situations and caricature, did not satisfy Mozart's conditions of dramatic reality in the development of an interesting plot and a consistent delineation of character. Both conditions were amply fulfilled by Beaumarchais. "Le Nozze di Figaro" is well known to be in a certain sort a continuation of the "Barbiere di Seviglia."

The majority of the characters appear in both pieces, events belonging to the plot of "Figaro" are grounded on the previous play, and it is necessary for a proper appreciation of the motives and characterisation to bear the connection of the two in mind: —

Count Almaviva having, with Figaro's help, gained the hand of Rosina, the charming ward of Doctor Bartolo, takes Figaro and Marcellina, Rosina's duenna, into his service, and retires to his castle, attended also by Basilio, the music-master. He soon wearies of his wife's society, and seeks distraction in the company of Susanna, the Countess's maid and Figaro's affianced bride. Basilio is again made to act the part of a go-between. The piece begins on the day appointed for Figaro's wedding. Figaro, having learnt the Count's designs from Susanna, determines to outwit his master, and to prevent the success of his scheme for delaying the wedding. In this scheme the Count is offered assistance by Marcellina, who is in love with Figaro, and possesses his written undertaking to marry her should he fail in repaying her by a certain day a sum of money she has lent him. Her dread of losing all chance of Figaro, by his union with Susanna, induces her to call Bartolo to her assistance, and the latter is the more ready to do what he can, both that he may revenge himself on Figaro, and free himself from Marcellina's claims upon him. It appears that years ago she bore him a son, who was kidnapped as a child. While this danger is hanging over the heads of the lovers, Susanna is sought in her room by the page Cherubino, a

heedless and beautiful youth, just budding into manhood. The Count has surprised him with Fanchette, daughter of his gardener Antonio, with whom he is himself flirting, and has discharged him from his service; he begs Susanna to intercede for him with the Countess, his godmother, for whom he entertains an ardent passion. As they converse, they hear the Count approaching, and Cherubino hides behind a large arm-chair; the Count has come to offer Susanna a dowry if she will consent to meet him the same evening; she, however, vigorously repulses him. Basilio enters: the Count hides behind the same arm-chair, and Cherubino slips round to the front, and covers himself with a cloak which lies upon the chair. Basilio reiterates to Susanna the Count's proposals, and, on her continued refusal, makes malicious allusions to the page, who is paying court not only to Susanna, but to the Countess. The Count comes forward in a fury, orders the immediate dismissal of the page, tells how he found him concealed in the gardener's house, and discovers him in the arm-chair. But Cherubino has been a witness to all that has passed, and, in order to conciliate and get rid of him at the same time, the Count gives him a commission in his regiment, ordering his immediate departure for Seville, to join the garrison there. At this point Figaro enters at the head of the villagers in holiday attire. The Count, at his marriage, had renounced his seignorial rights, and, instigated by Figaro, his grateful subjects come to petition him to honour the first wedding which has since been celebrated by himself placing the wreath on the head of the bride. The Count cannot refuse the petition, but begs for a few hours delay, in order that the ceremony may be rendered more brilliant. Figaro in the meantime is plotting a double intrigue against the Count, with the co-operation of the Countess, who has been kept informed of all that is going on by her devoted Susanna. Her relations to Figaro and Susanna, and her ready acquiescence in a design to recall her husband to a sense of his duty by means of a trick, keep us in mind that the Countess Almaviva is the

Rosina of the “Barber of Seville.” She loves her husband, and has a full consciousness of her own dignity; but the circumstances of her early life, and of her marriage with Count Almaviva, have left their indelible impress upon her. Figaro warns the Count, who has gone hunting, by an anonymous letter that a rival has made an assignation with the Countess; he hopes that jealousy will divert his mind from the wedding. On the other side he assures him of Susanna’s intention to keep her appointment in the garden; Cherubino, who has been allowed to delay his departure at Figaro’s intercession, is to be disguised so as to take Susanna’s place at the interview. |The page comes to be dressed; all at once the Count knocks, having hurried home in jealous haste. Cherubino slips into the inner room, of which the Countess locks the door; as the Count is plying her with angry questions Cherubino throws down a chair; the Countess explains that Susanna is within, but refuses to allow her to come out, or even to answer, and will not give up the key. The Count, enraged, secures all means of egress, and drags the Countess away with him to fetch an axe and break the door open. Susanna, who has been concealed in an alcove during this scene, proceeds to liberate Cherubino; he, finding no other exit available, springs through the window into the garden, and Susanna takes his place in the cabinet. The Count returning with the Countess, determined to employ force in opening the door, she confesses that the page is in the inner chamber, whereby his rage is still further excited; to the astonishment of them both Susanna steps forth. The Countess soon collects herself, and explains that their only intention has been to punish him for his want of faith, and that Figaro wrote the letter as a preliminary to the trick; the Count is forced to sue for pardon, which he obtains with difficulty. Figaro now enters with the information that all is prepared for the wedding, and being taxed by the Count with the letter, denies all knowledge of it, and is with difficulty brought to understand the position of affairs. This danger is hardly over

when the gardener enters, half tipsy, with the complaint that some one has just jumped from the window of the cabinet upon his flowers; Figaro declares that he was there with Susanna, and had jumped into the garden from fear of the Count's fury. The gardener says that he thought he had recognised Cherubino, but hands Figaro a paper which had been dropped in the garden. The Count, his suspicions newly awakened, demands the contents of the paper; the Countess recognises in it the page's patent, and whispers through Susanna to Figaro, who is able to ward off this fresh danger. Marcellina now appears supported by Bartolo, and makes known Figaro's promise of marriage; the Count, in high delight, promises to support her claims in a court of justice, and by dismissing Basilio, who puts forward his claims to Marcellina's hand, revenges himself for the letter which Basilio had presented to him.

Before the sitting of the court the Countess conceives the design of herself taking Susanna's place at the rendezvous with the Count. The trial which takes place results in Figaro's being ordered to pay his debt to Marcellina, or in default to marry her. The Count appears at the goal of his wishes, but Figaro's evasion — that he must have the consent of his parents — leads to the discovery that he is the long-lost son of Bartolo and Marcellina, who thereupon decide to celebrate their espousals together with his; Susanna, entering with money obtained from the Countess to redeem Figaro, is indignant at finding him in Marcellina's arms, but her anger is speedily turned to delight at hearing the true position of affairs.

During the solemn wedding ceremony — at which Cherubino, disguised as Fanchette, appears among the village maidens and is recognised — Susanna gives the Count a letter dictated by the Countess, in which she appoints the place of rendezvous; a pin which is stuck into the letter is to be returned as a token of understanding. Figaro sees that the Count reads the letter and pricks himself with the pin, without noticing that Susanna has

given it to him; hearing afterwards from Fanchette that she is commissioned by the Count to convey the pin back to Susanna, he easily surmises what it means. Beside himself with jealousy, he stations his parents and friends in the neighbourhood of the appointed place, and repairs thither himself to surprise and punish the guilty pair.

In the darkness of night the Countess and Susanna, having exchanged clothes, come to put their husbands to the proof; Susanna has been warned by Marcellina of Figaro's designs. Scarcely is the Countess alone, when she is alarmed by the approach of Cherubino, who presses a kiss on the supposed Susanna; the Count, entering on the instant, salutes the page with a box on the ear, which is received instead by the listening Figaro. Alone with the Countess, the Count addresses her in the most endearing terms, presents her with money, and with a costly ring, and endeavours to go off with her; she escapes him in the darkness, and he seeks her in vain.

In the meantime Susanna, as the Countess, comes to the enraged Figaro, but forgetting for a moment to disguise her voice, he recognises her, and turns the tables by proposing to her to revenge herself for her lord's want of faith by her own, whereupon she makes herself known by boxing his ears. Peace is easily restored by his explanation, and as the Count approaches, seeking his Susanna, they continue to counterfeit love. The Count in a rage calls for his people with torches, Figaro's friends hasten in, and with them the Countess. The Count, to his shame, discovers that it was his wife who accepted his presents and declarations of love, and the pardon which she accords to him brings the confusion to an end.

Such is a mere outline of this amusing play of intrigue, where one knot twisting in with another, one embarrassment growing out of another, call forth ever and again fresh contrivances, while an abundance of effective situations and characteristic detail make the witty and satirical dialogue one of the most graphic character pictures of the time. Da Ponte has arranged

his libretto with much skill, having no doubt received important aid from Mozart himself. The progress of the piece is left almost unaltered, the necessary abbreviations being judiciously made. Thus, the lengthy trial scene is omitted, and only the result in its bearing on the plot is communicated. Sometimes an under-plot is added, such as Basilio's appearance as Marcellina's lover. The clearness of the plot is not often endangered, as it certainly is by the alteration which omits all mention of a son of Bartolo and Marcellina previous to their recognition of Figaro as their offspring. The musical pieces are introduced with admirable discrimination in such positions as to allow free and natural scope to the musical rendering of each situation without hindering the progress of the plot, and this is no small praise in such a piece as "Figaro." The whole scheme of the drama demands that quite as much attention shall be given to the ensemble movements and finales as the solo airs; and this is of great advantage to the musical construction. The definite and prearranged progress of the action fulfils all the conditions of operatic representation with regard to the position and diversity of the musical pieces; the poetical conceptions are clever and appropriate, a suggestion of Beaumarchais being often amplified in the musical working-out. The French comedy was of wonderful advantage in maintaining the dialogue; and, shortened and modified as it was of necessity, it retained far more of the spirit and life of the original than was usual in the recitatives of opera buffa. This is not indeed the case as far as the German adaptations of the opera are concerned. I am not aware whence proceeded the first translation made use of in Berlin in 1790. In 1791 Knigge adapted the opera for Schroder in Hamburg; in 1792 it was given in Vienna, translated by Gieseke; and in 1794 Vulpius's translation appeared. A new translation, giving not only Da Ponte's verses, but Mozart's improvements on them, is a pressing necessity. The vast superiority of "Le Nozze di Figaro," in characterisation, plot, and dialogue,

to the very best of opera buffa libretti may be easily discerned by comparing it with other famous operas, such as Casti's "Re Teodoro" or "Grotta di Trofonio." In many essential points "Figaro" overstepped the limits of opera buffa proper, and brought to view entirely new elements of dramatic construction. The political element indeed, on which perhaps most of the effect of the comedy depended, was altogether omitted from the opera. Not only does the dialogue receive its essential character from the satire and scorn which it freely casts upon the abuses of political and social life — the whole tendency of the play is to depict the nobleman of the period, who, himself without truth and honour, demands both from others, indulges his lust without scruple, and thereby causes his dependents, injured in their moral rights, to turn against him their intellectual superiority, so that he is finally worsted and disgraced. This conception of the nobility and their position in relation to the citizen class is expressed with energy and malice, and found such a response in the prevailing opinions of the time, that the production of the piece against the expressed will of the King appeared to be a public confirmation of the principles which inspired it; and Napoleon might with justice say of "Figaro": "C'était la révolution déjà en action." Every trace of these feelings has vanished in the opera, as will be clearly perceived by a comparison of the celebrated "Frondeur-monologue" of Figaro in the fifth act with the jealous song in the opera. The omission was made not so much in deference to the Emperor Joseph's scruples as with the right conviction that the political element is altogether out of place in music.

The omission of political satire is the more serious because it leaves as the central point of the plot an immorality which is not exactly justified, but not by any means seriously punished; only treated with a certain frivolity. The noble libertine is opposed by true and upright love, honest devotion to duty and honourable conduct; but these moral qualities are not made in

themselves effective; the true levers of the plot are cunning and intrigue employed as weapons of defence. The whole piece appears in a doubtful light, the atmosphere surrounding Count Almaviva is impure, and the suppression of those circumstances which could alone make the phenomenon natural affects more or less the whole spirit of the plot, and deprives the dialogue of much of its point and double meaning.

Beaumarchais might fairly plead that, having undertaken to give a true picture of the manners of his time, absolute truth of conception and detail was necessary to insure the right moral effect; it was for a later age to perceive how completely the author of the satire was himself under the influence of the time which he depicts and would fain improve. This justification is denied to the opera. It has no title to be considered as a picture of morals, neither can it pretend to exercise any direct influence, whether moral or political, on the minds of men. The dialogue is undoubtedly in many respects purer than in the comedy; but the plot and its motives, the chief situations, the whole point of view, become all the more decidedly frivolous. How came it, then the Mozart could choose such a subject for his opera, and that the public could accept it with approbation? It must in the first place be borne in mind that the facts on which the plot is founded, and the point of view from which these facts are regarded, had at that time substantial truth and reality; men were not shocked at seeing on the stage that which they had themselves experienced, and knew to be going on in their own homes. A later age is disgusted by the contrast between semblance and reality, and at the representation of immorality in all its nakedness; the taste of the time demands that it shall be shown after another form and fashion. A glance at the entertaining literature, and even at the operas of the last half of the eighteenth century, shows clearly that representation of immorality plays an important part therein in a form which bespeaks the temper and spirit of the time; and further, that a desire

for the representation of moral depravity is an infallible symptom of moral disease. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at that a picture of the moral corruption which penetrated all classes, from the highest to the lowest, and which had brought all social and political relations to the verge of dissolution, should have been regarded with eager approbation and enjoyment. The age which produced and enjoyed “Figaro” took a lighter view of sensual gratification and the moral turpitude connected therewith than that which seems right to a generation grown serious by reason of higher aims and nobler struggles. It need not here be discussed how far manners and opinions which change with the times are to be regarded as absolute morality; the point we are proving is undeniable, and is apparent, often painfully so, in all the light literature and memoirs of the day. Caroline Pichler writes in reference to this very period: —

There prevailed a taste for all that was beautiful and pleasant in Vienna at that time. The mind had freer movement than at present, and anything might be written and printed which was not in the strictest sense of the word contrary to religion and the state. There was not nearly so much stress laid upon *good manners*. Plays and romances of a tolerably free tendency were admitted and discussed in good society. Kotzebue was very much thought of. His pieces, as well as Gemmingen’s “Deutscher Hausvater,” Schroder’s “Ring,” and many others which are sunk in oblivion, together with a number of tales and romances (Meissner’s sketches above all) were founded on indecent subjects. They were read without scruple or concealment by all the world, and every young girl.

I myself saw and read them all repeatedly; “Oberon” I knew well, and Meissner’s “Alcibiades.” No mother felt any scruple at allowing her daughter to become acquainted with such works; and indeed living examples of what we read moved before us with so little concealment of

their irregular and immoral doings, that it would not have been possible for any mother to keep her daughter in ignorance on these points.

It is sufficient to refer to the reading of Wieland's works.

What can be more repugnant to our ideas than to find a young girl writing to her lover: —

I hope you will soon get the new "Amadis"; it is the funniest, most whimsical book. I wonder how you will like Olinda! Master Amadis is a little too like butter — he melts in every sunbeam.

Our wonder increases when we reflect that this young girl is Caroline Flachsland, and her lover is Herder. There can be no doubt that in this respect Mozart was a child of his time; that he willingly allowed himself to glide along the pleasant stream of life in Vienna, and that his merrier moods were often productive of free and even coarse jests. The frivolous element in Beaumarchais' comedy was not, therefore, likely to repel him, although it would be unfair to assert that it mainly attracted him; he accepted it, as others did, as the sauce which was most likely to be of acceptable flavour.

His chief concern was doubtless the gradual unfolding and continual interest of the plot, and the graphic delineation of character, qualities which were entirely overlooked by the ordinary opera buffa. Any approach to probability or analogy with actual life was not thought of, and was not often replaced even by a fanciful poetic vein of humour; attempts to give consistency to the caricatures of individuals and situations only served to bring their irreconcilable contrasts into stronger relief. In "Figaro," on the contrary, the interest depends upon, the truth the representation of actual life. The motives of the actors are serious, they are carried out with energy and intellect, and from them the situations are naturally developed; only the light in which they are all portrayed is that of Beaumarchais' strongly accented "gaieté," which is by no means innocent, and in its essence nothing less than musical. It is one of the strongest proofs of Mozart's

genius that he should have undertaken, moved as he was by the dramatic signification of the piece, to infuse a new soul into it by his musical treatment; so sure was he that whatever came home to his mind might be used as the germ of a living creation. The musical representation, however, could only be a true one by relying entirely on the emotions which alone are capable of being expressed in music. The whole piece is raised to a higher sphere by the subordination of the powers of understanding and intellect, which Beaumarchais had made the chief factors in his design. Beaumarchais' aim was to preserve his plot and characters from vulgarity or caricature; the point of view whence the musical reconstruction proceeded led inevitably to an ennobling of the whole representation. In depicting emotions, whether as the impulse to action, or as giving significance even to the least commendable promptings of the mind, the musician was in his own element, and the wealth of dramatic situations and characters was a pure gain to an artist who knew how to turn it to account. The piercing eye of genius finds materials for its finest performance where a more superficial view reveals nothing but difficulties. If each of the characters, pursuing the interests they have at heart, are to express their inner sentiments at every point in conformity with their nature, it follows that the aim of dramatic characterisation in its true sense must be the representation of individuality, sharp and precise in form, true and pure as to its source; thus only will the exaggeration of caricature be avoided. This holds good of all the chief characters in "Figaro" — of the Count and Countess, Figaro, Susanna, and Cherubino. They are so entirely governed by their emotions and passions, so completely involved in the complications proceeding therefrom, that an artistic representation must depend on the depicting of these emotions in their fullest truth.

Bartolo and Marcellina seem to invite a treatment in caricature. In the "Barber of Seville" we find the same Bartolo as a buffo character. This is

made impossible here by the fact that they are to appear afterwards as Figaro's parents, and ought not, therefore, to cut grotesque figures in our eyes. Beaumarchais' point, that Marcellina gives herself airs of superiority to Susanna, "parce qu'elle a fait quelques études et tourmenté la jeunesse de Madame" is not available for musical characterisation, but Mozart brings it out skilfully in another way. In the duet (Act I., 5), in which Susanna and Marcellina vie with each other in impertinence and provocation, the expression is toned down by the actual, disputing being left to the orchestra, and the two women are put quite on an equality. Susanna prevails over Marcellina only by reason of her youthful grace, and the whole appears an outbreak of that jealous susceptibility which is said to be an attribute of the female sex. Nobler women would not yield to such impulses, but these two belong to no exalted sphere, and give the rein to their angry humours. But they never forget themselves so far as to offend delicacy, and the general tone is a gay one, Marcellina being shown in no way inferior to Susanna. Afterwards, when graver matters engage her, when she asserts her claims upon Figaro in the first finale, or recognises him as her son in the sestet, the musical expression is sustained and full of true feeling. A singer who was able to form her conception of the part from these touches of character would make of Marcellina something quite different from the ordinary old housekeeper, whom we have unhappily been used to see and hear, no doubt from a mistaken endeavour to render the illusion that Figaro's mother must be an old woman, and sing like an old woman. Marcellina's air (Act IV., 2)," on the other hand, does not assist the characterisation, and is the only piece in the whole opera which fails of its effect. The whole style of it, even to the passages, is old-fashioned, like the traditional air for a seconda donna; it appears to have been a concession made to the taste of the singer. Basilio, the man of cold intellect and malicious cunning, is not a figure which can be made comic by caricature. Mich. Kelly (1764-1825), for

whom it was written, was an Irishman, who had studied in Naples, and was highly successful as a tenor in Italy and Vienna; his powers as a mimic fitted him especially for comic parts. Basilio's malice and scorn are expressed in the terzet (Act I., 7) with delicacy and character, and, in contrast with Susanna's painful excitement and the Count's anger, they give to the piece an irony, such as has seldom found expression in music. The point justly noted by Ulibicheff (II., p. 45) that Basilio, in his attempts to pacify the Count after finding the page in the arm-chair, repeats the words: "Ah, del paggio quel ch' ho detto era solo un mio sospetto," a fifth higher, brings out in a striking degree his character of refined malice. The effect is heightened by the use of the same motif by the Count, when he is telling how he found the page with Barberina; and it is attained in the simplest manner by the natural development of the musical structure. Basilio falls into the background in the course of the opera; the comic way in which Beaumarchais makes him banished by the Count, and his courtship of

Marcellina, would have afforded good operatic situations, but abbreviation and simplification were absolutely necessary, and much that was not essential had to be sacrificed. The air which is given to Basilio in the last act (Act IV., 3) scarcely affords compensation. Da Ponte, deprived of Beaumarchais' guidance in this place, makes Basilio illustrate by the fable of the asses' skin that those who can flatter and deceive succeed in the world. The musical rendering follows the story, the orchestra giving the characteristic detail. The expression of ease and self-complacency, and above all the incomparable idea, deservedly noticed by Ulibicheff, of turning the last sentence of the heartless poltroon: "Onte, pericoli, vergogna e morte col cuojo d' asino fuggir si puö," into a sort of parody of a triumphal march, give the air a character of its own". Executed with humour and delicate mimicry it becomes in fact an epitome of Basilio's character, with its utter want of genial qualities. But tone-painting occurs only in such

touches as those of the storm, the yelping dog, the hurried retreat, and never comes to the foreground. This means of effect, elsewhere so favourite a device in opera buffa, is always sparingly used by Mozart. The “Din din, don, don,” in the duet between Susanna and Figaro (Act I., 2) can scarcely be called tone-painting any more than it can be said to be word-painting; it is hardly more than an interjection, which has the advantage in its musical rendering of being incorporated as a motif in the structure of the piece. Nor can the term be justly applied to the march like tone of Figaro’s “Non più andrai” (Act I., 9). Certain forms and phrases have developed themselves in music as expressions of warlike ideas, and they are employed as a matter of course where these ideas occur; Figaro, describing to the page the military life before him, has it mirrored as it were by the orchestra. Mozart wisely guards against entering upon any musical details in the picture, which would have led to a distorted tone-painting; he confines himself to the barest and most general allusions produced by association of ideas. It is often difficult to decide how far the association of ideas contributes to the partly involuntary, partly conscious construction of the musical expression. For instance in the first duet between Figaro and Susanna (Act I., 1), the motif for the bass —

with the corresponding one for the first violins, goes very well with Figaro’s measuring of the room, the diminutions expressing clearly enough his repeated stretches. It cannot be doubted that the situation has suggested the motif, but whether Mozart intended to express the action of measurement is far less certain, and any idea of tone-painting is out of the question. The subordinate characters of the drunken gardener Antonio and the stuttering judge Don Curzio might under other circumstances have been made into caricatures in the sense of opera buffa, but they appear in situations which have so decided a character of a totally different kind that they could not have departed from it without serious injury to that harmony

of the whole which none knew better than Mozart how to preserve. The little cavatina (Act IV., 1)

for Barbarina, (Fanchette in Beaumarchais) is very significantly not exactly caricatured, but drawn in stronger colours than is elsewhere the case. This little maid, in her liking for Cherubino, and with an open-hearted candour which makes her a true *enfant terrible* to the Count, is altogether childish, and not only naïve but unformed. It is, therefore, natural that she should express her grief for the lost pin, and her fear of punishment, like a child; and when we hear her sobbing and crying over it we receive the same ludicrous impression which grown-up people rarely fail to feel at the sight of a child expressing the sorrow of his heart with an energy quite out of proportion to the occasion. The fact that the strong accents which Mozart here multiplies to produce the effect of the disproportion of childish ideas are afterwards made use of to express real emotion does no injury to the truth of his characterisation. In a similar way the expression of sentiment is exaggerated when it is represented as feigned; as, for instance, the last finale, when Figaro makes love to the supposed Countess, whom he has recognised as Susanna, and grows more and more vehement in order to excite the Count's jealousy. Here we have a parody of the accents of strongest passion (Vol. II., p. 427). How differently does the same Figaro express his true feelings! How simple and genuine is the expression of his love in the first duet (Act I., 1), when he interrupts his measurements to exclaim to his pretty bride, with heartfelt joy: "Si, mio core, or è più bello!" and in the last finale, when he puts an end to pretence and, in an exalted mood, with the feeling of his newly won, safely assured happiness fresh upon him, exclaims: "Pace! pace, mio dolce tesoro!" Equally true is Figaro's expression of the jealousy which results from his love. At first indeed this feeling is a curiously mingled one. Warned by Susanna herself, he has full confidence in her, and feels all his intellectual superiority to the

Count; he contemplates his situation with a humour which is admirably rendered in the celebrated cavatina (Act I., 3). Cheerfully as it begins, the expression of superciliousness and versatility has a tinge of bitterness and resentment, betraying how nearly he is touched by the affair which he affects to treat so lightly. Afterwards, when he believes himself deceived, grief and anger are strongly expressed in the recitative preceding his air (Act IV., 4). But his originality asserts itself even here. The consciousness of what his situation has of the ludicrous never forsakes him, and his anger against the whole female sex, which he works up more and more, involuntarily assumes a comic character. Here we have one of the many points which Mozart added to the text.

The somewhat unflattering description of womankind runs —

Queste chiamate dee
Son streghe che incantano per farci penar,
Sirene che cantano per farci affogar,
Civette che allettano per trarci le piume,
Comete che brillano per toglierci il lume —

and so on, until at the end —

Amore non senton, non senton pietà —
Il resto non dico, già ognuno lo sà.

He has no sooner pronounced the fatal “il resto non dico,” when he seems unable to get out any more; and so it runs —

Son streghe che incantano — il resto non dico
Sirene che cantano — il resto non dico, &c. —

giving, opportunity for a corresponding musical treatment of the words. At last Mozart makes the horns strike in unexpectedly and finish the phrase for him in a manner full of musical fun. As the consciousness grows upon Figaro that he is himself the injured party, his signs of grief and pain grow

stronger and more animated. The blending of warm feeling with the involuntarily comic expression of intellectual reaction is psychologically true, and in such a character as Figaro's inevitable; it is embodied in the music in a form very different to that of an ordinary buffo aria. Not less true to nature is Figaro's resigned expression of disappointed love further on, when, having the evidence of his own senses that Susanna has been unfaithful to him, he ejaculates: "Tutto è tranquillo." But such a mood as this could not be a lasting one with Figaro, and changes at once upon Susanna's entrance. Benucci, for whom Mozart wrote Figaro, possessed an "extremely round, full, fine bass voice." He was considered a first-rate actor as well as singer, and had the rare merit of never exaggerating. The individual characterisation is still more sharply defined when several personages appear together in similar situations. Immediately upon the air where Figaro declares war upon the Count (Act I., 3) follows Bartolo's air (Act I., 5) in which the latter announces his approaching victory over Figaro. He also is altogether in earnest; Figaro has cruelly deceived him, and the long-looked-for opportunity of vengeance is close at hand: "Tutta Sevilla conosce Bartolo, il birbo Figaro vinto sarà." He is full of pride and self-consciousness —

La vendetta è un piacer serbato ai saggi,
L' obliar l' onte, gl' oltraggi
E bassezza, è ognor viltà —

and the air begins with the forcible and impulsive expression of this self-consciousness enhanced by rapid instrumentation; Bartolo feels the injury done to him, and his obligation in honour to avenge himself, and the sincerity of this feeling invests him with a certain amount of dignity. But — his character has none of the elements of true greatness; as soon as he begins to descant on the way in which he is to outwit Figaro, his grovelling spirit betrays itself; he excites himself with his own chatter, and

complacently announces his own triumph beforehand. Bartolo's dignity is not, however, a parody on his true self; the comic element consists in the contrast of the pride which lays claim to dignity and the small-mindedness which unwittingly forfeits the claim. The German translations lose the chief point of the characterisation. Capitally expressed is the original: "coll' astuzia, coll' arguzia, col giudizio, col criterio, si potrebbe — —" here the orchestra takes up the motif of the words "è basezza," as if to edge him on, but soon subsides, as he recollects himself: "si potrebbe, si potrebbe" — suddenly interrupted by "il fatto è serio," to which the whole orchestra responds with a startling chord; thereupon he resumes with calm self-confidence: "ma, credete, si farà," and then launches into the flood of trivialities with which he seeks to bolster up his courage.

Steffano Mandini, the original Count Almaviva, was considered by Kelly as one of the first buffos of the day, and Choron used to hold him up to his scholars as his ideal of a singer. At the moment when Susanna has hearkened to; his suit, he infers from a word let fall by her that she has deceived him. Injured pride, disappointed hope, and jealousy of his happier rival, excite him to a pitch of passion which breaks out in true cavalier fashion with the words (Act III., 2).: "vedrò, mentr' io sospiro, felice un servo mio!" What a world of expression Mozart has thrown into these words! While disappointed but unvanquished passion presses its sting deep into his heart, injured pride flares up prepared to give place to no other feeling than that of revenge. In the wonderful passage which follows with renewed force upon the immediately preceding tones of sharp complaint — the change from major to minor brought about by the chromatic passage in the middle parts is of inimitable effect. We have before us the nobleman, feeling his honour affronted because he is not allowed to injure that of his servant, and there is in the expression of his revengeful desires and his certainty of victory no tinge of Figaro's cunning or Bartolo's meanness; the

stream of passion flows full and unmingled, and the noble position of the Count gives it a certain amount of composure; his weakness excites regret rather than contempt or even ridicule. The expression of this air corresponds to the musical conception of the Count throughout the opera, in making his feelings of injured pride outweigh those of disappointed desire. Pride, jealousy, or anger, unjustifiable as they may be in their outbreaks, are always more dignified and nobler motives than a love-making whose only foundation is licentiousness, and its only excuse frivolity. He gives free play to this feeling in the enchanting duet with Susanna (Act III., 1); but the situation is rendered endurable to the audience by the knowledge that Susanna is playing a part to please the Countess. Mozart has given this little duet a title to be placed in the first rank of musical works of art by the delicacy with which he has rendered the mixture of encouragement and coyness in Susanna's demeanour, her true motives being as clear to the audience as is the misunderstanding of the Count. The harmonic turns of her evasive answer to his passionate request, "Signor, la donna ognora tempo ha di dir si," are masterpieces of musical diplomacy. Even the piquant conceit by which she answers his urgent questions, "Verrai? non mancherai?" with "si" instead of "no," and *vice versa*, to his great perplexity, has something more than a merely comic signification. It characterises most strikingly the security with which she plays with his passion as expressed in these eager, flattering requests. Even here, delight at his hard-won victory predominates over his sensual impulses.

The sensual element of love plays far too great a part in "Figaro," however, to be altogether disregarded in its musical rendering. It would be a difficult matter to determine how far and in what way music is capable of giving artistic expression to this side of the tender passion; but it cannot be disputed that Mozart has in this respect competed successfully with the sister arts of painting and poetry. In Susanna's so-called garden air (Act IV.,

5) her longing for her betrothed is expressed with all the tender intensity of purest beauty; but the simple notes, cradled as it were in blissful calm, that seem to be breathed forth “soft as the balmy breath of eve,” glow with a mild warmth that stirs the heart to its depth, entrancing the mind, and intoxicating the senses like the song of the nightingale. The *pizzicato* accompaniment of the air fitly suggests a serenade. It gives the voice free scope, and the sparely introduced wind instruments, as well as the tender passage for the first violin towards the close, only serve to give a finer emphasis to the full body of the voice. The impression of longing delight is intensified by the simplicity of the harmonies, as if from fear of disturbing by any sudden change the calm bliss of the passing moment. But what analysis can penetrate these mysteries of creative genius Mozart was right to let the feelings of the loving maiden shine forth in all their depth and purity, for Susanna has none but her Figaro in her mind, and the sentiments she expresses are her true ones. Figaro in his hiding-place, listening and suspecting her of waiting the Count’s arrival, throws, a cross light on the situation, which, however, only receives its full dramatic signification by reason of the truth of Susanna’s expression of feeling. Susanna, without her sensual charm is inconceivable, and a tinge of sensuality is an essential element of her nature; but Mozart has transfigured it into a noble purity which may fitly be compared with the grandest achievements of Greek sculpture.

Nancy Storace (1761-1814), “who possessed in a degree unique at that time, and rare at any time, all the gifts, the cultivation, and the skill which could be desired for Italian comic opera,” seems to have been a singer to whom Mozart was able to intrust the rendering of this mixture of sentiment and sensuality. When “Figaro” was reproduced in July, 1789, he wrote for Adriana Ferrarese del Bene, a less refined and finished singer, the air “Al

desio di chi t'adora" (577 K.), retaining the accompanied recitative. The words of this song —

Al desio di chi t' adora
Vieni, vola, o mia speranza,
Morirö, se indarno ancora
Tu mi lasci sospirar.
Le promesse, i giuramenti
Deh! ramenta, o mio tesoro!
E i momenti di ristoro
Che mi fece amor aperar.
Ah! che omai più non resisto
All' ardor, che il sen m' accende.
Chi d' amor gli affetti intende,
Compatisca il mio penar.

with the reference to vows and hopes unfulfilled seem better suited to the Countess than to Susanna, though the air is clearly indicated for the latter. Apparently the song was intended to strengthen Figaro in the delusion that it was the Countess he saw before him. The device might intensify the situation, but it was a loss to the musical characterisation, for the air was not altogether appropriate either to Susanna or the Countess. The singer had evidently wished for a grand, brilliant air, and Mozart humoured her by composing the air in two broadly designed and elaborately executed movements, allied in style to the great airs in "Cosi fan Tutte," and in "Titus." The bravura of the voice and orchestra is as entirely foreign to "Figaro" as is the greater display of sensual vigour with which the longing for the beloved one is expressed. Apart from its individual characterisation, the air has wonderful effects of sound and expression, greatly heightened by the orchestra. Basset-horns, bassoons, and horns are employed, occasionally *concertante*, giving a singularly full and soft tone-colouring to the whole. A

draft score, unfortunately incomplete, in Mozart's handwriting, testifies to a later abandoned attempt for a similar song. The superscription is "*Scena con Rondo*" the person indicated, Susanna. The beginning of the recitative, both in words and music, is like that of the better-known song, and it expresses the same idea somewhat more diffusely as it proceeds, closing in B flat major. The solitary leaf preserved breaks off at the eighth bar of the rondo; only the voice-part and the bass are given —

but even this fragment of text and melody suffices to show a complete contrast to the air just mentioned. A little ariette preserved in Mozart's original score and marked "Susanna" (579 K.), has still less of the delicate characterisation which we admire so much in the opera. The words —

Un moto di gioja
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor.
Speriamo che in contento
Finisca l' affanno,
Non sempre è tiranno fato ed amor —

are trifling, and so commonplace that they suggest no particular situation. Even the music, hastily thrown together and light in every respect, expresses only a superficially excited mood. If, as is probable, the air was intended for the dressing scene, the want of individual characterisation becomes all the more observable. It would be a great mistake to consider the character of Susanna as a mere expression of amorous sensuality. This side of it is judiciously displayed first without any reserve, in order to throw into relief her not less real qualities of devoted affection, faithful service, and refined and playful humour. The very scene, not in itself altogether unobjectionable, in which the ladies disguise the page, is turned into an amusing joke by Susanna's innocent and charming merriment. Susanna's air

in this scene (Act II., 3) is, technically speaking, a cabinet piece. The orchestra executes an independent piece of music, carefully worked-out and rounded in most delicate detail, which admirably renders the situation, and yet only serves as a foil to the independent voice-part. A tone of playful humour runs through the whole long piece from beginning to end; it is the merriment of youth, finding an outlet in jest and teasing, expressed with all possible freshness and grace. But the high spirit of youth does not exclude deeper feelings where more serious matters are concerned; in the terzet (Act II., 4) where Susanna in her hiding-place listens to the dialogue between the Count and Countess, she displays deep emotion, and expresses her sympathy with truth and gravity. Mozart has indeed grasped this painful situation with a depth of feeling which raises the terzet far above ordinary opera buffa. In her relations to Figaro, Susanna displays now one, now the other side of her nature. It is judiciously arranged that immediately succeeding her first heartfelt, though not sentimental expression of love (Act I., 1), the second duet (Act I., 2), should display her merry humour. Her consciousness of superiority over Figaro, who learns the Count's designs first through her, combined with the ease of her relations towards them both, resulting from the honesty of her love, enable her to carry off the difficult situation with a spirit and youthful gaiety which contrast with Figaro's deeper emotions. He begins indeed with unrestrained merriment, but the same motif, mockingly repeated by Susanna, becomes a warning which has so serious an effect upon him that not even her endearments can quite succeed in chasing the cloud from his brow. The ground-tone of the duet, the intercourse of affianced lovers, is expressed with the utmost warmth and animation, and places us at once in the possession of the true state of affairs. Before the end comes, however, we see the couple testing each other's fidelity and measuring their intellectual strength against each other, as when in the last finale Susanna, in the Countess's clothes, puts

Figaro to the proof, and he, recognising her, takes his clue accordingly. This duet sparkles with life and joviality, rising, after the explanation, to the most winning expression of tender love.

The characters of the Countess and Cherubino are much less complicated than that of Susanna. The Countess is represented as a loving wife, injured by a jealous and faithless husband. The musical characterisation gives no suggestion of any response, however faint and soon stifled, to the page's advances, but is the most charming expression of ideal purity of sentiment. She suffers, but not yet hopelessly, and the unimpaired consciousness of her own love forbids her to despair of the Count's. Thus she is presented to us in her two lovely songs. The calm peace of a noble mind upon which sorrow and disappointment have cast the first light shadow — too light seriously to trouble its serenity — is expressed with intensest feeling in the first air (Act II., 1). The second (Act III., 4),

when she is on the point of taking a venturous step to recall the Count to her side, is more agitated, and, in spite of the melancholy forebodings which she cannot quite repress, gives expression to a joyful hope of returning happiness. There is no strong passion even here; the Count's affronts excite her anger, and the dilemma in which she is, placed awakens her youthful pleasure in teasing. This reminiscence of Rosina in earlier years, combined with the consciousness of her true feeling, so finely expressed by the music, may in some measure supply the motive for the deceit which she thinks herself justified in using towards the Count. Signora Laschi, who took the part of the Countess, was highly esteemed in Italy, but was not a great favourite in Vienna. Signora Bussani, on the other hand, who appeared for the first time as the page, although not a singer of the first rank, was much admired by the public for her beautiful figure and unreserved acting, or as Da Ponte says, for her *smorfie* and *pagliacciate*. "Cherubino is undoubtedly one of the most original of musical-dramatic

creations, Beaumarchais depicts a youth, budding into manhood, feeling the first stirrings of love, and unceasingly occupied in endeavouring to solve the riddle which he is to himself. Count Almaviva's castle is not a dwelling favourable to virtue, and the handsome youth, who pleases all the women he meets, is not devoid of wanton sauciness: "Tu sais trop bien," he says to Susanna, "que je n'ose pas oser." To Susanna, with whom he can be unreserved, he expresses the commotion of his whole nature in the celebrated air (Act I., 6) which so graphically renders his feverish unrest, and his deep longing after something indefinable and unattainable. The vibration of sentiment, never amounting to actual passion, the mingled anguish and delight of the longing which can never be satisfied, are expressed with a power of beauty raising them out of the domain of mere sensuality, Very remarkable is the simplicity of the means by which this extraordinary effect is attained. A violin accompaniment passage, not unusual in itself, keeps up the restless movement; the harmonies make no striking progressions, strong emphasis and accents are sparingly used, and yet the soft flow of the music is made suggestive of the consuming glow of passion. The instrumentation is here of very peculiar effect and of quite novel colouring; the stringed instruments are muted, and clarinets occur for the first time and very prominently, both alone and in combination with the horns and bassoons. The romanze in the second act (2) is notably different in its shading. Cherubino is not here directly expressing his feelings; he is depicting them in a romanze, and he is in the presence of the Countess, towards whom he glances with all the bashfulness of boyish passion. The song is in ballad form, to suit the situation, the voice executing the clear, lovely melody, while the stringed instruments carry on a simple accompaniment *pizzicato*, to imitate the guitar; this delicate outline is, however, shaded and animated in a wonderful degree by solo wind instruments. Without being absolutely necessary for the progress of the

melodies and the completeness of the harmonies, they supply the delicate touches of detail reading between the lines of the romanze, as it were, what is passing in the heart of the singer. We know not whether to admire most the gracefulness of the melodies, the delicacy of the disposition of the parts, the charm of the tone-colouring, or tenederness of the expression — the whole is of entrancing beauty.

Unhappily we have lost a third air written for Cherubino. After the sixth scene of the second act, in which Barberina requests the page to accompany her, the original draft score contains the remark: "*Segue Arietta di Cherubino; dopo l'Arietta di Cherubino viene scena 7, ma ch' è un Recitativo istromentato con Aria della Confessa*," This arietta is not in existence, and probably never was, a change in the arrangement of the scenes having rendered it superfluous. This is to be regretted; Cherubino's intercourse with Barberina would have supplied an essential feature which is now wanting in the opera. But even as it is, the image of Cherubino is so attractive, so original, that it must unquestionably be reckoned among the most wonderful of Mozart's creations.

Thus we see all the *dramatis personæ* live and move as human beings, and we unconsciously refer their actions and demeanour to their individual natures, which lie before us clear and well-defined. So great a master of psychological characterisation was under no necessity of calling accessories of costume or scenery to his aid, and declined even to remind us by the use of peculiar musical forms that the action was laid in Spain. This device is only once resorted to. The dance which is performed during the wedding festivities in the third act (Act III., 8, p. 377) reminds us so forcibly of the customary melody for the fandango, that there can be no doubt this dance was known in Vienna at the time. Gluck has employed the same melody in his ballet of "Don Juan," produced at Vienna in 1761. If Mozart's adaptation be compared with the other two, it will be perceived that he has

formed a free and independent piece of music out of some of the characteristic elements of the original, combining dignity and grace in a singular degree; the treatment of the bass and middle pans, and the varied combinations u of the wind instruments heighten the effect of the unusual colouring. At the exclamation of the Gotmt, who has pricked himself with a pin the bassoon strikes up in plaintif tones: —

which are comically appropriate. But they are not primarily introduced to express pain; they belong to the dance music, and recur at the same point later on in the dance; the point of the joke is the apparently chance coincidence of the dance music with the situation of the moment. The fine march preceding the ballet, the gradual approach of which produces a very effective climax (Vol. II., p. 154, note), takes its peculiar colouring from the constant transition to the minor in the wind instruments —— without having any very decided national character. Neither are the choruses sung on the same occasion by female voices, or male and female together, particularly Spanish in tone, any more than the chorus in the first act (Act I., 8); they are gay, fresh, very graceful, and exactly fitted to the situation.

Hitherto we have attempted an exposition only of the musical-dramatic characteristics of the opera, the psychological conception which makes the actions of the characters correspond with their individual nature... Not less important are the events and circumstances which give rise to the *combined action* of the different characters; in the opera this is displayed in ensemble movements. The prevailing principle is here again truth in the expression of feeling; but the juxtaposition of the different characters necessitates a greater stress to be laid on individual peculiarities;

and again, these characteristics of detail must be subordinated to the main idea of producing a well-formed whole. A due balance of parts can only be produced by compliance with the conditions of a musical work of art. The substance and form of these ensemble movements are of course

subject to many modifications; many of them are nothing more than a detailed and fuller exposition of some definite situation or mood; and their whole design is therefore simple. Such are the duets between Figaro and Susanna (Act I., i, 2), between Susanna and Marcellina (Act I., 5), the writing duet (Act III., 5), and the duet between the Count and Susanna (Act III., 1); they are distinguished from airs more by their form than their nature. If during the dressing scene Cherubino were to chime in with Susanna's remarks, the Countess were also directly to interpose, such a duet or terzet would represent the situation in greater variety of detail, the form would become richer by means of contrasting elements, but the musical matter would not differ essentially from that to which we are accustomed in solo airs. The terzet in the second act is of this character; a situation or a mood is maintained, and only variously mirrored in the various personages. Here, then, is the point of departure for unity in the grouping of the whole; and the ordinary resources of musical construction, such as the repetition of a motif in different places, the elaboration and combination of the motifs, for the most part lend themselves to the situation.

The difficulty of the task increases in proportion as the music forms part-of the plot. We have an instance of this in the duet between Susanna and Cherubino (Act II., 5); when the latter tries to escape, and finally jumps out of the window. The simple situation gives rise to an expression of fear and disquiet in short, interrupted motifs, and the prevailing characteristic is an agitation almost amounting to actionin progress. The agitation, however, is so characteristically rendered by the music, that, while appearing to flow from an irresistible impulse, it is in reality only an effect of a definite musical formula fitly working out a given motif. The orchestral part forms a separate piece of music of very varied character.

The terzet of the first act comes in the very middle of the action (Act I., 7). Here we have not merely three persons of dissimilar natures thrown

together, but at the particular point in the plot their interests and sentiments are altogether opposed, and each of them is influenced by different suppositions. The plot proceeds, however, and the discovery of the page in the arm-chair gives a turn to affairs which changes the position of each person present. We are struck in the first place with the striking, delicately toned musical expression, especially when the voices go together, as at the beginning, when the Count's anger: "Tosto andate e scacciate il seduttor!" Basilio's lame excuse: "In mal punto son qui giunto," and Susanna's distress: "Che ruina, me meschina!" are all blended into a whole, while preserving throughout their individual characters. The same is the case at the end also, when the Count, taken by surprise, turns his displeasure against Susanna in ironical expressions: "Onestissima signora, or capisco come và"; while she is anxious on her own account: "Accader non puo di peggio!" and Basilio gives free expression to his malice: "Cosi fan tutte le belle!" But while the music appears only to follow the plot, we cannot fail on closer examination to perceive that I we have before us a work constructed and carried out I according to the strictest laws of musical form. It is all so naturally and easily put together that what is really owing to deep artistic insight might be considered by the uninitiated as the result of a fortuitous coincidence of dramatic and musical effects. The intensely comic effect produced by Basilio's repetition of his previous sentence, a fifth higher is brought about of necessity by the musical form. A similar effect is produced when, at the point where a return to the original key leads us to expect a recurrence of the principal subject, the Count, with the same notes in which he had exclaimed, full of resentment at Susanna's intercession; "Parta, parta il damerino!" now turns to Susanna herself with the words: "Onestissima signora, or capisco come và," the point being brought out by the change from *forte* to *pianissimo*. Traits like this of delicate dramatic characterisation proceed immediately from the musical construction, and

are to be ascribed solely to the composer; the text does not by any means directly suggest them.

The dramatic interest reaches a far higher level in the two great finales. The finale to the second act is judiciously constructed, as far as is compatible with musical exigences, out of the elements already existing in Beaumarchais. The dramatic interest rises with the increasing number of persons taking part in the action, and grows to a climax, while new developments proceeding from the unravelling of each complication bring the actors into ever-varying relations with each other. The different situations afford the most animated variety, moving onwards in close connection, but each one keeping its ground long enough to give ample scope for musical elaboration. The situations thus give rise to the eight movements, distinct in design and character, which form the finale. The masterly combination of the different movements is more effective than would be any amount of emphasis laid on particular points of characterisation. The finale opens with a manifestation of intensest passion — the Count glowing with rage and jealousy, the Countess, wounded to the heart, trembling at the consequences of her imprudence.

In no other part of the opera is the pathetic element express so prominent, the conflict being so strongly expressed that a serious catastrophe appears inevitable. But Susanna’s unexpected appearance brings about an explanation, which could not be more aptly expressed than by the rhythmical motif of the second movement. Susanna’s mocking merriment, which for a moment rules the situation, is in some degree moderated by the uncertainty of the two others. The want of repose of the following movement alters the character again, while the chief characters have to adapt themselves to their change of relative position. The Count has to propitiate his wife, without being altogether convinced himself; the Countess’s anger and forgiveness both come from the heart, but she feels

that she is not now quite in the right. Susanna is exerting herself to bring about explanation and reconciliation, and in so doing takes involuntarily, as it were, the upper hand of the Countess. It is a mimic war, carried on in the most courteous manner; every emotion is broken and disturbed.

Now let us turn to the music. A succession of short motifs, each of which characterises a particular element of the situation, are loosely put together, none of them independently worked out, one driving out the other. But the motifs occur in every case just where dramatic expression demands, and each repetition throws a new light upon the situation, turning the apparent confusion into a well-formed musical whole. Figaro brings an element of unrestrained gaiety into the midst of this troubled atmosphere; the G major following immediately on the E flat major breaks away from all that has gone before. His merriment is truly refreshing, but even he feels some constraint knowing that his secret is betrayed, without being aware of what has led to it. The eagerness with which the Count interrupts him, the anxiety with which the women seek to put him in the right way, his alternate holding back and yielding, give the scene a diplomatic sort of tone, wonderfully well-rendered by a tinge of dignity in the music, which only here and there betrays, involuntarily as it were, more animation. The closing ensemble gives to each of the four voices a mysterious character which is quite inimitable. A complete contrast to this delicate play is afforded by the half-drunken gardener with his denunciation; this opponent requires quite a different treatment. The musical characterisation becomes more lively and broader, the different features more strongly marked. As soon as the Count begins his examination of Figaro, the tone alters again. The remarkable andante 6-8 in which the beating motif — is hurried through the most varied harmonic transitions expresses an impatience which is scarcely to be kept from violent explosion, quite in accordance with the suspense with which the progress of the explanation is followed by all present without

arriving at any satisfactory solution. Finally Marcellina enters with her confederates. The firm, bold pace which is at once adopted by the music marks the commencement of a new struggle; the peril becomes serious, and the change of situation brings about a new disposition of the characters. Marcellina, Basilio and Bartolo range themselves on one side, the Countess, Susanna and Figaro on the other, both parties aggressive and prepared for the fight, the Count between them turning first to the one side and then to the other. When the crisis is over, and Marcellina's claim acknowledged, the previous positions are reversed; Marcellina's party has the advantage, Figaro's is defeated. The vanquished party now lose self-command and become violently agitated, while the victors express their triumph with mocking composure. The finale ends in doubled tempos with a diffuse but decided expression of those discordant moods on both sides, bringing the long strife and confusion to an end. The plan of the second finale is quite different; we plunge at once into the midst of an animated intrigue, one misapprehension and surprise following close upon another. The Countess, disguised as Susanna, awaits the Count; Figaro, and Susanna listen concealed; first the page enters, then the Count, and the play proceeds, every one getting into the wrong place, receiving what is not meant for him, and addressing himself to the wrong person. Mozart has only grasped the amusing side of the complication, and the music maintains a cheerful, lively character, without leaving room for any expression of deeper feeling. By this means whatever is objectionable in the situation seems to spring unavoidably as it were from the facts of the case, on which the play is founded and developed. It is sufficiently astonishing that the music should succeed in following this development step by step in all its turns; the higher art of the master is displayed in his power of representing dramatic life and reality in all its perfection within the limits of a musical movement of scientific conception and form. Nowhere perhaps is the style of intrigue

which Zelter praises as the special quality of the opera brought so prominently forward as in this ensemble. It consists in the art of making each character express himself naturally and appropriately, at the same time rendering the due meaning of the situation and throwing the right light on every separate utterance, while giving the whole a brighter colouring. As soon as Figaro and Susanna are opposed to each other, the tone and style are altered. Serious genuine feeling breaks through the mask of deception, and asserts its sway. Not until the Count enters does the trickery begin again, leading to a succession of surprises which find their climax in the appearance of the Countess. The music renders so bewitchingly the impression of her pardoning gentleness and amiability that we are forced to believe in the sincerity of the reconciliation, and to share in the rejoicings which follow on so many troublous events.

Next to these two finales a prominent position is assigned to the sestet (Act III., 3) which according to Kelly was Mozart's favourite piece in the whole opera. This partiality is characteristic, for his amiable nature finds fuller expression in this piece than in any other. The trial scene is omitted in the opera, but the recognition of Figaro by Marcellina and Bartolo is brought into the foreground. The cool sarcastic tone of Beaumarchais gives this scene something unpleasant; but the musical version even here allows human sentiment to assert itself; if it were not for the extraordinary circumstances on which the scene is founded it would be quite pathetic. Both the parents and the son are in the act of expressing the tenderest affection and delight when Susanna hastens in to redeem Figaro. The violence with which she manifests her anger at Figaro's apparent want of constancy is meant quite seriously, and is necessary in order to show how deeply her heart is affected. Amid the caresses of her supposed rival she learns the truth, the charming melody to which Marçellina had made herself known to her son being transferred to the orchestra while she acquaints

Susanna of her relationship to Figaro. Susanna, incredulous of the wonderful story, demands confirmation from each person present in turn, and the situation assumes a comic character, consisting however only in the unexpected turn of events, not in the sentiments of the persons interested, who only wish to be quite sure of their facts before giving themselves up to unmitigated delight. Once assured of their happiness, it overflows in fervent gratitude with an enchanting grace that invests the happy lovers with a sort of inspired and radiant beauty. Mozart has added very much to the effect by keeping the whole passage *sotto voce*, a device which he always employs with deep psychological truth. But the lovers are not alone, and the contrast afforded by the other personages present prevents the purely idyllic character which would be incongruous in this scene. One of these is the Count, who with difficulty restrains his rage so far as not to commit himself. The other is the stupid, stuttering judge, Don Curzio, who has pronounced judgment as the Count's tool, and is now amazed at what is passing before him; incapable of an idea, he says first one thing and then another, and finally takes refuge in obsequiously following the opinions of his lord and master. The striking musical effect of the high tenor going with the Count's deep bass gives an expression of cutting irony, and emphasises the stupidity of the judge who chimes in with the Count, without in the least entering into the passions which agitate him. Don Curzio serves here the same purpose as Basiliain the terzet of the first act, mingling a comic element with the expression of a deeper emotion, and modifying, without injuring, the serious ground-tone of the piece. This mode of construction is altogether Mozart's own, and is a striking testimony to his power of grasping and delineating dramatic truth.

Kelly narrates that Mozart begged him not to stutter while he was singing lest the impression of the music should be disturbed. He answered that it would be unnatural if a stutterer should lose his defect as soon as he

began to sing, and undertook to do no harm to the music. Mozart gave in at last, and the result was so successful that the sestet had to be repeated, and Mozart himself laughed inordinately. He came on the stage after the performance, shook Kelly by both hands and thanked him, saying: “You were right and I was wrong.” This was doubtless very amiable of Mozart, but his first view was the right one, nevertheless. The artifice might succeed in a master of mimicry, but Don Curzio ought certainly not to be made the principal person in the sestet. On the contrary, he might well be omitted altogether as a musical pleonasm; at least, if Basilio were to be brought in and made to take the same part in the action.

The sestet may be taken as an excellent example of the manner in which Mozart turned his means of representation to account. We are struck first of all with his power of grouping so as to produce a clear and distinct whole. The effect and appreciation of music depends, like architecture, on symmetry. Even though a strict parallelism of the different component parts may be in all but certain cases inapplicable, yet their symmetry must be always present to the apprehension of the hearers. In the musical drama the characterisation of the situation dominates the construction side by side with the laws of musical form. In the sestet before us Marcellina, Bartolo, and Figaro form a natural group, announcing themselves at once as connected from a musical point of view, Marcellina and Bartolo closely corresponding, Figaro forming the uniting member of the little group. Opposed to them we have the Count and Don Curzio, who also keep together, but with greater freedom of independent movement. Susanna’s entry introduces a new element. At first she opposes Figaro, and allies herself to the Count, and we have then two strongly characteristic groups of three persons, each with a construction and movement of its own. The explanation which ensues necessitates the dissolving of the ensemble into a monologue, after which the situation is changed. Susanna goes over to

Figaro, Marcellina, and Bartolo, and fresh group is formed, with Susanna as the chief member, though the others do not by any means renounce their independence. Against this concentrated force the discontented minority gives expression to additional energy and resentment, coming to an end in unison. These hints will suffice to show with what a firm mind of the hearers an impression of the perfect freedom of dramatic action, within the limits of strict and simple musical form.

The great stress laid upon dramatic reality necessitated in general simple forms and moderate execution in the musical part of the work. In the airs the traditional form of two elaborate movements is only exceptionally employed the cavatina or rondo form being in most cases preferred and treated freely, although with considerable precision the majority of the duets are similar in design, Mozart having usually written over them *duettino, arietta*, But neither confined limits nor dramatic interest have been made a pretext for the neglect of well-constructed, well-rounded form;

he never fails to hit upon the right point, whence a whole may be organised. Thus, every separate passage in the finale heightens the contrast, and leads by a ‘natural process of development to a conclusion for which ‘+ helps to prepare the way. What has been said in general terms may be applied to the treatment of details, and primarily of the voices. The dramatic characterisation necessitates perfect freedom in the employment of every source of effect; long-drawn cantilene shorter melodious phrase; well-marked motifs requiring elaborate working-out, declamatory delivery merging into an easy conversational tone — all are employed in their right place, often in rapid alternation and varied combination. It is not sufficient, however that each separate device should be employed effectively the essential point is that they should be placed in right relations with each other, and with the whole of which hand the musical edifice is put together so as to leave on the they form parts. The unhesitating use of the resources

of the voice, and the harmony of the effect, are admirable alike in the great ensemble movements and in the smallest passage to be sung; the sestet and the second duet may be brought forward as essentially differing in style and subject, yet each in its place distinguished by delicacy of detail and striking effect. Great simplicity in the treatment of the voices is a noteworthy consequence of this tendency. Song is merely the means adopted for expressing emotion of different kinds. Homely simplicity not only corresponds to truth of expression — it is necessary for the combination of heterogeneous motives, which would otherwise be incomprehensible.

This simplicity, however, is not of the kind that reduces all expression to the same level, and abjures ornament and grace; rather is it the simplicity of a nature which draws its inspiration from the depths of the heart, and excludes all merely virtuoso-like displays which would serve but to glorify the singer.

An important aid to characterisation and colouring was found by Mozart in the orchestra. We know by what means he had prepared and cultivated every part of a full orchestra as a means of characteristic expression and euphonious charm. His contemporaries were particularly impressed by his use of wind instruments, and in point of fact they were little likely ever to have experienced before the sensations produced by the tender interweaving of the wind instruments in Cherubino’s romanze (Act II., 2), or their soft, melting sounds in his air (Act I., 6). In these days we should, indeed, appreciate rather Mozart’s moderation in the employment of wind instruments. Trombones are never used, and trumpets and drums only in the overture the march with a chorus (Act III., 7), the closing passages of the finales, and in three airs: those of Bartolo (Act I., 4), Figaro (Act I., 9), and the Count (Act III., 2). This is not saying much; true moderation consists, not so much in abstaining from certain methods, as in the way in which those which are employed are held in check. Equally admirable is the

masterly treatment of the stringed instruments which form the groundwork of the orchestra, at the same time that the independent movements of the separate instruments develop a fresh and ever-varied vivacity. Mozart has striven above all to preserve a healthy balance of sound effects, and a unity of treatment which never aims at brilliant effects brought about either by an ostentatious extra vagance or an exaggerated economy in the use of his resources; the right effect is produced at the right point, and in the simplest manner, regard being always had to the laws of climax. The simplicity of the voice parts necessitates a corresponding simplicity in the instrumental parts! most distinctly appreciable where they occur obbligato. A comparison with “Idomeneo” and the “Entführung” in this respect will bring out the difference very strongly. The orchestra in the “Entführung” is treated more easily and simply than in “Idomeneo”; in “Figaro” the highest degree of clearness is united with abundant fulness and intensive force of instrumental colouring.

The position here accorded to the orchestra may be regarded as not so much an improvement on earlier operas as an essentially new conception of its powers and functions. The orchestra appears For the first time not only as an integral part of the whole, but as one with equal rights, taking an independent and active part in the musical-dramatic representation. Such a conception could only be realised when the orchestra and instrumental music had been developed and cultivated as they were by Haydn and Mozart. In this independent position it is neither above nor in opposition to the voices, but each is indispensable to the due effect of the other.

The orchestra is no longer to be looked upon as a mere accompaniment to the voices, but as an independent and co-operating means of representation. And as such we find it in “Figaro.” In many passages the orchestra seems to take the lead — as, for instance, in the dressing scene (Act II., 3), when the animated, delicately worked-out orchestral passages

not only hold the threads together, but develop the characterisation. At other times the orchestra forms the foundation in the working-out of motifs upon which the voices are suffered to move freely, as in the duet between Susanna and Cherubino (Act II., 5) and in different passages of the finales, the andante 6-8 of the first finale and the first passage of the second. There are, indeed, few numbers in which the orchestra does not temporarily undertake one or the other office, in order to assist the characterisation. The orchestra is never employed in this way with better effect than in the so-called “writing-duet” (Act III., 5). At the close of the recitative the Countess dictates the title, “canzonetta sull’ aria,” and as soon as Susanna begins to write, the oboes and bassoons take up the ritornello, and undertake to tell, as it were, what Susanna is writing when she is silent and the Countess dictates. There is a trace here of a subsequent editorial alteration. Instead of the present closing bars of recitative, which are inserted in the original score by a strange hand, there were originally quite different ones, to which the little duet in B flat major could not have immediately succeeded. They probably served as an introduction to a lively scene between the Countess and Susanna, similar to that in Beaumarchais’ dialogue. This is confirmed by the first sketch of the writing-duet, which, with the title “Dopo il Duettino,” only prefixes the words of the Countess as recitative: “Or via, scrivi cor mio, scrivi! gia tutto io prendo su me stessa.” So close an approximation of two duets was most likely the cause of the rejection of the first, with the words of the recitative which called it forth.

Detached features of the orchestral treatment, important as they may be, however, do not constitute its peculiar character; many of them had been previously and successfully attempted by other musicians. The essential point consists in the orchestra taking part, as it were, in the action, so that more often than not the instrumental parts would form a complete and satisfying whole without any voice parts at all. The orchestra, of course,

frequently executes the same melodies as the voices, but it treats them in an original manner, producing a constant flow of cross effects with the voices. Sometimes again it works out its own independent motifs, and adds shading and detail to the outlines furnished by the voices. It is not possible to over-estimate the share thus taken by the orchestra in maintaining the main conception of the situation, in increasing the dramatic reality and interest of the plot, and in strengthening the impression made upon the audience.

The capabilities of instrumental music in this direction are most strikingly displayed in the overture, in composing which Mozart appears to have kept before him the second title of Beaumarchais' play, "La Folle Journée." He has made one very characteristic alteration in the course of the overture. At first the rapid impetuous presto was interrupted by a slower middle movement. In the original score the point where the return to the first subject is made (p. 13) is marked by a pause on the dominant-seventh, followed by an andante 6-8 in D minor of which, however, only one bar is preserved: —

The leaf on which its continuation and the return to the presto was sketched is torn out, and the portion between *vi* and *de* crossed through. It is plain that Mozart altered his mind when he came to the instrumentation of the overture, which he had sketched in the usual way. Perhaps a middle movement beginning like a Siciliana did not please him; in any case, he thought it better not to disturb the cheerful expression of his opera by the introduction of any foreign element. And in very truth the merry, lively movement pursues its uninterrupted course from the first eager murmur of the violins to the final flourish of trumpets. One bright, cheerful melody succeeds another, running and dancing for very lightness of heart, like a clear mountain stream rippling over the pebbles in the sunshine. A sudden stroke here and there electrifies the motion; and once, when a gentle

melancholy shines forth, the merriment is as it were transfigured into the intensest happiness and content. A piece of music can hardly be more lightly and loosely put together than this; there is an entire want of study or elaboration. Just as the impulses of a highly wrought poetic mood exist unobserved, and pass from one to the other, so here one motif grows out of the other, till the whole stands before us, we scarce know how.

A not less important office is undertaken by the orchestra in assisting the psychological characterisation, not only by giving light and shade and colouring through changes of tone-colouring and similar devices unattainable by the voices, but by taking a positive part in the rendering of emotion.

No emotion is so simple as to be capable of a single decided and comprehensive expression. To the voices is intrusted the task of depicting the main features, while the orchestra undertakes to express the secondary and even ‘the contradictory impulses of the mind, from the conflict of which arise emotions capable of being expressed in music alone of all the arts. We can scarcely wonder that Mozart’s contemporaries, surprised at the novelty of his orchestral effects, failed to appreciate their true meaning, nor that his imitators confined themselves to the material result, and failed to perceive the intellectual significance of the improved instrumentation. The freedom with which Mozart employs voices and orchestra together or apart to express dramatic truths can only exist as the highest result of artistic knowledge and skill. The independence with which each element cooperates as if consciously to produce the whole presupposes a perfect mastery of musical form. True polyphony is the mature fruit of contrapuntal study, although the severe forms of counterpoint are seldom allowed to make themselves visible.

To sum up, there can be no doubt that Mozart’s “Figaro” must be ranked above the ordinary performances of opera buffa on higher grounds than its

possession of an interesting libretto, a wealth of beautiful melody, and a careful and artistic mechanism. The recognition of truth of dramatic characterisation as the principle of musical representation was an immense gain, and had never even been approached by opera buffa, with its nonsensical tricks and caricatures.

Rossini himself said that Mozart's "Figaro" was a true *dramma giocoso*, while he and all other Italian composers had only composed *opere buffe*. Even though we acknowledge the influence of French opera on Mozart (Vol. II., p. 342) as formed by Gluck, and still more by Grétry (Vol. II., p. 15), the first glance suffices to show that Mozart's superior musical cultivation enabled him to employ the resources of his art to a far greater degree than Grétry. Granting also Grétry's undoubted powers of dramatic characterisation and expression of emotion, Mozart's nature is also in these respects far deeper and nobler. Nothing can be more erroneous than the idea that Mozart's merit consisted in taking what was best from Italian and French opera, and combining them into his own; it was solely by virtue of his universal genius' that he was enabled to produce an opera which is at once dramatic, comic, and musical. Chance has decreed that "Figaro" should be an Italian adaptation of a French comedy, set to music by a German; and this being so serves only to show how national diversities can be blended into a higher unity.

A glance by way of comparison at the Italian operas which competed in some respects successfully with "Figaro," such as Sarti's "Fra due litiganti il terrzo godef" Paesiello's.

"Barbiere di Seviglia" and "Re Teodoro," Martin's "Cosa Rara and "Arbore di Diana," or Salieri's "Grotta di Trofonio," may at first excite surprise that they contain so much that reminds us of Mozart, and which we have learnt to identify with Mozart, knowing it only through him. But a nearer examination will show that this similarity is confined to form, for the

most part to certain external turns of expression belonging to the time, just as certain forms of speech and manner belong to different periods. In all essential and important points, careful study will serve only to confirm belief in Mozart's originality and superiority. All the operas just mentioned have qualities deserving of our recognition. They are composed with ease and cleverness, with a full knowledge of theatrical effect and musical mechanism, and are full of life and merriment, of pretty melodies, and capital intrigue. But Mozart fails in none of these qualities, and only in minor matters do these other works deserve to be placed side by side with his. None of them can approach him even in some matters of detail, such as the treatment of the orchestra, or the grouping of the ensembles. What is much more important, however, they fail altogether in that wherein consists Mozart's true pre-eminence: in the intellectual organisation, the psychological depth, the intensity of feeling, and consequent power of characterisation, the firm handling of form and resource, proceeding from that power, and the purity and grace which have a deeper foundation than merely sensual Beauty. Those operas have long since disappeared from the stage, because no amount of success in details will preserve in being any work uninteresting as a whole. Mozart's "Figaro" lives on the stage, and in every musical circle; youth is nourished on it, age delights in it with ever-increasing delight. It requires no external aid for its apprehension; it is the pulse-beat of our own life which we feel, the language of our own heart that we catch the sound of, the irresistible witchery of immortal beauty which enchains us — it is genuine, eternal art which makes us conscious of freedom and bliss.

CHAPTER XXXVII. MOZART IN PRAGUE.

THE success of “Figaro” did not materially improve Mozart’s position in Vienna. He lived, it is true, in very pleasant intercourse with a large circle of friends, especially with the members of the Jacquin family (Vol. II., p. 357), but the necessity he was under of earning his living as a music teacher and virtuoso was very galling to him. “You happy man!” said he to Gyrowetz, who was setting out on a journey to Italy; “as for me, I am off now to give a lesson, to earn my bread.” A glance at the Thematic Catalogue of his compositions succeeding “Figaro” shows that they were probably suggested by his position as a teacher and in musical society: —

1786. June 3. Quartet for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, in E flat major (493 K.).

June 10. Rondo for piano in F major (494 K.).

June 26. Concerto for the French horn for Leutgeb in, E flat major (495 K.).

July 8. Terzet for piano, violin, and violoncello, in G major (496 K.).

1786. August 1. Piano sonata for four hands in F major (497 K.).

August 5. Terzet for piano, clarinet, and violin, in E flat major (498 K.).

August 19. Quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello, in D major (499 K.).

September 12. &Twelve variations for the piano in B flat major (500 K.).

November. Variations for the piano for four hands in G major (501 K.).

November 18. Terzet for piano, violin, and violoncello, in B flat major(502 K.).

Then follow three compositions intended for the winter concerts: —

1786. December 4. Pianoforte concerto in C major (503 K.).

December 6. Symphony in D major (504 K.).

December 27. Scena con rondo with pianoforte solo, for Mdlle. Storace and myself, in E flat major (505 K.).

We cannot wonder that he turned a willing ear to the entreaties of his English friends, that he would leave Vienna in the autumn of 1786 (his wife having presented him on October 27, 1786, with their third son, Leopold, who died the following spring) and visit England; this plan was seriously considered, and only abandoned upon his father's strong opposition to it (Vol. II., p. 274). There soon after reached him an invitation from another quarter, giving still greater prospect of success and encouragement. "Figaro" made its way but slowly to most of the other great towns of Europe, but in Prague, where the "Entführung" had left a very pleasing impression, it was performed at once, and with the greatest success.

The national taste for music which early distinguished the Bohemians, and which they retain to the present day, arrived at a high stage of development during the last century. The zealous attention bestowed upon church music both in town and country, and the cultivated taste of the nobility, gave to talent an easy recognition, and no available forces, either vocal or instrumental, were suffered to remain in neglect. It was the "custom and obligation" for every head of a school to write at least one new mass during the year, and to perform it with his scholars. Any youth who distinguished himself was placed in an institution where he was able to continue his musical education; there was no lack of patrons ready to support him until he found a situation in the musical establishment of a prince, a prelate, or a monastery. "The families of Morzini, Hartiggi, Czemini, Mannsfeldi, Netolizki, Pachta, &c., were the patrons of many young men; they took them from the village schools on their territories and brought them to the capital to swell the ranks of their private musical establishments; they wore a livery, and formed part of their retinue of

servants. Riflemen were not allowed to wear a uniform until they could blow the bugle perfectly. Many noble families in Prague required their livery servants to have a knowledge of music before being considered competent for service." Under these circumstances, music and all connected with it must have been held in high estimation at Prague, where the aristocracy were wont to congregate during the winter. A permanent Italian opera, especially intended for opera buffa, was founded by Bustelli, who had also obtained a license in Dresden in 1765. From that time until 1776 he gave performances at both places with a select company, and acquired great fame thereby. His successor was Pasquale Bondini, who afterwards gave performances in Leipzig during the summer, and who was able to uphold the ancient fame of the Italian opera in Prague. First-rate artists, such as Jos. Kucharz and Jos. Strobach were engaged as operatic conductors; and other distinguished musicians were engaged, as, for instance, Joh. Kozeluch (a relation of Mozart's opponent living in Vienna, Leopold Kozeluch), Wenzel Praupner, Vincenz Maschek, &c. There was, however, one artistic couple in Prague of peculiar interest from their influential position and their intimate friendship with Mozart. These were the Duscheks, whose name we have already had frequent occasion to mention.

Franz Duschek (born 1736 in Chotinborek), while still a poor peasant lad, attracted the notice of his feudal lord, Count Joh. Karl von Spork, by his uncommon talent. He was first sent to study at the Jesuit seminary at Königgràtz, but being obliged to give up study owing to an unfortunate accident, he devoted himself entirely to music, and was sent by the Count to Vienna, where he was educated into an accomplished piano-forte-player by Wagenseil. As such he had long held the first rank in Prague, and not only did much by his excellent teaching to advance the art of pianoforte-playing, but exercised a decided and beneficial influence on musical taste in general.

He was universally esteemed as an honest and upright man, and his influence with distinguished connoisseurs made him a powerful patron of foreign artists visiting Prague. His hospitable house formed a meeting-point both for foreign and native talent, and concerts were regularly given there on certain days in the week. The animating spirit at all these meetings was Duschek's wife Josepha (neé Hambacher), who had received her musical education from him. She played the pianoforte well enough to pass for a virtuoso, and made some not unsuccessful attempts as a composer; but her forte lay in singing. Her beautiful, full, round voice was admired equally with her delivery, which was especially fine in recitative; she accomplished the most difficult bravura passages with perfect ease, without neglecting the effect of a perfect *portamento*; she united fire and energy with grace and expression — in short, she maintained in every respect her claim to be ranked with the first Italian singers of her time. This claim was not, it is true, acknowledged by Leopold Mozart; when she was in Salzburg with her husband, in 1786, he wrote to his daughter (April) —

Madame Duschek sang; but how? I cannot but say that she shrieked out an air of Naumann's with exaggerated expression, just as she used to do, only worse. Her husband is answerable for this; he knows no better, and has taught her, and persuades her that she alone possesses true taste.

Her appearance did not please him either. "She seems to me to show signs of age already," he writes (April 13); "she has rather a fat face, and was very carelessly dressed." Schiller's unfavourable remarks upon her in Weimar, where she was in May, 1788, are quite in accordance with this. She displeased him by her assurance (Dreistigkeit) — he would not call it impudence (Frechheit) — and her mocking manner, which caused the reigning Duchess to observe that she looked like a discarded mistress. By favour of the Duchess Amalie she was allowed to give three concerts for the

display of her talent and the general edification; Korner answers Schiller's account of her: —

The Duchess is not so wrong in what she said of her. She did not interest me very greatly. Even as an artist, I consider her expression caricatured. Gracefulness is, in my estimation, the chief merit of song, and in this she seems to me entirely wanting.

Reichardt, who became acquainted with the Duscheks in 1773, writes in 1808 from Prague: —

I have found a dear and talented friend of those happy youthful days in Madame Duschek, who retains her old frankness and love for all that is beautiful. Her voice, and her grand, expressive delivery, have been a source of true pleasure to me,

She was a true friend also to Mozart. In 1777 the Duscheks were in Salzburg, where they had family connections who were acquainted with the Mozarts. Wolfgang took great pleasure in the society of the young lively singer, and if she showed a disposition to hold aloof from Salzburg folk in general, he too was "schlimm," as he called it, in this respect. Of course he composed several songs for her (Vol. I., p. 234). The Duscheks discovered Wolfgang's uncomfortable position in Salzburg; and the intelligence that he intended shortly to leave the town drew from them, his father says (September 28, 1777), expressions of the warmest sympathy. They begged Wolfgang, whether he came to Prague then or at any other time, to rely upon the most friendly welcome from them. In the spring of 1786 they came to Vienna, and were witness of the cabals against which Mozart had to contend before the performance of his "Figaro." They were quite able to judge for themselves what the opera was likely to be, and after the success which had attended the performance of the "Entführung" in Prague they found no difficulty in rousing interest there in the new opera: —

“Figaro” was placed upon the stage in 1786 by the Bondini company, and was received with an applause which can only be compared with that which was afterwards bestowed on the “Zauberflote.” It is a literal truth that this opera was played almost uninterruptedly during the whole winter, and that it completely restored the failing fortunes of the entrepreneur. The enthusiasm which it excited among the public was unprecedented; they were insatiable in their demands for it. It was soon arranged for the pianoforte, for wind instruments, as a quintet for chamber music, and as German dance music; songs from “Figaro” were heard in streets, in gardens; even the wandering harper at the tavern-door was obliged to strum out “Non più andrai” if he wanted to gain any audience at all.

Fortunately this enthusiastic approbation was turned to the profit of the one whom it most concerned. Leopold Mozart wrote to his daughter with great satisfaction (January 12, 1787): —

Your brother is by this time in Prague with his wife, for he wrote to me that he was to set out last Monday. His opera “Le Nozze di Figaro” has been performed there with so much applause that the orchestra and a number of connoisseurs and amateurs sent him a letter of invitation, together with some verses that had been written upon him.

He conjectured that they would take up their abode with Duschek, whose wife was absent on a professional journey to Berlin; but a greater honour was in store for them. Count Johann Joseph Thun, one of the noblest patrons of music in Prague, had placed his house at Mozart’s disposal. He accepted the offer gladly, and on his arrival at Prague, in 1787, he found the public enthusiastic for his music, and well-disposed towards himself. The account which he addressed to Gottfried von Jacquin (January 15, 1787) is written in the highest spirits: —

Dearest Friend! — At last I find a moment in which to write to you; I intended to write four letters to Vienna immediately on my arrival, but in

vain! only a single one (to my mother-in-law) could I attempt, and that I only wrote the half of; my wife and Hofer were obliged to finish it. Immediately upon our arrival (Thursday, the 11th, at noon) we had enough to do to be ready for dinner at one. After dinner old Count Thun regaled us with music performed by his own people, and lasting about an hour and a half. I can enjoy this true entertainment daily. At six o'clock I drove with Count Canal to the so-called Breitfeld Ball, where the cream of Prague beauty are wont to assemble. That would have been something for you, my friend! I think I see you after all the lovely girls and women — not running — no, limping after them. I did not dance, and did not make love. The first because I was too tired, and the last from my native bashfulness; but I was quite pleased to see all these people hopping about to the music of my "Figaro" turned into waltzes and country dances; nothing is talked of here but "Figaro," no opera is cared for but "Figaro," always "Figaro" — truly a great honour for me. Now to return to my diary. As I returned late from the ball, and was tired and sleepy from my journey, it was only natural that I should sleep long; and so it was. Consequently the whole of the next morning was *sine linea*; after dinner we had music as usual; and as I have a very good pianoforte in my room, you can easily imagine that I did not allow the evening to pass without some playing; we got up a little quartet *in caritatis camera* (and the "schone Bandl hammera," [Vol. II., p. 362]) among ourselves; and in this way the whole evening again passed *sine linea*. I give you leave to quarrel with Morpheus on my account; he favoured us wonderfully in Prague; why, I cannot tell, but we both slept well. Nevertheless, we were ready at 11 o'clock to go to Pater Unger, and to give a passing glance at the Royal Library and at the Seminary. After we had looked our eyes out, we felt a small menagerie in our insides, and judged it well to drive to Count Canal's to dinner. The evening surprised us sooner than you would believe, and we found it was time for the opera. We

heard “Le Gare Generose” (by Paesiello). As to the performance, I can say little, for I talked all the time; the reason I did so, against my usual custom, must have been because — but *basta* — this evening was again spent *al solito*. To-day I am fortunate enough to find a moment in which to inquire after your welfare and that of your parents, and of the whole family of Jacquin. Now farewell; next Friday, the 19th, will be my concert at the theatre; I shall probably be obliged to give a second, and that will lengthen my stay here. On Wednesday I shall see and hear “Figaro” — at least if I am not deaf and blind by that time. Perhaps I shall not become so until *after* the opera.

At the performance of “Figaro” Mozart was received by the numerous audience with tumultuous applause; he was so pleased with the representation, especially with the orchestral part of it, that he expressed his thanks in a letter to Strobach, who conducted it. The Prague orchestra was not strongly appointed, nor did it shine through the names of celebrated virtuosi; but it contained clever and well-schooled musicians, full of fire and of zeal for what was good — the best guarantee of success. Strobach often asserted that he and his orchestra used to get so excited by “Figaro” that, in spite of the actual labour it entailed, they would willingly have played it all over again when they came to the end.

The two concerts which Mozart gave in Prague were also highly successful: —

The theatre was never so full, and delight was never so strongly and unanimously roused as by his divine playing. We scarcely knew which to admire most, his extraordinary compositions or his extraordinary playing; the two together made an impression on our minds comparable only to enchantment.

We have already given an account of the enthusiasm excited by Mozart's extemporising (Vol. II., p. 438); the other compositions which he performed were all loudly applauded, especially the lately written symphony in D major. The pecuniary gain corresponded to the warmth of this reception, and Storace was able to announce to L. Mozart that his son had made 1,000 florins in Prague. The social distractions which Mozart describes so graphically to his friend appear to have continued; at least, he accomplished no musical work except the country dances which he improvised for Count Pachta (510 K.; Vol. II., p. 436), and six waltzes (509 K.), composed for the grand orchestra, probably for a similar occasion (February 6, 1787). When, however, in the joy of his heart Mozart declared how gladly he would write an opera for an audience which understood and admired him like that of Prague, Bondini took him at his word, and concluded a contract with him by which Mozart undertook to compose an opera by the beginning of the next season for the customary fee of one hundred ducats.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. “DON GIOVANNI.”

MOZART had been so well satisfied with Da Ponte’s libretto for “Figaro” that he had no hesitation in intrusting the new libretto to him, and immediately on his return to Vienna they consulted together as to the choice of subject. Da Ponte, fully convinced of the many-sidedness of Mozart’s genius, proposed “Don Giovanni,” and Mozart at once agreed to it. Da Ponte relates, with an amusing amount of swagger, that he was engaged at one and the same time on “Tarar” for Salieri, on the “Arbore di Diana” for Martin, and on “Don Giovanni” for Mozart. Joseph II. made some remonstrance on this, to which Da Ponte answered that he would do his best; he could write for Mozart at night and imagine himself reading Dante’s “Inferno”; for Martin in the morning, and be reminded of Petrarch; and in the evening for Salieri, who should be his Tasso. Thereupon he set to work, a bottle of wine and his Spanish snuffbox before him, and his hostess’s pretty daughter by his side to enact the part of inspiring muse. The first day, the two first scenes of “Don Giovanni,” two scenes of the “Arbore di Diana,” and more than half of the first act of “Tarar” were written, and in sixty-three days the whole of the first two operas and two-thirds of the last were ready. Unfortunately we have no certain information either of the share taken by Mozart in the construction of the text, nor of the manner in which his composition was carried on. The warmth of his reception at Prague made the contrast of his position in Vienna all the more galling to him. On the departure of Storace, Kelly, and Attwood for England, in February, 1787, he had seriously entertained the idea of following them as soon as they had found a situation worthy of his acceptance in London. The bass singer Fischer, who was visiting Vienna, wrote in Mozart’s album on April 1, 1787, the following verses, more well-meaning than poetical: —

Die holde Göttin Harmonie Der Tone und der Seelen,
Ich dächte wohl, sie sollten nie
Die Musensöhnen fehlen,
Doch oft ist Herz und
Mund verstimmt;
Dort singen Lippen Honig,
Wo doch des Neides Feuer glimmt —
Glaub mir, es gebe wenig Freunde die den
Stempel tragen Echter Treu, Rechtschaffenheit.

The lines throw a light on Mozart's relations to his fellow-artists, and the hint contained in Barisani's album verses, written on April 14, 1787, that the Italian composers envied him his art (Vol. II., p. 306), leaves no doubt as to whose envy, in the opinion of himself and his friends, he had to dread. A musical connoisseur, visiting Vienna on his return from Italy in the spring of 1787, found everybody engrossed with Martin's "Cosa Rara," which, Storace's departure having rendered its performance in Italian impossible, was being played in a German adaptation at the Marinelli theatre with success. Dittersdorfs success in German opera had also the effect of throwing Mozart completely into the shade.

Dittersdorf (1739-1799) came to Vienna during Lent, 1786, to produce his oratorio of "Job" at the concerts of the Musical Society, and he afterwards gave two concerts in the Augarten, at which his symphonies on Ovid's "Metamorphoses" were performed. The genuine success of these compositions led to his being requested to write a German opera. Stephanie junior, theatrical director at the time, provided him with the incredibly dull libretto of the "Doctor und Apotheker," which was played for the first time on July 11, 1786, and twenty times subsequently during the year. That which had not been attained by the success of the "Entführung," happened in this case. Dittersdorf was at once requested to write a second opera,

“Betrug durch Aberglauben,” which was performed on October 3, 1786, with not less applause than the first; it was followed by a third “Die Liebe im Narrenhause,” also very well received on April 12, 1787. On the other hand, an Italian opera by Dittersdorf, “Democrito Corretto,” first performed on January 2, 1787, was a complete failure. Dittersdorf’s brilliant triumph over such composers as Umlauf, Hanke, or Ruprecht, is not to be wondered at; his operas rapidly spread from Vienna to all the other German theatres, and he acquired a popularity far in excess of most other composers. True merit was undoubtedly at the bottom of this; he was skilful in appropriating the good points both of opera buffa and of French comic opera, and his finales and ensemble movements are specially happy in effect; he was not only thoroughly experienced in the management of voices, but, being a fertile instrumental composer, he had learnt from the example and precedent of Haydn to employ his orchestra independently, and with good effect. His easy flow of invention furnished him with an abundance of pleasing melodies, a considerable amount of comic talent showed itself in somewhat highly flavoured jokes, and his music had an easy-going, good-tempered character, which, though often sinking into Philistinism, was, nevertheless, genuinely German. Far behind Grétry as he was in intellect and refinement, he decidedly excelled him in musical ability. Life and originality were incontestably his, but depth of feeling or nobility of form will be sought for in vain in his works. Each new opera was a mere repetition of that which had first been so successful, affording constant proof of his limited powers, which were rightly estimated by some of his contemporaries. Joseph II. shared the partiality of the public for Dittersdorf’s lighter style of music, and rewarded him munificently when he left Vienna in the spring of 1787. But the Emperor took no real interest in German opera — the company received their dismissal in the autumn of 1787, and the performances ceased in February, 1788.

Mozart’s autograph Thematic Catalogue contains few important works between his return to Vienna and his second journey to Prague: —

1787. March 11. Rondo for pianoforte, A minor (511 K.).

March 18. Scena for Fischer, “Non sö d’onde viene” (512 K.).

March 23. Air for Gottfried von Jacquin, “M entre ti lascio” (513 K.).

April 6. Rondo for the horn, for Leutgeb (514 K.).

April 19. Quintet for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, C major (Vol. III., p. 19) (515 K.).

May 16. Quintet, G minor (Vol. III., p. 20) (516 K.).

May 18, 20, 23, 26. A song on each (517-520 K.).

May 20. A piano sonata for four hands, in C major (521 K.).

June 11. A musical jest (Vol. II., p. 367, 522 K.).

June 24. Two songs (523, 524 K.).

August 10. Serenade (525 K.).

August 24. Pianoforte sonata with violin, in A major (526 K.).

These were probably all composed for social or teaching purposes; even the two quintets, which are worthy of the first rank, were no doubt written to order for a particular musical circle. Nor were these compositions to the taste of the Viennese public of the day. The traveller already mentioned notes as follows: —

Kozeluch’s works hold their ground, and are always acceptable, while Mozart’s are not by any means so popular. It is true; and the fact receives fresh confirmation from his quartets dedicated to Haydn, that he has a decided leaning to what is difficult and unusual. But on the other hand, how great and noble are his ideas — how daring a spirit does he display in them!

The amount of industry with which Mozart worked at “Don Giovanni” is unknown to us. We may conclude that, if he followed his usual habit, he plunged eagerly into his new libretto at first, and afterwards procrastinated over the actual transcription of his ideas. The received tradition represents

him as bringing the unfinished opera to Prague in September, 1787, and completing it, incited by intercourse with the intended performers and the stimulating society of his enthusiastic friends and admirers. The impresario, who was bound to provide accommodation for the composer until after the performance, had lodged Mozart in a house, “bei drei Löwen” (on the market-place). He preferred, however, the vineyard of his friend Duschek at Kossir (Kosohirz); and the summer-house and stone table are still shown at which he used to sit writing his score, with lively talk and bowl-playing going on round him. All such stories as those of the delicate diplomacy with which Mozart apportioned the several parts to the satisfaction of the performers, of his having been obliged to appease L. Bassi, indignant at Don Giovanni having no proper grand air to sing; of his having composed “La ci darem la mano” five times before he could satisfy the singers, repose on the same foundation as those of his love-making with the female performers. As to this, we know his relations with the Duscheks; Teresa Saporiti is said to have expressed her surprise that so great an artist should be so insignificant in appearance; whereat Mozart, touched on his weakest point, diverted his attentions from her and bestowed them on Micelli or Bondini — there were no other female artists in Prague at that time. We are unfortunate in having no information as to the influence exerted on the details of the composition by the idiosyncracies of the singers and other circumstances. Two anecdotes obtained credence at the time, both relating to the rehearsals for which Da Ponte had also come from Vienna; he was lodged at the back of the inn “Zum Platteis,” and the poet and composer could converse with each other from their respective windows.

In the finale of the first act Teresa Bondini as Zerlina failed to utter the cry for help in a sufficiently spontaneous manner. After many vain attempts, Mozart went himself on to the stage, had the whole thing repeated, and at

the right moment gave the singer so unexpected and severe a push that she shrieked out in alarm. “That’s right,” he exclaimed, laughing, “that is the way to shriek!” The words of the Commendatore in the churchyard scene were originally, it is said, accompanied only by the trombones. The trombone-players failing to execute the passage, Mozart went to the desk, and began to explain how it might be done, whereupon one of them said: “It cannot be played in that way, nor can even you teach us how to do it.” Mozart answered, laughing: “God forbid that I should teach you to play the trumpet; give me the parts, and I will alter them.” He did so accordingly, and added the wood wind instruments.

A good omen for the reception of the new opera was afforded by a brilliant performance of “Figaro” on October 14, under Mozart’s direction, in honour of the bride of Prince Anton of Saxony, the Archduchess Maria Theresa of Toscana, who was passing through Prague on her wedding tour. Nevertheless, Mozart himself felt far from secure of the success of “Don Giovanni”; and after the first rehearsal, while taking a walk with the orchestral conductor Kucharz, he asked him in confidence what he thought of the opera, and whether it was likely to achieve so decided a success as that of “Figaro.” Kucharz answered that he could entertain no doubt of the success of such fine and original music, and that anything coming from Mozart would meet with ready recognition from the Prague public. Mozart declared himself satisfied with such an opinion from a musician, and said he was ready to spare neither pains nor labour to produce a work worthy of Prague.

Thus approached the day of performance, October 29 (not November 4), 1787; and on the previous evening the overture was still unwritten, to the great consternation of Mozart’s assembled friends. We have already told (Vol. II., p. 414) how he parted late from the merry company, and sat down

to write with a glass of punch before him, and his wife telling him stories by his side; how sleep overcame him, and he was obliged to lie down for several hours before completing his task; and how the copyist was sent for at seven o'clock in the morning, and the overture was ready at

the appointed time. There was barely time to write out the parts before the beginning of the opera, which indeed was somewhat delayed on this account. The well-drilled and inspired orchestra played the overture at sight so well that, during the introduction to the first act, Mozart observed to the instrumentalists near him: "Some of the notes fell under the desks, it is true, but the overture went capitally upon the whole." The success of the first representation was brilliant. The theatre was full to overflowing, and Mozart's appearance as conductor at the piano was the signal for enthusiastic clapping and huzzas. The suspense with which the overture was awaited found vent in a very storm of applause, which accompanied the opera from beginning to end. The cast of this performance was as follows: —

The performance, though not including any virtuosi of the first rank or fame, was considered an excellent one; the inspiring influence of the maestro and the elevated mood of the public united to induce the performers to put forth all their powers, and stimulated them to extraordinary efforts. Guardasoni, who was associated with Bondini in the management of the theatre, was so delighted with the success of the opera that he announced it to Da Ponte (who had been obliged to hurry back to Vienna to put "Axur" upon the stage) in the words: "Evviva Da Ponte, ewiva Mozart! Tutti gli impresari, tutti i virtuosi devono benedirli! finchè essi vivranno, son si saprà mai, cosa sia miseria teatrale." Mozart also communicated to' Da Ponte the happy result of their joint labours, and wrote to Gottfried von Jacquin (November 4, 1787): —

Dearest Friend, — I hope you have received my letters. On October 29, my opera, “Don Giovanni,” was put in scena, with the most unqualified success. Yesterday it was performed for the fourth time, for my benefit.

I intend to leave here on the 12th or 13th, and as soon as I arrive in Vienna you shall have the airs to sing. N.B. — Between ourselves — I only wish my good friends (particularly Bridi and yourself) could be here for a single evening to share in my triumph. Perhaps it will be performed in Vienna. I hope so. They are trying all they can here to persuade me to remain two months longer, and write another opera; but flattering as the proposal is, I cannot accept it.

Mozart met with constant and unequivocal proofs of esteem on all sides during his visit to Prague; an esteem, too, not of mere fashion or prejudice, but founded on a genuine love of art; he gave himself up unreservedly to the pleasure afforded him by intercourse with his friends and admirers; and many of these retained long after, as Niemet-schek says (p. 93), the memory of the hours passed in his society. He was as artless and confiding as a child, and overflowing with fun and merriment; it was difficult for strangers to realise that they were in the society of the great and admired artist.

Mozart had promised his friend, Madame Duschek, that he would compose a new concert air for her; as usual, however, he could not be brought to the point of transcribing it. One day she locked him into a summer-house on the Weinberg, and declared she would not let him out until he had finished the air. He set to work at once, but having completed his task, retorted that if she could not sing the song correctly and well at first sight, he would not give it to her. In truth, the words: “Quest’ affanno, questo passo è terribile,” in the andante of this song (“Bella mia fiamma,” 528 K., part 2) are rendered after a highly characteristic manner; and the intervals for the voice, not easy in themselves, become, by their harmonic disposition, a severe test of pure and correct intonation. Altogether, this is

one of the most beautiful of Mozart's concert airs; it makes no great claims on the singer's powers of execution, but it requires a soprano voice of considerable compass and power, and a grand and expressive delivery. It is interesting to observe how this song, animated and energetic as it is in expression, yet differs essentially from the properly dramatic music of "Don Giovanni." Unconnected with any plot, and not designed for the stage, the situation adopts a modified character, the concert singer being in a totally different position from the actor; and the form in which the composer clothes his conception is suitably modified also. On November 15, 1787, immediately after Mozart's return to Vienna, Gluck died; and the success of "Don Giovanni" in Prague may have contributed to induce Joseph II. to retain Mozart in Vienna by appointing him Chamber-Musi-cian (Kammermusikus) on December 7, 1787. For the present, however, there was no prospect of a performance of "Don Giovanni" in Vienna.

Salieri had produced his opera of "Tarar" in Paris, in June, 1787, Beaumarchais having spared no pains to create an effect by a lively and exciting plot, by lavish decorations and costumes, and by political and philosophical allusions. The public was at first somewhat disappointed, and the music was considered inferior to that of the "Danaides," produced in 1774; but the extraordinary piece made in the end a great effect, and attracted large audiences. The Emperor was exceedingly pleased with the music, and commissioned Da Ponte to prepare Italian words for it upon the occasion of the marriage of the Archduke Francis with the Princess Elizabeth. This Italian opera of "Axur" retained only the groundwork of the original, both the words and the music being completely remodelled. Da Ponte gave fresh proof of his dexterity, and Salieri, finding his task far more congenial than before, did not grudge the trouble of recomposition. On January 8, 1788, the Festival opera "Axur" was performed as a "Freispektakel," the betrothal of the distinguished pair by the Archduke

Maximilian having taken place on January 6. At first the audience were somewhat taken aback by the traces of the French "Tarar" in the Italian "Axur," but very soon they felt the lively, brilliantly appointed plot, and the freer development of musical forms to be additional charms bestowed on the essentially Italian music. Several representations, following in quick succession, increased the favour in which this opera came to be held in Vienna, especially by the Emperor Joseph, and very soon on every stage in Germany.

The present, therefore, was no time for "Don Giovanni." Mozart catered for the amusement of the Viennese by the dances (534-536 K.), which he wrote in January, 1788, for the balls in the Redoutensaale, and he indulged his patriotic feelings by a song on the Turkish war, which Baumann sang at the theatre in the Leopoldstadt (539 K.). He appears also to have given a concert during Lent, for which he wrote his pianoforte concerto in D major (537 K.). But Joseph II. commanded the production of "Don Giovanni," and there was no more to be said; it was given on May 7, 1788, and was a failure. Everybody, says Da Ponte, except Mozart, thought it a mistake; additions were made, airs were altered, but no applause followed. Nevertheless Da Ponte took Mozart's advice, and had the opera repeated several times in quick succession, so that people grew accustomed to what was unusual, and the applause increased with every representation. The cast of the opera in Vienna was as follows: —

There was no reason, as will be acknowledged, to ascribe the tardy success of "Don Giovanni" to the inferiority of its performance. Da Ponte appears also to have exaggerated with respect to the frequent alterations. Mozart's Thematic Catalogue contains three pieces for insertion written *before* the first performance (April 24, 28, 30) and incorporated in the book of words. Mdlle. Cavalieri, of whom it was said at the time that, deserving to be placed in the first rank of Italian singers, and almost deified as she was

in Italy, not a word in her praise was ever uttered in Vienna, insisted on having a grand scena in the part of Elvira, in order to maintain her reputation as a singer. This gave rise (April 30) to the magnificent air “Mi tradi quell’ alma ingrata” (527, 25 K.). Mozart could not indeed persuade himself to sacrifice so much to the “voluble organ of Mdlle. Cavalieri” as he had formerly done in the “Entführung” (Vol. II., p. 235), but even as it is, the dramatic interest has to yield to the vocal — the character of Elvira to the individuality of the singer. The tenor singer, Signor Francesco Morelia, on the contrary, seems to have found Ottavio’s grand air too much for him, and the air in G major “Della sua pace” (527, 27 K.), composed for him is more modest in every respect.

A stronger effort after popularity was made by the duet between Zerlina and Leporello, “Per queste tue manine” (527, 28 K.). The situation is broadly comic, and has no proper connection with the plot; Leporello is roundly abused, and finally tied hand and foot by Zerlina. It was probably intended as a sacrifice to the taste of the audience, who expected an opera buffa to make them laugh heartily. We know that Benucci was an excellent comedian in every branch of his art, and this duet leads to the conclusion that Signora Mombelli’s forte was buffa. Zerlina expresses her anger and revenge volubly enough, but her own special grace and roguery have quite deserted her here. In a true opera buffa the duet would have been quite in keeping; but it is out of place in “Don Giovanni,” because it brings Leporello and Zerlina to the foreground in a degree which does not accord with the plot, and places them both in a harsh light, false to their character as elsewhere displayed. Mozart was right, then, in his opinion that additions and alterations were not the means to make his opera gain favour; it was altogether too unusual a phenomenon to take immediate effect upon a Viennese audience. We have already seen how Haydn was constrained to put to silence the adverse criticisms of musicians and connoisseurs

assembled at Count Rosenberg's, by declaring his conviction that Mozart was the greatest composer in the world. "Don Giovanni" first made its way upon the stages of Germany in German adaptations. It was given at Mannheim with extraordinary success in October, 1789, and Schroder produced it in Hamburg at about the same time; Schink, while severely criticising the libretto of the opera, expresses himself enthusiastically in praise of the music —

How can this music, so full of force, majesty, and grandeur, be expected to please the lovers of ordinary opera, who bring their ears to the theatre with them, but leave their hearts at home? The grand and noble qualities of the music in "Don Juan" will appeal only to the small minority of the elect. It is not such as to tickle the ear of the crowd, and leave the heart unsatisfied. Mozart is no ordinary composer. His music has been profoundly felt and thought out in its relation to the characters, situations, and sentiments of his personages. It is a study in language, treated musically. He never decks out his songs with unnecessary and meaningless passages. That is the way in which expression is banished from music: expression consisting not in particular words, but in the skilful and natural combination of sounds as a medium of real emotion. Of this method of expression Mozart is a consummate master. Each sound which he produces has its origin in emotion, and overflows with it. His expression is glowing with life and picturesqueness, yet without the taint of voluptuousness. He has the richest, and at the same time the most temperate imagination. He is a true virtuoso, never allowing his creative impulse to run away with his judgment; his inspiration is guided by reason, his impersonations are the result of calm deliberation.

The Berlin criticism was not quite so favourable, the opera having been there performed for the first time in the presence of the King on December

20, 1790: —

If ever an opera was looked forward to with curiosity, if ever a composition of Mozart's was lauded to the skies before its performance, it was surely this "Don Juan." Every one will allow that Mozart is a great and admirable composer, but that nothing good or great has been written before this opera, or will be written after it, is a point on which we may be allowed to doubt. Theatrical music admits of no rules, of no appeal but to the heart, and its worth is in proportion to its effect thereon. No amount of art in heaping up instrumental effects will make a great musician or render his name immortal, unless he can give utterance to the passions and emotions of the heart. Grétry, Monsigny, and Philidor are instances to the point. Mozart has aimed at writing something extraordinary, something inimitably grand in his "Don Juan"; the extraordinary is there, certainly, but not the inimitably grand. Vanity, eccentricity, fancy, have created "Don Juan," not the heart; and we should have preferred being called upon to admire the highest capabilities of music in one of his oratorios or solemn church compositions than in his "Don Juan."

The extraordinary success of the opera is attested by a notice of it which proceeds to prove that this musical drama satisfies the eye, enchants the ear, does violence to the intellect, offends against morals, and suffers vice to trample upon virtue and good feeling. The author of the criticism accounts for the popularity of the opera by the quality of the music, which is beyond all expression grand: —

If ever a nation might be proud of one of its children, Germany may be proud of Mozart, the composer of this opera. Never was the greatness of the human mind more perceptible, never did music reach so high a level! Melodies which an angel might have conceived are accompanied by divinest harmonies, and those whose souls are in any degree susceptible to what is truly beautiful will agree with me in saying the ear is bewitched.

At the same time he cannot refrain from the pious wish: —

Oh, that he had not so wasted the energies of his mighty mind! — that his judgment had been brought to the aid of his imagination, and had shown him a less miry path to fame! How can it please him that his name should appear set in diamonds upon a golden tablet, and the tablet suspended on a pillory?

Spazier, who acknowledged Mozart's "true, unborrowed, unartificial wealth of ideas," and said of "Don Giovanni" that some of its single airs were worth more than whole operas by Paesiello, remarks on another occasion: —

The pleasure of seeing a genius strike out a new path with ease, which one feels would possess insurmountable obstacles to others, becomes pain and grief, which can only be turned to enjoyment again by minute study of the work, when such an artist puts forth his whole strength as Mozart has in "Don Juan," where he overwhelms his hearers with the vastness of his art, giving to the whole an almost boundless effect.

His promise of a more minute description remained unfulfilled. The various notices of the work which followed its performance in other places were all of the same kind, both praise and blame recognising the fact that a novel and important phenomenon was being treated of. After the performance in Weimar, Goethe wrote to Schiller (December 30, 1797) ^

Your hopes for the opera are richly fulfilled in "Don Juan"; but the work is completely isolated, and Mozart's death frustrates any prospect of his example being followed.

The popularity of the opera with the general public spread rapidly, and very soon there was no stage in Germany where "Don Juan" had not acquired permanent possession. According to Sonnleithner's calculation,

“Don Giovanni” had been performed 531 times at Vienna at the end of the year 1863; at Prague, Stiepanek asserts that 116 representations took place during the first ten years, and 360 before 1855; at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of “Don Giovanni” at Berlin, in 1837, more than 200 performances were calculated to have taken place; similar celebrations took place at Prague and Magdeburg. The opera was first introduced at Paris in 1805, in a fearfully distorted and mangled version, by C. Kalkbrenner; a characteristic instance was the masque terzet, where the words “Courage, vigilance, adresse, défiance, que l’active prudence préside à nos desseins” were sung by three gendarmes. Kalkbrenner also interpolated some of his own music, and, spite of it all, the fabrication pleased for a time. In the year 1811 “Don Giovanni” was first given in its original form by the singers of the Italian opera, and ever since the most distinguished artists have retained Mozart’s masterpiece upon this stage in an uninterrupted succession of performances. A French translation of “Don Juan,” by Castil-Blaze, was given at Lyons in 1822, at the Odéon in Paris in 1827, and at the Académie de Musique in 1834, admirably cast and brilliantly appointed, besides being more true to the original; a still newer adaptation has been performed at the Théätre Lyrique. In London the great success of “Figaro” had paved the way for “Don Giovanni,” which has ever since its first performance, in April, 1817, occupied a prominent place at the Italian opera of that city. The applause which followed the first Italian representation was so great that the lessee of Covent Garden theatre produced an English version in May of the same year, which was excellently performed, and with considerable success.

While “Don Giovanni” was thus becoming familiar to opera-goers in the north, and even in Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, it had not met with any very warm or general sympathy in Italy, where repeated attempts to introduce it to the public had resulted only in a certain amount of

respectful recognition from connoisseurs. “Don Giovanni” was first given in Rome in 1811, no pains having been spared in the rehearsals, and few alterations made in the opera. The audience was very attentive, and applauded loudly; the music was termed “bellissima, superba, sublime, un musicone” — but not altogether “del gusto del paese”; the many *stranezze* might be “belissime,” but they were not what people were accustomed to. A more successful attempt was made in Naples in the following year, although not on so grand a scale; the audience were attentive, and seemed to accustom themselves to the *musica classica*, but even here the success was not lasting. The first representation at Milan in 1814 provoked quite as much hissing as applause, but subsequent performances were more successful. At Turin the opera appears to have pleased in 1815, in spite of its wretched performance. A mangled version of “Don Giovanni” was given at Florence in 1818, and failed, but it was afterwards very well received in its true form; in 1857, as a friend wrote to me, “the antiquated hyperborean music” was so emphatically hissed that it could not be risked again. In Genoa, too, in 1824, “Don Giovanni” pleased the learned, but not the public; and at Venice, in 1833, it gained some little popularity by slow degrees. Quite lately a celebrated Italian singer exclaimed angrily at a rehearsal of “Don Giovanni”: “Non capisco niente a questa maledetta musica!” Against all this must be placed Rossini’s charming answer when he was pressed to say which of his own operas he liked best: one person present suggested one, another the other, till at last Rossini exclaimed: “Vous voulez connaître celui de mes ouvrages que j’aime le mieux; eh bien, c’est ‘Don Giovanni.’” The fame of “Don Giovanni” did not long remain confined to the old world. When Garcia and his daughters were giving Italian operas at New York in 1825, at Da Ponte’s suggestion they produced

“Don Giovanni.” At the conclusion of the first finale everything went wrong; Garcia, who was playing Don Giovanni, exerted himself in vain to

keep the singers and orchestra in time and tune, until at last, sword in hand, he came forward and, commanding silence, exclaimed that it was a shame so to murder a masterpiece. They began again, collected themselves and took pains, and the finale came happily to an end. The applause of the public renewed Da Ponte's youth; he recounts the satisfaction with which he heard the assurance of a friend, whose custom it was to go regularly to sleep at the opera, that such an opera as that would keep him awake all night. "Don Giovanni" brought him still further good fortune; he placed his unexpectedly large profits obtained therefrom in the lottery, and for the first time drew a prize. "Don Giovanni," once having made its way, was soon unanimously pronounced first among all, Mozart's operas; he was said to have declared that he wrote it not at all for Vienna, a little for Prague, but mostly for himself and his friends. It is true that the libretto was formerly considered as a bungling fabrication only tolerated for the sake of the music; nevertheless, and especially after Hoffmann's clever vindication of its poetical meaning, "Don Giovanni" gradually became the accepted canon of dramatic music, and the subject of wide-reaching discussion. In "Figaro" Da Ponte had opened a new field to opera buffa, by representing the actual life of *bourgeois* society; in "Don Giovanni" he raised opera buffa in another direction to an altogether higher sphere. The legend on which the opera is founded had reached the people through the tradition of centuries, and, familiar upon every stage in Europe, it held the same place in the popular mind as the myths of Greek tragedy. The facts, in spite of their wonderful and fantastic character, offered a good groundwork to the dramatist, and the main conception and essential elements of the situations and characters being given, the fullest freedom of construction and development was permitted in the treatment of the legend. Whether the legend current in Seville of Don Juan Tenorio, who invited to supper the statue of a warrior slain by him in a duel, and who, warned in vain to

repent, was doomed to everlasting perdition, is of ancient origin or not, would be difficult to determine from the contradictory accounts given of it. It is said to have been performed in monasteries from an early date, adapted by an unknown writer with the title of “El Ateista Fulminado:” the first authentic dramatic version of the story being that by Gabriel Tellez, contemporary of Lope de Vega, monk and prior of a monastery in Madrid. His active ecclesiastical life did not prevent his acquiring, under the name of Tirso de Molina, an honourable place in Spanish literature as a dramatic poet. His “Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra” belongs, according to Schack, both in design and workmanship to his most fugitive pieces, but contains portions which could only have been written by a poet of the first rank. The plot is briefly as follows: —

First Day [The scene is laid in Naples]. — The Duchess Isabella is having a parting interview with her lover, Duke Ottavio, when she discovers that Don Juan has stolen into her apartment in Ottavio’s stead. Her cries for assistance bring the King, who gives Don Juan into the custody of his uncle, Don Pedro Tenorio, the Spanish Ambassador; the latter, discovering his relationship with his prisoner, allows him to escape, and denounces Don Ottavio to the King as Isabella’s seducer. Don Pedro is thereupon commanded to arrest Don Ottavio, to whom, however, he declares that a man having been found with Isabella, she reported him to be Ottavio; the lover believes himself to be deceived and betrayed, and Don Pedro connives at his escape. [Coast scene in Tarragona.] Catalinon, Don Juan’s servant, bears his shipwrecked master lifeless to shore, where they are discovered by Tisbea, a fisher-girl; Don Juan awakes to consciousness upon her bosom, and they fall violently in love with each other. Their love-making is interrupted by a scene in which the Commandant, Don Gonzalo de Ulloa gives Don Albeso, King of Castile, an account of his diplomatic mission to

Portugal. Then the story returns to Tisbea, who is deceived and deserted by Don Juan, and left to her passion of despair.

Second Day [The scene is in Seville]. — Don Diego Tenorio, Don Juan's old father, acquaints the King with the crime which his son has committed in Naples against Isabella and Ottavio; the King banishes Don Juan from Seville until he shall make reparation by marrying Isabella. Ottavio enters and puts himself under the protection of the King, who promises to demonstrate his innocence in Naples, and to give him the hand of Donna Anna, Ulloa's daughter, and Don Juan's fiancée. Don Juan appears, greets Ottavio in friendly fashion, and enters into a long conversation with the Marquis de la Mota, wherein they discuss the beauties of the day like the regular roués they are; finally the Marquis declares his love for Donna Anna. He has no sooner departed than a note is brought to Don Juan to be conveyed to the Marquis; he opens it, and finding that in it Donna Anna appoints an interview, determines to keep the appointment himself; and he acquaints De la Mota, who returns, with the invitation, but names a later hour. He is as indifferent to his father's sentence of banishment as to his repeated exhortations, and upon the arrival of the Marquis to serenade Donna Anna, he borrows his mantle, ostensibly to enable him to visit one of his many sweethearts, but really that he may gain access to Donna Anna herself. Discovering the deceit, she cries for help; her father stops Don Juan's way with drawn sword, and falls by his hand. The murderer flies; De la Mota enters for the rendezvous; the King, hurrying in with his guards, takes him for the murderer, and delivers him to judgment, commanding a magnificent funeral for the Commandant, and the erection of a monument in his honour. [Country scene.] Patricio is celebrating his wedding with Aminta, when Don Juan, journeying through, mingles with the guests, and placing himself close to the bride, excites the jealousy of the bridegroom.

Third Day. — Don Juan prevails upon the jealous Patricio to renounce Aminta by falsely representing that she was formerly seduced by him, and had summoned him to interrupt the wedding; he gains the consent of her father by means of a solemn promise of marriage, and after a long resistance, Aminta gives way. [The Sea-coast.] Isabella, arriving at the King's summons for her espousals with Don Juan, falls in with Tisbea, who complains of Don Juan's treachery, and repairs with Isabella to Seville to seek justice from the King. [Seville.] Don Juan, informed by Catalinon of how his victims are united to revenge themselves on him, sees the statue erected to the Commandant, with an inscription calling for vengeance on his murderer. This rouses his haughty insolence; he plucks the statue by the beard, and invites it to supper, that it may execute his vengeance. While Don Juan is entertaining his followers at table, the statue appears, to the consternation of all but Don Juan, and remains silent until the meal is over. Left alone with Don Juan, the Commandant invites him to supper in the chapel, and he accepts the invitation, after repressing an involuntary shudder. [The Palace.] The King promises Don Diego that he will create Don Juan Count of Lebrija, and bestow Isabella upon him, at the same time pardoning the Marquis at Donna Anna's request, and uniting the two in marriage. Don Ottavio requests the King's permission to fight a duel with Don Juan, his father proposing to judge between the two; the King commands a reconciliation. As he goes out, Aminta enters with her father, to acquaint the King with her claims on Don Juan's hand, and Ottavio promises her his support. [The Street.] Don Juan, pardoned by the King, and on the point of wedding Isabella, prepares to keep his appointment with the Commandant, and enters the church where Ulloa has spread a meal for him and Catalinon. The dishes contain scorpions and snakes, the wine is gall and verjuice, and the table music is a penitential psalm. After the meal, the Commandant grasps Don Juan's hand with a grip which cannot be shaken

off; "Thou art summoned to the eternal judgment-seat" exclaims the Commandant; "thy reward shall be fitted to thy deserts." Don Juan falls down lifeless and sinks below with the statue. [The Palace.] The King wishing to see the nuptials celebrated, Isabella, Aminta, and Tisbea come forward to make good their claims to Don Juan's hand, and the Marquis reveals the treachery practised on him by Don Juan. The King is in the act of promising justice, when Catalinon enters and makes known Don Juan's dreadful end. Thereupon Ottavio and Isabella, De la Mota and Donna Anna, Patricio and Aminta, are severally united, and "the story of the Marble Guest comes to an end."

The drama, necessarily, in this rapid sketch, stripped of all the elegance and brilliancy of its poetical rendering, bears to an extraordinary degree the stamp of the time and nation to which it belongs. The freedom and unreserve with which the various love intrigues are treated and described are certainly peculiar to the age, and the story is distinguished by a dash of chivalric bravery all its own; the audience, while recognising a faithful representation of their own state of morals, were little inclined to take umbrage at the summary punishment of the sinner before them. This point is, indeed, emphasised by various observations made in a truly catholic spirit; for instance, when Don Juan says to his stony guest, after having mockingly invited him to sup: "What will'st thou, vision, ghost? Dost thou suffer still the pains of purgatory? Dost thou demand satisfaction? What is thy will? I pledge my word to do as thou com-mandest. Why hast thou left God's throne? Do thy sins cause thee still to wander?" The effect is greatly heightened again by the reply of the statue when Don Juan is about to light him out: "Let be; God lights my path." And when Don Juan sees that all is over, he begs for a confessor, and the statue answers, "Too late, too late is thy contrition!" and Don Juan falls dead. The intricate plot is very

unequally treated, and so indeed are also the characters. Among the female characters, Tisbea as a type of passion, and Aminta as a type of naïve simplicity, are both attractive and original; and among the men Don Juan, boldly and freely sketched, and his servant Catalinon, the inevitable "Gracioso" of the Spanish drama, are most remarkable. Catalinon in particular is treated with moderation and delicacy; neither his cowardice, his moralising, nor his wit is brought too prominently forward, and he always appears as the shadow of his master. Even in the spectre scenes he fails to rise to any grandeur of character. The influence of Spain upon the Italian drama necessarily brought Tirso's "Don Juan" to Italy. According to Ricco-boni, it first appeared upon an Italian stage soon after 1620. The first printed translation known is that by Onofrio Giliberti, entitled "ü Convitato di Pietra," performed in 1652 at Naples; others followed with the same title by Giacinto Andrea Cicognini (1670) and Andrea Perucci (1678); the subject was familiar on the Italian stage, and unfailingly popular.

The Italian dramatic company, who were naturalised in Paris at the theatre of the Hötel de Bourgogne, were accustomed to appoint one of their number to arrange the plan of the pieces which they performed, but the actual performance was improvised. In this fashion they played an improvised version of Giliberti's "Convitato di Pietra," which had an extraordinary run. The chief situations of the Spanish drama, much simplified and coarsened, are compressed into five acts, and Arlecchino, who appears here as Don Juan's servant, is brought into the foreground and made the mouthpiece of a great deal of very questionable badinage: —

The first act represents Isabella's seduction in Naples. Don Pedro, her father and Don Juan's uncle, agrees with her to denounce Ottavio, her lover, as her seducer, which causes the latter to take flight. In the second act Don Juan and Arlecchino swim to shore [a very favourite scene, richly garnished with jokes], and Don Juan's love passages with the lovely fisher-maiden

Rosalba take place. On her claiming his promise of marriage, he mockingly refers her to Arlecchino, who unrolls the long list of his master's mistresses. It was customary to allow the end of the roll to fall, as if by chance, into the pit, and the audience delighted themselves by looking for the names of their friends or connections in the list. Rosalba, in despair, casts herself into the sea.

The third act shows Ottavio in great favour at the court of Castile, on the point of marriage with Donna Anna. He is attended by Pantaloon, who carries on the usual by-play with Arlecchino. Don Juan intercepts the letter in which Donna Anna summons Ottavio, steals in to her, Arlecchino keeping watch outside, and slays the Commandant, her father, who surprises them. In the fourth act Donna Anna demands justice from the King; a reward of 6,000 thalers is placed upon the head of the murderer, and Arlecchino is greatly tempted to gain it, which gives rise to much jesting between him and Pantaloon. In the fifth act Don Juan is discovered before the statue of the Commandant, which he mocks. Arlecchino is made to invite it to supper, whereupon it nods, and, upon Don Juan's repetition of the invitation, answers him in words. Don Juan's supper gives opportunity for much comic display of greediness and cunning on the part of Arlecchino, continuing even after the appearance of the Commandant, who invites Don Juan and departs. The King, made acquainted with Don Juan's crimes, commands him to be seized and brought to justice. Before escaping he keeps his appointment with the Commandant in the church, and is dragged below by the spectre. The closing tableau shows Don Juan burning in hell, and expressing his torment and his remorse: —

To which the demons answer: "Mai!"

This extravaganza was extraordinarily successful. In 1673 a second version, with additions and new scenery ("Aggiunta al Convitato di

Pietra"), was announced. The new Italian company of the Duke of Orleans replaced the improvised "Convitato di Pietra" upon the stage in 1717, and it was revived in 1743. This gave rise to a dispute with the French actors, who were not willing to renounce their claim to so taking a piece. Dorimon first produced a translation of Giliberti's piece with the title of "Le Festin de Pierre, ou le Fils Criminel," at Lyons in 1658, when Louis XIV. met the Princess of Savoy there, and it was performed again at the Théätre de la Rue des Quatre Vents, in Paris, during 1661. But De Villiers had been beforehand with him here, having produced his *tragi-comédie* with the same title and almost verbal identity in 1659 at the theatre of the Hötel de Bourgogne. Don Juan's afflicted father, exposed to the insolence of his son and the mockery of the servant, appears quite at the beginning of the piece. Afterwards Don Juan changes clothes with his servant Philippin in order to elude justice, robs a monk of his cowl, and in this disguise slays Don Philippo (Ottavio), the lover of Amarillis (Donna Anna). After the Commandant has supped with him and invited him, Don Juan again seduces a newly married woman, and then repairs to the chapel, where he is struck by lightning as he sits at table.

Molière did not neglect so promising a subject for the use of his company, and his "Don Juan, ou le Festin de Pierre" was first performed at the Palais-Royal on February 15, 1665. In contrast with the buffoonery of the Italians he has tried to raise the subject into the sphere of genuine comedy, and has thereby obliterated the last trace of the national-historical character of the drama in its Spanish form. Both sensual passion and chivalric boldness have disappeared. Molière's "Don Juan" is a cold-blooded egotist in his love and his want of faith, an enlightened rationalist, even when preserving his honour as a cavalier with personal bravery; his servant Sganarelle reasons as morally as his master immorally, but is quite as great an egotist, and a coward into the bargain. The striking situations, in

which the original was so rich, are either merely related, as in the case of the seduction of Donna Anna and the murder of the Commenda-tore, or they have lost all their lively colouring by a new turn, as in the case of the adventures with the fisher-girl and the peasant; everything that might shock or injure the refined tone of comedy was omitted. On the other hand, the interests of morality required that every opportunity for repentance and amendment should be given to Don Juan; the more he is preached at from every quarter, the more obstinate he becomes in his evil courses. The truthfulness of psychological development thus striven after makes the catastrophe all the more glaringly absurd; such a sinner as this could not be carried off by a ghost. As a compromise, Molière makes Don Juan to be warned by a spirit in the form of a woman, who is transformed into an appearance of Time with his scythe; this was an allegory quite after the taste of the time, and rendered the marble guest a superfluity. Some of the situations, such as the adventure in the country, or the scene with the merchant, are excellently rendered, and delicate traits of characterisation are always to be found; in fact, the better a point is, the less it is found to have to do with the original "Don Juan." Molière's "Don Juan" was not printed during his life, and was only played fifteen times. A versified adaptation of it by Thomas Corneille, given in 1677, was well received, and kept the stage until 1847, when Molière's comedy was again substituted.

Incited by Molière's example, Goldoni produced the "mauvaise pièce espagnole," which he could not contemplate without horror, at Venice in 1736, in the worthier form of a regular comedy entitled "Don Giovanni Tenorio, ossia il Dissoluto": —

In the first act, Donna Anna obeys her father against her will, and is betrothed to Don Ottavio. The second act shows Elisa, a peasant girl, taking leave of her lover Carino. Immediately after Don Juan appears, plundered by robbers, and gains her favour. Carino surprises them bidding farewell,

but Elisa appeases his jealousy. Isabella, who has been deserted by Don Juan in Naples, follows him disguised as a man. In the third act she enters Seville with Ottavio, whom she has delivered from the hands of robbers on the way hither. When Donna Anna discovers her sex, she makes it the excuse for renouncing Ottavio's hand. Isabella, meeting Don Juan, forces him to fight with her; but, refusing from shame to give the standers-by any account of herself, she is pronounced by Don Juan to be a maniac. Elisa also pursues Don Juan, but he is warned against her by Carino, to whom she has been faithless. Don Juan declares himself ready to give her up, but Carino will have none of her. In the fourth act, Don Juan makes declaration of love to Donna Anna, who is not unfavourably disposed towards him, but refers him to her father for consent. He seeks, however, with drawn sword to gain her favour on the spot; she calls for help; her father hastens in, and is slain by Don Juan, who then escapes. It is resolved to pursue him and to seek redress against him from the King. In the fifth act Elisa promises to liberate him, having relatives among the guards, if he will marry her. Isabella interposes and renews her challenge to him to fight. Donna Anna, in mourning robes, calls for vengeance, but Don Juan displays so much passion for her that she relents and pardons him. Thereupon comes a letter from the King of Naples, demanding Don Juan's punishment, and disclosing Isabella's secret. Don Juan, seeing himself hopelessly lost, beseeches Carino to slay him. A thunderbolt from the mausoleum of the murdered Commendatore strikes him dead.

Goldoni asserts that the public were astonished at first, and did not know "Ce que voulait dire cet air de noblesse que l'auteur avait donné à une ancienne bouffonnerie." But it soon became known that the coquettish Elisa was an actual portrait of the actress, Elizabeth Passalacqua, who played the part, and that Goldoni had chosen this way of being revenged on her for bestowing her favours simultaneously on him and on the actor Vitalba. This

roused interest in the piece, and convinced people “que le comique raisonné était préférable au comique trivial.” Rosimond looked at the subject from quite another point of view in his *tragi-comédie* “Le Festin de Pierre, ou l’Athéiste Foudroyé,” produced in 1669 at the Théätre du Marais. This theatre was then noted for its brilliant decoration and spectacle pieces, which often necessitated high prices of admission. Such a piece was this of Rosimond’s, and he had been careful to lay the plot in heathen times, that his atheism might vaunt itself with impunity. Again, in 1746, “Le Grand Festin de Pierre” was given in Paris as a pantomime, and has always been popular on village and marionette stages.

In England also “Don Juan” was put on the stage at about the same time. Whether in his “Libertine Destroyed,” which was produced in 1676, Thomas Shadwell followed the Spanish original or the French or Italian version, I cannot pretend to determine. The piece was very successful, but Don Juan’s villainy was so dreadful, and the piece altogether so horrible, “as to render it little less than impiety to represent it on the stage.” In 1725 Antonio de Zamora, Chamberlain to King Philip V. of Spain, adapted the same subject under the title, “Non hay deuda que no se pague y convi-dado de piedra.” “This adaptation, displaying much talent and skill, is cast almost in the same form as the opera; the earlier adventures of Don Juan in Naples are omitted, and Zamora, like the author of the libretto, begins with the murder of the Commandant.” In Germany, “Don Juan, oder das Steinerne Gastmahl,” belonged to the standing repertory of the improvising actor from the beginning of the eighteenth century. Prehauser, the celebrated buffoon of the Vienna Theatre, made his first dramatic attempt in 1716 as Don Philippo in the “Steinerne Gastmahl.” Schroder appeared in Hamburg, in 1766, as Sganarell in “Don Juan,” and “surpassed all expectation.” This may have been a version of Molière’s “Don Juan,” but as early as 1746 an

afterpiece entitled “Don Juan” was on the repertory of Ackermann’s Company, and in 1769 the pantomime ballet of “Don Juan” was given by them. At Vienna, up to 1772, an improvised “Steinerne Gastmahl” was regularly given during the octave of All Souls; a proof that Don Juan’s dissolute life was contemplated with pleasure, and that morality was considered as abundantly vindicated by his being carried off by the devil after a long penitential speech. The traditions of this burlesque degenerate into a mere puppet-show. “Hanswurst” becomes the chief personage, and Don Juan’s love adventures are made subservient to his deeds of blood; both the names and situations point to the French version of the Italian piece as the principal source, but many additions have been made, and these, for the most part, not happy ones.

It was in Paris that the first attempt was made to treat “Don Juan” operatically. In the year 1713, Le Tellier produced “au jeu d’Octave,” a comic opera “Le Festin de Pierre,” in three acts, and “en vaudevilles sans prose” at the Théätre de la Foire Saint-Germain. It was well received, but exception being taken to the representation of hell at the conclusion of the opera, it was suppressed; but a few days after, we are told, “Le magistrat, mieux informé, révoqua cette sentence.” The piece followed the old lines, only a few new jokes were introduced; and the language of the couplets, judging by the specimens which are given, must have been tolerably free.

A ballet of “Don Juan,” with music by Gluck, was performed in Vienna in 1761. The programme indicates four divisions, each of them containing an important situation, worked out and enlivened by means of different dances.

Unfortunately we have no hints as to the details of the music, which consists for the most part of short and unelaborated dance melodies: —

In the first division, Don Juan serenades his mistress, Donna Anna, and is admitted by her; surprised by her uncle, he escapes into the street, and slays his pursuer. In the second division, Don Juan is giving a feast, at which Donna Anna is present, and dances, a *pas de deux* with him; the appearance of the statue scares away the guests. After a short stay, the Commendatore invites Don Juan, who accepts, and conducts him to the door. In the meantime the guests reassemble, but seized with fresh terror, rush from the house; Don Juan prepares to seek the Commendatore alone, his servant, spite of threats and persuasions, refusing to accompany him. The third part takes place in the mausoleum; the Commendatore tries vainly to bring Don Juan to repentance, and finally plunges him into the abyss. In the last division, Don Juan is tormented by demons in the lower world; he strives in vain to escape or to resist, and at last, in despair, he resigns himself and is devoured by the flames.

Ten years before Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a *dramma tragicomico*, entitled "ü Convitato di Pietra, ossia il Dissoluto," was performed both at Vienna (first on August 21,1777) and at Prague; the composer was Vine. Righini. The plot is briefly as follows: —

The fisher maiden Elisa, and her lover Ombrino, save Don Giovanni and his servant Arlechino from the waves. Don Giovanni, who has betrayed Isabella, daughter of the Duca d'Altamonte, in Naples, and is a fugitive in consequence, readily wins the love of the too-confiding Elisa. The Commendatore di Loioa, returning from victorious war, is greeted by Don Alfonso in the name of the King of Castile, who has erected a statue to his honour, and promises to wed his daughter Donna Anna to the Duca Ottavio. Donna Anna, in defiance of her father's threats, refuses the honour. Don Giovanni, whose crime and flight have been made known to Don Alfonso, enters with Arlechino the house of the Commendatore, where Donna Anna, having dismissed her maid Lisette, is preparing to retire to rest. He offers

her violence, which she resists, and recognises him; thereupon enters the Commendatore and falls in combat with Don Giovanni. Donna Anna vows vengeance on the murderer. In the second act Don Giovanni determines to flee, and orders Arlechino to be ready in the tavern, and to order a meal. Isabella, who has pursued Don Giovanni, extorts from Don Alfonso a promise of reparation. Don Giovanni, seized with remorse, takes refuge in the mausoleum, and falls asleep near the statue of the Commendatore. There he is found by the sorrowing Anna, whose love and pity he seeks in vain to kindle. Arlechino summons him to the tavern, where all is prepared; he invites the statue to be his guest, and is sorely perplexed by the answer given. Arlechino in the tavern makes love to the hostess Corallina. Donna Anna receives from Don Alfonso the assurance of the speedy pursuit and punishment of Don Giovanni. The latter sups with Arlechino, waited upon by Corallina and Tiburzio; he toasts the approving audience, Arlechino and the pretty maids, in German verse! The statue appears, but does not eat, invites Don Giovanni and disappears; the meal is continued with the utmost composure. In the third act, Don Giovanni is the guest of the Commendatore in the mausoleum; he refuses to repent, and is cast into the abyss. Don Alfonso and Donna Anna are acquainted by Arlechino of this consummation. Don Giovanni is seen tormented by demons.

The libretto differs neither in design nor execution from that of an ordinary opera buffa.

In 1787 “Il Convitato di Pietra,” by Gius. Gazzaniga, was given in Venice at the Teatro di S. Mosè, and was received with much applause. The opera was given in Ferrara, Bergamo, and Rome, “every evening for a month, till no one was satisfied who had not seen Don Juan roasting in hell, and the late lamented Commandant rising to heaven as a disembodied spirit”; it was played in Milan, 1789; in Paris, 1791, where, however, in spite of the brilliant concluding scene, it was only moderately successful,

and in London (notwithstanding Da Ponte's contradiction) in 1794. The libretto is lost, but fragments of a score which Sonnleithner discovered in Vienna show that Da Ponte must have made liberal use of this libretto, if, indeed, the two have not a common source: — .

Pasquariello is reluctantly keeping watch before the house of the Commandant, when Don Giovanni rushes out, and strives to free himself from Donna Anna, who snatches the mask from his face and calls her father to help; he appears and falls in combat, a terzet for the men closing the introduction [there is no overture]. After some little talk, Don Giovanni flies with Pasquariello. Donna Anna hastens in with her betrothed Duca Ottavio, and finds to her horror the corpse of her father [accompanied recitative]; more composedly she acquaints him with Don Giovanni's villany, and declares her intention of retiring to a nunnery until Ottavio shall have discovered and punished the murderer [air], to which he consents sorrowfully [air]. Don Giovanni, waiting for Donna Eximena in a casino, converses with Pasquariello, when Donna Elvira enters in travelling guise; she has been deceived and deserted by Don Giovanni in Burgos, and has followed him hither [air]. They recognise each other, Don Giovanni refers her to Pasquariello for the motives of his departure, and goes out. Pasquariello gives her the list of his master's mistresses [air]; she vows to gain justice or be avenged. Don Giovanni enters in loving converse with Eximena, and satisfies her jealous doubts of his fidelity [air]. A peasant couple, Biagio and Maturina, are celebrating their wedding [chorus and tarantella]. Pasquariello pays court to the bride, but on the entrance of Don Giovanni retires; and Don Giovanni treats the bridegroom so rudely that he finally goes off in dudgeon [air]. Don Giovanni befools Maturina by flattery and a promise of marriage. Two scenes are wanting here (14 and 15). Biagio enters in jealous mood, but is appeased by Maturina [scena and rondo]. Eximena questions Pasquariello concerning his master, and rejoices to learn

that he is constant to her [air]. Don Giovanni is besieged with questions by Donna Elvira, Eximena, and Maturina all at once, and satisfies each in turn by assuring her that love for him has turned the brains of the other two. Duca Ottavio is discovered in the mausoleum adding the inscription to the statue which the Commandant had erected to himself in his lifetime. Don Giovanni enters with Pasquariello to view the monument, and obliges the latter to invite the statue [duet]. The cook Lanterna attends Don Giovanni; Elvira comes and meets him returning with Pasquariello; she exhorts him earnestly to repent, but he scornfully refuses, whereupon she leaves him and retires to a nunnery. Don Giovanni proceeds to sup merrily [concertino]; Pasquariello eats with him, and Lanterna wait upon them; they toast the town of Venice and its lovely women. A knock is heard, and, to the horror of the two servants, the Commandant appears. Don Giovanni bids him welcome, and orders Pasquariello to serve him; he accepts the Commandant's invitation, giving him his hand on it, but rejects his exhortation to repentance, and is delivered over to the demons.

A "Convitato di Pietra," by Tritto, is known to me only through Fétis, who places it in the year 1783.

A wealth of material, which made the task of selection difficult, left Da Ponte no necessity to task his invention for his libretto. We have no means of ascertaining how deep or how extensive were his previous studies, but even compared with Gazzaniga's libretto, which he closely followed for the greater part of the first act and the second finale, we cannot fail to recognise his superiority in the arrangement of the plot, in the delineation of character, and in the grouping of situations for musical treatment, especially in the ensembles. His discrimination in the selection of material was also very just. He saw clearly that if the spectral apparition was to have its due effect it must be set in vivid contrast with the representation of actual life, with all its impulses of passion, of love, hate, or despair, of humour and merriment.

He cannot be said to have cast the magic of true poetry over his work, nor has it the knightly tone of the Spanish original, but he has endowed his characters with the easy pleasure-loving spirit of the time; and the sensual frivolity of life at Venice or Vienna is mirrored in every page of his “Don Giovanni.” The language displays a versatility almost amounting to gracefulness; and, remembering to what a low level of vulgarity the treatment of the subject had been brought, we shall be the more ready to recognise the effort to raise the dialogue to a more sensible and refined standard. Da Ponte was right in placing the main points on which the action turns upon the stage, and in furnishing the composer with a number of musically effective situations, in which the elements of tragedy and comedy, of horror and merriment, meet and mingle together. This curious intermixture of ground-tones, which seldom allows; expression to any one pure and unalloyed mood, is the special characteristic of the opera. Mozart grasped the unity of these contrasts lying deep in human nature, and expressed them so harmoniously as to open a new province to his art, for the development of which its mightiest forces were henceforward to be concentrated. Great as has been the progress of music in the expression of this inner life of man since Mozart’s time, he has not yet been surpassed in his power of creating living forms instinct with artistic beauty, and endowed with perfect dramatic truth. When Goethe declared that Mozart would have been the man to compose his “Faust,” he was thinking of “Don Giovanni”; but it could scarcely have been the merely external manipulation of the plot, however skilful, which directed his opinion. With the instinctive certainty of genius he felt the universality of Mozart’s conception and representation of humanity, and acknowledged him as his equal on what was, in his judgment, a far more extensive field than this.

The commencement of the opera sets us at once in the midst of the action: the passionate intensity of the first scene, the villainy which is

practised before our eyes, prepare us for the deep shadow which is to fall on the picture of reckless pleasure-seeking, and for its horrifying conclusion; nor is the humorous element altogether absent: —

Leporello is discovered keeping impatient watch for his master, who soon appears, pursued by Donna Anna, and vainly striving to break loose from her. Her cries for help bring the Commendatore, her father, who challenges the insolent intruder to fight, and falls by Don Giovanni's sword, to the consternation of the latter and of Leporello. Neither scorn nor mockery are expressed in the words, "Ah! gia cade il sciagurato," and the music is as far from such sentiments as the words. Da Ponte has sagaciously shown traits of natural human sentiment in Don Giovanni, and Mozart has not let these escape him. But he has no time to waste in regrets; he takes to flight, and immediately after Donna Anna returns with her affianced lover, Don Ottavio; she swoons at sight of the corpse, and as soon as she returns to herself makes Don Ottavio swear vengeance on the murderer.

Don Giovanni, deaf to Leporello's reproaches, is confiding to him that he is in pursuit of a new adventure, when a lady enters. This is Donna Elvira, whom he has deceived and deserted in Burgos, and who has followed him to claim his promise of marriage; he approaches her, and is consternated on seeing who she is. She overwhelms him with reproaches, and he refers her to Leporello for explanations and excuses, taking the opportunity of slipping away himself; Leporello, for her consolation, displays a list of his master's love intrigues, which he carries about with him. Enraged at this fresh insult, she resolves to sacrifice her love for her unfaithful lover to her thirst for vengeance.

Masetto and Zerlina, with their village friends, are celebrating their wedding in the neighbourhood of Don Giovanni's casino, whither he has repaired by preconcerted arrangement. Zerlina's fresh loveliness attracts him; and, making acquaintance with the bridal party, he invites them all into

his casino, but soon drives out Masetto, whose jealousy he has excited; and is on the point of winning Zerlina by his flattery and declarations of love when Elvira steps between them, warns Zerlina, and (spite of Don Giovanni's whispered protestation that she is a poor maniac in love with him and mad with jealousy) carries off the peasant maiden. To Don Giovanni, thus left alone, enter Donna Anna and Ottavio, who greet him as a friend of the family, and claim his assistance in discovering the murderer and bringing him to justice; while he is conversing with Donna Anna, Elvira again interposes and warns her that he is a hypocrite. He again secretly represents her as a maniac who must be humoured, and goes out with her. Donna Anna's suspicions are aroused, and observing Don Giovanni closely, she recognises her father's murderer in him, acquaints Don Ottavio with the circumstances, and urges him to avenge her father's death. Unwilling to give easy credence to such a grave accusation, he decides to examine thoroughly into the affair, and to clear up the doubts as to Don Giovanni. The latter, disembarrassed of Donna Elvira, commands a banquet to be prepared in honour of the bridal party. Masetto, whom Zerlina has with difficulty appeased by her coaxing endearments, conceals himself when he sees Don Giovanni approaching; after some demure behaviour on Zerlina's part, Masetto comes forward, and Don Giovanni, with quick presence of mind, persuades them both to accompany him into the house for the banquet. Donna Anna and Don Ottavio enter with Elvira, who has explained everything to them, and at her instigation they all put on masks, in order to observe Don Giovanni without being recognised; Leporello, perceiving them, conveys the expected invitation to enter, which they accept. It was at that time customary in Venice to go about masked, and strangers thus disguised were invited to enter where any festivities were going on, thus heightening the frolic of the masquerade. As they enter the hall, there is a pause in the dance; the guests take refreshment, Don

Giovanni devotes himself to Zerlina, and Masetto, his jealousy again aroused, seeks to warn her; then the masked strangers become the centre of observation, are politely greeted, and the dance begins again. Donna Anna and Don Ottavio tread a minuet, the dance of the aristocracy; Donna Anna with difficulty restrains her conflicting emotions, which vent themselves in occasional interjections, while Don Ottavio exhorts her to remain calm. Elvira follows every movement of Don Giovanni; the latter invites Zerlina to dance, and Leporello forces Masetto to dance with him in order to distract his attention from Zerlina. At the right moment Don Giovanni carries off Zerlina. Leporello hurries after to warn him; her cries for help are heard, and all rush to her rescue. Don Giovanni meets them, dragging in Leporello, whom he gives out to be the culprit, and threatens with death; but he is surrounded on all sides, the masks are thrown off, and he finds himself in the midst of his victims, intent on revenge. For one moment his presence of mind forsakes him and he is at a loss how to extricate himself, but his courage speedily returns, and he boldly and irresistibly makes his way through his enemies.

This momentary dismay and confusion is psychologically correct, and brings an important feature into the situation, which Mozart has effectively seized in his musical characterisation of it. Don Giovanni and Leporello, with the storm of voices surging round them, sing *sotto voce*; and highly characteristic is the submission to Leporello's opinion to which Don Giovanni here condescends. Only with the words "Ma non manca in me corraggio" does he gather his senses together, and strike at once a different key, in which Leporello cannot follow him.

The first act must be allowed to have a well-constructed and interesting plot, but the second consists of situations without cohesion or connection, although capable of being made musically very effective. It wants a leading motive to hold the parts together, the incessant pursuit of Don Giovanni not

by any means answering the purpose; the comic tone also degenerates into coarseness: —

Don Giovanni, having appeased the incensed Leporello with money and fair words, confides to him that he is courting Elvira’s pretty wait-ing-maid, and changes clothes with him in order to gain easier access to her. This is scarcely accomplished when Elvira appears at the window. In order to get out of the affair with a good grace, Don Giovanni renews his addresses to her with pretended passion, and she is weak enough to give ear to him. Leporello, in his disguise, accepts and answers her protestations of love, until Don Giovanni, making a noisy entrance, drives them both away; then with a tender song he strives to entice the waiting-maid to appear. Masetto then enters armed, with several friends, to call Don Giovanni to account; the supposed Leporello undertakes to put them on the right track, but cleverly contrives to disperse and dismiss them, wheedles Masetto out of his weapons, beats him soundly, and escapes. Masetto’s cries bring Zerlina to the spot, and she seeks to console him with loving caresses.

In the meantime Leporello and Elvira have taken refuge in an antechamber; Leporello tries to slip away, while Elvira beseeches him not to leave her alone in the dark. He is on the point of escaping when Don Ottavio enters with Donna Anna, endeavouring to calm her sorrow; Elvira and Leporello each try to escape unobserved, but Zerlina and Masetto intercept them. The supposed Don Giovanni is taken to account on the spot; in vain does Elvira petition for him, to the general astonishment; at last Leporello discovers himself, and after many excuses and explanations makes good his escape. Don Ottavio, now no longer doubting that Don Giovanni is the murderer of the Com-mendatore, announces his intention of proceeding against him in a court of justice, and begs his friends to console his betrothed until he shall have accomplished his design.

Don Giovanni awaits Leporello's arrival at the foot of the monument erected to the Commendatore, and laughingly relates his latest adventure; an invisible voice twice utters words of warning. He becomes aware of the presence of the statue, and makes Leporello read the inscription on it: "I here await the chastisement of my ruthless murderer." In arrogant contempt of Leporello's horror he forces the latter to invite the statue to supper; the statue nodding its head. Don Giovanni calls upon it to answer, and on its distinctly uttering the word "Yes" he hastens away in consternation.

Don Ottavio strives anew to console Donna Anna, and at last begs for her hand in marriage: she explains that, though her heart consents to his prayer, her mourning for her father compels her to postpone its fulfilment. This scene gives rise to a suspicion of having been inserted in Prague after the completion of the opera, in order to give the singer a final air. The situation is repeated at the close of the finale, and is not here in accordance with Don Ottavio's previous appearances. Don Giovanni, seated at his richly appointed table, eats and jokes with the greedy Leporello. This scene, which was always made the occasion for broad jesting between master and servant, has been turned by Mozart into musical fun and by-play. Don Giovanni's private musicians play favourite airs from the newest operas. At the first bar Leporello cries "Bravi! 'Cosa Rara!'" It is the last movement of the first finale from Martin's "Cosa Rara": "O quanto un si bel giubilo," which was then in every one's mouth; and the parody was a very happy one. Just as in Martin's opera the discontented lovers are contrasted with the more favoured ones, on whom their mistresses have been bestowed before their eyes, so here the hungry Leporello contrasts with the gormandising Don Giovanni, and the music might have been made for them. The second piece is greeted by Leporello with "Evvivano! 'I Litiganti!'" It is Mingone's favourite air from Sarti's opera, "Fra Due Litiganti il Terzo gode" (Act I.,

8), the same on which Mozart had written variations (Vol. II., p. 345), the then familiar words of which —

“Come un agnello,
Che va al macello,
Andrai belando
Per la città” —

were comically appropriate to the snuffling Leporello. The apparent malice which induced Mozart to parody favourite pieces from operas which were avowedly rivals of his own (the impression being immensely heightened by the humorous instrumentation caricaturing arrangements for harmony music), is rendered in some degree excusable by his having included himself in the joke. When the musicians strike up “Non più andrai,” Leporello exclaims: “Questa poi la conosco pur troppo!” Thus Mozart expressed his gratitude to the people of Prague for their enthusiastic reception of “Figaro.”

To this merry pair enters Elvira. She has overcome her love, and intends entering a cloister, but wishes to make one more effort to bring Don Giovanni to repentance; but her representation being met only with easy contempt, she angrily leaves him. She is heard to utter a shriek without. Leporello hastens after her, and returns in horror: the statue of the Commendatore is at the door; it knocks, and Don Giovanni has to go himself to open it, and to conduct his marble guest to a seat. The statue rejects all hospitality, and asks Don Giovanni if he is prepared to return the visit; on his answering in the affirmative, he grasps him by the hand, and calls upon him to repent. Don Giovanni repeatedly and defiantly refuses, and the statue leaves him; night comes on, flames burst from the earth, invisible spirit voices are heard, demons surround Don Giovanni, who sinks into the abyss. Don Ottavio and Donna Anna, Elvira, Masetto and Zerlina

enter to drag the offender to justice, but find that human revenge has been anticipated; Leporello, who has witnessed the dreadful scene with every sign of horror, relates his master's fearful end. Relieved from anxiety, and restored to their natural relations, they unite in the words of the "old song" —

"Questo è il fin di chi fa mal,
E de' perfidi la morte
Alla vita è sempre ugual!"

No doubt the serious moral appended to the gay and easygoing tone of the opera was a reminiscence of the custom of considering the piece, on account of its ready practical application, as a sort of religious drama; the music takes the same tone towards the end. We can scarcely conceive that it was with a view to the moral effect alone that Da Ponte so contrived the plot that Don Giovanni should fail in each of the love adventures in which he engages; there can be no question that the cheerful tone which runs through the whole opera depends chiefly on the repulses with which the hero is continually met on the field of his heroic deeds. It is true that some of the passionate force which distinguishes the Spanish drama is thereby sacrificed, but, on the other hand, the murders and low crimes which were heaped up in the German burlesques of "Don Giovanni" also disappeared, and the concentration of the action dispensed with a number of ill-connected and licentious scenes. Unfortunately the German adaptations have made a concession to the popular taste in retaining the accustomed Carnival frolic, which has nothing whatever in common with Da Ponte's "Don Giovanni" — to say nothing of Mozart. Only of late has this deformity been occasionally removed by the introduction of the original recitative in its stead. But, apart from this, the current German version not only misses the easy, often striking and graceful style of the Italian verses, and spoils the melodious flow of the words; it even distorts the sense, and

puts into the mouths of the singers sentiments foreign alike to the situation and to the music.

But whatever merit Da Ponte's libretto may claim, it claims chiefly as having given occasion to Mozart's music; (527 K.). One is accustomed to consider the libretto of an opera as the canvas on which the composer is to work his embroidery; it might in this case almost be compared to the frame on which the sculptor erects and models his statue, so completely is the endowment of the opera with body and soul the actual and exclusive work of Mozart. The very overture shows at once that something more is to be expected than the usual fun of opera buffa. Mozart must have strongly felt the necessity for a grave and solemn introduction, and has therefore selected the usual French form of overture, consisting of a slow introduction followed by an allegro. The andante is taken from the opera itself. We have the principal subjects of the spectral apparition (as it were, the musical expression of the old title "Il Con-vitato di Pietra"), indicating at the very commencement the culminating point of the opera, and fixing its ground-tone. After a few introductory chords, clear, solemn sounds are heard like an apparition from heaven, spreading around a feeling of disquiet and strangeness, swelling into fear and horror. It is interesting to note how the ascending and descending scales, which, like the mysterious rustling of the breeze, produce a kind of cold shudder in the hearer, were first brought clearly before Mozart's mind during the performance of the ghost scene. In the finale, where they first occur (p. 271), they were wanting in the original score; Mozart inserted them subsequently, and, room being scarce, wrote them in diminutive little notes, which often extend into the following bar; but the second time they occur, and in the overture, they are duly written down. The allegro is exclusively suggestive of the main features of the story; and an eager, irrepressible force, "which is intoxicated with the lust for enjoyment, and in enjoyment pines for lust," penetrates the whole,

sometimes in accents of keen pain — and hot desire, sometimes with exultation and wild delight. The grave cry of warning which interrupts the eager movement — is answered, as if in frivolous mockery, by an easy playful passage —

and then the contrasting elements are worked out with a wealth of harmonious and contrapuntal detail. Mozart is said to have borrowed both the subject and its imitation from a canon by Stölzel. But a glance at the bars which are adduced to prove this —

will show what a keen hunt after plagiarism is required to find any borrowed idea in this imitative disposition of parts, common to many old church compositions. But here again Mozart has turned one of the resources of musical construction into a development of a psychological idea. How deeply suggestive it is that the warning cries should be heard woven into the imitations, dying into tender, almost melancholy entreaty, and finally, as the mocker seems determined to treat it all as a jest, rising into an awful call to repentance, sounding again and again with a force that penetrates into the very marrow of one's bones! Again, how truly conceived is the harmonic transition at the close, by means of which this warning motif cuts short with the seventh the jubilation at its very highest pitch, then dies away into gentle notes of remonstrance, and so gradually calms the hearer, and prepares him for what is to follow!

The opera begins by introducing us to the only really comic character it contains, and thus in a measure fulfils the anticipations excited by the overture. The typical character of the comic servant, which in "Don Juan" had passed through the successive stages of Gracioso, Arlecchino, Sganarelle, Hanswurst, and Kasperle, here attained to perfection as far as opera buffa is concerned. Leporello is a creation unique of its kind; but since in every branch of art gifted minds, however original, draw from a common source, so Leporello, striking as is his individuality, is developed

out of the traditions of opera buffa. The distinctive character of the opera depends upon his intimate connection with all the situations and all the persons. It would not suffice for the due blending of the contrasting elements that Leporello should scatter jests in season and out of season on every conceivable topic; it was only by rendering all his acts and expressions consistent with his character that they could be made to react upon the situations and persons which brought them forth. He has a distinct personality, with his own way of thinking and feeling, and his own way of expressing himself. The boldness with which his essentially comic nature is brought into conflict with passions and events which sound the very depths of the human heart transports us to the highest province of humour. This is especially observable in his relations to his master, with whom he is at once in sympathy and in striking contrast.

He has the same desire for enjoyment and display, the same laxity of moral judgment, the same tendency to treat serious matters in a mocking spirit; he does not want ability either, but fails altogether in just those qualities which keep alive our interest in Don Giovanni — in strength and courage: his cowardice betrays itself on every occasion. While Don Giovanni is on the look-out for every adventure, however daring, and extricates himself from every peril, however imminent, Leporello is always pressed into the service, is utterly helpless in any contingency, and escapes finally only by virtue of his cowardice. This contradiction between his nature and his surroundings is all the more entertaining since he himself is perfectly aware of it. We learn his character from the very first. He is in high dudgeon at being forced to mount guard outside while his master is enjoying himself within, and marches impatiently up and down; but as he marches, proud thoughts of future grandeur take possession of his soul. “Voglio far il gentiluomo” — he might almost be taken for a cavalier. Suddenly he hears a noise. He is no longer the grand gentleman, but gives

vent to abject fear in his terrified babble, as Don Giovanni wrestles with Donna Anna. When the danger grows serious, and the Commendatore falls, he is seized with horror, but although the moral shock is great it is with actual physical fear that his teeth chatter. The whole sequence of characteristic expression in the scene receives its full significance only by contrast with Leporello's cowardice. Donna Anna's passion, which Don Giovanni is constrained to oppose with a force equal to her own; the dignified bearing of the Commendatore, forcing Don Giovanni at length reluctantly to draw the sword; the duel with its horrifying result — all these afford a rapid succession of exciting and harrowing points, scarcely leaving room for the comic element, which nevertheless is there, and kept actively before us without doing injury to the harmony of the whole. What a force of artistic expression is displayed in the eighteen bars of andante which close the introduction! The death which ends the pain of the Commendatore, the mingled pity and triumph of Don Giovanni, the horror and fear of Leporello, are blended into such harmony as to leave the mind — relieved from suspense — full of true emotion. The unusual combination of three bass voices seems as though expressly chosen for the serious tone of the situation; the stringed instruments accompany the voices in the simplest manner, with a few sustained notes for the horns and bassoons, and only in the concluding symphony do the oboes and flutes enter with a plaintive chromatic passage. Here burns truly the inextinguishable flame of genius!

To return to Leporello. The various ways in which his timorous nature expresses itself in different situations give occasion for the most interesting characterisation. He has least to do in the first finale, but he stands close by his master, who shields him in their common danger; in the sestet, however, he shows himself in his full proportions. Willing as he is to take his master's place with Elvira, his fears do not suffer him to do it; and when he

finds himself alone in the dark with her, in spite of her entreaties not to be left alone, his one anxiety is to escape. The contrast is excellently expressed between the bashfulness of Elvira and the terror of her cowardly interlocutor. Just as he is making off, Don Ottavio and Donna Anna enter, and he conceals himself. A rapid transition to another key, emphasised by the unexpected entry of drums and trumpets, transports us to a higher region, and an affectingly beautiful expression is given to the sorrow of a noble mind and the consolation of a loving heart. Elvira again takes part in the situation; she is full of anxiety for the supposed Don Giovanni, and the expression of her fear becomes more material, lowering her to the level of Leporello, who seeks anew to escape, and repeats his former motif, but more despondently, and in the minor key. Then Zerlina and Masetto enter and run against him, Don Ottavio and Donna Anna also become aware of his presence; and, to their intense surprise, Elvira interposes a petition for Don Giovanni. Her former motif expressive of anxiety is taken up and maintained by the orchestra, becoming the nucleus of the situation, the surprise of the other serving only to give light and shade. When her petition is finally rejected, Leporello throws off his disguise. His timidity has become mortal fear, he knows that his insignificance alone can shield him, and he cannot reiterate too strongly that he is in very truth Leporello, and not Don Giovanni. The general surprise at this discovery is of course expressed in far stronger fashion than that at Elvira’s sudden change of mind. What is to be done? At first they are all at a loss. With regard to Leporello, though he has more or less injured some of them, their position is in common; he is not the Don Giovanni on whom they have vowed vengeance; their indignant amazement at the deceit practised on them unites them into a compact body, more occupied with their own feelings than anxious to punish Leporello. The latter thinks only of the danger which threatens him, and, try as he may to collect himself, fear gets possession of

him; he mumbles to himself, cries aloud, and makes a final appeal for mercy before he runs away. The perplexity which seizes them all at the discovery of Leporello is the point of union of the situation; the truth and energy with which the nature of each person is expressed giving it the stamp of life and power. Leporello's position is totally different when Don Giovanni arrogantly orders him to invite the statue of the Commendatore to sup with them (Act II., 9). The mysterious sounds which he has just heard, and the marble figure, terrify him; but his master threatens with drawn sword; one fear overmasters the other, and he now persuades himself to address the statue — now turns in terror to his master. The musical expression of fear by means of intervals of sevenths —

but how characteristic is the difference between this cringing appeal for pity, and the former energetic cry extorted, as it might be, on the rack! The terror increases at each successive attempt to address the statue, while the energy of each address decreases, and dies away at last into a plaintive parlando. The orchestra at the same time adds the expression of insolent mockery, which is not less characteristic of the situation, in a playful but sharply accented passage, wherein the flutes are made especially effective.

As soon as Leporello's fears are verified and the statue actually moves, he succumbs to his terror, and Don Giovanr^ steps forward. Fear is a stranger to him; he sees the statue nod its head, and demands a more distinct answer; he puts his question plainly and decidedly; the statue answers by "Si." Leporello behaves as though struck by a thunderbolt, and has no idea but flight; even Don Giovanni is affected, and feels the supernaturalness, but he retains his self-possession; and, in the expression of trembling haste with which it hurries on the conclusion, the orchestra mingles something of the humorous impression which is given by the unexpected *dénouement* of the situation. The harmonic construction is here masterly in the extreme. From the beginning ^ to this point only the principal key and the one next

related to it have been used; but now the interrupted cadence upon C major transports us to another atmosphere, and the altered movement of the orchestra is expressive of energetic activity.

A few chords, however, lead Don Giovanni's questions at once back to the dominant of the principal key, and the forcible "Si" of the Commendatore answers with the tonic, the clear calm of which is destroyed at once by Leporello's C: the real conclusion is only arrived at circuitously. Very different in effect on both occasions is the occurrence of the same C in the bass. The first time, when C major follows decidedly on B major, it makes a fresh, elevating impression; the second time, when C follows the sustained E as the third below, and forms the basis for the chord of the third, fourth and sixth, it gives a shock to the ear. The vivid reality with which the two contrasting individualities are made to express themselves in so unusual a situation has necessitated the free form of the duet. Detached musical phrases, complete in themselves, follow the play of the emotions without the elaboration or repetition of any of the subjects; only Leporello's cry of terror recurs several times, and serves to a certain extent as a connecting link. Mozart has judiciously refrained from bringing the horror of a spectral apparition objectively before his hearers. Their imagination has been sufficiently worked upon by the awful and imposing words of the Commendatore, and their attention ought not to be diverted from Don Giovanni and Leporello. The freedom which permits of a playful treatment of Leporello's double fear and of Don Giovanni's consternation reposes mainly on the half-light in which the ghostly element is viewed. The spectator is impelled to accept the mixture of the horrible as a flavouring to the humorous; he is not in the least absorbed by horror. As soon as the ghost appears bodily, he comes to the foreground and gives tone and colour to all the rest; it is of advantage to the effect that none of the resources of musical delineation are employed to heighten this point. The true economy of an

artist not only concentrates his resources on one point, but finds its truest expression in his appearing to disdain their use at another. The main point here was the audible voice of the statue, and Mozart gave it no support but the vibration of the horn note; this necessitated the greatest simplicity in the whole musical rendering of the situation.

The appearance of the Commendatore in the last finale is led up to in truly masterly fashion. First we have the display of the luxurious living which has erased from Don Giovanni's mind all remembrance of what has passed. Leporello's greediness, with the jests upon it which were customary in this part of the piece, are made subservient to the more delicate humour of the table music. The entrance of Elvira heightens the situation, and the contrast of her deeply moved feelings and Don Giovanni's frivolous excitement introduces a new turn, and prepares for the catastrophe. Leporello feels, indeed, that Elvira is in the right, but dares not oppose his master, and so introduces no dissonant tone into the strongly marked character of this scene. But when the catastrophe draws near it is Leporello who, as he opened the action at the beginning of the opera, now announces the dread apparition at its close. All the terror he has hitherto been a prey to is as nothing compared with his mortal anguish at the sight of the marble guest, and even to the commands of his master he answers only with cries of terror; we feel that, ludicrous as the gestures of the cowardly fellow may be, something must have happened that would have alarmed any one, however courageous. Then there enters the Commendatore, accompanied by! soul-harrowing sounds. No human passion, no anger, no pity speaks from his awful tones: the inflexible decree of an eternal law is embodied in all its sublimity in music. The warning words pursue their measured course, now tarrying upon one note with varied chords, now moving in forcible intervals, the heavy weight accumulating till it threatens to annihilate the culprit. The orchestra is calmer and quieter even than before, but adds many

finely shaded touches to the image of the apparition. At one time it strengthens the weighty tread of the sustained sounds by the sharp rhythm of dotted notes — then again it falls in dissonant chords upon strongly accented notes, or gives expression to the curdling horror which seizes the hearer, by means of rapid ascending and descending scales. In face of this dread apparition Don Giovanni summons all his strength together. At first, indeed he is consternated, and the orchestra gives expression to his horror; but he soon collects himself, becomes more and more decided as the Commendatore continues to urge him, the call to repentance serving merely as a challenge to his defiance: his fall is inevitable. Again, as at the first, the two stand opposite each other in deadly struggle, but now it is Don Giovanni who is forced to yield, powerless against the forces of the unseen world. Mozart has endued the awe-struck sublimity of this scene with noble beauty and force of climax, and has even ventured to invest it with something of a comic tone. Leporello's abject fear during such a conflict was a matter of course, but it would be foreign to his nature even under these circumstances, to be altogether silent. When, with chattering teeth and shaking limbs, he sings his triplets when, upon the Commendatore's question "Verrai?" he calls in deadly fear to his master —

every one must feel how wofully in earnest the poor wretch is, and how he is ludicrous not of his own free will, but because he cannot help it. Every-day life shows how easily the sublime or the awful passes into the ridiculous, and how the incongruous emotion thus produced only strengthens the impression of horror; the blending of these contrasting elements into a true and living representation in art can only be accomplished by a great genius. There is scarcely anything in dramatic music which can compare in this respect with this scene of "Don Giovanni."

Leporello is not conscious of the ridicule he incurs by his cowardice, and in truth it forms but one feature in his character. His air (Act II., 7) following the sestet, in which he seeks to justify himself on all sides, looking out at the same time for an opportunity of escape, makes his cunning more apparent than his fear. He has collected his senses, and, convinced that once recognised he has nothing more to fear, he only seeks to fortify himself with excuses until he can escape. The air is therefore lighter and easier in tone, in strong contrasts, varying according to the quarters to which he addresses himself, but in no way elaborated, and coming to an end with a musical point charmingly expressive of the words. The moderated tone of the piece is of very good effect after the ponderous length of the sestet. Leporello is a dissipated, insolent fellow, but, little as his principles can stand before a threat or a bribe, he has not so completely emancipated himself from all moral restraint as has his master. He has little scruple, however, in accepting his part in the villainies planned by Don Giovanni, who makes use of him chiefly to get rid of Elvira. In the celebrated air (Act I., 4) in which, professedly by way of consolation, he unrolls the list of his master's amours, he does not conceal the pleasure which the remembrance of the love adventures and the thought of the trick he is playing on Elvira afford him. In the first part the enumeration of the long list is made parlando, only here and there the accent is somewhat raised for effect, as at the famous "Ma in Ispagna son già mille e trè"; but the orchestra, in lively motion all the time, betrays the reminiscence of jovial and licentious adventures which is passing through the mind of the speaker. He grows warmer over his description of his master's tastes and habits, and gives full expression to every detail, until his final malicious apostrophe, "Voi sapete quel che fa," is given with undisguised mockery.

Those who have heard how Lablache sang —

Quel che fa under his breath, and a little through his nose, with an indescribable side glance at Elvira, can have an idea of the comic ill-nature which Mozart meant to throw into this conclusion.

The characterisation, appropriate in every detail and inimitable in its rendering of Leporello's secret complacency, can only be rightly appreciated with the Italian words; the German translation is most faulty where the musical treatment demanded the strictest accuracy; the mode of expression, too, is purely Italian, sometimes only comprehensible in conjunction with Italian pantomime. When indeed he extols "nella bionda la gentilezza, nella bruna la costanza, nella bianca la dolcezza," the expression is universally applicable, and the *grande maestoso* rises plainly before the minds of all; but when we come to —

the proper effect cannot be rendered in German. In the streets of any town in Italy it may be observed how, when anything is to be described as small, the person describing it repeats the word eight or ten times with great rapidity, lowering the hand by degrees nearer and nearer to the ground; and the action could not possibly be better indicated than in this place by Mozart. There is a similar effect in the terzet (Act II., 2) where Leporello cannot contain his laughter —

Se se-gui-ta-te ri-do, ri-do, ri-do, ri-do, ri-do, ri-do, ri-do, ri-do, ri-do, ri-do, and the silent internal chuckle of the Italian is musically expressed to perfection. More especially has the rapid utterance, one of the principal devices of opera buffa, a totally different signification in Italian and German. It is not natural to the German, and appears either exaggerated or vulgar; it should therefore be seldom and carefully employed as a means of characterisation. For an Italian, on the contrary, rapid speech, for which his language is so well adapted, is the natural expression of excitement, and the only question for him is whether he shall give vent to his feelings or exercise control over them. In Italian opera it is used without scruple, and

without in itself aiming at making a comic impression; the circumstances, persons engaged, and manner employed give the character of the piece. In the part of Leporello the rapid parlando has a very different expression in different situations, and can always be justified on psychological grounds. But it is by no means exclusively the characteristic of comic persons. In the first finale (Act I., 13) Masetto's rapid outpouring of jealous rage, Zerlina's fear and distress, are not intended to move the audience to laughter; they merely give natural expression to their feelings, and it is the situation which produces the comic effect. These characters, it is true, belong to the lower classes, to whom some indulgence might be accorded in respect of good manners; but even Don Giovanni makes free use of his tongue when he ceases to exercise control over himself. In his intercourse with Leporello especially he allows much freedom to his servant, and lowers himself to the same level; this is of course made apparent in the musical expression, and various small indications of a free and easy tone of conversation have an extraordinary effect on the free and vivid conception of the whole. In the short duet (Act II., 1) in which he appeases the incensed Leporello, he expresses himself altogether after the manner of the latter, but it must be remembered that Leporello is really highly indignant, while Don Giovanni is only in joke all the time; in this contrast consists the comic point of the situation. Again, too, in the first finale, when he loses presence of mind for a moment, he falls into this rapid utterance with the words: "È confusa la mia testa," which, as soon as he has collected himself, ceases again with the words "ma non manca-in me coraggio." In the quartet (Act I.) the danger threatening him through Elvira excites him so greatly that in counselling her to be careful— "Siate un poco più prudente" — the rapidity of his address betrays his own loss of self-control. There is something of a comic tone in this, but the gravity of the situation does not allow it to go beyond a mere shade, and even this rapid parlando ought not to assume a really buffo

character. Elvira herself, with the unbridled passion of her nature, gives vent to her anger in winged words, which are certainly not calculated to produce a comic effect. Donna Anna, on the other hand, and Don Ottavio, persons of high birth and breeding, never so far lose command over themselves as to fall into this hurried speech. The quartet just mentioned is one of the finest instances of the quality and extent of Mozart's genius. The conversation between Donna Anna, Don Ottavio, and Don Giovanni is most unexpectedly interrupted by the warnings of Elvira; the two first are amazed, and uncertain what to make of it, while Don Giovanni, alarmed, seeks by deception to keep them in uncertainty, and to silence Elvira. All this gives rise to a genuinely musical variety of mood tinged with melancholy by the grief of Donna Anna and Don Ottavio. A most prominent feature of the whole is the skilful grouping. Donna Anna and Don Ottavio are inseparable, and form the nucleus of the piece; Elvira and Don Giovanni, though in opposition, are sometimes together, and sometimes in conjunction with the other two. The situation demands that Elvira shall be most frequently isolated, in contrast with the three remaining characters; and as her passionate excitement keeps her in the foreground, she gives the tone to the whole piece, and Don Giovanni is constrained to follow her, while Don Ottavio and Donna Anna only occasionally emerge from their mood of anxious contemplation. A touch of dramatic truth is the adoption by the orchestra and other voices of Elvira's motif to the words —

so that it seems to be the key to the riddle forcing itself on the ear and betraying Don Giovanni's guilt. The motif recurs after all the reproaches, questions, and appeals, and dies away in gentle but pained reproach when the true position of affairs is left unexplained. The suspicion which here enters the mind of Donna Anna prepares the way for the conviction which forces itself upon her that Don Giovanni is the murderer of her father. The grouping of the voices is treated primarily as a means of psychological

characterisation. The entrance of Elvira in the second finale gives Leporello a moral shock which brings him musically *en rapport* with Elvira, and their parts are therefore in correspondence; indeed, towards the end they are in close imitation and opposed to that of Don Giovanni. In the terzet again (Act II., 2), Leporello is first associated with Don Giovanni and afterwards with Elvira, whom he begins by reviling, but who later arouses his sympathy, while Don Giovanni holds aloof from them both. This power of grouping the parts so that they shall serve the purposes of psychological and dramatic characterisation as well as of musical construction, is observable in every one of the ensemble pieces.

L. Bassi (1766-1825), who is described as an excellent and well-trained singer, and as a man of fine exterior and pleasing manners, was, we are told, very much annoyed that, as the chief personage of the opera, he had no grand air to sing; this was probably felt by others as a blemish in the work. If the nature of Don Giovanni had at all resembled that of Faust, he could not have failed to give some expression to the mental conflict between sensuality and misanthropy on the one hand, and the impulses of his higher moral nature on the other; and such a conflict would have lent itself readily to musical representation. But Don Giovanni has no scruples of the kind; the gratification of his desires is his sole object, and to this he devotes himself in all the consciousness of his own strength. Danger entices him as calling forth his powers; he delights in jests which demonstrate his superiority to his victim, and sensual enjoyment is his only real object in life. He pursues it neither with the lust of a fiend nor with the passion of a strongly moved nature, but with a reckless abandonment to sensual impulses taking absolute possession of all his faculties, and so coming into momentary contact with the nobler capabilities which exist in every soul. Imposing strength, external refinement, a jovial and even humorous manner are, indeed, far from ennobling or dignifying such a character; but they

render it less despicable, and reflect line for line the manners of the age which produced Tirso's "Don Juan" and Da Ponte's "Don Giovanni." Music, which in its very nature gives preference and expression to the emotional element of the human mind, was the only fitting exponent of such a creation in the world of art. A nature such as that of Don Giovanni does not express itself in monologue, but in action, and we learn to know him almost exclusively in his relations to others. It is only when he is directing Leporello to prepare a costly banquet, and abandoning himself to the anticipation of the enjoyment it will afford him, that he gives musical expression to his excitement in an air, or rather in a *Lied* (Act I., 11). His mind is engrossed with the idea of the ball, and he predicts the situation which actually occurs in the finale; even the three different dances are mentioned by name: —

Senza alcun ordine
La danza sia
Chi l' minuetto
Chi la follia
Chi 1' alemanna
Farai ballar.

Starting with this idea, Mozart has given him a simple and very lively dance song to sing, in which nothing of the higher passions and still less either of demoniacal lust or noble sentiment can be traced, but only a very powerful expression of sensual impulse in a sort of fleeting paroxysm. The very pleasing and impressive melody, the simple harmony, the marked rhythm, and especially the instrumentation, all combine to produce a happy effect. The flutes and violins, which lead the melody almost without interruption, maintain the dance-like character of the song, and the uniformly rapid movement of the accompaniment produces a singular degree of excitement, enhanced by the strong accents of the wind

instruments. So again, the digression into the minor key, making the sting of unbridled passion to be felt in the very indulgence of it, is of very striking effect. The serenade (Act II., 3) is of a totally different character; Mozart has written *Canzonetta* against it. Don Giovanni here pours out the whole warmth of his feelings towards the fair one whose heart he hopes to win. The Italian version of the song has a national character both in rhythm and language; it is of little consequence whether Don Giovanni is supposed to be singing a well-known song, or improvising one. The irresistible, insinuating flattery of this song, the state of voluptuous longing which it expresses, have the same sort of effect upon us as the dazzling colour and intoxicating perfume of some rare exotic flower; there is nothing, even in Mozart, which can be compared to it. The effect of the charming melody, and of the well-chosen harmonies, is much enhanced by the *pizzicato* mandoline accompaniment supported by the stringed instruments. The tender, curiously vibrating tone of the metal strings of the mandoline seems inseparable from the sweet gracefulness of the song; the instrument was then in common use (Mozart has written several songs to the mandoline, Vol. II., p. 371, note), and its effect was thus all the more characteristic.

The only real air which Don Giovanni sings, he sings not as Don Giovanni; disguised as Leporello, he is giving Masetto and his companions directions for catching himself, and the musical characterisation must therefore approach burlesque. This air (Act II., 4), “Metà di voi qua vadano,” belongs undoubtedly to those original conceptions which one admires without exactly understanding how they have been brought about. The situation in itself affords no proper musical impulse; it treats merely of the posting of scouts, of communication by signals, the speaker himself being thrown into a dubious light by reason of his disguise, and none but a great genius could have found in this place a nucleus round which to develop a musical masterpiece. The character of the piece is of course

buffo, not only because Don Giovanni is playing the part of Leporello, but because he is himself thoroughly enjoying the trick he is playing Masetto; these motives must therefore be blended. It is only necessary to compare this song with those of Leporello (Act I., 4; II., 7), to appreciate the essential difference in their style. The rapidly spoken passages give a tone of vulgarity, which is relieved by occasional involuntary expressions of greater dignity; passages such as —

could not have been sung by Leporello; they show us the cavalier beneath his disguise. In accordance with the situation the voice is kept parlando; and the orchestra to which the constructive detail is intrusted is so independently treated that it might without injury dispense with the voice, although each is in fact the necessary complement of the other. The mysterious importance and the apparent confidence of Don Giovanni, which form the fundamental motif of the situation when contrasted with the earnest attention and curiosity of the country people, are humorously conceived and the orchestra renders every turn of what is passing in the minds of all concerned. But, in spite of this, the musical characterisation can only be made fully effective by suitable pantomime on the part of all the characters, even of those who do not speak, except through the orchestra. Don Giovanni's true character, however, is not displayed until he comes in contact with the other, and more especially with the female, characters of the opera. His seductive powers are first practised towards Zerlina. She is represented as a simple village maiden; and the little duet (Act I., 5) which she sings with her affianced lover amid the joyful acclamations of their friends, expresses innocent gladness in the simplest possible manner and with quite a popular tone. Don Giovanni is the first to arouse sentiments which have hitherto slumbered unsuspected in her bosom. The simple peasant girl becomes an easy prey to the elegant man of the world; her vanity is flattered by his condescension, and his way of

expressing the tender emotions excited in him by sensual gratification impresses Zerlina's innocent mind with a conviction of truthfulness, and rouses so irresistible a love towards him that all other considerations are cast into the shade. This is the main idea expressed in the duet (Act I., 6), wherein Don Giovanni makes speedy conquest of Zerlina's heart. The feeling of mutual satisfaction to which they both yield, as it has been preceded by no strife of passions, gives rise to an expression of unalloyed happiness cradled in softest, warmest sunlight. The second part was indeed required to contain more of fire and passion, but the truth of the characterisation has probably suffered thereby. Zerlina's nature is neither deep nor passionate, but light and impressionable; and Don Giovanni's chief weapon is his power of assimilating himself to the woman whom he designs to attract. This point has been made admirable use of by Mozart. Such a broad psychological fact is, however, easy to represent; that which can neither be analysed nor reproduced is the effect of the tender intensity of the simple notes, which penetrate the soul like the glance of a loving eye.

At the second interview between the two the state of affairs is considerably modified. Zerlina has been warned by Elvira; she has just calmed Masetto's jealousy with some difficulty, and is aware that he overhears; she seeks, therefore, to repel Don Giovanni, though conscious that he has lost none of his old attraction for her. He knows this, and answers her petition for mercy with her own motif, whereby the love-making is as delicately characterised as immediately afterwards his astonishment at finding Masetto in ambush, and the quick presence of mind with which he ceremoniously greets him, whereupon Don Giovanni's own phrase is mockingly repeated by Masetto. The orchestra, after accompanying the lovers with strains as tender as their own, here gives inimitable expression to suppressed scorn and resentment. The dance music is heard, however, and relieves the strain; all except Zerlina feel the relief,

and hasten within. As the festivities proceed, and Zerlina, watched by Masetto's jealous eyes, endeavours to elude Don Giovanni's pursuit of her until he leads her to the dance and then carries her off, the complicated situation is characterised, as a whole, with firm and distinct touches, and the individual points are allowed to fall into the background. When she has been delivered from Don Giovanni's hands her feelings for him have undergone a revulsion, and henceforward she is found among the number of his pursuers. Her passing inclination for the libertine has, however, roused into life a germ which is fostered and developed by her relations towards Masetto. At first her intercourse with her lover is unreserved and entirely happy. Masetto is represented as a course, jealous, but good-natured clown, and appears at a disadvantage when compared with Zerlina, Don Giovanni, or even with Leporello. Mozart has sketched his figure for us in simple graphic lines, never bringing him to the foreground, but always giving him his right place in the ensemble movements, to which he contributes his share of life and colour. He only asserts himself once in an air, when Don Giovanni is sending him away in order to be alone with Zerlina. This is of a decidedly buffo character, and, compared with the airs of Don Giovanni and Leporello, affords a totally distinct but equally faithful picture of character; His indignation, only restrained from respect for the great man, which would fain vent itself in ironical bitterness, his coarse sarcasm, which he intends to be so delicate and biting, are admirably characterised. The very first motif of the orchestra, where the ominous horns are again distinctly heard —

at which he exclaims, "Ho capito, signor si," shows by the monotonous repetition of increasingly emphatic bars how engrossed he is in the one idea which has taken possession of his mind. The two motifs with which he sarcastically addresses Zerlina and Don Giovanni are also admirably characteristic; and equally so the conclusion, where he does not know how

to stop; and the syncopated rhythm adds not a little force to the expression of his perplexity.

Zerlina's two airs are in vivid contrast to the coarse and boorish, but honest character of her lover. They express neither affection nor tenderness, but rather the consciousness of her own superiority, which her intercourse with Don Giovanni has revealed to her. Hers is one of those easy natures which are volatile without being actually untrue, whose feelings are the children of the passing moment, and whose charm is enhanced by the excitement of the moment. The master has inspired this lovely and graceful form with a breath of warm sentiment, without which she would be cold; and her roguish smile saves her from the reproach of mere sentimentality. The first air (Act I., 12) takes its tone from Zerlina's desire to pacify Masetto; but there is no trace of a need for forgiveness — of the consciousness of an unlawful love; she disarms her lover's wrath with caressing tenderness, and gives him glimpses of bliss which he is far too weak to resist.

It would be impossible to conceive a more charming love-making, and no false note of sentimentality mars the graceful picture. The obbligato violoncello lends itself in a singular degree to the individual characterisation, its restless movement and soft low sound standing in happiest contrast to the clear fresh voices; the accompaniment completes what the singer leaves unsaid. It portrays the anxious hesitation in the minds of both the lovers; and not until the second part does the motion flow free and full, till all resentment dies away in gentle murmurings. The second air (Act II., 5), corresponds to a different situation. Masetto has been beaten, and Zerlina tries to console him; if she were to put on an air of sentimental gravity it would appear absurd; the roguish playfulness with which Mozart has endowed the broader merriment indicated by the words is far more appropriate here, and gives the expression of pure and tender grace, which

renders this one of the most attractive of songs. The clearness and brightness of the instrumentation compared with that of the first air is very striking.

Very different is Don Giovanni’s behaviour towards Elvira.

This ungrateful part of a deserted mistress has for the most part been neglected. If a great artist, such as Schroder-Devrient, had conceived the idea of embodying on the stage the dignified character of Elvira as Mozart created it, the representation of the opera would have been placed on an altogether different footing. Elvira is in an outward position of equality with Don Giovanni. She is his superior in nobility of mind, and she has been deeply injured by him. Her first air (Act I., 3) shows her as a woman of strong character and passionate feeling, as far from the ladylike reserve of Donna Anna as from the youthful grace of Zerlina. As unreservedly as she had given her love to Don Giovanni does she now yield to her thirst for revenge, and even this proceeds not so much from injured pride as from disappointed love, ready to burst in new flames from its ashes. The tone-colouring of the instrumentation in this air is in very striking contrast to that of the previous songs; clarinets are used for the first time, and with the horns and bassoons (no flutes) give a full and brilliant effect. Don Giovanni overhearing her, and sympathising with her while not recognising her, together with the running comments he makes on her to Leporello, add a mixture of humour to the scene which could not be more gracefully expressed. The laugh is unsparingly turned against Elvira, and is occasioned by the passionateness with which she has compassed her own discomfiture. The musical rendering clearly shows that in her proper person she remains unaffected by it. Resolved to pursue Don Giovanni, and defeat his machinations, she intercepts him as he is hastening into his casino with Zerlina, and exclaims to the deluded maid: —

Ah! fuggi il traditor!

Non lo lasciar più dir;
Il labbro è mentitor
E falso il ciglio!
Da’ miei tormenti impara
A creder a quel cor
A nasca il tuo timor
Dal mio periglio!

This air, unlike the rest of the opera, retains the form of the older school, then still frequently heard in church music. Apparently Mozart made use of the severe, harsh form which at once suggests the idea of sacred music to the hearer, in order to give the impression of a moral lecture, and to emphasise the contrast with the “gay intoxication of self-forgetfulness” of the rest of the scene. This mode of address was appropriately and suggestively employed towards the peasant maid; but Elvira adopts quite another tone when she returns and finds Don Giovanni in close converse with Donna Anna. In the quartet (Act I., 8) (likely 9, DW) her warning, in accordance with the exalted rank of the mourners, takes a plaintive tone, and her passion only flares up again when roused by Don Giovanni’s duplicity. Then she comes forward, and her energetic tone predominates in the ensemble movements, although the silent power of true nobility and grief exerts a moderating influence on her expressions of passion. She makes a similar impression in the first finale (Act I., 13). She has explained herself to Donna Anna and Don Ottavio, and they are leagued together to watch and to expose Don Giovanni. When they appear masked in front of the casino she encourages them to act boldly; Don Ottavio chimes in with her, but Donna Anna is seized with maidenly fears face to face with such an adventure. All this is expressed in the most admirable manner, and a few touches suffice to place the two women before us in all the dissimilarity of their natures. The accompaniment, too, is unusually characteristic. In sharp

contrast to the cheerful excitement in which Don Giovanni, Zerlina, and Masetto make their exit stands the mournful accompaniment to Elvira, while Don Ottavio's powerful tenor notes are infused with additional energy by the accented passage? for the wind instruments. The accompaniment, without altering its essential character, adopts at Donna Anna's entrance an anxious plaintive tone expressive of the purity and elevation of her mind. After a short colloquy with Leporello, who invites them to enter, the three, confident in the justice of their cause, prepare for their difficult enterprise. After the restless energy of the previous scene this clear and composed expression of a deeper emotion diffuses a sense of calm beneficence. The construction of the movement places Donna Anna and Don Ottavio in close juxtaposition; Elvira is placed in opposition to them and, in accordance with her character, she is more animated and energetic. Here again the desired effect is much strengthened by the support of the orchestra. It was unusual to make use of the wind instruments alone in accompaniments; and in addition to this the full soft sound of the extended chords contrasts strikingly with the deep tones of the clarinets, heard now for the first time. What a contrast it forms, too, to the tone-colouring of the preceding movement; one feels for the moment transported to another world. Scarcely have the last echoes died away when the sharp attack of the orchestra on the following movement brings us down to earth again. In the scene which follows it is Elvira who is ever on the watch — who with Don Ottavio intercepts and unmasks Don Giovanni; after that she falls into her place with the rest. Implacable as Elvira shows herself in her pursuit of revenge on Don Giovanni, her love for him has taken such deep root in her heart, his personality exercises such a magic power over her, that she is ready to forget all that is past, and to trust herself to him again. Poetry could only make this visible by means of a chain of connecting links; music is happier in its power of rendering the most hidden springs of human action; once let

the right key be struck, and the state of mind to be represented is there. And seldom has a frame of mind incapable of verbal description been so truly and beautifully expressed as in this terzet (Act II., 2). A short ritomello places the hearer in a frame of mind which enables him to give credence to what he is about to learn. Elvira, alone in the twilight, comes to the window; old memories awaken old feelings, which, while she deplores them, she cannot escape. Don Giovanni, who is present, resolves to turn this softened mood to account; he wishes to drive Elvira away, and a fresh triumph over her affections is a satisfaction to his arrogant vanity. Leporello in his master's hat and cloak is made to advance, and Don Giovanni, concealed behind him, addresses Elvira tenderly in the very notes which have just issued from her mouth. Don Giovanni's appeal comes to her like an echo of her own thoughts. She interrupts him with the same lively reproaches which she has already uttered to herself, while he prays for her pity with the most melting tenderness. Elvira is overcome, and thereupon very appropriately the motif occurs with which Leporello first expressed his consternation at Elvira's appearance. Don Giovanni persists all the more urgently in the same tone, and the turn of expression just alluded to is developed, with a startling impetus produced by the transition to the key of C major, into a cantilene of entrancing beauty. He answers Elvira's violent reproaches ("con transporto e quasi piangendo," Mozart has noted them) with exclamations of increasing passion, and threatens to kill himself if she does not grant his prayer. The feeling that Elvira must yield to so passionate an outburst of the love towards which her heart impels her is mingled with a sense of Leporello's ludicrous situation, and we feel no incongruity in his fit of laughter. But when Elvira actually yields, even Leporello cannot withhold his sympathy from her, while Don Giovanni mockingly triumphs in his victory. In a certain sense the two have exchanged their parts as well as their clothes. This terzet may safely be cited as an example of how

simplicity of design and regularity of construction may unite with perfect beauty and truth of expression into a piece of genuine dramatic characterisation; but who can express in words the tender fragrance of loving desire which breathes from the music like the perfumes from an evening landscape? If we are to infer Don Giovanni's character from the duet with Zerlina (Act I., 6), the serenade (Act II., 3), and this terzet, we have the picture of an engaging and amiable personality which strikes every tone of affection and desire with bewitching grace and delicacy, and with an accent of such true feeling that it is impossible for the female heart to withstand him. This is not the whole of Don Giovanni's character, however. When Elvira's weakness has betrayed her into an equivocal position, Don Giovanni's heartless insolence places her in a situation which only Leporello's comic character prevents from becoming an exceedingly painful one. The fear which takes undisputed possession of him during the interview reflects a comic light upon Elvira, but without interfering with her preconceived character. Mozart has succeeded admirably in the sestet (Act II., 6) in maintaining Elvira's dignity of deportment both towards the craven Leporello and her former allies; she never sinks below herself; but the consciousness of her weakness and of the dastardly trick played upon her has broken her spirit. There is no trace of the energetic, flaming passion of the earlier Elvira; Donna Anna's pure form rises high above her, and she no longer takes the lead in the expression of astonishment and indignation. After the sestet, when Leporello had escaped from the hands of Zerlina, there was inserted in Vienna an air for Elvira, in which the violence of her passion is moderated to a degree almost incredible. The softened mood in which the feeling of her inextinguishable love is expressed no longer as anger against the traitor, but as pity for the lost sinner, is, when rightly delivered, most admirably represented; but the dignity and nobleness which have stilled the waves of sorrow and revenge are not really consistent with

the fire and force of the true Elvira. Then, also, the accents of disappointed love, which Mozart knew how to evoke with such masterly insight, are scarcely present at all in this air. Nevertheless, considered musically it is of great beauty, and the voices are most effectively supported by obbligato solo instruments, which are never elsewhere used in exactly the same way by Mozart. This charming piece is not inappropriate in its own place, but it does not render either situation or character with the same breadth or accuracy which Mozart elsewhere displays in “Don Giovanni.” Any idea of a closer connection with Don Giovanni being now out of the question, Elvira, feeling also that her own existence is rendered worthless, resolves to enter a convent. But her character and her undying affection forbid her to part for ever from Don Giovanni without calling him to repentance and amendment. Her entrance in the second finale interrupts the merriment of Don Giovanni and Leporello at table, and, like a landscape in changing lights, the whole tone of the music is altered at a stroke. Her warning here is very different to that which she addressed to Zerlina. A stream of glowing words comes from the very depths of her love-tossed heart, and beats in vain against the overweening pride of her heartless betrayer. At first he seeks to treat her appeal as a jest, which may be humoured; and when her prayers, her tears, her dismay are thereby redoubled, he mocks at her with all the frivolity of his pleasure-seeking nature. This is too much even for Leporello: he sympathetically approaches Elvira; and the effect is very fine, when the same notes which seemed to threaten annihilation by their weight at Elvira’s entrance are heard from the mouth of Leporello. Don Giovanni’s overbearing insolence increases and calls down upon him the fate to which, now that even Elvira has left him, he is doomed to hasten. This scene is again a very masterpiece of high dramatic art. A flow of passionate emotion, like a lava stream down the mountain side, succeeds to the loosely connected musical jests of the supper-table. The very change of tone-

colouring is of the greatest significance. The first noisy and brilliant movement, with its trumpets and drums and lively passages for the stringed instruments, is succeeded by the arranged harmony music, against which the full orchestra, with the combined strength of wind and stringed instruments, stands in bold relief. Don Giovanni and Elvira are here for the first time opposed on equal terms. Her passionate emotion is purified and ennobled without any loss of strength or reality; and he displays an energy and keen enjoyment of life which would have something great in it if it were directed to higher aims, but which here excites only horror. It prepares us for the resistance which he is to make to the spectral apparition; but the insolent scorn with which he hardens himself against Elvira's prayers is more shocking to the feelings than his determined resistance to the horrors of the nether world, wherein we cannot but grant him our sympathy. Sharply accented as are the mocking tone of mind and the sensuality of Don Giovanni, we never find him vulgar or revolting. This is due to the combination of strength and boldness with beauty of form in the music allotted to him. What can be more impressive than the oft-repeated motif given to Don Giovanni: — with no support but a simple bass, in strong contrast to the rich accompaniment elsewhere employed? His good breeding is as characteristic of him as his love of enjoyment, and is shown at his first entrance in his behaviour towards Donna Anna and the Commendatore. There is no roughness in his struggle with her, and he would fain avoid violence, as also in the combat with her father; not until his honour as a cavalier has been touched to the quick does he draw his sword, and the result of the duel causes him genuine emotion. True, his nobler impulses are not of long duration; he is destitute of generosity or nobility of mind, and his highest quality is mere brute courage. In the churchyard scene, when his arrogance has brought matters to a crisis, and Leporello has made his terrified exit, the horror of his situation rouses all

Don Giovanni's determination, and he passes the bounds of foolhardiness in his defiance of the spectre. This scene, however, in which the defiance of a mortal is forced to yield to the higher powers, is a necessary sequel to the preceding one with Elvira, in which the moral conflict has just been fought out. Its pathos redeems it from burlesque, and spreads an impression of horror which overmasters human reason. Mozart's success in the combination of these qualities into a whole of harmonious beauty has already been admired by us as the work of a genius. Gracious and winning manners and overflowing strength and animal spirits, combined with the refinement of good birth and breeding and the frankness of a jovial temperament, produce a picture of a man richly endowed by nature, but requiring to bend to moral restraint before he can be called great or noble. He attracts liking, he rouses sympathy, but he is doomed to final overthrow.

Donna Anna, as the representative of intellectual elevation and moral purity, is placed in strong contrast to this seductive being, who attracts and degrades all with whom he comes in contact. She triumphs over him from the first, the magic of his presence being powerless to affect her pure spirit. But her maidenly pride resents his unworthy advances; the idea that an insult so great should remain unpunished rouses such passion within her, that she loses sight of all save her just revenge. The music gives a tone of nobility and elevation to her passionate excitement, stamping her at once as the superior nature to which Don Giovanni yields, not only that he may escape recognition, but because he cannot help himself. Her relation to him preserves this tone throughout, and there is no subsequent suggestion of any closer or more personal interest.

Hoffmann's infelicitous idea that Donna Anna had been dishonoured by Don Giovanni is contradicted by Da Ponte's libretto, which emphasises her affection for Don Ottavio as repeatedly and decidedly as does the high-pitched ideality of the music. It is a grievous error to suppose that her

“high-tragedy manner” towards her betrothed arises from the consciousness of shame and from falsehood and hypocrisy, and not rather from an elevated sense of pride and pure morality and from filial grief for her murdered father. Hoffmann’s conception of the two chief characters, and their; relations to each other, though often quoted, is in many respects a misleading one. A Don Giovanni, a very demon, who seeks in sensual love to satisfy his cravings for the supernatural; who, weary and satiated with earthly pleasures, despising mankind, and in utter scorn against nature and his Creator seeks to compass the ruin of every woman he meets, is as foreign to the age, the character, and the music of Mozart as a Donna Anna who, loving the greatness which originally existed in Don Giovanni, yields to him without resistance, only to feel doubly conscious of her abasement and absorbed in the desire for revenge.

Upon her return with Don Ottavio she finds her father a corpse, and, after making the most pitiful lamentations, she becomes insensible. Coming to herself her first half-unconscious exclamation is for her father; she imagines that the murderer is before her, and beseeches him to slay her also. When the dread certainty has brought her to full consciousness, she collects all her forces for revenge. She makes Ottavio swear vengeance on the murderer, and her excitement rises to an unnatural joy at the prospect of the fulfilment of their gloomy task. The musical rendering of this state of mind is perfect. The high-pitched mood of Donna Anna is characterised with so much precision and delicacy, and the continuous climax is so consistent and well connected, chiefly by virtue of the musical construction, that we feel ourselves taken captive and prepared to accept what we hear as the involuntary outbursts of passion. Even Don Ottavio’s consolatory words, sharply as they contrast in their cantilene-like delivery with Donna Anna’s broken interjections, betray in their restless accompaniment and changing harmonies the inner disquiet from which he cannot free himself. As soon,

however, as the thought of revenge has been grasped, the two go together, and the voices are in close connection, while the orchestra (a chief factor in the musical rendering of the whole scene) contrasts with them in sharpest accents, now urging, now restraining; the long suspense of the detached, disconnected phrases is relieved by the stream of passion which seems to raise the weight from the hearts from which it flows. Don Ottavio, owing partly to the libretto, has acquired an unfavourable reputation that can scarcely be entirely overcome, even if the exaggerations which have become customary in his part should be discarded. In real life we feel the highest esteem for a character which preserves calmness and clearness in the midst of heaviest trials, and stands loyally and tenderly by the side of the afflicted; but we seldom find a poetic or passionate side to such a nature. Such an one is Don Ottavio. He preserves his composure amid the whirlwind of passion around him; his love imposes upon him the task of consoling and supporting his beloved one under the loss of her father, and he performs it in a manner at once tender and manly. He rises to greater strength in the summons to vengeance, when he shows himself in no way inferior to Donna Anna; and when the two next come upon the scene, it is he who exhorts Donna Anna to stifle her grief and to dream only of revenge. The unexpected appearance of Elvira, and Don Giovanni's behaviour inspire him with some degree of suspicion; but he and Donna Anna preserve in the quartet (Act I., 8) a dignified reserve towards the strangers, which has a depressing effect when united with their mournful contemplation of their own sorrow. Here they are entirely at one with each other, and so the music renders them; their superiority of birth and demeanour has its effect on the other two characters, and gives the tone to the whole. Don Giovanni's entrance, his glance and tone, inspire Donna Anna with the certainty of his being her father's murderer; the memory of that fearful event flashes across her, and the tumult of feeling which it

arouses is expressed by the orchestra in pungent dissonances by means of opposing rhythm and harsh sounds produced especially by the trumpets, which have been silent since the overture until now. It is with difficulty that she composes herself sufficiently to acquaint her lover with the cause of her agitation.

When she has told him all, she urges him again to revenge her father's death, in an air (Act I., 10) of which the delicate characterisation completes the perfect image of Donna Anna. This air, in comparison with the preceding recitative and with the duet, is temperate in tone. The renewed appeal for revenge is not the same involuntary outburst of passion which it was; it is the expression of conviction, and is therefore more composed, though not less forcible than before. A high and noble pride speaks in the first motifs (Vol. 11., p. 428) — with inimitable dignity and force, while the plaintive sextoles of the violins and violas, the urgent figure for the basses, which turns to imitation at the second motif, and the gentle admonitory dialogue of the wind instruments represent the restless anxiety which has called forth her determination.

Donna Anna's elevation of mind raises the man of her choice, and her maidenly bashfulness gives her confidence a lover-like character. Ottavio, who has not been inspired with the same instinctive certainty of Don Giovanni's guilt, finds it hard to convince himself that a nobleman, and his friend, can be capable of such a crime; but he is quite ready to acknowledge the necessity for closely observing him. It was at this point that the air composed in Vienna was inserted (Anh. 3) to express Ottavio's devoted love for Donna Anna. It depicts exclusively the tender lover, and the heroic impulses which might be supposed to belong to the situation will be sought for in vain; the contrast with Donna Anna's high-spirited air is very striking. No doubt the insertion of the song was, in some measure at least, a concession to the individual singer and to the preference of the public for

sentimental lovers. Granting this, however, it is simple and true in sentiment, tender without sickliness, and of purest melody. Besides the clear and lovely chief melodies, parts here and there, such as the transition to B minor and the return to D major at the words, “E non ho bene s’ ella non l’ ha,” have a very striking effect. But the song is below the level of the situation, and, for want of a counterbalancing force, it injures the conception of Don Ottavio’s character. The masque terzet expresses in a very pure and noble manner the contrast between an affection based on moral constancy, such as that of Donna Anna and Don Ottavio, and the unwholesome passions of the other characters. Donna Anna, entering masked to play the spy on Don Giovanni, is seized with alarm at the danger which threatens them all, especially her lover— “Temo pel caro sposo” she sings with her own melting, plaintive tones — and she calms her fears with difficulty. In the ball-room, where noisy merriment is at its height, their dignified appearance gives the assembly a certain air of solemnity. Leporello and Don Giovanni greet them respectfully; they answer somewhat ceremoniously, and join in the cry: “Viva la libertà!” but with a sort of dignified reserve which stamps them as of superior rank to the crowd of country people round them. This is a faithful reflection of the manners of the time; so also is the subordination of the chorus in this scene: it was customary for country people to keep at a respectful distance before persons of rank. When the dance recommences, it is Donna Anna again who finds her feelings so hard to master that she almost betrays herself. Zerlina’s cry for help is the signal for an outbreak of general excitement; and henceforth they are all avowedly ranged against Don Giovanni. Don Ottavio acts as the mouthpiece and champion of the women, and calls Don Giovanni to account for the murder of the Commendatore. But he makes no attempt to take the punishment of the crime into his own hands, and Don Giovanni is allowed to beat a retreat from the presence of his former friends and now

determined opponents. No chorus is introduced in the last movement of the first finale, and indeed none is conceivable. What would be gained in material sound-effects would be lost in true dramatic effect. The “buona gente” do not presume to take part in the dispute of their lords; and, as the affair grows serious, the dancers and musicians leave the ball-room hastily, and the principal characters remain in possession of the scene.

Hitherto Don Ottavio has shown himself as a man deserving of Donna Anna’s affection and confidence, loyal and devoted, cautious and determined, and preserving throughout the lofty demeanour which distinguishes him from Don Giovanni. But from this point we are in expectation that he will put his resolutions into action, and that the second act gives him no opportunity of doing so is a serious blemish.

The loose and disconnected plot of the second act sacrifices Donna Anna and Don Ottavio in especial; Elvira, Zerlina, and Masetto are woven not unskilfully into its intricate meshes, but the other two are altogether left out. In the sestet (Act II., 6) the earlier motif of consolatory assurance is repeated without any definite occasion, and only the exalted purity of the music can cover this defect. Their presence is in no way necessary either to the exposure of Leporello’s trickery; it is amply justified from a musical point of view, however, for the noble and dignified tone, which contrasts with Leporello’s comic fright and gives the character of the ensemble, is the result of their participation.

Don Giovanni’s new villainy having removed all doubt of his guilt from Don Ottavio’s mind, the latter no longer hesitates to call him to account. His conduct has rendered him unworthy of giving the ordinary satisfaction of a nobleman, and Ottavio resolves to deliver him over to justice, taking upon himself the risk of encountering so bold and formidable an adversary. As he turns to depart his thoughts naturally turn to Donna Anna, who has left the scene after the sestet, and he entreats his friends to console her during his

absence, until he shall return with the tidings of a completed revenge. This feeling is natural and true, and the air (Act II., 8) expressing it is in every way appropriate.

His appeal for the consolation of Donna Anna is made in one of the loveliest cantilene which has ever been written for a tenor voice; but the second part is not quite on the same level. Mozart has rightly refrained from expressing the desire for revenge in a grand heroic movement, which would have introduced a false tone, but has limited it to a middle movement, rendered characteristic mainly by the rapid and forcible motion of the orchestra. The purely musical effect of this part is excellent, but the voice part has not force or brilliancy proportionate to the sweetness and fulness which it has just displayed. The idiosyncracies of the singer Baglione may, in some degree, have occasioned this treatment; he was specially celebrated for his artistic and finished delivery.

The course of the plot justifies Don Ottavio in his conduct towards Don Giovanni, and when the reprobate has been called before a higher than any earthly tribunal, Ottavio claims Donna Anna's hand, not as a tender lover, but as a faithful protector summoned by fate to her side. Donna Anna's postponement of their union until the year of mourning for her father shall have expired is a realistic trait, and reflects the ordinary rules of society and mode of thought then in vogue too faithfully to be at all poetic. But there can be no doubt of the intention to represent the love of Donna Anna and Don Ottavio as deep and sincere; and it argues a misapprehension of tragic ideality to consider the postponement either as an excuse to conceal her aversion to her lover, or as the result of her determination to renounce earthly love and seek refuge in a convent or the grave. It is to the disadvantage of Don Ottavio, however, that he is made to re-enter and entreat Donna Anna to consent to an immediate union, without any previous intimation that he has carried out his design of bringing Don Giovanni to

justice. This is uncalled for, and shows him in the light of an amorous weakling destitute of energy. The scene was probably inserted later in order to separate the churchyard scene from the supper, and chiefly, no doubt, to supply Donna Anna with another air; the characterisation of Don Ottavio and the natural progress of the plot are sacrificed to these objects. On the other hand, the air itself (Act II., 10) is a grateful task for the singer; and affords important aid to the musical-dramatic characterisation of Donna Anna. Hitherto grief and revenge have inspired her utterances; her affection to Don Ottavio has been indicated by her intrusting to him her most sacred interests and duties. Here, at last, her love breaks forth without reserve, and although she still rejects his petition, it is with a maidenly coyness and an expression of regret which add a new and individual interest to her character. The air is introduced by a recitative, and consists of two independent movements in different tempi. In form and treatment, especially in the employment of wind instruments almost solo, and in the bravura voice passages, it more closely resembles the traditional Italian aria than any other of the original songs in Don Giovanni; but, in spite of this, it renders important service to the characterisation. The regularity of the musical form corresponds very well to the refined and not only noble but well-bred demeanour of Donna Anna. Deep and sincere emotion is expressed with maidenly tenderness, infused with just the tinge of melancholy which invests the whole representation of her character.

The characters which have been occupying our attention are so accurately and minutely delineated, and every detail is so admirably blended into the conception of the whole, that though a comparison with “Figaro” may doubtless show many superficial points of resemblance, a closer examination reveals the complete independence of the two works. No one figure resembles another even distantly; each has its own life, its own individuality, preserved in the minutest particulars, as well as in the general

conception. Not less remarkable than this is the art with which the different elements, in all their force of energy and truth, are combined into an harmonious and comprehensive whole.

As regards the dramatic force and reality of the situations, especially in the ensembles, “Figaro” has the advantage over “Don Giovanni.” The introduction to the first act is admirably planned, both musically and dramatically; in the quartet (Act I., 8) and terzet (Act II., 2) the situation and prevailing tone are simple, but well chosen and sustained; and the idea of giving Don Giovanni and Leporello a share in Elvira’s first air (Act I., 3), is productive of excellent effect. The sestet (Act II., 6), on the other hand, is very loosely put together; the characters are grouped round Leporello suitably enough, it is true, but their encounter is not the natural result of the situation, and the climax is a purely external one. The finales in “Don Giovanni” are indeed far superior to the ordinary run, which even in good operas often consist of loosely strung scenes which might just as well be spoken as sung, but they are inferior to the well-combined, consistent development of the plot which delights us in the finales in “Figaro.” The first finale begins in lively style with the quarrel between Masetto, whose jealously is newly awakened, and the terrified Zerlina, who seeks to avoid an outbreak. The insidious ever-recurring motif for both voice and orchestra — in contrast with the quickly uttered notes and sharp accents of anger, is highly expressive of suspicion. Suggestive in another way are the beating notes for the trumpets —

which are interposed in Masetto’s speech, and afterwards taken up by the flutes — when Zerlina asserts herself, rising gradually to impatient quavers for the violin —

while the principal subject pursues its quiet course. They are interrupted by the noisy merriment of Don Giovanni and his companions, who are repairing to the merry-making in the casino; the gradual dying away of the

song of the retreating guests prepares us for the singularly tender and lovely scene between Zerlina and Don Giovanni, which, contrasted with the preceding duet with Masetto, first clearly shows the dangerous fascination of the seducer. After the inimitably expressed start of surprise at Masetto's reappearance the music alters altogether in character, and Don Giovanni assumes a cordial hospitality and cheerful gaiety which is partly accounted for by the sound of the dance music from the casino; this is made also a musical prophecy of what is to ensue, for the eight bars that are heard are taken from the second of the dances afterwards combined, and Mozart has omitted the two first bars, in order to put the hearer at once in the midst of the dance (Vol. II., p. 154 note). A lively figure for the violin expresses the desire of the three to join in the merriment. The figure is continued when Elvira, Donna Anna, and Don Ottavio appear, and several accompaniment figures are also retained, with important modifications. The minor key for the first time occurring, and the totally different treatment of the orchestra give an impression of a mysterious and gloomy shadow cast upon the noisy merriment of the scene. Leporello, opening a window by chance, sees the masks, and is ordered by his master to invite them to enter. The open window causes the dance music to be more plainly heard, and prepares for what is to follow; this time a minuet is played, which is heard entire, for as long as the window remains open the orchestra is silent, and conversation is carried on parlando. The unusual treatment of this scene prepares the way for the ball; but it is quite as consistent with the adagio which intervenes with surprising and profound effect.

The grave and elevated tone betokening the presence of higher moral forces is additionally impressive after the unquiet, passionate activity which precedes it. For the first time in this finale the voices put forth all their power and beauty, and they receive powerful assistance from the

accompanying wind instruments. The voices seem to stand out from the dark background of the peculiarly deep notes of the clarinets, but the chords which follow are like gleams of light cast upon them, and the whole movement appears transfigured in the glory of a higher region. The scene changes, as was not unusual in finales, and we find ourselves in the ball-room. The dance ended, the guests disperse for refreshment, and Don Giovanni and Leporello, as hosts, Zerlina unable to escape Don Giovanni's observation, and Masetto, jealously watching her, come to the front. The orchestra plays the principal part in the lively movement, 6-8, which portrays this situation. Rhythm, melodies, and instrumental colouring, all are stamped with voluptuous excitement, and we seem to breathe the heated air of the ball-room. The voices move freely, either joining in the orchestral subjects or going their own way in easy parlando or prominent melodies, grouped according to the requirements of the situation. The entrance of the masks gives, as has already been observed, a different tone to the scene; the stranger guests are courteously greeted, and Don Giovanni's summons to the dance places fully before the spectators the ball-room scene, which has so often been suggested. The real motive of the scene being musical, the dramatic representation is skilfully made the object of the musical construction.

The company is a mixed one, and different dances are arranged to suit the taste of all; thus also Don Giovanni is provided with the means of freeing himself of those persons who come in the way of his design. His distinguished guests tread a minuet, he himself joins in the country dance with Zerlina, while Leporello whirls Masetto in the giddy waltz. The musical representation of the situation in the three different dances is thus made the chief point of the scene, the plot moving rapidly onward; none of the characters are in a position to express themselves fully, and the dance alone preserves the continuity of the whole. The combination of three

dances simultaneously in varied rhythm and expression, offered to Mozart a task in counterpoint which he has accomplished with so much ease and certainty, that the untechnical listener scarcely believes in its difficulty. The arithmetical calculation that three bars in 2-4 are equal to two bars in 3-4, and one bar 3-8 represents a crotchet in a triplet, is easily made, and the system presents no difficulty. But the problem really consists in concealing the system beneath the melody and rhythm, and in causing the necessary coincidence of the phrasing to appear a natural and unstudied one, dependent on the individual character of each dance. One dance follows another as a matter of course. The minuet begins — the same which has been heard before. At the repetition of the second part, the second orchestra prepares to strike up, the open strings are struck in fifths, touched *pizzicato*, and little shakes tried, the violoncello joins in in the same way — and all falls naturally into the minuet, as it pursues its even course. At last a gay country dance (2-4) strikes up, as different in melody and rhythm from the minuet as can be, although it is of course constructed on the same fundamental bass. At the second part, the third orchestra proceeds to tune up as the second had done before, and falls in with a fresh and merry waltz (3-8). Before the minuet recommences, Zerlina's cry for help is heard, both dances and music break off suddenly, and the orchestra, which has hitherto been silent, strikes in with full force. Zerlina's cry for help brings about a complete change of mood and tone. All present, except Don Giovanni and Leporello, are inspired by one sentiment, and form a compact and solid mass opposing the two, either in unison or by means of a purely harmonious treatment of the voices. Only pit particular points, such as the unmasking, do the different characters stand out, and the imitation by means of which the parts are again united emphasises the impression of strict connection between them. This kind of grouping requires a broad, grand treatment, and a more forcible one both for the voices and the orchestra. Mozart has

nevertheless happily avoided the adoption of a tragic tone, which would have been unsuited to the situation. The case is not, after all, too grave to allow of Don Giovanni and Leporello expressing their confusion and dismay comically, after their manner, and the humorous character of the opera is thereby preserved. Still more simple is the construction of the second finale. The introduction of table music taken from different operas renders the supper scene a very masterpiece of musical fun; but the episode has no direct connection with the action. This begins with the entrance of Elvira, with a gravity and an impulse which have been wanting since the beginning of the opera. In opposition to Elvira's glowing passion, to which her higher resolves lend nobler impulse than before, so that even Leporello is carried away by her energy, Don Giovanni's sensuality stands out in stronger relief, until it outrages man's noblest and most sacred feelings; the contradiction develops a depth of pathos which prepares for the approaching catastrophe. The force and fulness of musical expression in this scene are as remarkable as the deep truth of its characterisation. Compare the passionate expressions of Donna Anna with this outbreak of Elvira, and the fundamental difference of the two characters is clear; so also it is plain that, inimical to each other as they may be, Elvira and Don Giovanni are creatures of the same mould, having the same easily excited sensual impulses. Leporello's terror-stricken announcement of the Commendatore's approach comes as a relief to this highly wrought scene. In point of fact, the comic tone increases the suspense more than even Elvira's piercing cry; ludicrous as is the fear of Leporello, the main impression it produces is one of horror at its cause. The first fear-struck tones of the orchestra, collecting their forces for what is to come, the first simple, firm tones of the spectre's voice transport us to the sphere of the marvellous. This sense of the supernatural is preserved by Mozart throughout the scene, and the hearer seems to himself to be standing in

breathless suspense at the very verge of the abyss. It is produced by an uninterrupted climax of characteristically shaded movement; and the object which the master has kept steadily before him has been to produce at every point the expression of a grandeur and sublimity surpassing that of earth. To accomplish this, external means, such as the disposition of harmonies and instrumental colouring are employed with equal boldness and skill, but the true conditions of its extra-ordinary effect are the high conception and powerful inspiration which animate the whole. When to this it is added that Don Giovanni and Leporello, although under the spell of the supernatural apparition, act freely, each according to his individual nature, without for an instant prejudicing the unity of tone, it must be acknowledged that the union of dramatic truth and lofty ideal is here complete. After this prolonged and painful suspense the breaking of the storm which is to deliver Don Giovanni into the power of the internal spirits comes as a long-expected catastrophe. The spirits themselves Mozart has wisely kept in the background. Invisible in the darkness, they summon their victim in few, monotonous, but appalling notes. This allows of a more animated expression to the torture of despair which seizes Don Giovanni, and to the terror of Leporello; while the orchestra depicts the tumult of all the powers of nature. This scene can only attain to its full effect when theatrical managers can make up their minds to allow the music to work on the imagination and feeling of the audience, unimpeded by a display of fireworks and demoniac masks. This finale, after all that has preceded it, does not certainly produce a calming effect, but it relieves the suspense, and virtually brings the plot to an end. The entrance of the other characters to learn the fate of Don Giovanni from Leporello, and to satisfy the audience as to their own fate, is chiefly a concession to the custom of assembling all the chief persons on the stage at the close of the opera, which in this case seems justified by the necessity of concluding with a composing and moral impression. It is not, however, the

true close of the plot, and the audience have already been quite sufficiently informed as to the fate of the characters.

Regarded from a musical point of view, Leporello's narrative — interrupted by exclamations of astonishment from the others — is very fresh and spirited, and the surprise well and delicately expressed; the movement would be most effective in another place, but here it falls decidedly flat. The larghetto in which the duet between Don Ottavio and Donna Anna, with the short remarks of the others, is brought to a close is lovely, but not so weighty in substance as the situation demands. The closing movement is very fine, and Mozart has imparted such a clear and tender radiance to the church-music sort of form in which he has embodied the moral maxims, that a flush like that of dawn seems to rise from the gloomy horror which has buried the gay life of the drama in deepest night. It was soon felt that to preserve the interest of the audience after the spirit scene was impossible. An attempt at abbreviation was annexed to the original score, omitting the larghetto so far as it referred to personal circumstances. Whether this experiment was made in Prague or Vienna, it appears not to have sufficed, and at the performance in Vienna the opera closed, as it almost invariably has later, with Don Giovanni's descent into the lower regions. At his fall all the characters enter and give a cry of horror, which is inserted in the score on the chord of D major. A few attempts have been made later, either on theoretical or practical grounds, to restore the original closing scene. Attempts at a modification such as have been made are very objectionable. At a performance in Paris Don Giovanni's disappearance was followed by the entry of Donna Anna's corpse borne by mourners, and the chanting of the "Dies iræ" from Mozart's Requiem. This idea suggested to Kugler the further one of changing the scene after Don Giovanni's fall to the mausoleum of the Commendatore, and introducing the funeral ceremonies, the chorus singing

from Mozart's Re-queim, "Lux perpetua luceat ei" (not *eis*, "because it is only for one person"), "Domine, cum sanctis tuis quia pius es," to be followed by the "Osanna in excelsis" as an appropriate conclusion. It is as difficult to comprehend how these two movements can be thus combined, as how reverence for the master can allow of his sacred music being thus tacked on to an opera without any regard to unity of style and workmanship. Viol, supported by Wolzogen, adopted this idea so far as, instead of the usual conclusion, to insert the funeral service in the mausoleum, and have the closing movement of the opera sung there; but it appears altogether out of place. Nothing can be more objectionable than to make use of separate parts of a work of art in a different sense to that intended by the master; omission is, on the whole, a less hurtful proceeding.

A consideration of the finale proves what is borne out by the whole opera, that, though inferior in artistic unity of plot to "Figaro," it excels that work in the musical nature of its situations and moods. In "Figaro" we are amazed to find how, within the narrow limits of emotion presented to us, seldom rising to passion, never to a higher pathos, our minds are entranced by the grace and spirit of the representation. In "Don Giovanni," on the contrary, there is scarcely a side of human nature which is not expressed in the most varied shades of individuality and situation; through the checkered scenes of daily life we are led to the very gates of the spirit world, and the light of original wit and humour shines upon the work from beginning to end. The difficulty for a dramatically gifted author lay in moderation. Da Ponte having placed his "Don Giovanni" in the present, Mozart with ready wit draws upon reality where-ever possible for matters of detail and colouring. This freshness and fulness of realism distinguishes "Don Giovanni" from "Figaro," without entailing any loss of ideality, for every subject drawn from real life is turned to the service of the artistic conception of the whole. The statues of the Parthenon or the figures of

Raphael teach how the great masters of the formative arts follow nature in all and each of their creations; they teach, too, how the treasure which the eye of genius descries in the depths of nature must be first received into a human heart, thence to emerge as a complete and self-contained whole, appealing to the sympathies of all mankind. Nor is it otherwise with the great masters of sound, whatever be the impulse which urges them to expression, whether the words of the poet, the experiences of life, the impressions of form, colour, or sound;

the idea of the whole, which inspires it with life and endows it with form and meaning, must come from the depths of his own spirit, and is the creative force, which is unceasingly active until the perfect work of art is produced. The ideal of such a work is the perfection which is conceivable and visible to mankind in art alone; in it that which elsewhere appears as contrast or opposition rises to the highest unity. This once attained, we experience the satisfaction which for mortals exists in art alone. But our delight and admiration rise still higher when this harmony is maintained throughout a varied and many-sided composition, containing a wealth of interests and motives appealing to our most opposite sympathies, and stirring the very depths of our being — then it is that we feel the full and immediate inspiration of that Spirit Who looks upon the universe as the artist looks upon his work.

CHAPTER XXXIX. OFFICIAL AND OCCASIONAL WORKS.

FROM a practical point of view, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" did no more than his "Figaro" towards improving his position in Vienna. His painful pecuniary circumstances may be gathered from his letters to Puchberg in June, 1788. A glance at the catalogue of his compositions after his return from Prague is sufficient to indicate the fact of their having been produced at the pleasure of pupils or patrons: —

1787. December 11. Lied, "Die kleine Spinnerin" (531 K.).

1788. January 3. Allegro and andante for pianoforte in F major (533 K.).

January 14, 23, 27. Tänze (534-536 K.).

February 24. Pianoforte concerto in D major (537 K., part 20). March 4. Air for Madame Lange, "Ah se in ciel" (538 K.). March 5. Teutsches Kriegslied for Baumann (539 K.).

March 19. Adagio for pianoforte, B minor (540 K.).

March 24, 28, 30. Pieces for insertion in "Don Giovanni" (525, 527, 528 K.).

In May. Arietta for Signor Albertarelli, "Un bacio di mano" in the opera of "Le Gelosie Fortunate" (541 K.).

June 22. Terzet for piano, violin, and violoncello, E major (542 K.). 1788. June 26. Symphony, E flat major (543 K.).

A short march for violin, flute, viola, horn, and violoncello, in D major, unknown (544 K.).

A short pianoforte sonata for beginners in C major (545 K.).

A short adagio for two violins, viola, and bass, to a fugue in C minor (546 K.).

July 10. Short pianoforte sonata for beginners, with violin, F major (547 K.).

July 14. Terzet for piano, violin, and violoncello, in C major (548 K.).

July 16. Canzonette a 2 soprani e basso, “Più non si trovano” (549 K.).

July 25. Symphony in G minor (550 K.).

August 10. Symphony in C major (551 K.).

August 11. Ein Lied beim Auszug ins Feld, unknown (552 K.).

September 2. Eight four-part and two three-part Canoni (553-562 K.).

September 27. Divertimento for violin, viola, and violoncello, in E flat major (563 K.).

October 27. Terzet for piano, violin, and violoncello, in G major (564 K.).

October 30, December 6, December 24. Tänze (565, 567, 568 K.).

1789. January. German air, “Ohne Zwang aus freiem Triebe” (569 K.).

February. Pianoforte sonata in B flat major (570 K.).

February 21. Tänze (571 K.).

The symphonies in E flat major, G minor, and C major, written in the three summer months of 1788, show that the inner strength was not slumbering; but Mozart’s appointment as chamber-composer to the Emperor gave him no impulse to composition, and his official duties were limited to the preparation of music for the masked balls in the imperial Redoutensale.

These Redoutensale are situated in the wing of the Hof-burg, which forms the right side of the Josephsplatz, and originally contained a theatre, where, upon festive occasions, operas and ballets were performed before the court; after the erection of the Burgtheater, in 1752, the old Hoftheater was converted into the large and small Redoutensaal now existing, and concerts, balls, and other entertainments given there. The balls were masked, and took place on every Carnival Sunday, on Shrove-Tuesday, and on the three

last days of Carnival. Joseph II. favoured them as a means of drawing different classes together, and frequently appeared at them with his court; all ranks mixed freely, and considerable license was allowed. The usual dances were minuets, country dances, and waltzes, in the last of which only the lower classes joined, on account of the crowding — just as is the case in "Don Giovanni" (p. 163). The management of the Redoute was generally in the same hands as that of the Opera-Theatre, the two being farmed out together. The court monopolised the Opera-Theatre in 1778 and the Kàrnthnerthortheater in 1785, and kept the control over them until August, 1794. Thus it came about that the court theatrical-director ordered the dance music, and although the pay was only a few ducats for a set of dances, the services of good composers were claimed for the purpose; Haydn, Eybler, Gyrowetz, Hummel, and Beethoven all composed for the Redoute, as well as Mozart. During the years succeeding his appointment — 1788, 1789, 1791 — Mozart composed a number of different dances for the masked balls: —

1788. January 14. Country dance "Das Donnerwetter" (534 K.).

January 23. Country dance, "Die Bataille" (535 K.).

January 27. Six waltzes (536 K.).

October 30. Two country dances (565 K.).

December 6. Six waltzes (567 K.).

December 24. Twelve minuets (568 K.).

1789. February 21. Six waltzes (571 K.).

December. Twelve minuets (585 K.).

Twelve waltzes. N.B. — A country dance, "Der Sieg vom Helden Coburg" (against the Turks, October, 1789) (586, 587 K.).

1791. January 23. Six minuets for the Redoute (599 K.).

January 29. Siz waltzes (600 K.).

February 5. Four minuets and four waltzes (601, 602 K.).

Two country dances. (603 K.).

1791. February 12. Two minuets and two waltzes (604, 605 K.).

February 28. Country dance, “II. Trionfo delle Donne” (607 K.).

March 6. Country dance, “Die Leyer” (610 K.).

Waltz with Leyer-trio (611 K.).

No dances are chronicled in 1790, the illness and subsequent death of the Emperor (February 20) having doubtless put a temporary stop to such entertainments. Those in the list are for the most part composed for full orchestra, and those with which I am acquainted make no claim to be considered otherwise than as actual dance music, with pleasing melodies and fresh rhythm — innocent recreations, betraying the master’s hand in touches here and there. As the only musical task imposed upon him by virtue of his office, they might well give rise to his bitter remark that his salary was too high for what he did, too low for what he could do (Vol. II., p. 276).

A commission more worthy his fame was intrusted to him by Van Swieten, who, having brought with him from Berlin an enthusiastic admiration for Handel’s oratorios, sought to introduce them in Vienna. He not only gave frequent concerts at his residence in the Renngasse, for the exclusive performance of classical music, but he arranged grand performances of Handel’s oratorios, supported by all the vocal and instrumental forces at his command. He induced several art-loving noblemen (among them the Princes Schwarzen-berg, Lobkowitz, and Dietrichstein, Counts Appony, Batthiany, Franz Esterhazy, &c.) to cover by a subscription the cost of these performances. They took place generally in the great hall of the Court Library (of which Van Swieten was chief director); sometimes at the palace of one or other of the patrons, and always in the afternoon, by daylight. There was no charge for admission, the

audience being invited guests. The performances were arranged according to circumstances, taking place generally in the spring, before the nobility left Vienna for their country estates. The performers were principally members of the Court-Kapelle and of the operatic orchestra, and the preparation was undertaken entirely by Van Swieten, in whose house the rehearsals took place. He himself arranged “Athalia,” and very probably also “The Choice of Hercules,” for a performance after Mozart’s death. The conductorship was at first intrusted to Joseph Starzer, who had arranged “Judas Maccabæus”; after his death, on April 22, 1787, Mozart took his place, and young Joseph Weigl accompanied on the pianoforte.

“Acisand Galatea” was first performed, Mozart’s arrangement of it appearing in his own catalogue, in November, 1788; Caroline Pichler retained in her old age a lively recollection of the impression made on her by this performance. It was followed by the “Messiah,” in March, 1789. Great expectations were excited by this oratorio, by reason of the magnificent performances of it which had been given at the London Handel festivals in 1784 and 1785, at the cathedral in Berlin, by Hiller, on May 19, 1786 (with Italian words), at the University Church in Leipzig, on November 3,1786, and May 11,1787, and at Breslau on May 30,1788. Finally, in July, 1790, Mozart arranged the “Ode for St. Cecilia’s Day” and the “Feast of Alexander.” It was considered necessary, in order not to distract the attention of the public by the unusual effects of Handel’s orchestra, to modify the instrumentation. Even Hiller remarks (Nachricht, p. 14), “Many improvements may be made in Handel’s compositions by the employment of the wind instruments, according to the fashion of the present day. In the whole of the ‘Messiah,’ Handel appears never to have thought of the oboes, flutes, or French horns, all of which are so often employed to heighten or strengthen the effect in our present orchestras. I need not remark that the alterations must be made with care and discretion.” But he went far

beyond these “innocent” views; he shortened and altered the composition itself, especially in the airs and recitatives, and wrote “an entirely new score, as far as may be what Handel would himself have written at the present day” (Betracht-ungen, p. 16). He was convinced that “only a pedantic lover of old fashions, or a pedantic contemner of what is good in the new ones” would find fault with this proceeding (Betracht-ungen, p. 18). The object with which Mozart undertook to rearrange the instrumentation of Handel’s works was the strengthening and enriching of the orchestra to enable it to dispense with the organ or harpsichord, to which the working-out of the harmonies had originally been intrusted. This was principally effected by the introduction of wind instruments. Mozart’s autograph scores of “Acis and Galatea” (566 K.), of “The Ode for St. Cecilia’s Day” (592 K.), and of the “Feast of Alexander” (591 K.), preserved in the Royal Library in Berlin, show how he set about his task. The voice parts and stringed instruments have been transferred to his score, and left as Handel wrote them, with the exception that where Handel has provided a violin part, Mozart employs the second violin and viola to fill in the harmonies. The wind instruments have been altogether omitted by the copyist in order to leave Mozart free play. Wherever Handel has employed them characteristically, they are so preserved, but when, as often happens, the oboes are the sole representatives of the wind instruments, Mozart has proceeded independently, sometimes replacing them by other single instruments, frequently clarinets — flutes only very occasionally, sometimes introducing the whole body of wind instruments. This he does also in some places where Handel has not even employed oboes, if it is needed to give force or fulness to the whole.

The frequent introduction of the clarinets replaced the full and powerful organ tones, but without any express imitation of that particular sound-effect by Mozart. The whole character of the instrumentation was

necessarily modified, and even the portions which were literally transcribed from Handel's original have a very different effect in their altered surroundings. Mozart has proceeded quite as independently in dealing with the harpsichord parts. Not content with filling in the prescribed or suggested harmonies and regulating the due succession of chords, he has also made an independent disposition of the middle parts and given them free movement. The subjects employed by Handel are further developed, and sometimes a new motif has occurred to him as an enlivenment to the accompaniment, in which case the additional wind instruments are employed to advantage. The harpsichord is treated, in the main, as might be expected from a first-rate organist of that time, and it is difficult at the present day to reproduce what so much depends upon the free co-operation of the performer. The objection which may be raised against the alteration and partial remodelling of a carefully thought-out and finished work by a strange hand is unanswerable. The most loving and intelligent treatment cannot avoid inequality and incongruity; compared with what has been literally transmitted, every modification reflects, both in kind and degree, the individual learning and taste of the adapter. On the whole, however, Mozart's arrangements evince the greatest reverence for Handel, combined with a masterly use of all available resources, and they afford a proof as interesting as it is instructive of the study which Mozart had bestowed upon Handel, of the spirit in which he undertook his task, and of his thorough and delicate apprehension of foreign creations.

Mozart had heard the "Messiah" in 1777 at Mannheim, but apparently it had made no more lasting impression upon him than upon the public. Now, however, he approached the masterpiece with far other predilections, and the adaptation opened to him many points of interest. The three oratorios already mentioned were so moderate in length as to be suited for performance entire, but the greatly disproportionate length of the "Messiah"

made its curtailment a necessary part of its adaptation (572 K.). Several pieces were omitted, and others were shortened; but a proof that other and more important alterations were contemplated is afforded by a letter from Van Swieten to Mozart (March 21, 1789), given by Niemetschek (p. 46): “Your idea of turning the words of the unimpassioned air into a recitative is excellent; and in case you should not have retained the words, I have copied and now send them to you. The musician who is able to adapt and to amplify Handel’s work so reverently and so judiciously, that on the one side he satisfies modern taste, and on the other preserves the integrity of his subject, has appreciated the great master’s work, has penetrated to the source of his inspiration, and will doubtless draw from the same well himself. It is thus that I regard what you have accomplished, and I need not therefore again assure you of my entire confidence, but only beg you to let me have the recitative as soon as possible.” Nevertheless, this idea, judging from the published score, was not carried out. In the arrangement of the orchestra, Mozart has gone further than in the previous works. Sometimes there has been an external necessity for altering even characteristic instrumentation, as in the air, “The trumpet shall sound” (No. 44). There were no solo trumpeters such as existed in Handel’s time, and an attempt was made to preserve the effect as far as possible by rearrangement. He has altered, however, even without such occasion as this, and many instances of instrumental arrangement might be cited as far transgressing the bounds within which interference with a work of art is justifiable. In themselves these same portions are admirable alike in their sound-effects and musical treatment, and in the delicate discrimination with which Mozart has made his additions appear as the natural development of Handel’s ideas; we can see how the fascination of continuing the weaving of the threads from the master’s hands has tempted him to overstep the boundary. In doing so, however, the connection of the parts has been lost, and the unity of the

whole has been disturbed. One of the most remarkable examples is the air, “The people that walked in darkness,” in which the wind instruments added by Mozart are foreign to Handel’s purpose, but nevertheless of very fine effect, and certainly not deserving of the reproach of “doleful sound-painting” (“betrübter Malerei”). It was to be expected that Mozart’s adaptation should attract both praise and blame, while those, such as Rochlitz and Zelter, who went deeper into the subject found much that was excellent and also much that was faulty in the work, at the same time that they gave due consideration to the occasion that called it forth and the design with which it was undertaken.

It must not be forgotten that these adaptations were undertaken by Mozart solely for Van Swieten’s performances, and that his individual taste and the exigences of the representation must have exercised considerable influence upon them. He must certainly not be credited with the wish to improve upon Handel; his intention has rather been so to popularise his works as to bring them home to the public, without altering any of the more important parts. That the adaptations should have been published and accepted as regular improved editions of the original was not his fault, though he has often had to do penance for it. It must be remembered also that the historic theory which holds that every work of art should be carefully preserved in the form wherein its author has embodied it was then non-existent.

The majority of compositions have been directly the result of circumstances determining the direction of the artist’s energies; they laboured for the future while seeking to satisfy the present. They therefore made free use of their works for subsequent elaboration, altering what was needful, and adapting them to the particular occasions on which they were performed by means of additions, omissions, and alterations. The same freedom was thought allowable with the works of other masters, especially

those of an earlier time, so that the public might the more easily and comfortably enjoy what was set before it. A knowledge of what was then thought excusable in this direction will serve to increase our respect for the artistic spirit in which Mozart performed his task. The scientific and historic ideas which have permeated the cultivation of our times require the enjoyment of a work of art to be founded upon historical insight and appreciation, and to this end it must be represented exactly as the artist has produced it. But this principle, true as it is in itself, can only be applied with considerable practical limitations, and it is doubtful how far the general public is capable of apprehending and approving it; in any case it is much to be desired that the fashion in such matters should not be set by pedants.

CHAPTER XL. A PROFESSIONAL TOUR.

MOZART'S unsatisfactory position in Vienna, both from a pecuniary and a professional point of view, doubtless inclined him for a professional tour, to which the immediate inducement was an invitation from Prince Karl Lichnowsky, husband of the Countess Thun, a zealous musical connoisseur and a pupil and ardent admirer of Mozart. His estates in Schleswig and his position in the Prussian army necessitated his residence from time to time in Berlin; and, being on the point of repairing thither in the spring of 1789, he invited Mozart to accompany him. The musical taste and liberality of Frederick William II. augured well for the expedition, and Lichnowsky's support was likely to prove a valuable aid. Accordingly on April 8, 1789, they set out. At Prague, where they remained only one day, a contract with Guardasoni for an opera to be written in the autumn was "almost settled"; unfortunately only *almost*, for it does not appear to have gone further. Mozart was especially delighted with the news brought to him from Berlin by his old friend Ramm, that the King, having been informed of his intended visit, had asked repeatedly if the plan was likely to be carried out.

At Dresden, where they arrived on April 12, Mozart's first care was to seek out his friend Madame Duschek, who was visiting the Neumann family; he was soon quite at home with these "charming people." Joh. Leop. Neumann, Secretary to the Military Council, was highly esteemed for his literary and musical activity. He translated for his intimate friend Naumann the operas "Cora" and "Amphion," and in 1777 he founded a musical academy; his wife was considered a first-rate pianoforte-player. Through them Mozart was introduced to the musical world of Dresden — among others to Körner, an interesting proof of whose friendship remains in a crayon sketch of Mozart drawn by Komer's sister-in-law, Dora Stock, in

1789. Kapellmeister Naumann — a Mass composed by whom he heard and thought very “mediocre” — inspired him with instantaneous dislike; and the feeling appears to have been mutual, if, as tradition reports, Naumann used to call Mozart a musical *sans culotte*.

A summons to play before the court on April 14 was regarded as an unusual honour, and was followed by a present of 100 ducats. Elsewhere he played with his usual readiness and good nature; and the interest which was felt in him was increased by a competition in which he came off with flying colours. His rival was Hàssler of Erfurt, who happened to be in Dresden at the time, and was considered a pianoforte and organ-player of the first rank. Much was said in praise of his astonishing executive powers, of his brilliant and fiery delivery, of his singular gift “of putting expression into the most rapid prestissimo — so that in softness and pathos it was equal to an adagio” — and of his wonderful memory, enabling him to play the most difficult compositions without the notes. As an organ-player his dexterity with the pedal was specially admired. He had an excellent opinion of himself; and when in the summer of 1788 he was in Dresden, “exciting the liveliest astonishment in all who heard him by his inexpressibly affecting playing,” he let it be known that he intended to proceed to Vienna, “in order to prove to the Vienna public in competition with the great Mozart, that strong as the latter may be upon the pianoforte, he cannot play the clavichord.” To Mozart he appeared no formidable antagonist; he gave him credit for his dexterity in the use of the pedal, but placed him below Albrechtsberger as an organ-player, and compared him to Aurnhammer as a pianist.

Mozart’s visit to Leipzig left behind a strong and pleasant impression. Fr. Rochlitz, then a young man, became intimate with him at the house of their common friend Doles, and preserved a number of interesting traits, characteristic both of the man and the artist. He was cheerful and amiable in

society, outspoken in his judgments of art and artists, and responsive to any display of interest in music; “not niggardly of his art, as so many musicians are.” Almost every evening during his stay in Leipzig he took part in musical entertainments at different houses, and when quartets were played he took the piano or tenor part. The violinist Berger, who was generally of the party, used, as an old man, when any of these pieces were brought forward, to whisper to a friend with tender emotion, “Ah, I had once the honour of accompanying the great Mozart himself in that piece.” An ear-witness gave the following account: —

On April 22 he played the organ of the Thomaskirche, without previous notice, and gratuitously. He played very finely for an hour to a large audience. The then organist, Gorner, and the cantor, Doles, sat near him and pulled the stops. I saw him well; a young, well-dressed man of middle height. Doles was quite delighted with the performance, and declared that his old master, Sebastian Bach, had risen again. Mozart brought to bear all the arts of harmony with the greatest ease and discrimination, and improvised magnificently on every theme given — among others on the chorale, “Jesu meine Zuversicht.”

Doles in return made his Thomaner scholars sing for Mozart Bach’s motett, “Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied,” and we have already seen how intensely delighted he was, and how eagerly he at once set about studying Bach’s other motetts (Vol. II., p. 416). Shortly after this, and apparently without having given a concert, Mozart continued his journey to Berlin, and thence immediately proceeded to Potsdam, where Lichnowsky presented him to the King. Frederick William II. possessed remarkable talent and love for music. He played the violoncello well, not only as a soloist, but frequently also in the orchestra at rehearsals. Even before his accession to the throne he had maintained a well-appointed and excellent Kapelle under the leadership of the violoncellist Duport senior (1741-1818); concerts were

regularly performed before him, and he was fond of hearing foreign virtuosi. Reichardt credits him with great universality of taste, which was of special advantage to music after Frederick the Great's bigoted prejudice. It was at the King's instigation that Reichardt organised his Concerts Spirituels, at which the older Italian music was principally performed; he esteemed highly both Handel and Gluck, and both at his concerts and on the stage showed equal favour to Italian, French, and German music; the improved instrumental music called into being by Haydn found a sympathetic patron in him. After his accession, in 1786, musical enterprise had still more cause to rejoice in the royal favour. He united his own with the royal Kapelle and placed Reichardt as Kapellmeister at their head. The grand Italian opera given at the Carnival was brilliantly appointed, and Naumann's services as a composer were retained, together with those of Alessandri and Reichardt. The hitherto little-esteemed German drama was elevated to the rank of a national theatre, and a regular support was secured to it, which had great weight in the elevation of German opera. Nor were opera buffa or the French opera neglected; on one evening, during a court festival, in the summer of 1789, Cimarosa's "Falegname," Dalayrac's "Nina," and Reichardt's "Claudine von Villa-bella" were performed. The King's concerts were conducted in the same manner as before, remaining under Duport's leadership.

The King welcomed foreign artists not only liberally in point of payment, but with the utmost kindness and freedom of personal intercourse, so that it is not surprising that they should have held him in great reverence, and approached him with large expectations. Mozart's best introductions to the King's favour were his instrumental compositions, especially his quartets, and the very successful performance of his "Entführung" which had taken place in Berlin; there can be little doubt that he confirmed the good opinion conceived of him by his accomplishments as a virtuoso and

by his general demeanour. But he found a powerful opponent in the haughty and intriguing Duport. At Mozart's first visit he insisted on speaking French, which Mozart, although familiar with the language, decidedly declined doing. "The grinning mounseer," said he, "has been long enough making German money, and eating German bread, to be able to speak the German language, or to murder it as best he may, with his French grimaces." Duport did not forgive him, and did all he could to prejudice the King against him, although Mozart paid him the compliment of composing variations (573 K.) to a charming minuet of Duport's (April 29, 1789), and of performing them himself. But the King was proof against Duport's ill-nature, invited Mozart regularly to his concerts, and was fond of hearing him play. When he asked him what he thought of the Berlin Kapelle, Mozart answered frankly, that it contained the best performers in the world, but that if the gentlemen would play together it would be an improvement. This implied disapprobation of the Kapellmeister Reichardt, whose direction had indeed been found fault with by others. We hear of no intercourse between the two artists; perhaps some such sharp expressions as the above were the cause of the grudging notices of Mozart by Reichardt and the journals under his influence, which we cannot fail to remark. No two natures could well be more dissimilar. Reichardt was undoubtedly a distinguished man; he had musical talent, a keen intellect, varied cultivation, and great energy; but ambition, vanity, and a passionate temper seldom allowed him to arrive at a calm judgment, and he was in continual search of some new way in which to bring himself forward. The journalist and the musician, the critic and the composer, trod close on each other's heels; and while always seeking to gain credit for originality of style, his greater compositions are in truth uncertain and unequal, and seldom produce the desired effect. No wonder that he failed to understand a nature such as Mozart's, which, undisturbed by external considerations, followed

its creative impulses from sheer inner necessity; no wonder, either, that so failing, he should have sought to justify his aversion to his rival on polemical grounds. Mozart's remark must have made some impression on the King, since he soon after offered him the post of Kapellmeister, with a salary of 3,000 dollars. This offer, however, consideration for the Emperor Joseph induced Mozart to decline.

During his stay in Potsdam, Mozart resided in the house of the well-known hom-player Thùrschmidt, with whom he had become acquainted in Paris; he was a constant guest also of the hospitable and music-loving Sartory, an artist of architectural ornament, who had been much in Italy, and welcomed all who took interest in his favourite art; Mozart's playing and sociability made him, as may be imagined, the centre of this cheerful society. Another of his friends was the charming singer Sophie Niclas, sister to the Kammer-musikus Semler, who had made a very successful appearance as Constanze in the "Entführung" in 1784: —

On one occasion, at her house, he was asked to improvise something. Readily, as his custom was, he complied, and seated himself at the piano, having first been provided with two themes by the musicians who were present. Madame Niclas stood near his chair to watch him playing. Mozart, who loved a joke with her, looked up and said, "Come! haven't you a theme on your mind for me too?" She sang him one, and he began the most charming fantasia, now on the one subject, now on the other, ending by bringing them all three together, to the intense delight and amazement of all who were present.

Arrangements were made during Mozart's stay in Berlin for a return visit to Leipzig, where in the meantime a concert for his benefit was being organised; he arrived there on May 8. At the rehearsal for this concert he took the tempo of the first allegro of his symphony so fast that the orchestra

was very soon in inextricable confusion. Mozart stopped, told the players what was wrong, and began again as fast as before, doing all he could to keep the orchestra together, and stamping the time with his foot so energetically that his steel shoe-buckle snapped in two. He laughed at this, and as they still dragged, he began a third time; the musicians, grown impatient, worked in desperation, and at last it went right. “It was not caprice,” he said afterwards to some musical friends, whom he had lectured only a short time before on the subject of too rapid tempo, “but I saw at once that most of the players were men advanced in years; there would have been no end to the dragging if I had not worked them up into a rage, so that they did their best out of pure spite.” The rest of the symphony he took in moderate time, and after the song had been rehearsed he praised the accompaniment of the orchestra, and said that it would be unnecessary to rehearse his concerto: “The parts are correctly written out, you play accurately, and so do I”; and the result showed that his confidence was not misplaced.

The concert was poorly attended, and scarcely paid the expenses of Mozart’s journey to Leipzig. Almost half the audience had free tickets, which, with his usual liberality, Mozart gave away to every one he knew. He required no chorus, and the fairly numerous chorus-singers were therefore excluded from their usual free admission. Some of them inquired at the ticket-office whether this was really to be the case; and as soon as Mozart heard of the inquiry he gave orders that the good folks should all be admitted: “Who would think of enforcing such a rule?” The poor audience had not the effect of damping his musical enthusiasm or good humour. His own compositions only were performed; he conducted two symphonies, as yet unpublished, and then Madame Duschek sang the air composed for Storace with obbligato pianoforte (505 K.); he himself played two concertos, one of them the great C major (467 K.), as usual without notes.

He complied with ready goodwill to the request for an improvisation at the close of the concert; and after it was over, as though he were then just warming to his work, he took his friend Berger into his room and played far into the night.

Mozart returned to Berlin on May 19, and his "Entführung" was performed the same evening "by general desire." He went to the theatre, seated himself close to the orchestra, and attracted the attention of his immediate neighbours by his *sotto voce* remarks on the performance. In Pedrillo's air at the words "nur ein feiger Tropf verzaget," the second violins played D sharp instead of D, whereupon Mozart angrily exclaimed, "Damn it, play D, will you!" Every one looked round astonished, and the orchestra recognised him. Madame Baranius, who was playing Blondchen, refused to make her exit until Mozart went on to the stage, complimented her, and promised to study the part with her himself. This promise, according to old tradition in Berlin, involved him in a questionable adventure. Henriette Baranius (*née* Husen) made her appearance at a very early age in Berlin in 1784, and became the darling of the public, more from her remarkable beauty and grace than from her talents as an actress and a singer, although these were by no means inconsiderable. She was much talked of, and the theatrical critics of the time were never tired of admiring her costly and tasteful dresses, which in defiance of all precedent she insisted upon wearing in parts to which they were unsuited. She was accused of making the most of her attractions in private as well as in public, and Mozart, it was said, became so deeply involved with her that it cost his friends much trouble to extricate him. His letters to his wife during this period make the story almost incredible.

Another and more innocent encounter took place in the theatre. Ludwig Tieck, as a youth, was frequently at the house of Reichardt, and there first began "to divine the mysteries of music in classical works": —

Led by his own inclination, and in opposition to the prevailing taste, he addicted himself to Mozart's great compositions, uninfluenced by contemporary critics, or even by so powerful an opinion as that of Reichardt. Mozart's victorious rival was Dittersdorf, whose comic operas were played in Berlin to crowded audiences. The "Doctor und Apotheker" was preferred to "Figaro" or "Don Juan," and "Die Liebe im Narrenhause" was in the public estimation the greatest of musical works. Ludwig's veneration for Mozart was destined to receive an unexpected reward. One evening during the year 1789, entering the theatre, as his custom was, long before the performance began, and while it was still empty and half-lighted, he perceived a strange man in the orchestra. He was short, quick, restless, and weak-eyed — an insignificant figure in a grey overcoat. He went from one desk to another, and appeared to be hastily looking through the music placed on them. Ludwig at once entered into conversation with him. They spoke of the orchestra, the theatre, the opera, the public taste. He expressed his opinions without reserve, and declared his enthusiastic admiration of Mozart's operas. "Do you really hear Mozart's works often, and love them?" asked the stranger— "that is very good of you, young sir." The conversation continued for some time longer; the theatre began to fill, and at last the stranger was called away from the stage. His talk had produced a singular effect upon Ludwig, who made inquiries concerning him, and learnt that it was Mozart himself, the great master, who had conversed with him, and expressed his obligation to him.

Hummel, who, as Mozart's pupil, had played in Dresden on March 10 with great success, was giving a concert in Berlin, without being aware of Mozart's presence. When the boy descried him among the audience, he could scarcely contain himself, and as soon as his piece was ended, he pushed his way through the audience and embraced him with the tenderest expressions of joy at seeing him. During this second visit to Berlin, on May

26, Mozart played before the Queen, which was considered a politic step, without any expectation of a handsome present in return. Following the advice of his friends, he did not attempt a public concert, seeing that there was no chance of a large profit, and the King was averse to it. The latter, however, sent him a present of 100 friedrichsdor, and expressed a wish that Mozart would write some quartets for him. This was the whole result of the tour, diminished by a loan of 100 florins which Mozart thought it incumbent on him to make to a friend; he might well write to his wife that she must be glad to see him, not the money he was bringing.

Very different was the career of Dittersdorf, who came to Berlin in July of the same year. He had chosen the time when the visit of the Governess of the Netherlands occasioned festivities of every kind, and he refreshed the memory of the King, who had seen and invited him at Breslau, by the presentation of six new symphonies. Immediately upon his arrival he managed to ingratiate himself with Reichardt, was by him presented to Madame Rietz, afterwards Countess Lichtenau, and was very soon commanded by the King to put his “Doctor und Apotheker” in rehearsal, and to conduct it at a court festival at Charlottenburg; he also received permission to produce his oratorio of “Job” in the opera-house (hitherto only used by the court), with the resources of the royal Kapelle at his disposal. This, with additions from other sources, increased his *personnel* to 200, and the performance was highly successful, Dittersdorf quitting Berlin rich in money and honours.

On May 28 Mozart set out on his homeward journey by way of Dresden and Prague, where he made a stay of a few days.

CHAPTER XLI. “COSÌ FAN TUTTE,”

UPON his arrival in Vienna on June 4, Mozart at once set to work upon a quartet for Frederick William II.; the Quartet in D major (575 K.) was completed in the same month, and in return for it, according to the Berlin Veteran, he received a valuable gold snuff-box with 100 friedrichsdor, and a complimentary letter. But this did not materially affect his embarrassed circumstances; the precarious state of his wife’s health kept him in a state of perpetual anxiety, and the expenses it involved brought him into serious difficulties: “I am most unhappy!” he wrote on July 17 to his friend Puchberg. The confident expectation of a permanent improvement in his outward position, which he expressed in his letters to this constant friend, were grounded, as it seems, upon the overtures which had been made to him in Berlin; he had informed the Emperor of them, and thought himself entitled to look for a compensation for his refusal. But circumstances were not then favourable, and Mozart was not the man to push a claim of the kind. The effect of his depression is clearly visible in the want of musical productivity during this period. His own catalogue contains only the following compositions belonging to this year: —

1789. June. A quartet for his majesty the King of Prussia, in D major

July. Sonata for pianoforte alone, D major (576 K.). Rondo in my opera of “Figaro” for Madame Ferraresi del Bene, “Al desio (577 K.).

August. Aria in the opera “I Due Baroni,” for Mdlle. Louise Villeneuve, “Alma grande e nobil core” (578 K.).

September 17. Aria in the opera “Der Barbier von Seviglien,” for Madame Hofer, “Schon lachtder holde Frühling” (580 K.). (575 K.).

September 29. Quintet for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, in A major (581 K.); first played in public at the concert for the funds of the Pension, December 22, 1789.

October. Aria in the opera “ü Burbero,” for Mdlle. Villeneuve, “Chi sà, chi sà quai sia” (582 K.).

Ditto, “Vado! ma dove?” (583 K.).

December, An air which was intended for Benucci in the opera “Cosi fan Tutte,” “Rivolgete à me lo sguardo” (584 K.). Twelve minuets (585 K.) and twelve waltzes (586 K.).

The prospect which was known to have been opened to him in Berlin may have had some effect in causing “Figaro” to be again placed on the stage in August. At the request of the prima donna, Madame Adriana Ferraresi del Bene, who had made her first appearance on October 13, 1788, Mozart wrote the grand air (577 K.). For Louise Villeneuve he composed, during the following month, three airs for insertion in different operas (578, 582, 583, K.), perhaps with some view to his own new opera, in which Mdlle. Villeneuve was to appear. The approbation with which the revival of “Figaro” was received no doubt suggested to the Emperor to commission Mozart to write a new opera. “It was not in his power,” says Niemetschek (p. 43), “to decline the commission, and the libretto was provided him without consultation of his wishes.” It was “Cosi fan Tutte, osia la Scuola degli Amanti,” by Da Ponte. Mozart was busily engaged on it in December, 1789; and in January, 1790, it is entered in his catalogue as completed; it was first performed on January 26, with the following cast: —

It appears to have been successful, although it did not remain long on the repertory. Unfortunately, we have no detailed information as to the preparation and performance of this opera. Da Ponte’s achievement as the writer of an original libretto serves to show more clearly than ever how

much he had hitherto owed to his predecessors. Neither invention nor characterisation are anywhere visible, only a certain amount of dexterity in the handling of his subject.

The plot in its main points is as follows: —

Two young Neapolitan officers — Ferrando (tenor) and Guillelmo (bass) — who are betrothed to the sisters Dorabella and Fiordiligi, are discovered seated in a *café* in lively dispute with their friend Don Alfonso, an old cynic, who maintains that their two *fiancées* would fail under any trial of their constancy. Upon their challenge to make good his words at the point of the sword he retorts with the old proverb, that woman's faith is like the phoenix — never seen. Each of the lovers declares his bride to be the phoenix. At last they agree to a wager. The two lovers promise on their word as officers to do nothing during the next four-and-twenty hours but what they are directed by Don Alfonso, who thereupon undertakes within that time to prove the fickleness of the two maidens. The young men, confident beforehand of victory, determine on celebrating it by a grand banquet in honour of their mistresses.

Fiordiligi and Dorabella are discovered in their garden by the seashore, awaiting the arrival of their lovers and lovingly contemplating their portraits; each declares her lover to be the handsomest and best. Alfonso entering, brings the direful news that Ferrando and Guillelmo have been ordered to proceed at once to the field with their regiment. The lovers enter with melancholy mien to bid adieu, and the two ladies give vent to heartrending expressions of grief and love. The lovers express satisfaction thereat to Don Alfonso, who bids them wait for the end. A military march with a lively chorus is heard in the distance; the lovers yield themselves to a last fond embrace with sobs and tears, at which Don Alfonso can hardly keep his countenance. The march again summons the officers to depart, and

the two ladies join with Don Alfonso in waving their adieux to the retreating bark.

Despina, the waiting-maid of the two ladies, waits for them impatiently with their chocolate. She is amazed at their entrance in a condition of violent sorrow, which is expressed by Dorabella more especially in high tragic style. Her astonishment increases on hearing the cause, and she advises her mistresses to take the matter easily, and do all they can to divert their thoughts. The serious reproof with which this advice is met is answered by her in a tirade on the fickleness of men in general, and soldiers in particular, whom she declares to deserve no better treatment.

Don Alfonso, in pursuance of his design, now seeks to gain over Despina. A few gold pieces and the prospect of a rich reward speedily gain her promise to admit two friends whom he declares to be madly in love with her mistresses. He at once introduces Ferrando and Guillelmo in the garb of wealthy Albanians, and so disguised by great beards as to be unrecognisable by Despina, who regards them as veritable “antidoto d’ amor.” While they are ingratiating themselves with the waiting-maid the two ladies enter. Their consternation at the presence of strangers turns to violent indignation when the pretended Albanians proceed without preface to fall on their knees and make declarations of love. Don Alfonso, entering to prevent actual scandal, feigns to recognise old friends in the Albanians, and endeavours to act as mediator. The strangers continue their bold suit, but Fiordiligi proudly declares her faith as firm as a rock, and is immovable. The consequence is that upon Guillelmo renewing his entreaties the two ladies decline to hear him out, and make their exit. No sooner are they gone than the two break into loud laughter, which Don Alfonso with difficulty induces them to moderate. The first attack, which was to carry all by storm, has failed, and Don Alfonso retires to concoct a new plot with Despina.

Fiordiligi and Dorabella are again discovered in the garden lamenting bygone happy hours, when the two Albanians rush in. They declare their resolution to take poison, spite of Don Alfonso's earnest dissuasions. Before the eyes of the cruel fair ones they swallow the contents of two vials, and sink in convulsions upon a bank of turf. The two horrified ladies call for Despina, who hurries off with Don Alfonso in search of a doctor, enjoining the ladies to support the sufferers during their absence. This, however, they dare not do, but contemplate the men from a distance in great agitation, which causes intense amusement to the disguised lovers. They gradually come nearer, and begin to express an interest which turns the amusement into disquiet. Don Alfonso returns with Despina, disguised as a doctor, a charlatan of the latest fashion, *à la* Mesmer, who promises to work miracles by means of magnetism. The terrified maidens are forced to submit to his behests, and to hold the heads of the sufferers, while he magnetises them back to life. Finding themselves in the arms of the fair ones, they begin to rave ecstatically; the ladies, regarding this as the commencement of the cure, allow it to continue, though not without uneasiness, until the patients demand a kiss from them. This rouses the pride of the ladies, and they break into a rage so violent in its demonstrations that the others begin to be doubtful of their sincerity; the first finale closes amid general confusion.

At the beginning of the second act, Despina seeks to reason her ladies out of their exaggerated ideas of constancy and their dread of a love-adventure such as offers itself; she places before them the image of a maiden who treats men lightly for her amusement, and remarks with satisfaction that her words have made some impression. In fact, when the sisters are left alone, Dorabella first declares her inclination to hearken to Guillelmo's suit, and Fiordiligi pronounces herself ready to put the new ideas into practice with Ferrando. In this favourable mood Don Alfonso invites them to a garden-party, where the lovers receive them with a

serenade. They now show themselves as bashful and modest as they were formerly urgent and bold; Don Alfonso has to speak for them, Despina answers for the ladies, and reconciliation is sealed by a pressure of the hand. After some general conversation Ferrando and Fiordiligi go off together. Guillelmo expresses himself more tenderly to Dorabella, and offers her a valuable gold heart as a gift; she takes it without more ado, declares that she cannot offer him her heart in exchange, since he already possesses it, allows him to loosen Ferrando's portrait from her bosom, and gives way to the tenderest endearments. Ferrando returns with Fiordiligi, who rejects him with apparent severity, but lets it be felt that she is not altogether indifferent to his suit; he ventures upon a tender declaration of love, and, finding it still unheeded, goes out in despair. Left alone, she declares her heart to be affected, but adheres to her resolve to resist the temptation and keep faith with her lover.

Ferrando joyfully communicates Fiordiligi's steadfastness to Guillelmo, but is consternated to hear from him how easily Dorabella has been won, and has to submit to some triumph on the part of his friend. He feels all the acuter pain that his love to the faithless one is not yet stifled. Guillelmo now regards the wager as lost, but Don Alfonso demands that one more attack shall be made on Fiordiligi.

Fiordiligi reproaches her sister in unmeasured terms for her thoughtlessness, whereupon the latter with extreme frankness declares that she neither can nor will control her inclinations. Horrified at this, Fiordiligi determines upon escaping from her own weakness by donning man's attire and following her lover to the wars. She has a uniform brought in, puts on the helmet, takes the sword in her hand, when Ferrando rushes in and conjures her to slay him rather than desert him. This is too much; she cannot withstand his anguish, and sinks upon his breast overcome. It is now Guillelmo's turn to be beside himself. The two are bent upon forsaking their

faithless mistresses, until Don Alfonso gradually succeeds in making them regard the affair from his own philosophical point of view: “Cosi fan tutte!” They decide therefore on espousing their brides, but not before they have punished them for their want of faith. Despina enters with the news that the two ladies have determined to wed their new lovers the same evening, and have sent her to fetch the notary. The two couples enter the gaily decorated room, and are received by Despina and Don Alfonso and the congratulatory chorus of friends and servants. Amid cheerful converse they place themselves at table. Despina enters as a notary, and reads the marriage contract. It is scarcely subscribed when the chorus and march of the first act are heard in the distance. Don Alfonso enters terrified with the news that the regiment has been suddenly recalled, and the old lovers are approaching the house. The Albanians and the notary are hastily concealed, and the ladies, in mortal fear and embarrassment, receive their lovers returning full of joy. Don Alfonso, acting as mediator, causes the notary to be discovered; but Despina declares herself, and asserts that she is returning from a masked ball. But the marriage contract falling into the hands of Guillelmo, the ladies are obliged to confess their guilt to their enraged lovers, whereupon the latter discover themselves as the Albanians, while Guillelmo returns the portrait to Dorabella, mockingly repeating the melody of the duet. Confessions ended, Don Alfonso exhorts them to make peace, and brings the couples together; finally, they all unite in the moral: —

“Fortunato l’ uom, che prende
Ogni cosa pel buon verso,
E tra i casi e le vicende
Da ragion guidar si fà.
Quel che suole altrui far piangere
Fia per lui cagion di riso,
E del mondo in mezzo i turbini

Bella calma troverà."

The opera was not again performed in Vienna in Italian until 1858, but it was produced at the Theater an der Wien in a German translation by Gieseke, in 1794, with the title of "Die Schule der Liebe"; in 1804 it was played at the Imperial Hoftheater as "Màdchentreue"; again at the Theater an der Wien in 1814, in Treitschke's adaptation, "Die Zauberprobe"; in 1819 and 1840 at the Hoftheater in the earlier translation, and in 1863 in Schneider's adaptation. In Berlin also, where it was first given on August 6, 1792, with the title "Eine machts wie die Andere," it was again attempted in 1805 in the translation by Bretzner, "Weibertreue, oder die Mädchen sind von Flandem" (Leipzig, 1794), followed in 1820 by Herklot's adaptation "Die verfängliche Wette." Nevertheless the older adaptation was preferred for the revival of the opera in 1826 at the Königstadt theatre; this gave way to one by an anonymous author in 1831, which was employed for the representations of 1832 and 1835, but abandoned for L. Schneider's adaptation in 1846. At Prague, Guardasoni at once placed "Cosi fan Tutte" on his repertory; and in 1808 it was performed there in German as "Màdchentreue," in 1823 as "Zauberprobe," in 1831 in Bohemian, and in 1838 in Italian by the pupils of the Conservätorium. Guardasoni also introduced the opera at Leipzig, where it was several times performed in German during 1805, and by the Dresden Italian opera company in 1830. Curiously enough "Cosi fan Tutte" was the first opera by Mozart performed in Dresden, in 1791, and kept its place in the repertory, although in 1812 it was still the only one. In Italy it took no firmer hold than the others, and was only given on single occasions at Milan in 1808 and 1814, and at Turin in 1816. In Paris "Cosi fan Tutte" was given by the Italian opera company at the Odéon in 1811, 1817, and 1820; and in London it was first played in an English translation by Arnold in 1811, and again in 1828; in 1842 it was included among the Italian operas, and received with great applause.

The wide-spread reputation of “Figaro” and “Don Giovanni” had prepared the public mind to receive Mozart’s music to this opera (588 K.) with the favour which it deserved; but the libretto was universally pronounced to be one of the worst of its kind; nor has the judgment of posterity reversed the verdict passed upon it. Two reproaches were more especially brought forward. One was the extreme improbability that neither the lovers nor Despina in their disguises would have been recognised by the two ladies, and the other the outrage committed on the moral sense by the frivolity of the test imposed, and if possible still more by the ease with which, after the unfortunate issue of the trial, the lovers all adopt a philosophic toleration towards each other. These two blemishes, however, will scarcely account for the fact that, even where attempts have been made to remove them by adaptation, the opera has never maintained its place on the stage. Unquestionably, the device of the disguise is trivial, and in itself not at all entertaining, but the number of popular comedies the main point of which consists in disguise prove that the public in this respect is not hard to please. It makes no undue call on the imagination of the spectators to proceed on this supposition, although in every drama deviations more or less important must thereby be made from reality. But the imagination refuses to accept these improbabilities unless they are made to serve as external manifestations of events and actions which seem thus to be taking their regular course. If they are made the foundation for events which are manifestly false to nature, the revulsion in the spectator’s mind is extended to the improbable representation itself. Treitschke hit upon the most unfortunate device for obviating the difficulty, by turning Alfonso into a magician and Despina into a sprite, and thereby not only producing glaring inconsistencies, but completely nullifying the musical characterisation. Another attempt was made by Krebel in an adaptation called “Màdchen sind Màdchen,” performed in Stuttgart in 1816, where the lovers return

home after a lengthened absence and before appearing to their brides undertake and carry out the trial of their constancy; Despina undertakes the cure in her own person, and in the last finale a real notary is brought on, whom she afterwards declares to be her lover. The progress of the plot is completely changed, almost all the songs are transformed and taken from their proper connection. Herklot's alterations in "Die verhangnissvolle Wette" went still deeper. The ladies are not put to the test by their own lovers, but, with the connivance of the latter, by two of their friends, whose servant Pedrillo takes part in the intrigue as the doctor and the notary. Not to mention the injury which the musical characterisation suffers thereby, the clumsiness of the test imposed is made still more apparent, and the final reconciliation becomes more unreal and revolting.

Da Ponte has made no effort to soften the awkwardness of the situation; it is indeed very much increased by the exchange of lovers made during the trial, as if the right choice was that which is then made. G. Bernhard (Gugler), who has done honour both to words and music by his excellent edition of the opera, removed this obstacle in his adaptation, "Sind sie treu?" (Stuttgart, 1858). Here each lover proves his own mistress, and the plot and its development are modified accordingly. Da Ponte sacrificed the excuse this would have afforded to the two ladies — who might be supposed unconsciously drawn towards the true object of their affections — to the dramatic effect of the embarrassing position of the men on either side. Attempts to remedy this defect led to other and greater ones. In an old adaptation, "Die Wette, oder Màdchen-List und -Liebe," the author (whose name is unknown to me) has hit upon the device of making the waiting-maid betray Don Alfonso's plot to the sisters before the entrance of the pretended friends, so that they are supposed to be hoaxing their lovers all the time, and the latter have to sue for pardon at the end. Despina's disguise as the doctor is retained, but a real notary is brought in for the last finale.

Arnold proceeded similarly in his English version, “Tit for Tat.” L. Schneider, too, has made the same alteration, with the difference that Despina does not betray to her mistresses the plot against them until the second act, from which time they feign the weakness with which they mean to chastise their lovers. But this alteration implies a coarseness of conduct in the two sisters which is scarcely less reprehensible than their fickleness. The musical characterisation also is destroyed, since they are now supposed to feign the sentiments which they were originally intended to express in all seriousness; the inconsistency is sometimes unendurable. Added to this, the second finale is nullified by the altered catastrophe, and the charming part omitted where the men recall the characters assumed by them.

It would have been necessary to bring the psychological interest of the drama into the foreground in order to conceal what was objectionable in the situations. Ingenuity and delicacy of invention might have turned the subject into an interesting drama, with the guilt and mishaps so evenly balanced that the whole might naturally come to a cheerful and pacifying conclusion. Da Ponte’s text in no way fulfils these requirements; he takes his stand on the level of the ordinary opera buffa, and demands to be measured by that standard. He makes some attempt at more delicate characterisation in his Fiordiligi, in which Ferrando partakes, but the remaining characters are all of the usual opera buffa type, and only receive their individual stamp by virtue of the music. Nor do the situations display much more of original invention. The only animation afforded to the play, consisting of the pretended poisoning and the entrance of Despina as doctor, is neither new nor refined, and the plot proceeds without exciting either interest or suspense. But it gives occasion for a succession of musical situations which, considered apart, have been skilfully treated by Da Ponte. The parting scene, the sestet, and especially the first finale, are thoroughly musical in design, and Da Ponte’s verses are easy and flowing, often not

devoid of wit. Unfortunately his energies are almost all exhausted in the first act. While this contains a wealth of ensemble movements and contrasting situations scarcely to be found in any other opera, the monotony of the second act is strikingly apparent. It does not seem to have occurred to Da Ponte to develop his plot by means of an artistic arrangement of ensemble pieces. His sole care has evidently been to apportion the airs and duets indispensable to the chief characters in opera buffa with a due regard to dramatic contrast.

Mozart therefore found himself once more engaged upon an opera buffa in the strict sense of the term. The plot is without meaning, the characters without individuality, deriving what effect they have by means of the ordinary resources of low comedy and exaggeration. Passion and feeling rarely assert themselves without the disturbing elements of hypocrisy and deceit; and thus the source of Mozart's own peculiar conception of musical representation is virtually closed to him. Then, in addition, the demands of the artists had to be taken into consideration. We can only wonder, under the circumstances, at Mozart's power of seizing every point which could be turned to the service of his artistic conceptions; the work reveals a side of his nature which has not hitherto appeared.

The unreserved expression of emotions throughout the opera affords a not ungrateful field for musical representation. The awkwardness of having three terzets for male voices following each other disappears under Mozart's treatment, since he makes each the natural outcome of the situation, and they serve as joint members of one organism to produce a natural climax. The first terzet takes its tone from the excited mood of the young officers, which Don Alfonso seeks with easy playfulness to moderate. In the second, Don Alfonso comes to the foreground with his old song about the phoenix and woman's faith, which he sings in a tone of good-humoured irony, exceedingly well supported by the orchestra, while

the other two try mainly to interpose and stop him; it is a most original piece of music, full of excellent humour. The third terzet displays the high spirits of the lovers, raised to a pitch of great excitement, and the music brings the merry feast to which they are already looking forward vividly before the mind. The light and cheerful, somewhat superficial tone which here prevails, fixes the ground-tone of the opera. The young men are characterised generally, without accentuating their individualities; they stand opposed to Don Alfonso, whose contrasting character comes out all the more sharply. The duet for the two sisters (4) is more elevated in tone, to accord with the situation. They are melting in tender emotion as they gaze on the images of their lovers, and the expression of the music is full of life and sensuality, but more animated than warm, with no echo of those gentle accents in which Mozart elsewhere so inimitably characterises the hidden longings of the soul. The unanimity of sentiment here again obscures individual character, and the modifications are more musical than dramatic in their nature. Don Alfonso's short air (5), where he appears to urge composure, characterises not his true nature, for he is feigning all the time, but the situation, and that with a degree of exaggeration which comes out in striking relief to his otherwise calm and equable nature. The tone and delivery of the air are correctly indicated by Don Alfonso's words: "non son cattivo comico"; the deceit is conscious and evident throughout, and it is rendered easy for the performer to let an ironical tone occasionally peep through. The following quintet (6) carries us to a height hitherto unsuspected. The grief of the sisters at the prospect of separation from their lovers is expressed with ever-increasing passion, while conscious dissimulation imposes a certain restraint on the men, though the emotion they express is in itself genuine enough; the softer nature of Ferrando betrays itself in his gradually increasing sympathy with the sorrowing women. The ironical element introduced by Don Alfonso, just at the point

when the passionate lamentation of the sisters is making the greatest impression on their lovers, prevents the situation from passing altogether into the pathetic vein. This quintet undoubtedly belongs in every respect to Mozart's highest achievements. The short duet (7) on the other hand, in which Ferrando and Guillelmo seek to console their trembling fair, ones is poor both in musical substance and characterisation, being an easily constructed piece of the kind which the general public loved. The march with chorus (8), which comes next, is simple, but very fresh and pretty, well suited both to the situation and the character of the opera. The farewell scene (9) takes place at the same time — indicated in the autograph score as "Recitativo coi stromenti" — and is a perfect masterpiece of beauty and delicate characterisation. The broken sobs of the afflicted women have something of the same comic effect as the infinite sorrow of childhood, and the men seem, half involuntarily, to imitate them; but when the last adieux have been exchanged they give vent to such a sweet and touching sound of lamentation that even the lovers are touched by it, and Don Alfonso is silenced. The repetition of the chörus interrupts the tender leave-taking just at the right time, and endows the scene with fresh life and animation. It finds an appropriate conclusion in the tones and gestures of the two maidens as they wave their adieux from the shore, while Don Alfonso appears to share their feelings with a sort of ostentation of sympathy. This terzettino (10) shows Mozart's power of displaying endless shades of one and the same feeling. The farewells wafted from the shore are more composed than the lamentations called forth by the idea of separation, or even by the separation itself; they are more pure also, more intense, and transfigure all that has gone before with the light of a tender and harmonious grace finding its expression in separate sharp suspensions, and especially in the unexpected dissonance which occurs upon "desir —

The murmuring accompaniment of the muted violins, combined with the soft full chords of the wind instruments, suggesting the idea of the sea-voyage, contribute to the colouring of this gem of musical expression. The instrumentation throughout this first division of the opera is carefully and admirably managed. The first terzet is simple, the lively figures for the stringed instruments denoting its character, while the oboes, bassoons, and horns strengthen the lights and shades; it is quite otherwise in the second, where the stringed instruments have a gentle accompanying passage, while a flute and a bassoon carry on the melody of the song; the third is brilliant with trumpets and drums, shrill oboes and rapid violin passages. During the whole of the love scene the clarinets are kept in the foreground, the combined orchestra is full and soft, but milder and more sparkling in the last terzet, where flutes come in; the contrasting clang of the lively and vigorous march is highly effective. Thus far all has taken a natural course, and we have met with no unusual characters, no startling situations; the emotions represented have been true and simple, and have been the necessary consequences of the events composing the easily comprehended plot. The musical depicting of such emotions is a grateful task; if it is true in itself and a faithful rendering of the given situation it cannot fail of its effect. And Mozart has here combined truth of characterisation with a beauty of form and a charm of sweet sound which almost overpower the ear, and are scarcely to be found in such fulness in any other of his operas. The further development of the plot leads to a sharper characterisation of individuals. Dorabella first unfolds her grief in a grand air (n) introduced by an accompanied recitative. It consists of one movement (allegro agitato) which receives its distinctive character from the sextole passage for the violins — which does not cease for one bar until just before the end; an unsteady trembling movement is imparted to it by varied harmonic transitions, and an occasional sharper accentuation by the full chords of the

wind instruments. The simple sustained voice-part moves above this accompaniment in short expressive phrases, rising now and then to a tone of passionate appeal, and at the close to an unexpected pathos. Both in musical treatment and emotional expression the air takes a high rank; but none the less is it in striking contradiction to the character of Dorabella as it is afterwards developed. It is she who proposes to her sister to coquet with the new lovers, and in the duet (20) in which they agree to do so it is she who takes the initiative. In the duet with Guillelmo (23) she shows herself so easily persuaded and so full of amorous passion that it appears the revelation of her true nature. It renders superfluous her subsequent expression of opinion in an air (28) that love rules over all hearts, and it is but folly to resist his sway. This air has a certain resemblance to the first in the simplicity of the voice-part and the moderation of the expression, although the feelings inspiring it are of such a different nature. The accompaniment again bestows upon the song its peculiar colouring; and the great prominence given to the wind instruments adds an insinuating and specious tone to the whole. But a closer examination reveals the evident contrast of the two songs. Dorabella is a woman of lively but not deep feeling; excitement is necessary to her, even though it may be of a painful nature — she cannot live without it. Her expressions of sorrow increase in intensity, and the orchestra is markedly toned down to allow her to display her true, somewhat shallow nature. Besides this, the exaggerated tone of her grief, displaying its want of perfect sincerity, is strongly marked by the words, e.g. —

Esempio misero d’ amor funesto
Darö all’ Eumenidi, se viva resto,
Col suono orribile de’ miei sospir —

and the music takes the cue therefrom. While borrowing the pathetic tone and form of the opera seria, she turns them into a parody like that of

the text, invoking the furies with all the rhetorical apparatus of tragedy; this is especially noticeable towards the close: —

The parody facilitates the difficult task of carrying the musical expression of emotion to an exaggerated degree without making it ugly and unnatural. The refined delivery of the vocalist, and the ready apprehension of the audience, must always be presupposed. In the character of Fiordiligi Da Ponte has unquestionably kept Ferraresi del Bene in view; he was said to stand in tender relations towards her. According to him she had a fine voice and an original and affecting delivery, and this opinion was confirmed by the London critics, although she was never considered there as a true prima donna; and Mozart himself remarked that it was not saying much to pronounce Allegrandi far superior to Ferraresi. She had not a good figure, and was but an indifferent actress; but she had beautiful eyes and a charming mouth, and was in great favour with the public. It is not surprising, therefore, that Fiordiligi should have been placed on a higher level than her sister, both musically and dramatically. Her very first air (14) places her in a far more favourable light. The disguised lovers, after a decided repulse, renew their shameless attack. Fiordiligi's condescending to answer them and to assert her inflexible constancy may not, indeed, be a proof of fine feeling on her part, but it demands an energetic and emphatic tone and strong and appropriate colouring. We therefore have a bravura air in two movements, an andante and allegro, closed by a long coda in accelerated tempo. The comic effect again rests on the element of parody, which is even more strongly marked than in Dorabella's air; the bravura passages, intervals of octaves, tenths and twelfths, the roulades which she flings at her opponents, the bass-like passages in the deeper register of the voice, all characterise Fiordiligi's Amazon-like haughtiness in an exaggerated manner. Afterwards, it is true, she is induced by her more

thoughtless sister to coquet with the new lover, but Dorabella's lover presents himself after a fashion calculated to make a strong impression upon her. Guillelmo is always light-hearted and cheerful; while, even in the parting scene, Ferrando has shown himself to be a man of softer mould. His air (17), after the first repulse of his suit, leaves no doubt as to his nature. It renders the vapid sentimentality of the words with remarkable tenderness and delicacy, but this kind of sentimentality being quite foreign to the southern nature, the portrayal of it would rouse more ridicule than sympathy. Such a character cuts a comic figure upon the 'stage — a circumstance which must be borne in mind in considering this opera. Even in his feigned wooing he expresses his feelings with warmth and animation, his eccentricities being indeed heightened by the difficulties of the situation. This is just the demeanour calculated to make an impression on Fiordiligi, and she soon begins to waver. Perceiving this, he expresses his delight with an extravagance which a man of calmer temperament would have been incapable of dissembling; it is evident that his fancy gets the better of his excited feelings. So apprehended, this air (24) not only entrances our minds by its continuous flow of lovely melody, but gives us a sense of natural fitness for the situation and characters. It would have been an impossible task for music to represent Ferrando as singing this song with coolly calculated dissimulation; for the exaggeration of caricature is only appropriate when no conviction is required to be brought home to us, whereas here the impression experienced by Fiordiligi must be shared by the audience before it can become intelligible. The music must therefore express a feeling by which a man of excitable nature would be likely to be carried away.

In this way only can we justify the deep impression made upon the equally excitable Fiordiligi, when, left alone, she reproaches herself doubly for having coquetted with Ferrando, and been false at heart to her lover. The

feeling of remorse, and of newly strengthened fidelity which the memory of her absent lover inspires, is charmingly expressed in the lovely air (25), “Per pietà, ben mio, perdona.” This is genuine emotion, springing from the heart, and the music expresses it with all the charm of pure melody. This important air, in two elaborate movements — adagio and allegro — gives ample opportunity for display to the singer and an independent part to the wind instruments, especially the horns, without doing injury to truth of expression. It is undeniably akin to the great air in “Figaro” (p. 92) composed for the same Ferraresi, although they differ both in tone and colouring. Probably the individuality of the singer, distinctly recognisable in the three songs, exerted considerable influence over their composition; and it may also be remarked that too vivid a representation of such a mood as this would have exceeded the limits of opera buffa; even as it is it suggests almost too serious a complication and solution of the situation. Ferrando, on learning the faithlessness of his Dorabella, breaks at first into violent indignation; but this soon gives way to softer feelings, which he cannot overcome. In his lovely cavatina (27) — so Mozart has entitled it — his anger is only faintly suggested, while the memory of his still-loved Dorabella shines forth from the darkness of the soul. While he is yet in this sentimental mood he is urged by Don Alfonso to make one more attack upon Fiordiligi’s heart. With this intent, he surprises her in the act of putting into effect her romantic determination to escape from her own weakness by donning man’s attire and following her lover to the wars. The duet which ensues (29) is of singular design and unusually rich elaboration. In contrast with Fiordiligi’s grandiloquent sentiments, as she fancies herself again by the side of her lover, comes the melancholy plaint, the urgent petition of Ferrando; her resistance grows weaker as his entreaties grow more earnest — until at last she sinks into his arms. This scene consists of a regularly worked-out duet in two movements, but the long suspense requires a

corresponding length of reaction from it, and we have to all intents and purposes a second duet, with two movements expressive of the happiness of the lovers. Here again the expression of feeling is so direct and true that we cannot but imagine Ferrando carried away by the impulse of the moment. In fact, these two characters and their relations to each other are somewhat out of keeping with the rest of the opera. Da Ponte failed in giving due effect to the deeper psychological interest of the characters; Mozart has clothed them in flesh and blood, but even he has failed to endow them with the distinct and vivid personality which is to be found in “Figaro” and “Don Giovanni.”

No doubt the idiosyncrasies of the performers, who were for the most part more of singers than actors, and had apparently not much talent for comedy, had considerable influence on the plan of the piece; the part of Guillelmo was written for the excellent buffo Benucci (Vol. III., pp. 51, SS). He first comes forward independently, when, in his disguise as an Albanian, his first attack has been repulsed and, Fiordiligi having expressed her haughty indignation, he boldly ventures on a fresh declaration of love. Here he had originally an air (584 K.) of the most decided buffo type, which opposed to the exaggerated pathos of Fiordiligi an extravagance of a different kind, and expressed in strong caricature the confidence of the new wooers in the ultimate success of their

(To Fiordiligi.)

Rivolgete à lui lo sguardo
E vedete come stà;
Tutto dice, io gelo, io ardo,
Idol mio, pietà, pietà.

(To Dorabella.)

E voi, cara, un sol momento
Il bel ciglio à me volgete,
E nel mio ritroverete
Quel che il labbro dir non sà.
Un Orlando innamorato
Non è niente in mio confronto,
Un Medoro il sen piagato
Verso lui per nullo io conto.
Son di foco i miei sospiri,
Son di bronzo i suoi desiri.
Se si parla poi di merto,
Certo io son ed egli è certo,
Che gli uguali non si trovano
Da Vienna al Canadà.
Siam due Cresi per richezza;
Due Narcissi per bellezza;
In amori i Marcantoni
Verso noi sarian buffoni;
Siam più forti d'un Ciclopo,
Letterati al par di Esopo;
Se balliam, il
Pick ne cede,
Si gentil e snello è il piede,
Se cantiam, col trillo solo
Facciam torto al uscignolo,
E qualche altro capitale
Abbiam poi, che alcun non sà.

Mozart has turned this into a comic air in the grand style, worthy to rank with those of Leporello, although the delicate malice which characterises

the latter would be out of place here. The various points, not only where the mention of dancing and singing suggest musical freaks, but throughout, are made effective in the happiest musical contrasts, without disturbing the flow and consistency of the whole song. Towards the close especially, the climax is inimitable. After the transition into D minor on “trillo” and “uscignolo” — the wind instruments sound a mocking fanfare to the violin quavers on “qualch’ altro capitale” — whereupon Guillelmo, after the exit of the sisters, breaks out with the whole strength of his voice into a triumphant allegro molto —

but stops suddenly, as if afraid of being overheard, and sings his joy sotto voce to Don Alfonso. This air, which afforded abundant opportunity for the display of voice and art to the happiest advantage, was laid on one side, no doubt with the conviction that so evident a caricature could not be maintained throughout the love-test without wedding internal to external improbabilities, and displaying Guillelmo in two distinct characters. Another air (15) was therefore substituted, expressing Guillelmo’s character as a cheerful man of the world who takes serious matters lightly, and comports himself with ease and freedom. He turns half confidently, half jokingly to the ladies, the secret pleasure which their rejection of his suit affords him increasing his cheerfulness, and even giving it a tinge of irony. The music is quite simple, tuneful, light and pleasing, in direct contrast to the previous grand air. His second air (26) in which, after his adventure with Dorabella, his good opinion of women is considerably modified, is in perfect harmony with the first. The feeling that he has the advantage over Ferrando, the assurance of Fiordiligi’s unalterable faith, give him an air of overweening security, and cause him to express himself with a lightness which he would certainly have refrained from had he known how nearly the matter affected himself. This is a truly comic situation, and Mozart has given effect to it mainly by the tone of easy merriment which he has caught

so admirably, and which never passes the bounds of friendly good-humour. The air is long, singer and orchestra vying with each other in rapid animation, and the jovial, easy character of the man is fully and pleasantly expressed. His intercourse with Dorabella corresponds with this view. The easy, half-jesting gallantry with which he approaches her in the duet (23) belongs to his nature, and the part he is playing is no effort to him. It is more than once made plain that Dorabella is more strongly affected than he; after she has once met his advances with favour he merely seconds her, as being pledged to do so; but he does it with the same ease and confidence that he has displayed throughout.

Mozart has shown correct judgment in making Guillelmo' a natural, good-humoured character, instead of a caricatured buffo figure. But a motive seems to have been at work here which appears throughout the whole of "Cosi fan Tutte." It is evident that Mozart has sought to clear himself from the reproach that his music was too heavy, too serious for a comic opera, and to satisfy the taste of the public for what was light and entertaining. This demand was met in the two male duets, the first (7) being light and superficial, and the second a serenade (21), which (accompanied, according to custom, only by wind instruments) follows a striking chorus with a melodious and pleasing effect, but without individual character. The same motive is even more evidently at work in the character of Despina. She never betrays a particle of true feeling. She has no sympathy either for her mistresses, or for their lovers, or for Don Alfonso, and she has no love affair of her own. The only visible motive of action with her is selfishness, which triumphs even over her love of intrigue; every expression of hers shows giddy thoughtlessness, not always of the most refined kind. Her two songs are both addressed to her ladies. The first (12) is in answer to Dorabella's pathetic burst of sorrow, and scoffs at her belief in the constancy of men, while urging her to reward inconstancy with inconstancy.

The second (19) exhorts the still undecided fair ones to adopt coquetry as the true rule of life for the female sex. In the first air the gaiety, lightly tinged with humour in the short introductory allegretto, is light and easy, and has a forwardness about it not quite maidenly, but so pretty and winning that the whole person is invested with a certain interest and attractiveness. In the second air Despina appears as the temptress; therefore the action is more careful, the expression more delicate; insinuating persuasion takes the place of her former pertness, and the comic element only asserts itself once in the strongly accented: —

E qual regina
Dali’ alto soglio
Coll posso e voglio
Farsi ubbidir.

This air reminds us in many points of Zerlina, but it serves also to prove how many touches of detail and delicate shades of musical expression are wanting when true feeling is not at the root of the conception. Spite of its commonplace tone, its lively gaiety gives it a certain charm, just as in everyday life we often meet with people commonplace in their nature, but attractive from their youthful freshness and cheerfulness. But Despina is in her element when she herself is playing some extravagant prank, and she adopts her various disguises with much boldness and gay humour. The scene where she enters as a doctor in the first finale belongs indisputably to the wittiest performances of comic music. After the long suspense, the animation caused by the entrance of the doctor has an excellent effect, and the boastful loquacity and solemn conceit of the charlatan stand out from the surroundings without the need of any special medium for their expression. Every phrase is pronounced simply but with telling effect; exaggeration, which at this point of the situation would only do harm, is carefully avoided, and the general impression of unclouded gaiety is

heightened by the intensity with which the other characters express their feelings. The notary in the second finale is quite as humorously depicted. After an elaborate greeting, the polite elegance of which is mockingly expressed by the figure in the accompaniment, given to the second violins, the notary begins to read the marriage contract in a monotone (*pel naso*, Mozart directs), which is the most comic imitation of reality in its five times repeated phrase — twice with additional emphasis: —

The accompaniment of the violins is different for each clause (the basses remaining the same), and increases in speed, thus producing a climax provoked by the impatient exclamations of the bridal party. The whole conception of the part of Despina may be referred to the individuality of its first performer, Signora Bussani, whose reputation was rather for spirit and audacity than for delicacy of expression (Vol. III., p. 97). Another example of perfect gaiety is the terzet for the three male voices (16). After the angry exit of the sisters, Guillelmo and Ferrando begin to laugh, thereby increasing the discomfiture of Don Alfonso, who with difficulty persuades them to desist. The merriment of the young men, the annoyance of the old one, the laughter which they vainly endeavour to suppress, are so admirably expressed, and the triplet passage of the accompaniment adds so strikingly to the effect, that we feel the same irresistible inclination to merriment that is inspired by the countenance of an antique laughing satyr.

The counterpart to Despina is Don Alfonso, who displays throughout the plot no single impulse of sympathy or good-nature, and at the same time fails to inspire interest as a purely comic character. Paltry scepticism without humour or good-temper, cold rationalism without any tinge of geniality, are not attractive in themselves, and are essentially unmusical; they can only be effective by virtue of contrast, and Don Alfonso therefore appears principally in ensembles. In the first male terzet his cool demeanour stands in excellent relief against the excitement of the young men, and

Mozart has given an irresistibly droll expression to the little ballad which he mockingly sings to them (2). His sympathy in the parting scene has more delicacy of characterisation; here he keeps in the background, but the quiet remarks which he interposes add just the ingredient to the melting sentiment of the ladies which is required for the production of the right effect on the audience. As a rule, however, Don Alfonso does not express his true sentiments, and his dissimulation induces an exaggeration which is not without comic effect, but requires great refinement of delivery. It belongs to the conception of such a character that he should abstain from asserting himself independently, and therefore no grand air is assigned to him; this may be partly owing, however, to the deficiencies of the first performer, for Bus-sani does not appear to have been much of a singer.

His two most important solo pieces are purposely so arranged as to admit of an amount of sentiment which is foreign to his true character. In the first he expresses with evident exaggeration the consternation which fills him at the afflicting intelligence which he is bringing to the sisters; it is as characteristic of the person as of the situation, and expresses at once the state of excitement which prevails throughout the following scene. Of more original design is the short ensemble movement (22) in which Don Alfonso and Despina bring the two couples together. By undertaking to be the mouthpiece of the bashful lovers, Don Alfonso gains an opportunity of expressing himself with more feeling, and yet his position does not admit of any very deep or serious expression on his part. The device of making the two lovers strike in like an echo is a happy one; but Da Ponte has not turned it to the advantage of which it was capable. It is quite right that Fiordiligi and Dorabella should not join in in the same way when Despina answers for them; but to leave them quite out of the question, and to make the interest of the situation centre in the by-play of Don Alfonso and Despina, destroys the significance which this scene might have had. A teasing, jesting tone

predominates throughout the movement, and is indeed in keeping with the whole opera; but we long for a little more energy and fulness of expression at the more important points. In order to place Don Alfonso in the right light, he should be shown in real perplexity, and brought thereby into the foreground. The laughing terzet passes too quickly to make this motive effective. Besides the terzet, he has only two short movements wherein to express his views on the inconstancy of women, and these in a sort of accompanied recitative suggest very vividly his exalted and pedantic turn of mind. In the latter of the two he proceeds through a very simple but suggestive climax to point his closing moral — and the converted but appeased lovers join in at his desire: —

As has already been remarked, Mozart took this phrase as the motto for his overture. It is introduced by a short andante, which, after two quick chords, begins with a tender motif for the oboe; this is interrupted by repeated chords, but starts again, whereupon first the bass, and then the full orchestra, give out the “Cosi fan tutte” as above, and immediately lead into the presto which is to demonstrate the significance of the phrase. A short cursory phrase — rises in rapid crescendo for the violins through two octaves; and then all the parts, in syncopated rhythm — seem to stop the way for some moments, only to give place to a light running passage —

which the wind instruments take up by turns. These are the elements which in rapid and incessant alternation chase each other through the overture like feather balls tossed from hand to hand, until the merry game is interrupted by the phrase which gave birth to it: “Cosi fan tutte!” Again the crescendo rises to its highest pitch, and closes with a few powerful chords. The gay and wanton tone of the opera could scarcely be better suggested, the overture being in very truth the most perfect expression of careless gaiety. In the clear flow of its lively frolic we see some resemblance to the overture to “Figaro,” but the deep, fine feeling which shines through the

tumult of the earlier work would be out of place, and may be sought for in vain in the overture before us.

The characters presented to us in this opera lend themselves best to musical treatment when they join in ensemble pieces. The definite situations give strength to the characterisation, which is further aided by the contrast of the persons concerned; and the dramatic motive adds variety and energy of expression. The sestet in the first act (13) is very simple in design, but effective from its well-placed contrasts and judicious climax. The introduction of the friends has a marchlike character. Don Alfonso recommends them to Despina's favour, and they add more lively entreaties, in accordance with their assumed characters; Despina's mirth is excited by the extraordinary figures before her, while they are delighted to find that she does not recognise them.

The action begins with the entrance of the two ladies. The urgent suit of the lovers is now opposed to the strong displeasure of the sisters, Despina making common cause with the former. The declaration of love is emphasised in an unusual fashion by the transition of the harmony into a minor key, by the chromatic movement of the parts, and by the clarinet, bassoon, and violoncello accompaniment. The astonishment of the two ladies at first gives a painful tone to the expression, but as soon as they have recovered sufficiently to give vent to their indignation the situation changes. The lovers rejoice in silence over this proof of fidelity, while Despina and Don Alfonso affect to find some grounds for suspicion in the very violence of the resentment displayed by the sisters. The grouping of the characters is also changed. Fiordiligi and Dorabella, divided between anger at the intruders and the remembrance of their absent lovers, stand together; on the other side the lovers join issue, and Despina and Don Alfonso observe the course of affairs together; it is with right judgment that the two latter are put prominently forward, especially at the passage — for they command the

situation, and this passage throws a light upon the tumult and confusion which prevail. Mozart's temperate discrimination in the use of means has here again enabled him to mould all this into a musical whole of perfect unity. The situation of the first finale is nearly allied to this, but more vividly characterised in the details, and more elaborately worked out. It begins with a very amorous duet for the forsaken fair ones, introduced by a long ritornello and worked out in independent style; a counterpart to the first duet, only that here the expression is naturally more fond and languishing. The sensual, dreamy mood thus represented is broken in upon by the harsh dissonances and disjointed rhythm of the poisoning scene, and ends with a pathetic ensemble and the swooning of the lovers. During the absence of Don Alfonso and Despina in quest of aid, a calmer tone is adopted, which grows gradually more animated as the sisters express their terror and anxiety, and the lovers their satisfaction at the state of affairs, and enjoyment of the comic scene in which they are playing the chief parts. But when the sympathy displayed by the ladies at the sight of their apparent sufferings gradually becomes so demonstrative that there seems some danger of pity being transformed to love, the tables are turned, the lovers begin to be anxious, and a state of painful suspense overmasters them all. At this point there occurs one of those deeper and more delicate psychological manifestations which Mozart so well knew how to render, and in which, as usual, the orchestra co-operates. At first, two characteristic motifs which go through the whole movement, a triplet figure — and an interrupted one of quite a different character — combine together, but then there enter two others — to express the painful sensations of the poisoned lovers. The orchestra carries this idea out in manifold combinations, and thus affords a characteristic groundwork for the expressions of gradually augmenting compassion. The lovers, become suspicious, now express their anxiety, and they finally all concur in a distrustful uncertainty, plaintively

rendered by imitative chromatic passages. The entertaining and truly comic element of the situation consists in the fact that the merry trick which Ferrando and Guillelmo hoped to play takes so doubtful a turn, and that the emotions, on both sides genuine, spring from quite other sources, and take quite different directions from those which are outwardly indicated. Mozart has seized the situation with ready humour, and, as usual, the right apprehension of the dramatic part of the work has improved the conception and treatment of the musical element; this movement is in every respect a masterpiece, and belongs to Mozart's most exquisite compositions. The scene changes completely with the entrance of the disguised physician, and the key of the dominant G major, following the close in C minor, makes the same impression of freshness as the introduction of an entirely new element. All is now animation and life — question and answer are rapidly exchanged, help is asked for and given, and in the midst stands the charlatan playing out the farce with due solemnity, and infusing the whole scene with wit and humour.

After the completion of the pretended cure, the lovers again come to the foreground and express their passion in extravagant ravings; the reluctance of the ladies, in spite of Despina's and Don Alfonso's persuasions, again gives a comic tone to the situation, contributing to the production of an ensemble singularly rich in contrasting sentiments. The orchestra again serves as a groundwork, and an original and persistent violin figure gives the andante a strange, somewhat solemn character, with which the voices frequently contrast in a manner highly suggestive of the situation. The instrumentation also lends its aid. Not only are the stringed instruments here employed so differently to the preceding movement that they scarcely seem the same instruments; but, whereas oboes with flutes and bassoons predominated in the former case, here clarinets and bassoons are reinforced by trumpets with highly original effect. The tone-colouring alters

completely at the commencement of the allegro. The flutes in unison with the violins, and the tremolo quaver accompaniment, express a decree of sensual excitement which contrasts strikingly with the calm, exalted tone of the andante. The lovers awaking from their trance and demanding a kiss, the sisters are transported with an indignation far more intense than that excited by the first encounter. Don Alfonso and Despina seek to pacify them, and an unwilling suspicion that the very violence of the resentment argues against its absolute sincerity modifies in the minds of the lovers the comic impression of the whole scene. The dramatic characterisation of all these opposing elements, the well-defined grouping of the characters, the force and fire with which the climax is worked up, and the tumult of excited emotions with which the finale ends, give it a place above the corresponding first finale in “Figaro,” and on a level with that in “Don Giovanni.”

The second finale begins with the wedding ceremony, which is charmingly and graphically depicted. Despina, who is joined by Don Alfonso, gives directions to the servants for the reception of the bridal party, and the whole of the first movement sparkles with life and gaiety, preparing the way for the festive chorus in which the two couples are presently welcomed. Then follows the endearing talk of the lovers, who seat themselves at table, drink to each other, and finally join in an amorous canon. This is a trait taken from the social manners of the time (Vol. II., p. 362), just as the independent treatment of the wind instruments during the whole scene represents the customary table music. A startling enharmonic transition (from A flat major to E major) transports us out of this lovesick mood, and the scene which follows with the notary is as full of humour as that with the physician, although the context necessitates greater moderation of tone; it is effectively interrupted by the distant chorus proclaiming the return of the warriors. The consternation and confusion which ensue have

no real interest for the audience, who are aware of what the issue must be; the plot is therefore hurried rapidly to an end, and does not admit of any connected musical treatment. The composer has been forced to content himself with bringing out certain points, such as the feigned terror of Don Alfonso, the real alarm of the ladies, and the joyful greetings of the returning lovers. The situation becomes more piquant when Despina unmasks, and when the lovers discover themselves as the pretended Albanians; and Mozart has rendered both these points with true musical humour. But the purely musical interest does not reassert its sway until the reconciliation has taken place, and a feeling of peace and happiness is diffused around. The last movement more especially is full of such calm and melodious beauty that we feel lifted above the vanity and triviality of so much that has gone before, and left with an impression of heartfelt gaiety and satisfaction.

A nearer examination of the opera shows that the libretto, never rising above the ordinary opera buffa, has not seldom dragged the music down to its own level. The caricature and exaggeration indispensable to this species of comic drama have indeed been made by Mozart, as far as possible, the natural outcomes of the situations and characters, and are thus justified as an artistic element of the work, but he has not been able altogether to avoid the substitution of external stage devices for psychological truth. The attempt is more visible in this work than in any other to render the meaning of the words through the senses; the accompaniment is especially rich in detail-painting, instead of being, as in Mozart’s other works, called upon to add the more delicate shades of emotional characterisation. In the duet between Guillelmo and Dorabella (23) the orchestra gives the heart-beats which are made the chief point of the words; in the lovely terzet (10) the raging of wind and waves, and in the preceding quintet (9) the sobs, are distinctly expressed. Even subordinate ideas are represented after the same

realistic manner, as, among others, the drawing of the swords in the first terzet, the flourish of trumpets and clinking of glasses in the third, the piping and cannon reports in the war chorus (8), the beating of the heart in Dorabella's air (28) suggested by the quavers on the oboe, and the general clinking of glasses in the last finale by the pizzicato of the violins. These are all pleasing touches, introduced without injury to more important features, but they do not reach to the same height of psychological characterisation which we are wont to admire in Mozart's operas. Other devices of opera buffa are more constantly employed here than elsewhere, especially rapidity of speech; but, on the other hand, there is no trace of any attempt at imitating national peculiarities, even when the disguises assumed might have given rise to it; Mozart could not but feel that a musical disguise of the kind would very soon, fatigue the audience. The effort to cater to the taste of the public goes hand in hand with submission to the dictates of the singers, and we find their influence far more visible in "Cosi fan Tutte" than in "Figaro" or "Don Giovanni." There is an evident effort to please individual taste in the concerted airs, and in the unusually light and pleasing melodies; such concessions cause this opera, more than any other, to resemble the best works of Italian masters.

The peculiar qualities of Mozart's nature, his refinement and nobility of thought, his wealth of productivity, and his marvellous technical knowledge, are as distinctly marked in this opera as elsewhere. The planning, the construction, the grouping of parts, are so firm, so transparently clear, that we follow even the most complicated movements with ease. The freedom and pliancy of the disposition of parts, where there occurs a combination of different characteristic melodies, the easy dexterity displayed in the employment of contrapuntal forms, co-operate to excite and rivet the attention of the hearer, without causing him any sense of effort.

The quality, however, which delights us more than any other in this opera is its delicate sense of beautiful sound, and the ease with which this sense is made evident throughout. It is a quality, no doubt, inseparable from inventive power and a talent for construction, but it is not universally effective in the same degree, and it is rare to find such a union of the forces which regulate the impression made by musical beauty upon the senses. Even the orchestra, although deficient in the delicate detail of “Figaro” and “Don Giovanni,” is in other respects fuller, more brilliant, and richer in separate instrumental effects. The wind instruments are brought more forward, in more varied combinations and finer shades of tone-colouring. The clarinets are made effective, and a characteristic distinction made between their employment and that of the oboes. An original use is made of the trumpets: apart from drums they are not trumpet-like in the ordinary sense, but are used in place of the horns (not in combination with them), and mostly in the lower registers, in order to give freshness and force to the tone-colouring. Similar observations might be extended to show in detail with what refined penetration and correct judgment of effect the forces of the orchestra are made to conduce to the euphonious charm of the opera. That “Cosi fan Tutte,” considered as a whole, and in respect of importance and detail of characterisation, is inferior to “Figaro” and “Don Giovanni,” no competent critic will deny. Nevertheless many separate portions of the work, and the large majority of the characters, display Mozart’s genius and mastery of his art in full measure of originality and brilliancy, and in many respects this opera may be held to indicate an important step in advance of all that has gone before it.

CHAPTER XLII. LABOUR AND POVERTY.

THE accession of Leopold II. to the Imperial throne (March 13, 1790) was not an event of good omen for music and the opera. Up to the month of July he had not entered the theatre, nor had any private concerts, nor displayed any sort of partiality for music; his consort, the Empress Louise, visited the opera and laid claim to some musical knowledge, although she expressed herself dissatisfied with the state of music in Vienna; the young princes, too, were instructed in music. The difference between Joseph and his successor in point of taste was very soon manifested by the reintroduction of ballets, and by the favour bestowed on opera seria as well as opera buffa. It was rumoured that a new court theatre was to be built, in which the boxes were to be arranged for card-playing, and that Salieri had determined in consequence to resign his post, which was to be filled by Cimarosa. Those individuals who had enjoyed the esteem of Joseph had little favour to hope for from Leopold; a fact which soon became evident in matters theatrical. Count Rosenberg was removed from the management, which was intrusted to Count Ugarte; Da Ponte and Madame Ferraresi fell into disfavour; Salieri thought it advisable to retire from the conductorship of the opera, and his place was filled by Jos. Weigl, “that the master might be reverenced in the pupil.” Mozart had stood too high in the favour of Joseph to be able to expect much from Leopold II.; his candidature for the post of second kapellmeister was as little successful as his request to be honoured with the musical instruction of the princes. Proof positive of the low esteem in which he was held by the court was afforded to him on the occasion of the visit of King Ferdinand of Naples, who came to Vienna (September 14) with his Queen, Caroline, to celebrate the marriages of his daughters, Maria Theresa and Louise, with the Archdukes Francis and Ferdinand. Ferdinand’s two

passions were music and the chase; and the instrument which he most affected was the lute. In his honour a new opera by Weigl (“La Cafetiera Bizarra”) was performed (September 15); the Emperor made his first appearance at the opera with King Ferdinand, when Salieri’s “Axur” was played (September 21); in honour of the weddings, open table was held in the great Redoutensaal, and a concert performed in the gallery under Salieri’s direction, in which Cavalieri and Calvesi and the brothers Stadler took part, and a symphony by Haydn was performed which the King knew by heart, and sang out loud as it was played; Haydn was introduced to him, invited to Naples, and honoured with commands for compositions; and all this time Mozart remained unnoticed, and was not even summoned to play before the King of Naples, a neglect which wounded him deeply. His condition was painful in the extreme; his wife’s delicate health showed no signs of improving; and as his expenses increased his income gradually diminished. In May he had only two pupils, and was obliged to appeal to his friends to assist him in raising the number to eight. His continual and pressing embarrassments exhausted even the resources of his ever-generous friend Puchberg, and he was obliged to apply to money-lenders, and to embark in speculations which did but hasten his financial ruin (Vol. II., p. 301). The weight of these cares crippled his energies for work, as he himself complains, and no period of his life is so poor in artistic production as this year. His own catalogue contains, after the completion of “Cosi fan Tutte” in January, 1790, only: —

May. Quartet for two violins, viola and violoncello in B flat major (589 K.).

June. Quartet in F major (590 K.).

July. Handel’s “Cecilia” and “Alexander’s Feast,” arranged (591, 592 K.).

In the hope of improving his circumstances, Mozart resumed his plan of taking a professional tour; the coronation of Leopold II. in Frankfort, on October 9, attracted a large number of strangers to that city, and seemed to render it a favourable place for the experiment. Salieri, as court kapellmeister, Ign. Umlauf as his deputy, and fifteen chamber musicians, were sent to Frankfort among the retinue of the Emperor. Mozart was not included among the number, and thus was deprived of the advantage of the imperial patronage. On September 23 he set off, after pawning his silver plate to defray the expenses of his journey (Vol. II., p. 301) in company with his brother-in-law, the violinist Hofer, whom he took with him out of compassion, and with the intention of sharing the expected profits together; they travelled in their own carriage, and, arriving in Frankfort on the 23rd, had considerable difficulty in finding a lodging, owing to the overflow of strangers into the town. On October 14, at noon, Mozart gave a concert in the Stadt-theater. The contrabassist Ludwig, long since dead, who took part in the concert, used to tell how the piano stood upon the stage, and how during the rehearsal the restless, agile little man was continually leaping over the prompter's box into the orchestra to chat in a friendly way with the various performers, and then climb back again on to the stage. Mozart's own compositions were exclusively performed at this concert; he played the concertos in F major (459 K.) and D major (537 K.). Margarethe Hamel, afterwards Frau Schick, was the vocalist, and so charmed Mozart by her voice and delivery that he is said to have exclaimed repeatedly: "I never wish to hear any other singing than this." It is also said that he played a pianoforte concerto as a duet with old "Papa Beecké" (Vol. I., pp. 151,368), whom he met again here. He acquaints his wife with the friendly reception accorded him, and tradition has it that he struck up a friendship with the concertmeister Hoffmann, and generally spent the evening with him at Gran's tavern in the Bleidenstrasse. Hesse became acquainted in Frankfort,

as he tells us, with an old superannuated organist of the Katharinenkirche, who in 1790 had been the pupil of his predecessor; the old man said: —

One Sunday, after service, Mozart came into the choir at St Katharine's, and begged the old organist to allow him to play something. He seated himself on the stool and gave the reins to his fancy, when the organist suddenly pushed him off the stool in the rudest manner, and said to the pupil standing by: "Mark that last modulation which Herr Mozart made; how can he profess to be a musician and commit such grave offences against correct composition?"

The pupil had remembered the modulation, and Hesse thought it a fine one, and not even unusual.

From Frankfort Mozart proceeded to Mayence. Here rumour assigned him a touching love intrigue, which was supposed to have suggested the song "Io ti lascio," the said song having been in reality composed by Gottfried von Jacquin in Vienna, and not by Mozart at all (Vol. II., p. 361). On his way back to Frankfort, Mozart stayed at Mannheim, and renewed the memory of former days with as many of the old friends as still survived. He arrived just in time for the first performance of his "Figaro," which took place on October 24. The actor Backhaus notes in his Tagebuch der Mannheimer Schaubühne: "I got into great disgrace with Mozart. I was standing at the door while our rehearsal was going on. He came and asked me about it, and whether he might hear it. I took him for a little journeyman tailor, and refused to let him in. 'You will surely allow Kapellmeister Mozart to hear the rehearsal?' So I was in a scrape most decidedly."

The late organist of the Trinitatiskirche, Schultz, delighted as an octogenarian to recall how Mozart, who visited his father and played the organ with him, censured the slow tempi of the Kapellmeister Fränzel at the rehearsal in the theatre, and gave it himself with more animation.

Otherwise, Mozart pronounced himself highly satisfied with the cast and the performance.

At Munich, where Mozart arrived on October 29, and took up his quarters with his old friend Albert, he found still more of the old set, and his letters to his wife show the pleasure he took in their society. Here at last he had the gratification of being requested by the Elector to play at the concert which was given at court to the King of Naples, who was staying at Munich for two days on his return journey from Frankfort. “Highly creditable to the Vienna court,” he writes, “that the King should hear me in a foreign country.” Shortly after Mozart’s return to Vienna Salomon arrived from London, and made what might at that time be considered brilliant proposals to Haydn to accompany him to England, and produce that series of compositions for the Philharmonic Society which were destined to lay the foundation of Haydn’s fame and prosperity. Salomon made repeated propositions to Mozart also to undertake the journey to London under similar conditions, as soon as Haydn should return. It was with a heavy heart that Mozart bade adieu to his dear “Papa Haydn,” the only artist in Vienna who really understood him and wished him well.

It may safely be asserted that Mozart did not return to Vienna with a full purse, nor did his other financial operations secure for him that for which he so touchingly expresses to his wife his ardent longing: a mind free from anxiety, and permission to work — only to work. He did work, though, after his return, and the last year of his life displays an activity which passes belief. His own list contains: —

1790. December. A quintet for two violins, two violas, and violoncello D major (593 K.).

1791. January 5. A pianoforte concerto, B flat major (595 K.).

January 14. Three German songs (596 K.).

January 23, 29; February 5, 12, 28; March 6. Dances (599-607, 609-611 K.).

March 3. A piece for clockwork, in F minor (608 K.).

March 8. A bass air with obbligato double-bass, for Hrn. Görl and Pischlberger, “Per questa bella mano” (612 K.). Variations for the piano on the song “Ein Weib ist das herrlichste Ding” (613 K.).

April 12. A quintet for two violins, two violas, and violoncello, in E flat major (614 K.).

April 20. Final chorus in the opera “Le Gelosie Villane,” by Sarti, for amateurs, “Viviamo felici in dolce contento” (615 K., unknown).

May 4. Andante for a waltz on a small barrel-organ, in F major (616 K.).

May 23. Adagio and Rondo for harmonica, flute, oboe, viola and violoncello in C minor (617 K.).

June 18. In Baden “Aveverum corpus” (618 K.).

July. A short German cantata for solo voice and pianoforte, “Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls Schopfer” (619 K.).

A glance at this catalogue is sufficient to prove that he wrote whatever he was requested, either by commission or to please his friends.

For his own playing, no doubt at a concert, he wrote the pianoforte concerto in B flat major, which like most of the compositions of this period, is distinguished by its mild and earnest tone and charming euphony. The two fine quintets for stringed instruments were written “at the earnest solicitation of a musical friend” (Vol. III., p. 18) who was no doubt acquainted with Mozart’s poor circumstances, and wished to afford him a worthy opportunity of turning his art to account. The spirit in which Mozart undertook commissions which were often of a very subordinate nature may be best seen in his composition for a mechanical timepiece which was ordered by Count Deym for Müller’s art-collection, then attracting great attention. The serious temper which it displays, and the thoroughly

technical treatment of the composition, betray no evidence of a work merely done to order. Another occasional composition is the beautiful chorus with stringed quartet accompaniment, “Ave verum corpus.” Mozart’s wife was staying at Baden for the waters in the summer of 1790, and again in 1791, in company with her sister Sophie. There Mozart became acquainted with the schoolmaster and choirmaster Stoll, an ardent admirer, who took pleasure in making himself useful to Mozart and his wife. That Stoll could appreciate the fun of Mozart, in his unrestrained moods, is shown by the superscription of a note (July 12, 1791) —

Liebster Stoll!
Bester Knoll!
Grösster Schroll!
Bist Stemvoll!
Gelt das Moll!
Thut dir wohl!

or by his assurance in another letter: “This is the stupidest letter which I ever wrote in my life; but it is just fitted for you.” On the other hand, Mozart was of use to him with his compositions, and lent him, among others, his Masses in B flat major (275 K.) and C major (317 K.) for performance. On one of these occasions the soprano singer turned obstinate, and would not obey Mozart’s directions. He sent her away, and gave the part to his little favourite, Antonia Huber, a child of ten or eleven years old, who was often with her brother-in-law Stoll and met Mozart at his house. He practised with the child for a week, and her industry and attention were so great that she performed her part to admiration, and was rewarded by Mozart with “Brav, Tonerl, recht brav!” together with a kiss and a ducat. He used to say to her, “Tonerl, make haste and grow big, and I will take you with me to Vienna.” The “Ave verum corpus” was no doubt composed at Stoll’s suggestion during one of these visits to Baden. It bears tokens of

haste, but is so full of childlike piety, winning simplicity, and entrancing harmony, that one seems for the moment transported from all earthly doubts and cares into a region of heavenly calm and peace.

A very different impression is made by the bass air with obbligato double-bass, composed by Mozart for two professional friends. The celebrated double-bass player, Pischlberger, was in Schikaneder's orchestra, and Gerl and his wife (formerly Mdlle. Reisinger) sang at the same theatre. Contemporaries affirmed that the very pretty and attractive woman had completely entangled Mozart in her coils. Be that as it may, this composition was the cause of a connection between Mozart and Schikaneder which was fertile in results to the former.

Emanuel Schikaneder was born in poor circumstances at Regensburg in 1751. He was obliged as a boy to earn his living as a wandering musician, and in 1773 was so inspired by the performances of a wandering troupe of actors at Augsburg that he joined them. He afterwards married Eleonore Artim, the adopted daughter of his manager, and undertook the management. He had considerable skill and audacity, not only as an actor and singer, but also as a dramatic poet. His company visited by turns Inspruck, Laibach, Gratz, Pressburg, Pesth, and Salzburg, where he had become acquainted with the Mozarts in 1780, and had suggested some compositions to Wolfgang (Vol. II., p. 102). His want of refinement in the choice of means of attraction is sufficiently proved by his having on one occasion at Salzburg, when "Agnes Bernauer" was performed, made the public announcement: "The Vidame will this day be thrown over the bridge " — which concession to the moral feelings of his audience was duly made the same evening. He acquired a considerable competence, but an unlucky speculation in Pressburg ruined him. He had written a piece in which a goose played the principal part, and all the others were cocks and hens. The expenses for scenery and costumes were very great, and, as it was a

complete failure, his finances were irretrievably injured. In November, 1784, he gained access for his company to the stage of the Karnthnerthortheater in Vienna, where he gave German operas and plays, at which the Emperor was occasionally present. He appeared on April 1, 1785, in the part of Schwindel in Gluck's "Pil-grimmen von Mecca"; but attempting greater parts in serious drama, he was hissed off the stage, and in February, 1786, was forced to leave Vienna. He then took the town theatre in Regensburg, and endeavoured to satisfy the taste of the populace for low comedy; but this did not last long, and in the summer of 1787 he threw up the undertaking and returned to Vienna. His wife had in the meantime remained at the theatre in the "Freihause auf der Wieden," and had taken the management of it from Friedel. This now passed into Schikaneder's hands, and in these confined premises — little better than a barn — he succeeded in delighting the Viennese public with performances expressly designed to attract them, especially comic operas, of which many were highly successful. What he wanted in cultivation (he could barely write or reckon) he made up for in sound mother-wit, practical experience, and knowledge of stage routine. His audacity was equal to his frivolity, and he found a way out of every dilemma. He was addicted to sensual gratification, a parasite and a spendthrift; and in spite of his large income was often hard pressed by his creditors.

During one of these periods of embarrassment, in the spring of 1791 (May 7 is given as the date), he had recourse to Mozart, with whom he had renewed the old acquaintance, and representing to him that he was lost unless he could produce an opera of great attractive power, he assured him that he had discovered an excellent magic subject for an opera, which Mozart was just the man to compose. Mozart's irresistible inclination for operatic composition, his natural good-nature and regard for a brother Freemason, and, as it was said, the influence of Madame Gerl, all combined

to induce him to make the attempt: “If we make a fiasco, I cannot help it, for I never wrote a magic opera in my life.” Schikaneder gave him the first sketch of the “Zauberflöte,” and, knowing how difficult it was to bring Mozart to the point of writing, he arranged a little garden-house in the courtyard of the Freihaus for his use, so as to keep him under his own eye. Here, and in Josephsdorf, on the Kahlenberg (where his room in the casino is still shown), Mozart wrote the greater part of the “Zauberflöte”; Schikaneder was at hand to discuss points of detail, to make necessary alterations, and above all to have his own part written to his mind. He had a poor bass voice, was uncultivated, but not unmusical, and could execute his songs in a dashing and effective manner. He knew perfectly in what consisted his best effects, and insisted on having simple, popular melodies, which Mozart was compliant enough to go on altering until Schikaneder was satisfied. The song “Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen,” after many attempts, was, it is said, suggested by a melody hummed by Schikaneder himself. It has been remarked that the beginning is identical with the seventh and eighth lines of Scandelli’s (d. 1580) chorale, “Nun lob mein Seel den Herren” — is sung to the same melody — a sure proof of its popularity. The duets “Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen,” and “Papageno” were repeatedly rearranged in deference to Schika-neder’s wish. His want of any hesitation in the matter is proved by the following note from him, preserved by Al. Fuchs in his collection: —

Dear Wolfgang, — Herewith I return your “Pa-Pa-Pa-,” which I like fairly well. It will do, at any rate. We shall meet this evening at the usual place. — Yours, E. Schikaneder.

But Schikaneder took care to keep his composer in good humour by frequent invitations to his table; where both eating and drinking were of the best, and by introductions to the jovial and free-living society in which he himself moved, and which also included A. Stadler, the man who so

shamefully abused Mozart's good nature (Vol. II., p. 309). The pressure of external circumstances, of growing domestic troubles, and the bitter feeling of failure and disappointed hope, combined with his own excitable nature to cause Mozart to seek for distraction and forgetfulness in the whirl of a pleasure-loving life. His wife was at Baden, where his youngest son Wolfgang was born on July 26; her absence deprived his home life of any comfort, and drove him to take refuge among his theatrical friends. Folly and dissipation were the inevitable accompaniments of such an existence, and these soon reached the public ear, combining with the exaggerated accounts current of the loose life led by Schikaneder and his associates to cover Mozart's name for several months with an amount of obloquy beyond what he deserved (Vol. II., p. 270). While the "Zauberflöte" was in course of composition, Da Ponte, who was obliged to leave Vienna, tried to persuade Mozart to accompany him to London, and there take an active part in the production of Italian opera. Mozart turned a favourable ear to the project, but demanded a delay of six months for the completion and performance of his opera, to which Da Ponte could not agree. In July, 1791, the work was so far advanced that he was able to insert the opera in his catalogue as virtually complete; the rehearsals had begun as soon as the voices and bass parts were ready, the working-out of the instrumentation being left, as usual, to the last.

It was at this juncture that Mozart received an unexpected commission in a very singular manner. A stranger, a tall, thin grave-looking man, dressed from head to foot in grey, and calculated from his very appearance to make a striking and weird impression, presented him one day with an anonymous letter begging him with many flattering allusions to his accomplishments as an artist to name his price for composing a Requiem, and the shortest time in which he could undertake to complete it. Mozart acquainted his wife with the circumstance, and assured her that it gave him great satisfaction, since

he had long wished to try his powers once more on this species of composition, and to produce a work that both friends and foes might admire and study after his death. The innovations in church music introduced by the Emperor Joseph had been swept away by his successor, and the services of the Church were once more performed after the old fashion. Mozart was anxious therefore to impress upon the Emperor Leopold II., as the supreme arbiter, his familiarity with the orthodox church style, and the present seemed a favourable opportunity for the purpose. After consultation with his wife he announced his readiness to undertake the commission, but without fixing a term for its completion, and naming as his price 50 (some say 100) ducats; whereupon the messenger again appeared, paid the stipulated sum, and promised an addition on the delivery of the finished work. Mozart was enjoined to compose the Requiem according to his own will and pleasure, and to make no endeavour to discover his mysterious patron, an endeavour which would certainly prove in vain.

It is now proved beyond doubt that Count Franz von Wal-segg of Stuppach was the patron in question, and that he ordered the Requiem in memory of his late wife, Anna Edlen von Flammberg; the mysterious messenger was his steward Leutgeb, whose personal appearance has been described to me by Grillparzer. Count Walsegg was a zealous lover of music, a good flautist, and a moderately good violoncello-player; he had quartet parties every Tuesday and Thursday, and theatrical performances every Sunday, in which his family and retainers took active part. But he was also ambitious to figure as a composer. He used to order quartets from different composers, always anonymously and with the offer of handsome payment; these he would then copy with his own hand, and have the parts written out from this score. After performance he would set the players to guess the composer; they, fully aware of the mystification, invariably flattered his weakness by guessing himself, and he with a deprecating smile

would tacitly admit the imputation. This explains the mysterious origin of the Requiem. He rewrote Mozart's score, gave the parts to be copied from his duplicate (with the title of "Requiem composto del Conte Walsegg"), and himself directed the performance of it on December 14, 1793.

Before Mozart had set himself in earnest to this task, he received in the middle of August a fresh commission which brooked of no delay. A festival opera was to be performed at the approaching coronation of Leopold II. as King of Bohemia in Prague. The subject chosen was Metastasio's "Clemenza di Tito," and again it was the people of Prague who made good the deficiencies of the Viennese: the States called upon Mozart to compose the opera. For reasons which do not appear their decision was so long delayed that there remained only a few weeks for the composition and rehearsal of the opera. After making all preliminary arrangements, Mozart set out for Prague. As he was in the act of stepping into the travelling-carriage with his wife, the mysterious messenger appeared, and touching his wife on the arm, asked how it would fare with the Requiem now. Mozart excused himself by alleging the necessity of his present journey, and the impossibility of acquainting his unknown patron with it, and promised that it should be his first work on his return if the delay were granted him; with this the messenger declared himself satisfied.

Mozart worked at his opera during the journey, making sketches in the carriage, and working them out at the inn where they stopped for the night. He must have intended the part of Sextus to be taken by a tenor, for in two sketches of the duets with Vitellia (i) and Annius (3) Sextus is a tenor, which of course necessitated a plan and treatment altogether different. He cannot have received definite instructions as to the cast of the opera until he was in Prague; but then he set to work with so much ardour that in the course of eighteen days the opera was finished and in rehearsal. He called in the assistance of a young composer named Franz Süssmayr, one of his

pupils, who is said to have written the secco recitatives; what makes this the more probable is the fact that in the original score there is no secco recitative at all. But the further assertion that Süssmayr composed the airs for Servilia, Annius, and Publius, and arranged the instrumentation of some other pieces, is disproved by the existence of almost all the numbers in Mozart's handwriting.

The opera was performed with great magnificence on September 6, the coronation day, after the banquet, before the royal family and an invited audience, in the National Theatre. The cast was as follows: —

The Empress is said to have expressed herself very disdainfully concerning the "porcheria" of German music; and it is certain that the first performance of "Titus" was far from being a success. Niemetschek is of opinion (p. 112) that the public were too excited by the gorgeous coronation festivities to be disposed to listen to the calmer beauties of Mozart's music. Mozart, accustomed to find consolation for so much slighting indifference in the enthusiastic applause of the Prague audiences, was thoroughly cast down by his failure; the more so as he was unwell when he arrived, and his indisposition had been increased by his extraordinary exertions. He was continually taking medicine and looked pale and depressed, although, as Niemetschek says, his gaiety shone forth bright as ever in the congenial society of his Prague friends; at his parting from the familiar circle he was so overcome as to shed tears.

If it be true that "Cosi fan Tutte" is in all essential points an opera buffa, it is no less certain that "Titus" may take its stand as a veritable opera seria. Metastasio wrote "La Clemenza di Tito" in 1734, and it was performed with Caldara's music on the name-day of Charles VI.; it was subsequently set to music by several distinguished composers. It is true that the public taste

had so far altered that it was scarcely feasible to present it in its original form; but the improvements in the libretto, made by Caterino Mazzola, the Saxon court poet, did not affect the character of the opera in any important degree. The principal change was the compression of the original three acts into two, and the omission of a not very happy episode, in which Annius, by a change of mantle, is taken for the guilty person. The course of the plot is thereby simplified; but it would be impossible by means of alterations to endow it with any lively dramatic interest. Nor is it rich in good musical situations; of all the characters Vitellia is the only one who displays the least passion; and the excessive amount of virtue and generosity depicted affords no field either for musical or dramatic interest. Further condensations were made of the numerous and, for the most part, rhetorically sententious solo airs, and ensemble movements were introduced at suitable points. This was accomplished with all possible deference to the original design and to Metastasio's verses, so that the character and colouring proper to a court festival piece was well preserved. The following is a brief abstract of the plot: — (23); the duets (1, 3, 7), terzets (10, 14,18), the quintet (12), sestet (26), and the chorus (15); they retain for the most part Metastasio's ideas, and often his verses and turns of expression.

Vitellia, daughter of Vitellius, who has been deposed by Vespasian, has nourished the hope of a union with Titus, but finding herself disappointed, she wishes young Sextus, who is passionately in love with her, to form a conspiracy against his friend Titus, and by his overthrow to gain her hand. At the beginning of the opera she is urging her wavering lover to action, when Annius brings the unexpected tidings that Titus has banished his mistress Berenice from Rome. He entreats Sextus to obtain the consent of Titus to his union with Servilia, the sister of Sextus, who willingly promises

his aid. After a magnificent assembly of the people, in which the generosity of Titus is publicly displayed, the Emperor himself demands from Sextus the hand of his sister Servilia; Sextus is confused and silent, but Annius, by his generous praise of the virtues and beauty of Servilia, strengthens the Emperor in his decision. Servilia, however, informed by Annius of the honour in store for her, assures him of her unalterable love, and, hastening to Titus, confesses to him the whole truth, whereupon he generously resigns her, and unites her to Annius. Vitellia, incensed to the highest degree by the proposed elevation of Servilia, directs Sextus and his coconspirators to proceed at once to action. He obeys, but has scarcely left her presence, when Publius, leader of her body-guard, enters, and summons her to the palace to bestow her hand upon Titus; she hastens to the palace in the utmost dismay and consternation. There is a general encounter in front of the capitol, which has been set on fire by the conspirators; great excitement prevails, and turns to grief and horror at the tidings brought by Sextus of the death of the Emperor, whom he believes himself to have slain.

In the second act, Sextus, a prey to remorse, confesses his guilt to Annius, who counsels flight, and is supported by Vitellia with an eye to her own safety; Publius enters and arrests Sextus on the testimony of some imprisoned conspirators. At a meeting of the senators, who bewail the death of Titus, the latter steps forth from among the people, throws off the disguise in which he had saved himself, and is recognised amid general rejoicings. He knows that Sextus intended to assassinate him, and has been condemned to death by the senate, but summoning him to his presence, he offers him a free pardon in return for a full confession. Sextus, unwilling to inculpate Vitellia, maintains an obstinate silence, and Titus finally ratifies the sentence of death. Vitellia yields to the entreaties of Servilia to intercede with the Emperor for Sextus, renounces her hopes, and resolves to save him by confessing her own guilt. All being prepared in the amphitheatre for the

execution of Sextus, it is about to take place, when Vitellia rushes in, and denounces herself as the originator of the revolt; Titus pardons her a well as Sextus and the conspirators; all present extol his clemency.

Both the plot and the characters are absolutely devoid of dramatic interest. The abstract goodness of Titus, who is ready on every occasion to pardon and to yield, rouses no sympathy, and is dramatically mischievous in its effects, since it destroys any sort of suspense. Publius, Annius and Servilia are mere props in the plot, characters without any individuality. Sextus is a purely passive instrument, wavering between love and remorse, without force or decision. We should sympathise with him if his love for Vitellia were returned, and if a healthy passion gave an impulse to his crime; but his weakness, which prevents his being aware that he is only the instrument of her selfish passion, deprives him of all sympathy, while Vitellia repels us by her barefaced ambition, to which she is ready to sacrifice every sentiment and every duty; her remorse comes too late to appear anything but a dissonance leading to the inevitable conclusion of the plot. This internal weakness in the characters is emphasised by Metastasio's poetical treatment of the plot. His dainty style was specially suited for court poetry and its corresponding musical expression, and his dexterity in the handling of the accepted forms of composition made his task a comparatively easy one. But even without taking into account the revolution which had taken place in the drama, we may judge from "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" that what in Metastasio's time was of advantage to the composer had now become fetters binding him to forms and dogmas which were virtually obsolete. We find traces throughout of the opera seria, which Mozart had abandoned long ago, but which he was constrained here to resume. Metastasio's graceful daintiness of style, too, was even more injurious in the taste it encouraged for mere amusement of

the trifling kind that was looked for at the opera at that time, giving an unseemly effeminacy of tone to the opera seria, and running an equal risk of degenerating into mere trifling or empty pomp and show. If, in addition to this, it be remembered that Mozart's express directions were to compose an occasional, a festival opera, for which two singers had been summoned from Italy, and would demand to be shown at their best, and that he composed the opera against time, and struggling with illness, it will scarcely be expected that an unqualified success should follow such a combination of untoward circumstances. The character of a brilliant festal piece is at once suggested by the overture, which begins appropriately by a solemn intrada, with a long-drawn climax. The first bars recall the overture to "Idomeneo," which, however, in earnestness and dignity of tone, and originality of invention, far surpasses that to "Titus." The second theme so announced falls short of expectation, being weak and trifling, and even the subject selected for harmonic contrapuntal treatment — skilful and brilliant as the treatment is, has in itself no special interest, so that when the prelude recurs to form an effective conclusion, the principal impression remaining is one of brilliant display.

The march (4) and the choruses (5, 24) as well as the finale (26) *Sestetto con coro*, in which short solo passages alternate with the chorus, maintain this festive character. They are brilliant and flowing, pleasing and melodious, and answer for their purpose and the situation without laying claim to original invention or characterisation. Only the chorus with which Titus is received before he pronounces judgment upon Sextus (24) has a fine expression of solemn dignity, suggested not so much by the words, which are trivial enough, as by the character of the situation. It was a happy touch to make the chorus, after the unexpected deliverance of Titus (15), express delight, not with jubilant outcries, but with the suppressed joy of

bewildered amazement. Nevertheless this chorus is too light and fugitive for the situation.

The tenor part of Titus displays most clearly the influence of the old opera seria, Metastasio's words, consisting of general axioms, being retained for all his three airs (6, 8, 20). The two first are short and melodious, but not deeply suggestive; the last retains the old aria form with a long middle movement and return to the first allegro, together with bravura passages quite in the old style. The report that the tenor Baglione found that Mozart and not an Italian composer had been engaged to write the opera, and that they quarrelled in consequence, is the more improbable since Baglione was the same singer for whom Mozart had written Don Ottavio.

Servilia's air (2) indicated, after the old style, with tempo di menuetto, the two airs for Annius (13, 17) and that for Publius (16), are all both in design and treatment proper to secondary parts, without musical significance or individual characterisation. The main weight, therefore, fell according to custom upon the two prime donne, who played Sextus and Vitellia. The fact that the parts of the lovers, Sextus and Annius, were soprano, was an objectionable relic of the old opera seria, and that Sextus should have been played by a female and not a male soprano was a progress indeed for humanity, but not for the drama. True characterisation is impossible when a woman in man's clothes plays the lover, and the case is not improved by the weak, womanish character of Sextus. His passion for Vitellia becomes a thing contrary to nature, and the deeper the dramatic conception of the part the more repulsively does this appear. Of necessity, therefore, vocal execution comes to the foreground. The first air of Sextus, "Parto I" (9), fails at once in dramatic interest from his having already repeatedly assured Vitellia of his blind obedience, if she will only bestow

upon him one glance of love. The musical design and working-out are those of a grand bravura air. Tenderness, tinged with only an occasional dash of heroism, prevails throughout the two movements (adagio 3-4 and allegro 4-4). An obbligato clarinet goes with the voice, and the strictly concertante treatment of this instrument gives its chief interest to the musical working-out of the song. Considered as a concert air which treats the given situation only as a general foundation for the development of musical forces, it is of extraordinary beauty, the melodies being noble and expressive, the sound-effects of the voice and clarinet admirable, and the only concessions to brilliancy of effect the triplet passages and the long-drawn-out conclusion.

The second air (19) is more definitely characterised by the situation. Sextus, having with difficulty withstood Titus's friendly entreaties, is overpowered by his feelings when the Emperor turns coldly away, and leaves him to be led to death. This air is also in two movements; Sextus expresses his grief for the loss of Titus's confidence in an adagio, and his despair at the death awaiting him in an allegro. Metastasio's text expressed only the latter feeling, and Mazzola formed the first part of the air out of the words of the dialogue. The expression of the first movement is fervent and true, and the softness characterising it belongs to the character and the situation; the second movement expresses a certain amount of passion in some parts, but is as a whole wanting in energy, and its chief motif, even for a female Sextus, is too soft and tender. Schaul adduces as a proof of Mozart's frequent sins against good sense that Sextus, tortured by remorse, should express his agony to Titus in a rondo. "If it were a rondo by Pleyel or Clementi," remarks C. M. von Weber in answer, "it might indeed produce a ludicrous effect; but let the critic only note the heartfelt fervour of the song, the depth and beauty of expression in such places as 'pur saresti men severo, se vedesti questo cor, and all such petty fault-finding will cease to be heard." Mozart had originally sketched another allegro, the first bars

of which, still existing in autograph, are rather more decided in character: —

The page ends here, and the present allegro is begun on a fresh one; it cannot be determined whether the first allegro was finished or only commenced, but in any case the instrumentation was not worked out.

Vitellia is the only character in the opera displaying anything like passion or strength of feeling. The singer Maria Marchetti (b. 1767), married to the tenor Fantozzi in 1788, had acquired great renown in Italy and Milan, whence she was summoned to Prague; she possessed a fine, full voice, and excellent execution and action, enhanced by a pleasing exterior and dignified bearing. In her first air (2) there is indeed no passion, Metastasio's words, consisting of frigid moral observations, scarcely allowing of any characteristic musical expression. The air is divided into the traditional two movements, neither of them distinguished by originality, and even the bravura part is insignificant; the whole effect is so dry and commonplace as involuntarily to suggest Süssmayr. Vitellia's second air, on the contrary (22, 23), is the gem of the opera, and incontestably one of the most beautiful songs ever written. At the decisive moment Vitellia rises to the resolution of renouncing her dearest hopes, of sacrificing her very life to the nobler instincts of her soul, which have too long been made to yield to her ambitious striving after false greatness.

The musical characterisation grasps this situation, and develops from it a psychological picture complete in itself, and only loosely connected with the earlier conception of Vitellia's character in the opera. The song seems thus to be detached from the framework of the opera, and to belong rather to the province of concert music. This idea is strengthened by the design, treatment, and compass of the two movements, as well as by the introduction of the obbligato basset-horn, which is treated so as to accord with the voice part, without any brilliant bravura. Every element of the

song is blended into such perfect unity, such charm of melody, such beauty of musical form; the sharp contrasts of the different motifs are so admirably expressive of the general character of which they form the details, and the whole work is so permeated by the breath of poetic genius, that our satisfaction in contemplating a perfect work of art leads us to forget how it stands forth as something foreign to the context.

Even the introductory recitative is a masterpiece of telling expression, and in the air itself the noble beauty of the different motifs is tinged with a sadness amounting to gloom, but so sublime as to inspire the same emotions with which we gaze at the Niobe. The ensembles with which the opera is provided are only in part of any dramatic significance, and where this is wanting the musical interest also suffers; the duets especially are not important either in length or substance. Passing over the duettino (3) between Sextus and Annius, which became popular owing to its easy and pleasing tone, but which in no way corresponds to the character of an heroic opera, we may notice the first duet between Sextus and Vitellia as better defined, especially in the first movement; although even here the wish to attract is very apparent, and gains quite the upper hand in the triplet passages and easy imitations of the allegro. An expression of tender feeling is more appropriate to the short duet between Annius and Servilia, and the loveliness of the music makes up for the absence of tragic seriousness.

The three terzets are better placed, and more suitable to their dramatic situations, but even they fail to elicit dramatic contrasts by giving to each character an equal and characteristic share in the piece. Thus, in the first terzet, Vitellia alone is inspired with lively emotion, Annius and Publius being mere passive spectators. It is at the moment When she has dispatched Sextus to the murder of Titus that she is informed of the Emperor’s choice of her as his consort; in vain she strives to recall Sextus, she feels that she herself is the destroyer of her happiness. An agitated violin passage, with

rapid changes of harmony intensified by suspensions, expresses the excitement and consternation to which she gives vent in detached and broken exclamations; but the calm observation of the two others —

Ah, come un gran contento,
Come confonde un cor! —

chills the expression of Vitellia's emotion, so that the combination of the voices, instead of producing a climax as it ought, weakens the passion of the movement and prevents its rising to more than a momentary prominence. The second terzet (14) was suggested by an air of Metastasio, "Se mai senti spirarti sul volto," which was a favourite subject with the old composers. It begins with the tender farewell of Sextus to Vitellia, stricken with shame and dismay. This contrast would have made an excellent opportunity for musical effect if Publius had supplied the connecting link by the addition of a new and important element in the situation; instead of this, he remains a mere passive spectator, and does not increase the pathos of the situation at all. Sextus gives the tone here, as Vitellia in the previous terzet, and the tender softness of his farewell scarcely allows expression to the true significance of the situation; otherwise, however, this terzet is superior to the first in the freer development of the voice parts.'" The third terzet (18) has a beautiful and expressive first movement, but its second movement is too slight in design and too little worked out for its situation.

The opera contains one movement, however, altogether worthy of Mozart, and this is the first finale. It is true that even this is far from possessing the greatness of design or the wealth of elaboration of the finales of the earlier operas; it does not pretend to be more than a representation of the situation; but it is earnest and weighty in tone, and possesses features of unsurpassed loveliness. The finale is introduced by a soliloquy for Sextus, in which he pours out the doubt and self-reproach which torture his mind; an unaccompanied recitative expresses this condition with an amount of

truth and energy elsewhere entirely wanting to the part of Sextus. When he sees the capitol in flames, and is convinced that his repentance comes too late, he becomes more collected, and the quintet begins with his finely expressed wish to save Titus or to die with him; then he has to evade the questions of Annius, who hurries in full of sympathy — Servilia, Publius, and Vitellia enter in quick succession, full of anxiety and horror; a characteristic orchestral motif gives the clue to the development of the movement, and the separate exclamations of the invisible chorus interposed in rising, dissonant chords, form the pivots on which the progressive harmonies turn; the re-entry of Sextus brings the symmetrically constructed movement to a close. A short recitative, in which Sextus announces the assassination of Titus, leads into the andante, which ends the finale. All present are united in one feeling of sorrow and horror at the crime which has been committed, and the chorus has approached near enough to join in lamentation with the solo voices; the impression thus produced is dignified and beautiful in the extreme. Here we may perceive to what a height opera seria was capable of rising by a liberal development of its original elements; but unfortunately this movement is the only one of the kind in “Titus.” A backward glance of comparison upon “Idomeneo” results to the advantage of the earlier opera in many and important points. It is true that the conventional forms of the opera seria are there more strictly preserved, but a fresh vigorous effort is at the same time made to give them meaning and substance, and pass their narrow bounds wherever possible,. while in “Titus” the composer has been content to compromise the matter by preserving the semblance of form, but no more. Thus forms intended to be largely treated, such as the division into two movements, are often so lightly and vaguely treated as to lose all dramatic interest, and still more marked is the tendency of the tragic and serious conception of the opera to degenerate into mere pleasing gracefulness. The advantages of the later work in a freer

and easier flow of melody, in a more mature and cultivated taste, were more than counterbalanced by the loss of depth and force of musical construction, a loss which is all the more perceptible from the grandeur of the background afforded by a subject taken from the Roman imperial age, which even in Metas-tasio's adaptation was not wholly obscured, and under happier circumstances would have sufficed to inspire Mozart to a nobler creation. The treatment of the orchestra is indicative of the whole tone of the opera, displaying occasionally the full splendour with which Mozart has endowed it, and raising and supporting the musical representation wherever it attains to dramatic significance, but for the most part not going beyond an easy accompaniment of the voices.

In brilliancy and delicacy of orchestral treatment "Titus" can sustain no comparison with "Idomeneo," or even with "Cosi fan Tutte."

Opinions on this opera were widely diverse. According to Niemetschek (p. 111) "Titus" ranks from an aesthetic and artistic point of view as Mozart's most perfect work: —

Mozart mentally grasped the simplicity, the quiet dignity of the character of Titus and of the whole plot, and embodied them in his composition. Every part, even the very moderate instrumental parts, bear this stamp, and combine into perfect unity.

He is of opinion that full maturity of taste is nowhere more finely displayed than in this opera (p. 105), which is also the best example of Mozart's admirable dramatic characterisation (p. 72). An article showing the shortcomings of Metastasio's libretto praises the excellence of the musical characterisation which endows Titus with the character of gentle amiability, Vitellia with force and dignified purity, and the friendship between Sextus and Annius with quite an ideal tenderness. Schaul, on the contrary (Brief üb. d. Gesch-mack, p. 59), maintains that with the exception

of a few pieces the opera is so dry and tiresome that it might rather be taken for the first attempt of budding talent than for the product of a mature mind. He quotes the criticism of an Italian, considered one of the best judges in Naples, that flashes of genius shone out here and there in the more serious airs, which showed what Mozart would have been capable of under happier guidance. “Titus” was criticised in Berlin, in 1796, with the greatest harshness and severity in two articles which excited indignation on account of their disrespectful tone, although the blame bestowed was not without foundation. With a juster regard to circumstances Rochlitz says: —

Being only human, he was constrained either to produce an altogether mediocre work, or one of which the principal movements were very good, and the minor ones light and easy, and suited to the taste of the multitude; with right judgment he chose the latter.

It was perhaps this accommodation of the music to the taste of the public, and the concessions made to the popular love of gorgeous scenery and spectacular effects, which gained for “Titus” an enduring place on the German stage, although it was never received with the same favour as “Don Giovanni,” “Figaro,” and the “Zauberflöte.” The opera was produced for the first time in London in 1806 for the benefit of Madame Billington, being the first of Mozart’s operas performed in England; it was given successfully in Paris in 1816, and in Milan at the Teatro Rè in the following year.

CHAPTER XLIII. “DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE”

DISAPPOINTED and suffering, Mozart returned to Vienna in the middle of September. While his wife again repaired to Baden, he divided his time between the labours involved in the completion and scenic arrangements of the “Zauberflöte” (620 K.) and the Requiem. The chorus “O Isis und Osiris,” Papageno’s song, which Schikaneder had stipulated for, and the second finale, must have been written after September 12; on September 28 he completed the overture and the march which formed the introduction to the second act. After many rehearsals under the conductorship of the Kapellmeister Henneberg, then still a very young man, the first performance took place on September 30. Mozart conducted at the piano, and Süssmayr turned over for him. The playbill ran as follows: —

This day, Friday, September 30, 1791, the Company of the Imperial Theatre auf der Wieden have the honour of performing for the first time Die Zauberflöte.

Grand Opera in Two Acts, by Emanuel Schikaneder.

The music is by Herr Wolfgang Amade Mozart, Capellmeister and Imperial Chamber Composer. Esteem for an appreciative public and friendship for the author of the work have induced Herr Mozart to consent on this occasion to conduct the orchestra in person.

Books of the opera, with two copper-plate engravings, representing Herr Schikaneder in his actual costume as Papageno, may be had at the box-office, price thirty kreutzers.

The scenery and stage accessories have been intrusted to Herr Gayl and Herr Nessthaler, who flatter themselves that they have performed their task with all due regard to the artistic requirements of the piece. The success was not at first so great as had been expected, and after the first act Mozart

rushed, pale and excited, behind the scenes to Schikaneder, who endeavoured to console him. In the course of the second act the audience recovered from the first shock of surprise, and at the close of the opera Mozart was recalled. He had hidden himself, and when he was found could with difficulty be persuaded to appear before the audience, not certainly from bashfulness, for he was used by this time to brilliant successes, but because he was not satisfied with the way in which his music had been received. The story that Haydn consoled Mozart by his approbation is untrue, for he was in London at the time. But Schenck relates in his manuscript autobiography that he had a place in the orchestra at the first performance, and that after the overture, unable to contain his delight, he crept along to the conductor's stool, seized Mozart's hand and kissed it; Mozart, still beating time with his right hand, looked at him with a smile, and stroked his cheek. At the second performance on the following day he again conducted, but afterwards resigned the conductorship to Henneberg. On October 9 notice was sent to Berlin: —

The new spectacular drama, "Die Zauberflöte," with music by our kapellmeister, Mozart, has been performed at great expense and with much magnificence of scenery, &c.; but it has not attained the success hoped for, owing to the inferiority of the subject and diction of the piece.

Schikaneder, however, persevered, and with every repetition the applause increased; Mozart's pleasure thereat, and more especially at the approbation expressed by Salieri and Cavalieri, may be gathered from his letters to his wife. The "Zauberflöte" soon became the most popular of operas. It was performed twenty-four times in October; on November 23, 1792, Schikaneder announced the hundredth, and on October 22,1795, the two hundredth performance of the opera.

Schikaneder had long varied his favourite farcical pieces by the production of operas, either adaptations of earlier ones or works expressly composed for him, and in 1791 he had achieved a great success with the romantic-comic opera “Oberon, König der Elfen,” adapted by Gieseke from Wieland, and composed by Wranitzky (1756-1808). The brilliant appointments of scenery, costume, and machinery, and the satisfaction with which the dramatisation of Wie-land’s universally popular poem was viewed by the public, heightened the interest in the opera to a degree far beyond the deserts of the light and popular music. It was first performed in Frankfort during the coronation festivities in 1790, and, rapidly spreading over the whole German stage, shared, and for a short time rivalled, the popularity of the “Zauberflöte.” In order to assure himself of a repetition of this success, Schikaneder selected as a subject for his new opera the tale of Lulu, oder die Zauberflöte, from Wieland’s Dschinnistan. The story is briefly as follows: —

In the kingdom of Chorassan there dwelt in an old magician’s castle the good fairy Perifirime, called the “radiant fairy.” Hunting in the neighbourhood, Prince Lulu, son of the King of Chorassan, enters the usually avoided castle, and the fairy, appearing to him in her full radiance, promises him rich reward if he will obey her behests. She discloses to him that the wicked magician Dilsenghuin, with the help of her faithless attendant Barsine, has deprived her of her precious talisman, a golden fire-steel, which is obeyed by the spirits of the elements and of all earthly regions, every spark struck from it becoming a powerful spirit, subject to the possessor; none but a youth whose heart is as yet untouched by love can regain the talisman for her by stratagem. She designates Lulu as her deliverer, and promises him the best gift that she has if he will undertake the task. This is none other than the beautiful Sidi, daughter of Perifirime and Sabalem, King of Cashmere, whom the magician keeps in his power,

making tender advances to her which she is only able to resist owing to her magic power of repelling attacks so long as her heart is untouched by love. The fairy dispatches Lulu with two magic gifts — a flute which has the power of winning all hearts, and of exciting and appeasing every passion at will; and a ring, by turning which the wearer can assume any form, and by throwing it away can summon the fairy herself to his aid.

Thus provided, Lulu approaches the magician's stronghold in the form of an old man, and by his flute-playing entices first the forest beasts, and then the magician, who takes him into the fortress to try his art upon the obdurate beauty. Lulu gains the confidence of the magician and his son, with Barsine and the dwarf Barka; the love of the beautiful Sidi is also soon his. He succeeds in throwing the magician and his companions into a deep sleep during a banquet, and possesses himself of the talisman. By the aid of the genü now subject to him, and finally by the appearance of the fairy, he overcomes all the dangers and obstacles prepared for him by the magician, who is finally changed into an owi, and flies away with his son, similarly transformed. The fairy destroys the fortress and carries the lovers to her castle upon her cloud-chariot; there the Kings of Chorassan and Cashmere bless their union.

This story was treated as follows in Schikaneder's opera: —

The "Japanese" Prince, Tamino, while hunting, is pursued by a great serpent, and falls in a swoon; three ladies of the Queen of Night slay the monster.. On the awaking of the Prince there enters the bird-catcher Papageno, the comic character of the opera, contrasting in the traditional manner with the grave heroic lover (who does not, however, display any great daring here). Papageno is a good-tempered, pleasure-loving, loquacious poltroon, whose feather costume is a sort of reminiscence of Schikaneder's bird comedies. He gives himself out to Tamino as the slayer of the dragon, but is punished for his boasting by the veiled ladies, who

reappear and fasten up his mouth with a padlock, at the same time presenting the Prince with the portrait of a beautiful damsel, of whom he instantly becomes deeply enamoured. Hearing that the original of the portrait is Pamina, daughter of the Queen of Night, and that she has been carried away by a wicked demon, he swears to free her from the power of the enemy, whereupon the Queen herself appears and promises him the hand of her daughter as the reward of his success. The ladies then command Papageno, from whose mouth they remove the padlock, to accompany Tamino to the castle of the magician Sarastro, which he is reluctantly obliged to do. They provide Tamino with a magic flute, Papageno with a chime of bells, and promise that “three boys, young, beautiful, pure, and wise,” shall hover round them as guides.

In Sarastro’s castle Pamina, who has endeavoured by flight to escape the hated advances of her jailer and tormentor, the Moor Monostatos, has been recaptured and is kept in bondage. Papageno makes good his entry; he and the Moor are mutually alarmed at each other’s appearance, and run away in opposite directions. Papageno, venturing in again, finds Pamina alone, and acquainting her with Prince Tamino’s commission from her mother to liberate her, they hasten to seek for him together.

So far the original story has been followed in its essential parts. The modifications which have been made in the characters and situations to enhance the dramatic interest are such as would occur naturally in the development of the story. But when Schikaneder had proceeded thus far in his adaptation he learnt that an opera founded on the same story was finished and about to be produced at the Leopold-stàdter Theatre, which often placed itself in competition with his.

It was in 1781 that Marinelli opened his newly erected theatre in the Leopoldstadt. He produced operas, among which the “Sonnenfest der Braminen” had a great run, and after the brief span of popularity which

German opera had enjoyed at the National Theatre, the suburban theatre became a formidable and finally a successful rival. But the proper element of this theatre was in popular farces. The comic actor Laroche had created the part of Kasperl, the direct descendant of Hanswurst, and the people were never tired of seeing him play his coarse tricks and antics in the most widely different situations. It had been the custom to bring Hanswurst into contact with witches and magicians, and Kasperl was consequently introduced to the same society, with some differences in colouring, due to French taste and to the Eastern fairy tales disseminated mainly by Wieland. Popular songs played their part in these "Kasperliads," and out of modest vaudevilles, such as "Kasperl's Ehrentag," a fairy tale by Hensler (1789), in which the music was confined to some short choruses and an accompaniment to the supernatural apparitions, arose gradually comic magic operas. The Leopoldstàdter Theatre had possessed since 1786 a fruitful composer in Wenzel Müller, whose place as a comic popular musician was somewhat similar to that of Laroche as an actor. On May 3, 1791, "Kasper der Vogelkràmer," by Hensler, was performed with his music, followed on June 8 by "Kasper der Fagottist, oder die Zauberzither," a vaudeville in three acts, the words adapted from "Lulu" by Joach. Permet. The piece follows the plot of the original pretty closely, and the dialogue is as far as possible verbally transcribed; nevertheless the whole effect is that of a travesty, and the text of the "Zauberflöte" displays a decided superiority in comparison with it: —

Prince Armidoro, attended by Kaspar Bita, loses himself in the chase, and comes upon the fairy Perifirime, who despatches them to the magician Bosphoro, bestowing on the prince a guitar with the same virtues as the magic flute, and on Kaspar (through the little sprite Pizichi, who frequently reappears in time of need) a magic bassoon, which gives occasion to some very questionable pleasantry. The magic power of the ring, which enables

the Prince to assume at will the form of an old man or of a youth, is very naively employed, the fancy of the audience being alone called in to represent the metamorphosis. The magician has a swaggering boon companion, Zumio, who guards the damsels and is in love with Palmire, playmate of the beautiful Sidi, afterwards in a similar relation with Kaspar. Having conciliated Bosphoro and Zumio by means of their magic instruments, and gained entrance into the castle, they win the love of the damsels, but not without exciting the mistrust and jealousy of the magician and his companion, who seek to possess themselves of the instruments. They are saved by Perifirime from a storm raised by the spirits subject to Bosphoro; an attempt to poison them fails through Pizichi's warning; finally they are all put to sleep at supper by the magic instruments, and Armidoro possesses himself of the talisman which makes the spirits subject to him. Perifirime appears, punishes Bosphoro, and carries the lovers back to her palace.

Apart from Kaspar's broad jokes, the opera is not wanting in effective situations, both dramatic and comic, and now and then the music takes a more ambitious flight. Thus, the opera opens with a grand hunting chorus, and the first act closes with the sprites tormenting the followers of the Prince, who are in search of him; the spinning song, the boat scene with the storm, and the sprites playing at ball with Zumio, all form good musical situations. The composer rises above the level of the librettist. In some of the songs and dances he has caught the popular tone very well, but has failed in the fresh humour which he elsewhere displays. In spite of all defects, or rather in great measure because of them, the opera, the music, and the *mise en scène* completely hit the popular taste, and 125 representations took place in the course of a very few years. As a consequence of this success there appeared in 1792 "Pizichi," or the continuation of "Kaspar der Fagottist," by Perinet and Wenzel Müller,

which had an equally brilliant reception, and was dedicated by the author "To the illustrious public, as a token of gratitude." Schikaneder could not hope to rival such a success as this with an opera on the same subject. He resolved therefore to transform the piece as much as possible, while utilising what had already been done on it, and to turn the wicked magician into a noble philosopher who wins Tamino to be his disciple, guides him to higher wisdom and virtue, and rewards him with the hand of Pamina. The idea was capable also of being turned to account in the interests of Freemasonry. The change in the political views of the government under Leopold II. had been unfavourable to Freemasonry, which began to be regarded with much distrust as the organ of political and religious liberalism. A glorification of the order upon the stage, by a performance which would place its symbolical ceremonies in a favourable light and justify its moral tendency, would be sure to be well received as a liberal party demonstration compromising neither the order as a body nor its individual members. The effect was heightened by the consciousness of a secret understanding among the initiated, while the uninitiated could not fail to suspect a deeper meaning behind the brilliant display of spectacular effects. Whether Schikaneder, himself a Freemason, was the author of this idea, or whether it was suggested by the order, we have no means of ascertaining; the execution of it was principally due to Joh. Georg Karl Ludw. Gieseke. He was born in Braunschweig, studied at the university of Halle, and joined Schikaneder's troupe to earn his living as an actor and a chorus-singer. He had tried his hand already as an author, having prepared the text for Wranitzky's "Oberon," and enriched Schikaneder's repertory with a number of pieces in part translated and in part original. Schikaneder, never averse to accepting foreign aid, made use of Gieseke's labours as a groundwork, which he altered to suit his purpose, inserting, for instance, the characters of Papageno and Papagena, and giving himself out as the sole

author of the piece. We have no means of ascertaining how far this alteration in the plan of the opera affected the first part; points here and there may have been retouched, but no important corrections were made, or some very striking contradictions would certainly have been removed. With the first finale we find ourselves in an altogether new new world: —

The three boys lead Tamino into a thicket, where stands the temple of wisdom, knowledge, and nature, exhort him to be steadfast, enduring, and silent, and leave him alone. He learns from a priest that Sarastro reigns in the temple of wisdom, and that Pamina has been taken from her mother for certain good reasons, which must remain concealed from him until all shall be revealed —

“Sobald dich fuhrt der
Freundschaft Hand
Ins Heilightum zum ew’ gen Band.”

After being encouraged by invisible voices, and assured that Pamina still lives, he joyfully seizes his magic flute, whose tones have power to draw all living beings to him. At Papageno’s signal he hastens in search of him. Papageno enters with Pamina; they are surprised by Monostatos and his slaves; Papageno has recourse to his bells, which set all who hear them singing and dancing. Scarcely are they free from the intruders when Sarastro is heard returning from the chase in his chariot drawn by six lions, and accompanied by a solemn march and chorus. Pamina, kneeling, informs him that she seeks to escape the love advances of the Moor, and implores him to allow her to return to her mother; this Sarastro refuses, but pardons her with the aphorism: —

“Ein Mann muss eure Herzen leiten,
Denn ohne ihn pflegt jedes
Weib Aus ihrem Wirkungskreis zu schreiten.”

In the meantime Monostatos enters, having captured Tamino; as soon as the latter perceives Pamina, he rushes to her, and they embrace tenderly. The Moor, to his consternation, is rewarded by Sarastro with “seventy-seven strokes of the bastinado,” and the strangers are conducted into the temple of expiation, that their heads may be covered and they may be purified.

Here we may still trace the original design, for the magic instruments, the wicked Moor, and the chariot drawn by lions, have little affinity with the temple of wisdom; but with the second act we set forth on altogether fresh ground: —

In the assembly of the eighteen (3x6) attendants dedicated to the great gods Isis and Osiris, Sarastro announces that the virtuous Prince Tamino stands at the gate of the temple, seeking permission to gaze on the “great lights” of the sanctuary; questioned by the devotees, he assures them of the Prince’s virtue, discretion, and benevolence; and, on the assembly giving their consent with a thrice-repeated blast of trumpets, he thanks them with emotion in the name of humanity. For, when Tamino, united with Pamina, shall become one of the devotees of wisdom, he will destroy the empire of the Queen of Night, who by superstition and imposture seeks to undermine their power; and virtue shall triumph at the overthrow of vice. The Orator warns him of the severity of the probation that he must pass through — but he is a prince, “nay more, he is a man”; he is able to endure all, “and once devoted to Osiris and Isis, he will feel the joys of the gods sooner than we.” Tamino and Papageno are to be led into the antechamber of the temple, and there the Orator, in virtue of his “holy office” as “dispenser of wisdom,” shall acquaint them both with the duty of man and the power of the gods. A solemn appeal to Isis and Osiris to endow the pair with wisdom, and to strengthen and protect them in the hour of trial closes this scene, which bears the impress of Freemasonry throughout.

The tests begin, after Tamino has declared that, impelled by love, he is ready for any trial to acquire wisdom and gain Pamina, and Papageno has agreed to make the attempt to win the love of Papagena, a pretty little woman, just suited to him. The impression here intended to be conveyed is evidently that of the higher nature and strivings of man in Tamino and of the limited and purely sensual side of his nature in Papageno. The first trial is that of silence. They are scarcely left alone in the darkness when the three Jadies of the Queen of Night enter and strive to excite their terrors, which is easily accomplished as far as Papageno is concerned, the steadfast Tamino with difficulty restraining his cries. The ladies disappear upon the summons of the priest; the Orator praises Tamino, and again covers his head that he may continue his “pilgrimage.” Monostatos finds Pamina asleep in the garden, and is on the point of kissing her, when the Queen of Night appears, gives Pamina a dagger, and commands her to avenge her wrongs on Sarastro, to whom Pamina’s father had bequeathed the omnipotent talisman which she had hoped to possess; by Sarastro’s death Pamina will gain her freedom, Tamino’s life, and her mother’s love. Monostatos, who has overheard, takes the dagger from Pamina, and threatens to betray her unless she will grant him her love; on her refusal, he tries to kill her, when Sarastro enters, liberates Pamina, and promises to wreak a noble vengeance on her mother by securing her daughter’s happiness.

Tamino and Papageno are conducted into a hall, to remain there in silence until they hear a trumpet sound. Papageno cannot refrain from chattering to an old woman who brings him a glass of water and, to his horror, claims him as her lover; a fearful thunder-clap terrifies him, and he only recovers when the three boys bring him a richly furnished table, and, reiterating the warning to silence, restore the magic instruments. While they are eating, Pamina enters, and construes Tamino’s silence into a proof of his want of love for her; not even her lamentations, however, can tempt him to

speak. After this proof of steadfastness, he is conducted to the assembly, and informed by Sarastro that two paths of danger still remain to be trodden; Pamina is brought in to bid him farewell, and, to her despair, he still refuses to utter a word to her.

Papageno is informed by the Orator that he shall be excused the punishment for his loquacity, but that he is never to feel “the divine joys of the initiated.” He declares himself quite content, and only wishes for a cup of wine and “ein Mädchen oder Weibchen”; the old woman appears, and is changed into the youthful Papagena, but only to vanish again the same instant.

Pamina, plunged in deep melancholy by Tamino’s apparent aversion, is on the point of stabbing herself, but is restrained by the three boys, who promise to restore Tamino to her. Tamino is just then conducted to the gates of horror by two men in armour, with the injunction —

“Der welcher wandelt diese Strasse voll Beschwerden,
Wird rein durch Wasser, Feuer, Luft und Erden;
Wenn er des Todes Schrecken überwinden kann,
Schwingt er sich aus der Erde himmelan.
Erleuchtet wird er dann im Stande sein,
Sich den Mysterien der Isis ganz zu weihn” —

and left to tread the path of danger through fire and water, when Pamina rushes in, resolved to endure this trial in company with him. They sustain it happily to the sound of the magic flute, and are received with solemn rejoicings by the assembly in the temple. Papageno, in despair at the loss of his Papagena, whom he calls in vain to return, is about to hang himself, when the three boys appear, and remind him of his bells: at the sound of them Papagena returns, and his happiness is complete. In the meantime the Queen of Night, with her ladies, has gained admittance into the sanctuary by the help of Monostatos, and promises him her daughter’s hand, if he aids

her to victory; but a fearful storm drives them back, and Tamino and Pamina are united with priestly pomp by Sarastro in the circle of the temple votaries: —

"Die Strahlen der Sonne vertreiben die Nacht,
Zernichten der Heuchler erschlichene Macht."

It would be superfluous to criticise this libretto. The small interest of the plot, the contradictions and improbabilities in the characters and in the situations, are clear to all; the dialogue is trivial, and the versified portions wretched doggerel, incapable of improvement by mere alteration. Nevertheless, a certain amount of stage dexterity is not to be denied to it. Schikaneder knew how to excite and sustain the interest of his audience by theatrical effects of combination and alteration. On this point the testimony of Goethe is added to the lasting and wide-spread approval of the public; he declares that the "Zauberflöte" is "full of improbabilities and of jokes that it is not easy to appreciate or to enjoy; but it must be allowed that the author has thoroughly grasped the idea of contrast and of producing grand theatrical effects"; he undertook a translation of the piece, and was for some time seriously occupied with it. Undeniable as it is that the opera owes to Mozart's music the charm that it exercises over young and old, cultivated and uncultivated, it must be acknowledged that the piece, poor from a dramatic point of view, affords many and good opportunities for the production of musical effects. Whether we think much or little of the Masonic views which are here seen embodied in the mysteries of Isis, Mozart at any rate was inspired by the zeal of a partisan in giving them utterance.

The dignity and grandeur with which the music reveals the symbolism of these mysteries certainly have their root in his intense devotion to the Masonic idea.

A clear indication of this devotion was given to the initiated in the overture, but in a way that showed how well he distinguished Masonic symbolism from artistic impulse. It opens with a short adagio, whose solemn accents raise the expectation of an apparition of grave importance, The trumpets, which are added to the full choir of wind instruments, give a fulness and brilliancy to the chords which had not at that time been heard before. The allegro; begins with a regular fugue on the theme — the first bars reminding us of dementi's sonata, played before the Emperor Joseph (Vol. II., p. 199): —

The reminiscence may have been conscious or unconscious.

But the first glance at the subject of an overture to J. H. Collo's cantata, "Lazarus Auferstehung" (Leipzig, 1779) — shows a considerable similarity to the motif of the overture before us, with which it cannot have had anything to do, since Mozart in all probability never knew the cantata.

After the regular fourth entry of the whole motif, a free fantasia begins with the separate parts of it and the counter motif, in the most varied shades of expression, with an ease and elegance which lets nothing appear of the technicalities of counterpoint, and displays an animation and liveliness of truly sparkling brilliancy. After the close of the movement on the dominant with a marvellous crescendo, there follow three chords three times repeated, with pauses between, given out by the wind instruments alone, with powerful effect of climax: —

They are the same that occur in the temple assembly as a sign that Tamino is accepted and appointed to undergo the itests, and were suggested by the knocking or other rhythmical sounds to which members were admitted to be initiated in the mysteries of the Masonic lodge. This does away with the frequent suggestion that the second and third chords are intended to baboimd, indeed André declares in the preface! to his edition

that this solemn introduction, “uncomprehended of a profane public,” to the mystic work which follows would be quite spoilt by the binding of these chords! Winter has accentuated the rhythm still more sharply in the “Labyrinth,” the second part of the “Zauberflöte,” the overture of which begins with the chords — which are repeated several times. The chords suggest to the musical mind only the solemn warning sound calling attention to what is to follow, but to the initiated they recall the probation which must be undergone by those who engage in the search for a higher light. In the allegro which follows the first theme is taken up again, not in regular fugal form, but working out the different motifs with unusually elaborate contrapuntal treatment, for the most part in the stretto. The very form of thematic treatment gives an impression of force, but of force opposed by many obstacles and hard to overcome; this is strengthened by the use of the minor key and by the startling harmonic progressions which intensify the character of gloom, until it amounts to horror. Serenity returns only with the recurrence of the principal key, and gradually rises to a glorious radiance, troubled only towards the close by a few startling chords, and shining out again with all the purer beauty, till one seems to float in a very sea of light. Let the contrapuntist admire in this inimitable masterpiece of German instrumental music the science and intellectual mastery which it displays; let the Freemason delight in the refinement with which his mystical ideas are clothed in a musical dress; the true triumph of genius consists in having created a work which, quite apart from scholarship or hidden meaning, produces by its perfection an effect on the musical mind which is quite irresistible, animating it to more active endeavour, and lifting it to an atmosphere of purest serenity.

The belief that Mozart selected the severer musical forms for his overture in order to prefigure the serious mood in which he approached the opera, obtains confirmation from his employment of them again at the

solemn moment of trial. The entrance of the men in armour, who fortify Tamino with the words quoted above, before he proceeds on his dangerous voyage through the elements, is announced by an imitative passage for the strings — following a few solemn introductory bars, and retained in the subsequent working-out as a figured accompaniment to the song of the two men. The Cantus firmus, however, which they sing in unison, in octave, supported by flutes, oboes, bassoons, and trombones, is the old chorale "Ach Gott vom Himmel sieh darein," unaltered except in the division of the crotchets into quavers, where the words require it, and in the closing line added by Mozart. He learnt the melody no doubt from Kirnberger, who often made use of it as an example, and twice worked it into a Cantus firmus. This may be gathered from the fact that Kirnberger as well as Mozart raised the second line by a third, and that a motif interwoven with it by Mozart is an evident reminiscence of one employed by Kirnberger in the working out of the chorale "Es woll uns Gott genàdig sein": —

The attraction which the melody had for him as a Cantus firmus for contrapuntal elaboration is proved by a sketch preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna, which contains the beginning of another four-part elaboration of the theme, adhering still more closely to Kirnberger. According to Al. Fuchs, this was the first of Mozart's drafts for the opera, to which it can only be said that in that case he made use of an earlier contrapuntal study. In the autograph score the movement is written continuously in connection with the whole finale, but the handwriting, at first neat, afterwards more and more hasty, shows clearly that it was copied from an earlier sketch. Even those who are incapable of appreciating the contrapuntal art with which this movement is worked out, and who have no suspicion that they are listening to an old church melody, will receive an impression of mystery and solemnity admirably expressive of the dramatic situation to which Mozart strove to give effect.

Mozart has throughout the opera given to the music which touched on the mysteries and the initiation into them a peculiarly solemn character, and this is consistently maintained through every shade of feeling, from mild gravity to inspired ecstasy. To this sphere belong the three boys, who, although emissaries of the Queen of Night, are represented in the course of the plot as the visible genü of the secret bond. In the quintet (6) the announcement of the guidance they offer to Tamino and Papageno is accompanied by a peculiar fexpression in the music, produced by a change in the harmonic and rhythmic construction and in the instrumentation. The marchlike movement to which they lead Tamino to the gates of the sanctuary fulfils to admiration the expectation which has been raised. The sound-effects also are very uncommon. The clear boys' voices, supported by the stringed instruments without the double-bass, are sustained by the full, lightly touched chords of the trombones and muted trumpets and drums; and a long-sustained G for the flutes and clarinets sheds a mild radiance like a nimbus over the whole. The thrice-repeated warning "Sei standhaft, duldsam und verschwiegen," taken up by the firm tones of the wind instruments, raises the march whose solemn course it interrupts to a higher dignity and force; the few bars sung by Tamino throw into greater prominence the unusual character of the apparition, and the repetition of the boys' song strengthens the impression which has been given of the higher world to which we now have access. Such an introduction as this was essential to give the right tone and groundwork for the long recitative which follows, in which Tamino, prejudiced against Sarastro's wisdom and virtue, is gradually confounded and half-convinced by one of the priests of the temple. In liveliness of dramatic expression and successful rendering of the contrasts of animated conversation, combined with the seriousness proper to the surroundings and to the dignity of the priest, this recitative stands alone. The climax of the scene is reached in the consolatory assurance of the priest

that all shall be made plain — which is twice repeated by invisible male voices, accompanied by trumpet chords. A solemn expression, in which emotion and exaltation are united, betokens the announcement of an oracle. The requirements of musical climax, of dramatic effect, and of mystic symbolism are here again at one.

Meanwhile we are conducted to the temple portals; Tamino is consoled and reanimated by the intelligence that Pamina still lives, and, still far from having attained the philosophic calm of the votaries, he has no thought but for his love. As soon as he begins to express this purely personal and human emotion, the music becomes freer and lighter, and solemn seriousness gives place to cheerful geniality. The part taken at this juncture by the magic flute in assembling the listening animals round Tamino has no connection with the situation nor with the symbolism of the piece; it is a relic of the old fable. It was probably owing to Mozart's aversion to the flute (Vol. I., p. 385), as well as to the moderate proficiency of the tenor Schack, who played it himself, that the flute is brought so little forward as a solo instrument; another reason being that, as Tamino played it himself, it could only be inserted in the pauses of his songs. In this place it is a ballad-like cantilene to which the flute supplies the prelude and interlude; afterwards, during the visit to the dark cave, Mozart has left the flute part to the fancy of the flautist. During the fire and water ordeal, the flute has the melody of a slow march, and the peculiar accompaniment of low chords for the trombones, horns, trumpets and drums give it a curious, weirdlike character.

The three boys, or genü, in accordance with the numerical symbolism pervading the whole, appear three times. After acting as guides to Tamino, they appear to him and Papageno as they wait in silence within the gloomy cavern, and bring them for their consolation meat and drink, as well as the magic flute and bells. The musical characterisation is therefore lighter and more cheerful. Mozart, hopeless of making anything out of the nonsensical

words, has kept to the delineation of an attractive ethereal apparition, and has created a short movement of marvellous grace and charm (17) endowed, as it were, with wings by the lovely violin passage which accompanies it.

The third appearance is again of a solemn character. The boys announce that soon “superstition shall disappear and wisdom shall triumph.” The character of the melody and rhythm approaches that of the first movement, the instrumentation, as befits the situation, being less brilliant, although the tone-colouring of the combined clarinets, horns, and bassoons has a significance all its own. The object here is to restrain Pamina from suicide and to offer her consolation; thus, while the boys are interwoven in the plot, they stand necessarily outside of the narrow circle of allegorical personages, and become, as it were, human; besides this, the exigences of the music require that they should be subordinate to Pamina. In the course of this scene, therefore, they lay aside their proper character to some extent, and become more pliant and less reserved. Mozart has rightly avoided too close an adherence to any external characterisation of the boys, and has adopted such means of expression as were best suited to each situation, not forgetting, however, to assert their individualities at every appropriate point. Pamina, on her side, is brought into closer contact with the boys from the moment when she yields to their persuasions, and thus the ensemble with which the scene closes is endowed with a nobler, more exalted expression than that of the purely subjective emotion of Pamina’s longing for her lost lover. A solemnity of a more exalted order belongs to those scenes in which Sarastro and the temple priests take part. This is at once manifest in the first finale, which has an altogether exoteric character. The march and chorus with which Sarastro is received, the closing chorus which celebrates his virtue and justice, combine force and dignity with a perfect radiance of beauty; they correspond to the choruses at the end of the opera when Tamino and Pamina, having withstood every ordeal, are welcomed within

the temple and crowned with glory and wisdom. They are distinguished above the ordinary operatic choruses of the day as much by their dignity of expression as by their construction and mode of treatment; and the wealth of the instrumentation, more especially the introduction of the trumpets, gives a character of solemnity and magnificence then unknown in operatic music. Nevertheless they do not obtrude beyond the natural framework of the opera, and the limits of a work of art are never exceeded in the effort to express a higher meaning in the music. The analogy of the choruses with those in “König Thamos” has already been pointed out (Vol. II., p. 111). There they are treated very elaborately as independent pieces of music, while here the greater concentration of musical forces and the maturer, more elevated forms of beauty, display the mastery of a finished artist.

The esoteric character of the mysteries is brought to view in the second act. A solemn, slow march (10) introduces. the assembly of the priests in the most appropriate manner. It is said that in answer to the accusation of a friend that he had stolen this march from Gluck’s “Alceste” (Act I., sc. 3), Mozart laughingly replied that that was impossible, as it still stood there. It was perhaps the best answer to such an impertinence. The similarity to Gluck’s march, as well as to the last march in “Idomeneo” (25), consists entirely in the fitting expression of closely related moods.

But the special points in the conception are altogether new and original. A presageful mood, tinged with a gentle melancholy, rising to greater energy towards the close, transfuses this wonderful movement, the very tone-colouring of which is affecting. The soft muted tones of the basset-horn and bassoons are made clearer and purer by the addition of a flute, while the full chords of horns and trombones and the stringed instruments bind these elements into unity. The same tone-colouring, only several shades deeper (the flute being omitted, and of the strings only violas and

violoncelli retained), is continued in the prayer (11) which follows, addressed to Isis and Osiris in a mysterious twilight, from which the simple impressive melody for the bass voice sounds forth with majestic and soothing effect. The repetition of the closing passage by the male chorus is of quite indescribable effect, when Sarastro's characteristic passage — is given an octave higher. The earnest religious conception which underlies this prayer shows the spirit in which the symbols and rites of Freemasonry were approached by Mozart, who once thanked God that through Freemasonry he had learnt to look upon death as the gate of true happiness (Vol. II., p. 323).

The duet for the two priests (12) — a warning against feminine malice — does not come up to the same high standard, and only becomes at all imposing at the closing bars, "Tod und Verzweiflung war sein Lohn." The words could not be delivered with gravity without producing too comic an effect; Mozart has therefore treated them as a piece of friendly counsel, not as a priestly admonition, The second chorus of priests (19), which greets Tamino at the successful issue of his first trial, has, on the other hand, quite the dignity and solemnity of the first; although doubt and anxiety are for the present at an end, there is as yet none of the jubilant delight with which the victor is hailed at the final victory. A character of purity and elevation is expressed with a manly confidence differing from the intense sympathy of the first chorus, and the instrumentation is modified accordingly. Trombones and horns give an imposing tone, lightened by trumpets, flutes and oboes, instead of basset-horns, while the prevailing low position of the stringed instruments supplies force and gravity to the movement. The moderate length of this chorus, as of all the movements which have the same solemn and mystic tone, is a fresh proof of Mozart's sure insight. The powerful impression is made, the excited mood is appeased, without fatiguing the mind or dulling the charm of the unusual characterisation.

Sarastro never descends altogether from his high priestly eminence, but he shows a genial side to his character, and sometimes, as on his first appearance in the finale, a fatherly one. This more genial nature is expressed in the air (16),

“In diesen heiligen Hallen,” which, as with so many other pieces from the “Zauberflöte,” we have first to forget having so often heard maltreated before we can realise the original impression made by it. The simple instrumentation and the easy treatment of the cavatina shows at once that the priestly character is not meant to be maintained here: it is the paternal friend speaking words of comfort to the maiden who confides in him. Mozart, convinced that Freemasonry is the key to true philanthropy and friendship, has not contented himself with merely setting the trivial words before him to music, but has given expression with all the warmth and intensity of his nature to the highest and noblest feelings of the human heart. The beautiful terzet (20) gives a peculiarly elevated calm to Sarastro’s sympathy in a situation which is more dramatic and musical than almost any other in the opera. Pamina is led in to bid farewell to Tamino before he sets forth for his final ordeal. This in itself is a test of his fortitude, for he is constrained to oppose reserve to her excitement, and to endure her reproaches for his apparent want of tenderness in silence. Between them stands Sarastro, consoling and exhorting them, like a higher power holding the fate of them both in his hand.

It was Mozart’s task to blend into one these conflicting elements of passionate grief, of deep emotion restrained by an inflexible will, and of unyielding earnest exhortation. It was comparatively easy to accentuate the contrasts. Pamina and Sarastro are in absolute opposition, and Tamino, joining issue now with one, now with the other, forms a natural middle point. It is fortunate, from a musical point of view, that the arrangement of the parts falls in with these conditions, land that the natural course of the

emotions depicted lends itself to a musical climax. The simplicity of the orchestral means here made use of by Mozart shows how much he was able to accomplish with very little, especially in the accompaniment passage, which renders so marvellously the agitation of the situation. It may at first sight appear fcommonplace; but the unusually low position of the violas, violoncelli, and bassoons gives it a striking expression of power and of breathless urgency.

The part of Sarastro taxed all the resources of a deep bass voice, such as that for which Franz Gerl, the original supporter of the part, was celebrated. It was in another way as original a conception as that of Osmin. The latter may be said to have had a predecessor in the buffo of the Italian opera, but Sarastro is the first of his kind, and can as little be compared to the regulation bass parts of Italian opera as Almaviva and Don Giovanni to the baritones. The dignity and calm of the philosopher to whom passion is unknown would have afforded little opportunity for musical characterisation had not Mozart's genuinely German nature gone down to the intellectual depths of the character. For Sarastro's good temper and amiability, which might so easily do violence to the idealism of the conception, show their German origin unaffected by the symbolism around them. Mozart sought and found in the powerful sonorous tones of the bass voice the musical organ for the expression of a nature passionless indeed, but open to all that is good and noble, and possessing the benevolence and truthfulness of a mind matured in the graver experiences of humanity.

The intrusion of Masonic mysteries into the plot has had a bad effect upon the treatment of the characters, Tamino especially being injured by it. At first he scarcely presents an heroic appearance — rather that of a susceptible and generous youth longing to meet danger and strife that the right and his love may prevail. The original course of the plot leads him into dangers which he has to overcome by strength and courage; here, for some

incomprehensible reason, he is to be converted to a belief in Sarastro. The fact of his probation taking place for the most part in silence is of disadvantage to him, both as a tenor and a lover; the dark cave and the wandering through fire and water are not particularly terrifying to the spectators, and his praiseworthy endeavours after virtue are too abstract to be interesting. And yet Mozart has filled in this colourless outline with the warm tints of youthful enthusiasm for all that is noble in life and in love. The first air (4) strikes the tone which is to prevail throughout. We may trust the word of the poet, that the sight of a lovely woman is sufficient to inspire the heart with a love that is irresistible, and to rouse it to a new and blissful life; but the musician alone has the power of so realising the miracle to the mind of the hearer that he feels it working in himself; and such a musician is Mozart. After a twice-repeated sort of sigh from the orchestra, there streams forth from an overflowing heart: —

More agitated feelings follow this first glad expression of love, and the development of strong emotion is expressed by the form of the musical representation which follows every turn of thought, breaking off the threads and joining them again without any connected flow of melody. The whole piece is a well-constructed cantilene, formed from separate symmetrical phrases, and recurring at the close with the words, “und ewig ware sie dann mein,” to the same melody which followed the first exclamation with “mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.”

Stormy passion and fierce longing are the proper accompaniments to all youthful love, and the moderation with which Tamino keeps them in check gives at once the keynote to his character. His enthusiasm for an ideal, and his noble and intelligent mind, are opened to us in the fine recitative, and the calmer expression of love which follows completes the picture of character.

Benedict Schack, the original Tamino (b. 1758) was both musically and intellectually a cultivated man. He was a good flautist, and composed several operas for Schikaneder's company, which he joined as a vocalist in 1784. He had become very intimate with Mozart in Vienna. When the latter called for him, as he often did, to take a walk, he used, while Schack was dressing, to seat himself at his writing-table and compose little bits of the opera which lay there. Schack was equally famed for his flexible and metallically pure tenor voice and his artistic and refined execution, but he.was a very inferior actor.

As the piece proceeds the love intrigue takes a peculiar tone from its association with the mysteries and with the ordeals belonging to them. Many allusions are made to the dignity of marriage as the consummation of righteous love, and this is apparently the sense intended to be conveyed by the oft-quoted ludicrous doggerel: —

Ihr (der Liebe) Zweck zeigt deutlich an,
Nichts edlers sei als Weib und Mann;
Mann und Weib, und Weib und Mann,
Reichen an die Gotter an.

The main points, how Tamino is to win Pamina by his initiation into the mysteries, and how Pamina comes to share his ordeals with him, are not made clear, since the love intrigue has originally nothing to do with them. Pamina, at first contrasting with Papagena only as a gay, lively young girl whose higher nature has had no opportunity for development, shows herself in her true proportions when she approaches Sarastro with the pride and self-possession which denote her as his equal in dignity and sentiment. It is but for one short moment that the lovers first see each other, and by an irresistible impulse rush into each other's arms. This outbreak of passion falls so naturally into the rest of the movement, essentially different as it is in tone, that one is amazed that such simple notes can give so powerful an

impression of jubilant emotion. Tamino and Pamina are separated at once, and are not reunited until near the end of the opera.

If Tamino may be said to be the expression of the enthusiasm of love as it awakes in the bosom of youth, Pamina may, on the other hand, be considered as the embodiment of the torment excited in a loving heart by doubt of the loved one's constancy. The spark which is kindled in her bosom by the sight of Tamino rises into an inextinguishable flame, and when his obstinate silence causes her to doubt his love, every hope of joy vanishes from her breast. It is not a difficult task for music to render the anguish of a broken heart, and the keener the pangs to be conveyed the easier it becomes. But to express with the utmost truth and intensity the deep grief of a maiden who has learnt to know her own heart by the first mighty pulsation of love, at the very moment when her hope is to be rudely dashed to the ground — this is the work of such a master only as the composer of the air (18) "Ach ich fühls." Bitter pain speaks here — pain without hope of solace; the memory of a vanished happiness has not yet softened into regretful melancholy, nor is it sharpened by the lingering pangs of conflict and torment overcome; it is a pain as yet unconscious of its own force and intensity. All feelings are swallowed up in the one: "He loves me not, and happiness is flown!" When to this open and truthful expression of the anguish endured by an innocent heart is united the charm of budding maidenhood, we feel ourselves in the presence of a beauty which moves our inmost being, and which Mozart alone of all musicians is capable of rendering in song. The form and means of effect employed are of the simplest kind. The music follows the course of the emotions in a continuous flow, without allowing any definite motif to predominate. It is a very delicate touch which makes the same expressive phrase occurring in the major to the words, "nimmer kehrt ihr Wonnestunden meinem Herzen mehr zurück," recur in the minor at the close to the words, "so wird Ruh im

Tode sein.” The voice part is put very prominently forward, the stringed instruments maintaining the harmonies and the rhythm in the simplest manner, while different wind instruments (flutes, oboes, bassoons) give a sharper accent here and there. The orchestra becomes independent only in the closing symphony, expressing deep sorrow very effectively by means of its syncopated rhythm and chromatic passages. This air forms a decided contrast to the garden air in “Figaro” (Vol. III., p. 91), and yet there is a deep-seated relationship apparent in them. In “Figaro” we have the purest expression of happy love, flowing from a human heart without a disturbing thought. Here it is the unmingled expression of sorrow for departed love. The one has the soft warm glow of a fragrant summer night; the other is like moonlight shining on rippling waters; but in truth, purity, and beauty of musical rendering, the two songs unmistakably betray the mind and hand of one and the same musician.

Before the painful impression has had time to die away there follows the brief interview of the lovers in presence of Sarastro and the Initiated, as represented in the terzet (20).

Pamina, in her anxiety and doubt as to whether Tamino’s love will stand the test imposed upon it, gives the tone to the whole piece. Her concern is not appeased by Sarastro and Tamino’s consoling assurances, and not until the time for farewell has really arrived do the two lovers’ parts unite and contrast with that of Sarastro. Then the expression of emotion is raised and purified, and indicated by touches of extraordinary delicacy and depth, as when Pamina’s passionate outbreak —

deprives Tamino of self-control, and he too gives vent to the anguish of parting, while she appeals to him in mingled joy and sorrow, and Sarastro remains inexorable; or when at the inimitably beautiful passage at the close the hearts as well as the voices of the lovers seem to mingle and flow into

one. Here again we may admire the skill with which the ordinary resources of musical representation are employed to produce extraordinary effects. Instead of feeling her anxiety set at rest by this interview, Pamina is more violently agitated than before. She now no longer doubts that Tamino has ceased to love her, and, deprived of all hope, she seizes the dagger which her mother has given to her to murder Sarastro, and prepares to plunge it in her own bosom. Thus, at the beginning of the second finale, we find her "half-frantic" under the protection of the three boys. Their presence has a moderating effect on her passion of despair, and Mozart has carefully refrained from giving to the thoughts of suicide excited in a maiden's breast by her first disappointment in love the same kind of expression as would belong to one who, exhausted by long strife with the world, had resolved to rid himself of life and his sorrows together. Thus, bold and energetic as the musical expression is, it never causes any distortion in the picture of a charming innocent girl, and this has a more tranquillising effect on the minds of the audience than the support of the three boys. In accordance with the situation the movement of the voices is quite free, generally declamatory, the interjections of the three boys holding the whole movement firmly in its groove. Pamina gives ready ear to the reassurance of the three boys, but, instead of breaking into loud exultation, her mind recurs lovingly to Tamino, and the music gains that soft pathetic tone which belongs to modern music. The supernatural element of the scene idealises it, and prepares the way for the solemn ordeal which is immediately to follow. Tamino, who has determined to tread the path of danger, but has believed he was to tread it alone, is agreeably surprised to find Pamina at his side. The reunion of the lovers is deprived, in face of the dangers which they are to overcome together, of every trace of sensual passion. Not until they are initiated into the mysteries for which they are undergoing probation can their love be justified or its enjoyment assured. The tone of the scene

therefore is a serious one, rendered even solemn by the participation of the grave guardians of the sanctuary, who have just enunciated its ordinances. But the human emotion which irresistibly breaks forth adds a pathos to the solemnity and a charm to the youthful pair, filling us with renewed admiration for the genius which blends all these diverse elements into a living and harmonious whole.

Such a pair of lovers as this, so ideal, so sentimental (schwarmerisch) in their feelings and mode of expression, betray at once their German origin and character; there is nothing analogous in Mozart's Italian operas; even Belmont and Constanze, though of the same type, display more human passion. To the representatives of noble humanity, Sarastro, Tamino, and Pamina, stands opposed the antagonistic and vindictive principle, in the person of the Queen of Night. The manner of her representation leaves distinct traces visible of the different part she was originally intended to fill. At the beginning, when she appears as the deeply injured mother, with all the magnificence of her regal state, there is nothing in the musical characterisation to indicate her gloomy and vindictive nature, which is thus proved to have been an afterthought. A solemn introduction, rising into a powerful crescendo, announces the coming of the Queen, while "the mountains are cleft asunder." It has been pointed out that this ritornello has considerable resemblance to the passage in Benda's "Ariadne," which accompanies the setting of the sun: —

Mozart knew and admired Benda's "Ariadne," and this passage may have been in his mind; but it is scarcely to be imagined that he consciously imitated it, and in any case he has rendered it far more effectively. A short recitative is followed by an air in two movements (5), the only one so elaborate in form of the whole opera, the result doubtless of the traditional conception of the character of the Queen. The first movement expresses a mother's grief simply and pathetically, but without any tinge of the

supernatural to characterise her either as the good fairy or as the Queen of Night. The allegro is far weaker, going off after a few energetic bars into long runs and passages quite instrumental in character, with nothing striking in them but the presupposition of an extraordinary soprano voice in the high — to which they rise. This is apparently another concession made by Mozart to the “voluble throat” of his eldest sister-in-law, Madame Hofer (Vol. II., p. 330). There can be no difficulty in accrediting a sister of Aloysia Weber with the possession of a fabulously high voice; but it is remarkable that Schroder, who saw her in the same year (1791) as Oberon, should have said of her (Meyer, L. Schroder, II., 1, p. 85): “A very unpleasing singer; her voice is not high enough for the part, and she squeaks it, besides which she opens her mouth with a gape like the elder Stephanie.” Nevertheless, she set no small store on herself, and must have been admired by a portion of the public; Mozart has made a still greater sacrifice to her in the second air, in which the Queen of Night commands her daughter to wreak vengeance on Sarastro. In design it is free and bold, in passionate expression of resentment very powerful; the two chief parts are both musically and dramatically striking, the close is genuinely pathetic, and the uniformly high position of the voice in conjunction with the forcible and somewhat shrilly toned instrumentation, is of very singular effect. All this notwithstanding, Mozart has allowed himself to be persuaded to ruin an aria which might have been a model of pathetic declamation by two long ornamental passages inserted between the parts of the air, which are not only destructive of proper effect, but also unnatural, and wanting in taste themselves. The Queen is attended by three ladies, who, however, have none of the vindictive qualities which distinguish her. Not only do we find unmistakable proofs of their original conception as good fairies, but the way in which they are treated in the opera has a spice of the drollery of Musäus or Wieland, although without their grace and refinement; the merit which

they possess is entirely due to Mozart. They show themselves in their true colours from the first introduction. Tamino enters in terrified flight from a serpent, which is well-expressed by the orchestra; at the moment when he is falling into a swoon, the three ladies appear and slay the monster. As they gaze on the beautiful youth, tender promptings fill their breasts; each wishes to remain with him and to send her companions with tidings to the Queen; a dispute arises which ends by their all three going, after a tender farewell to the insensible Tamino. The situation is represented with vivacity and humour in three well worked-out and varying movements, and although the ladies never display any lofty emotions, they move with so much natural grace that the not very refined situation makes an impression of unclouded cheerfulness. A long cadenza for the three voices, with which the movement originally closed, was judiciously struck out by Mozart himself.

The ladies express themselves in similar fashion, though not quite so openly, seeing that they are not alone, in the quintet (6) when they deliver Papageno from his padlock, present him and Tamino with the flute and bells, and promise the companionship of the three boys. Here too, they are benevolent beings, bringing miraculous gifts, but not displaying any higher nature except when they mention the three boys, and even then the mysterious tone adopted belongs rather to the latter and the mysteries connected with them. Indeed, the teasing familiarity of the ladies to Papageno, and their coquettish politeness to Tamino, give them quite a *bourgeois* character, supported by the genial, jovial tone of the music, which is fresh, natural, and full of euphonious charm.

In the second quintet (13) the same ladies appear as opponents of the initiated, but their character has been already so clearly indicated that they cannot consistently turn into vindictive furies. They have the appropriate feminine task of inveigling Tamino and Papageno into breaking the silence which has been imposed on them, and, while easily accomplishing this, as

far as Papageno is concerned, they find that Tamino is inflexible himself, and recalls Papageno to his duty. The object of the music, therefore, is not to bring a dismal or gloomy image before the mind, but to emphasise, without exaggerating, the comic element of the situation. The central point of interest is of course Papageno, who displays all the cowardice and loquacity of his nature to the ladies, and is only kept within bounds by his respect for Tamino; the ladies treat the interview almost as a joke, and even Tamino's steadfast determination acquires from its surroundings an involuntarily comic tone. The whole quintet is light and pleasing, destitute of any higher feeling, such as that of the first quartet; all the more striking is the effect of the powerful closing chords, to which the ladies, pursued by the initiated, depart with a cry of terror, while Papageno falls to the ground. The peculiar musical effect of this piece depends mainly upon the skill with which the female voices are employed; where the male voices come in they are made to add to the combinations partly in contrast and partly in union with the female voices. The instrumentation is for the most part easy; in order to afford a firm foundation the two violins frequently go with the third voice instead of the bass, while wind instruments support the upper voices, which produces a clear, light, and yet powerful tone-colouring. The allegretto (6-8) in the introduction, in comparison with the two other movements of the same, or the passages in the first quintet, "bekamen doch die Lügner allé," "O so eine Flöte," "Silberglöckchen," and finally the announcement of the three boys may serve as examples of the union of orchestra and voices to produce a climax of novel and melodious effect.

The Moor Monostatos may also be considered as a follower of the Queen of Night, only left in attendance on Sarastro through the inconsistency of the adaptation, and made a renegade in order that the figure of a traitor to the order might not be omitted. He is never brought to the front, neither in the terzet, where he threatens Pamina and then runs

away from Papageno, nor in the first finale, where he is made to dance by Papageno, and then bastinadoed by order of Sarastro. But in the second act, when he surprises Pamina asleep, he has a little song to sing (14) which is a miniature masterpiece of psychological dramatic characterisation.

The kingdom of Night is most strikingly characterised when the Queen and her ladies are introduced into the sanctuary by Monostatos to plot their revenge. The motif on which the movement rests —

is graphically descriptive of the stealthy entry; the summons to the Queen of Night takes an expression of gloomy solemnity which stands in characteristic contrast to the dignified gravity of the priests.

Papageno adds a third element to the temple priests and the kingdom of Night. Even the inevitable character of the comic servant received a novel colouring from the introduction of Masonic relations. The qualities of sensuality, cowardice, and loquacity, on which the comic effect depends, are here made typical of the natural man, who, destitute of the nobler and more refined impulses of the initiated, aspires to nothing beyond mere sensual gratification. This it maybe which causes Papageno to appear far less vulgar and offensive than most of his fellows. It is true that his wit is destitute of refinement or humour, but his jokes, though silly, are healthy and natural to one side of the German character, which explains the fact of Papageno having become the favourite of a large part of the public. Although Schikaneder had doubtless a share in this popularity (he made the part to his own liking, and when he built his new theatre with the proceeds of the "Zauberflöte," he had himself painted on the drop-scene as Papageno), all the essential merit of it is Mozart's own. To whatever extent Schikaneder may have helped him to the melodies, that he came to the aid of Mozart's inventive powers will be imagined by none, least of all by those who know that the simplest song requires science for its perfection, and that truth and beauty are made popular, not by debasing, but by simplifying them.

Papageno’s songs are genuine specimens of German national music — gay and good-humoured, full of enjoyment of life and its pleasures. The first song (3), “Der Vogel-fänger bin ich ja,” is unusually simple, with an extremely happy, sympathetic melody; the addition of horns, with the tones and passages natural to them, gives a freshness to the accompaniment; and the by-play on the reed-pipe (ever since called Papageno’s flute) —

with the answer of the orchestra, has a really funny effect. The second song (21) is in two parts, differing in time and measure, but resembles the first in the tone of merry content which lies at the root of its popularity. Schikaneder may have given just the suggestion to the musical conception (Vol. III., p. 284), but the precise and well-rounded working-out is due to Mozart alone. Papageno’s bells give a peculiar tone to the accompaniment, “eine Maschine wie ein holzemes Gelàchter,” they are called in the libretto, and “istromento d’ acciajo” by Mozart in the score; they were brought in for the ritornellos and interludes with easy variations in the different verses. The celebrated double-bass player Pischl-berger or, according to Treitschke, Kapellmeister Henneberg “hammered” the instrument behind the scenes. Mozart wrote to his wife at Baden how he had once played the bells himself behind the scenes: —

I amused myself by playing an arpeggio when Schikaneder came to a pause. He was startled, looked round, and saw me. The second time the pause occurred I did the same; then he stopped and would not go on; I guessed what he was after, and made another chord, upon which he tapped the bells and said: “Hold your tongue!” (“Halts Maul!”), whereupon everybody laughed. I fancy this was the first intimation to many people that he did not play the instrument himself.

The instrument occurs first in the first finale, when Papageno makes the slaves of Monostatos dance and sing to it.

Here it is brought prominently forward, supporting the melody alone, accompanied only *pizzicato* by the stringed instruments, and in a measure by the chorus; the whole is most innocently simple, and of charming effect. The bells exercise their power a third time (the magic flute is also; played three times) in the last finale, where the magic instrument aids the despairing Papageno to recall his Papagena, and is treated simply as befits its nature.

Papageno's chief scene is in the last finale, when he resolves to die for the love of his lost Papagena, and it forms a counterpart to the pathetic scene of Pamina's despair. An expression of good-humour and of true, if not very elevated, feeling prevents the comic situation from becoming farcical.

Papageno's grief is like that of a child, expressed in genuine earnest, yet of a nature to raise a smile on the lips of grownup people. This double nature is well expressed, for example, in the violin passage — nwhich has something comic in its very accents of grief. The form of this lengthy scene is altogether free. Without alteration of time or measure the music follows the various points of the scene, declamatory passages interrupting the long-drawn threads of melody sometimes with great effect, and descriptive phrases repeated at suitable places to keep the whole together. Thus the characteristic passage — occurs three times to the words: "Drum geschieht es mir schon recht!" "Sterben macht der Lieb' ein End," and "Papageno frisch hinauf, en.de deinen Lebenslauf!" At the close, when he seems really on the point of hanging himself, the time becomes slower, and a minor key serves to express the gloom of despair. But the three boys appear and remind him of his bells; at once his courage rises, and as he tinkles the bells he calls upon his sweetheart to appear with all the confidence and joy of a child. At the command of the boys he looks round, sees her, and the two feather-clothed beings contemplate each other with amazement and delight,

approaching nearer and nearer, until at last they fall into each other's arms. The comic point of the stammering "Pa-pa-pa-," uttered by them both, slowly at first, then with increasing rapidity until they embrace with the exclamation, Papageno!" and "Papagena!" was due to Schickaneder's suggestion. That the happiness they feel at their reunion should find expression in anticipating the advent of numerous little Papagenos and Papagenas is not only intended as a trait of human nature unrestrained and unrefined in thought and word, but serves to point to the parental joys springing from wedlock as "the highest of all emotions." The duet originally ended with the words (which Mozart did not set to music): —

Wenn dann die Kleinen um sie spielen
Die Eltern gleiche Freude fühlen,
Sich ihres Ebenbildes freun
O, welch ein Gluck kann grosser sein?

The words with which the boys lead Papagena to Papageno —

Komm her, du holdes, liebes Weibchen!
Dem Mann sollst du dein Herzchen weihn.
Er wird dich lieben, süsses Weibchen,
Dein Vater, Freund und Brader sein
Sie dieses Mannes Eigenthum!

were also omitted by Mozart, because serious exhortations and moral reflections would have been out of place here. He has instead succeeded in producing so lively and natural an expression of childlike delight, untouched by any taint of sensual desire, that the hearer feels his own heart full of happiness for very sympathy. The companion piece to this duet is that which Papageno sings with Pamina, after informing her that Tamino, fired with love, is hastening to her release (8). There can be no doubt that Mozart's wish has been to express the loftiest conception of the love of man and wife as an image, however faint and imperfect, of heavenly love; but

here again Schikaneder has interposed, and insisted on something popular. We cannot blame him, for Papageno's sphere is that of natural, simple sentiment, not of enlightened morality, and Pamina is an inexperienced girl, who follows her own feelings, and is ready enough to fall into Papageno's vein.

Mozart did not find it easy to satisfy Schikaneder, who called each fresh attempt fine, but too learned; not until the third, or as some say, the fifth version, did Mozart hit on the simple tone of warm feeling which Schikaneder believed would win every ear and every heart. His judgment proved correct; at the first performance this was the first piece applauded, and an angry critic complained in 1793 that the "Mozartites" were passing all bounds, and that "at every concert the ladies' heads went nodding like poppies in the field when the senseless stuff was sung: 'Mann und Weib, und Weib und Mann (which makes four, by the way), reichen an die Gottheit an.'" According to Kapellmeister Trüben-see, of Prague, who was engaged as oboist in Schikaneder's opera, a rejected composition of this duet in the grand style was afterwards made use of alternately with that now known, and indicated on the playbill, "with the old duet" or "with the new duet." At the first performance of the "Zauberflöte" in the new Theater an der Wien in 1802, Schikaneder' made the following announcement on the bill: —

Having been so fortunate as myself to possess the friendship of Mozart, whose affection for me led him to set my work to music, I am in a position to offer the audience on this occasion a gratifying surprise in the form of two pieces of Mozart's composition, of which I am sole possessor.

One of them may have been the duet in question; what the other was we cannot even conjecture. An individuality such as Papageno's is sure to impart some of its naïve good humour and joviality to the other characters

with whom he comes in contact, and the impression thus made cannot fail to appear in the music; whenever Papageno enters, whether he is merry or whether he is sad, an irresistible tone of good humour takes possession of the stage. Next to him in want of reserve and self-control stands Pamina, who only gradually attains a consciousness of her higher and nobler nature. Neither in the duet nor in the flight does her expression of the feelings they are both experiencing differ in tone from Papageno's; any marked distinction here would have marred the total impression without assisting psychological truth. But on the approach of Sarastro they draw apart; Pamina entrenches herself in proud reserve, while Papageno gives vent to his terror with the same energy as in the first quintet (6) when he is ordered to accompany Tamino to the castle. In the second quintet (13) his fright is kept in check by Tamino's presence, and his disgust at not daring to speak, and not being able to keep silence, gains the upper hand and gives the tone to the whole piece.

Such a consideration as we have given to the principal characters of the "Zauberflöte," to its intellectual and musical conception, and to the prevailing freedom of its form, serves to stamp its character as a genuinely German opera. What was begun in the "Entführung," which undertook to raise German vaudeville to the level of opera proper, is carried further in the "Zauberflöte," which succeeds in gaining recognition for the simplest expression of feeling, and for full freedom of form of dramatic characterisation. The opera contains no airs of the traditional stamp, except the two airs of the Queen of Night; and a comparison of the way in which the aria form is treated in "Cosi fan Tutte" and "Titus" will show an organic change in the airs, now that they are developed from the simple Lied. This freedom of construction is still more apparent in the ensembles, in the beautiful terzet (20), and more especially in the first quintet (6). The second quintet (13) is more precise in form, the ladies tempting Tamino and

Papageno to break silence forming the natural middle point of the musical construction. But the freedom of movement strikes us most of all in the finales, which are admirable examples of the art, so praised by Goethe, of producing effect by means of contrast. In dramatic design they are inferior to the finales of “Figaro,” “Don Giovanni,” or “Cosi fan Tutte.” Instead of a plot proceeding from one point, and developing as it proceeds, we have a succession of varied scenes, lightly held together by the thread of events, and interesting us more from their variety than their consistent development. In order to follow this rapid movement great freedom of musical construction was necessary; opportunities of carrying out a definite motif till it forms a self-contained movement, which are so frequent in Italian finales, occur here but seldom, one instance being the allegro of the first finale, when Monostatos brings in Tamino, and the movement of the second finale to which the Queen of Night enters. This essential difference of treatment fills us with renewed admiration of Mozart’s fertility in the production of new suggestive and characteristic melodies, which seem ready at command for every possible situation. Those who descend to details will be amazed to find how seldom Mozart is satisfied with a mere turn of expression, how lavish he is of original fully formed musical subjects, and how all the details of his work are cemented into a whole by his marvellous union of artistic qualities.

This leads us to the consideration of a second point in which the “Zauberflöte” surpasses the “Entführung.” The latter is confined to a narrow circle of characters, situations, and moods, while the former has a large and varied series of phenomena. The story from which the plot is derived opens the realm of fairies and genü, personified in the Queen of the Night and her ladies, and, as regards his outward appearance, in Papageno. In addition to this there is the mystical element which takes the first place both in the dramatic conception and the musical characterisation of the

opera. Mozart had no intention of representing a fantastic fairy land, such as was called into existence by Weber and Mendelssohn. The fabulous was not then identified with the fantastic, but was often consciously made a mirror for the reflection of real life, with its actual sentiments and views. Therefore the Queen of Night is depicted as a queen, as a sorrowing mother, as a revengeful woman; her ladies have their share of coquetry and gossip, and these feminine qualities predominate over the supernatural. The musical task of combining three soprano voices into a connected whole, while preserving their individuality, calls for great peculiarity of treatment, entailing further a special turning to account of the orchestral forces at command, at the same time that no special forms of expression are made to serve as typical of the fairy element of the piece.

On the other hand the apparition of the three boys is accompanied by every means of musical characterisation. They form the link with the region of mysticism indicated awkwardly enough in the libretto. We recognise something more than individual taste and inclination in Mozart’s efforts to invest them with a character of grave solemnity. A universal and deep-rooted sympathy with Freemasonry was a characteristic sign of the times, and the German mind and disposition are well expressed in the efforts that were made to find in Freemasonry that unity which intellectual cultivation and moral enlightenment alone could bestow. Mozart was therefore at one in intention and aim with all that was highest and noblest in the nation, and the more deeply his own feelings were stirred the more sure he was to stamp his music with all that was truly German in character. It was not without design that he selected an old choral melody to mark a point of most solemn gravity, or that he treated it in the way with which his fellow-countrymen were most familiar. This passage is also significant as showing the marvellous element in a symbolic light, and bringing the supernatural within the domain of the human sphere. In this respect the representation of

the marvellous in the “Zauberflöte” differs widely from that in “Don Giovanni.” There the appearance of the ghost is a veritable miracle, a fact which must be believed to be such, and rendered to the minds of the spectators by means of the musical representation of terror in the actors. In the “Zauberflöte,” on the contrary, the marvellous element is suggested only by the mystery hidden beneath it, and the mind is attuned to a mood of awe-struck wonder.

It cannot be denied that the deeply rooted symbolism of the opera has dulled the edge of individual characterisation. Actions lose their reality and become mere tests of virtue; the choruses of the priests express generalities; neither the three ladies nor the three boys are independent characters, but each group forms an individual, which again represents an idea; even the principal characters, owing to the concentration of all upon one idea, have more of a typical character than is desirable in the interests of dramatic characterisation. In spite of these drawbacks Mozart has depicted both his situations and characters naturally and vividly. No one will attempt to deny that both the subjects and treatment of “Figaro” and “Don Giovanni,” and in some degree also of “Cosi fan Tutte,” present far more occasions for the expression of passion, for delicate detail, and for the emphasising of special features, than is the case with the “Zauberflöte,” where the effect depends mainly on the general impression left by the whole work; but that this is the case affords only another proof of Mozart’s power of grasping the strong points of every problem that was set before him. “In Lessing’s ‘Nathan,’” says Strauss, “we are as little disposed to complain of the want of that powerful impression produced by his more pungent pieces, as we are to wish the peaceful echoes of Mozart’s ‘Zauberflöte’ exchanged for the varied characterisation and foaming passion of the music of ‘Don Juan.’ In the last work of the musician, as in that of the poet, wide apart as they stand

in other respects, there is revealed a perfected spirit at peace with itself, which having fought and overcome all opposition from within, has no longer to dread that which comes from without."

The fact that the words of the opera were in German had doubtless an important influence on the musical expression. Wretched as the verses are, so much so that it is difficult sometimes to find the sense necessary for the proper understanding of Mozart's rendering of them, they nevertheless form the basis of the musical construction. Italian operatic poetry, long since stereotyped in form, fettered the composer's fancy, while the German verses, from their very want of finish, left him freer scope for independent action. It is worthy of note that instrumental tone-painting, so frequently employed in Italian opera as a means of giving musical expression to the poetry, is but little resorted to in the "Zauberflöte." Apart from the difference of poetical expression in Italian and German, the sensuous sound of the Italian language was far more provocative of musical expression; and the declamatory element of correct accentuation and phrasing was at the root of the correct musical expression of German words. In this respect also the "Zauberflöte" is far superior to the "Entführung." A comparison of the text with the music will show what pains Mozart has taken to declaim expressively and forcibly. Sometimes the effort is too apparent, as in Sarastro's well-known "Doch"; but as a rule Mozart's musical instinct prevents the declamatory element from intruding itself to the detriment of the melodious.

In the treatment of the orchestra also the "Zauberflöte" stands alone among Mozart's operas. It is not, as in "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," employed for delicate details of characterisation, nor is it, as in "Cosi fan Tutte" replete with euphonious charm. It has here a double part: in that portion of the opera which represents purely human emotion the orchestra is free and independent in movement, but easy and simple in construction;

while for the mystic element of the story it has quite another character: Unusual means, such as trombones and basset-horns, are employed for the production of unusual and weird effects, while through all the delicate gradations of light and shade, from melancholy gravity to brilliant pomp, the impression of dignity and solemnity is. maintained, and the hearer is transported to a sphere beyond all earthly passion. Not only are the hitherto unsuspected forces of the orchestra here brought into play, but its power of characterisation is for the first time made *fully* manifest, and the "Zauberflöte" is the point of departure for all that modern music has achieved in this direction. It must not, however, be forgotten that instrumental colouring is always to Mozart one means among many of interpreting his artistic idea, and never aspires to be its sole exponent, or to overshadow it altogether.

That which gives the "Zauberflöte" its peculiar position and importance among Mozart's operas is the fact that in it for the first time all the resources of cultivated art were brought to bear with the freedom of genius upon a genuinely German opera. In his Italian operas he had adopted the traditions of a long period of development, and by virtue of his original genius had, as it were, brought them to a climax and a conclusion; in the "Zauberflöte" he stepped across the threshold of the future, and unlocked the sanctuary of national art for his countrymen. And they understood him; the "Zauberflöte" sank directly and deeply into the hearts of the German people, and to this day it holds its place there. The influence which it has exerted in the formation of German music can be disregarded by no one who has an eye for the development of art.

Evidence of the rapid popularity of the "Zauberflöte" is afforded by the imitations of it which were produced at the theatres Auf der Wieden and Leopoldstadt: —

Everything is turned to magic at these theatres; we have the magic flute, the magic ring, the magic arrow, the magic mirror, the magic crown, and many other wretched magic affairs. Words and music are equally contemptible (except the “Zauberflöte”), so that one knows not whether to award the palm of silliness to the poet or the composer. Added to this, these miserable productions are still more miserably performed.

Schikaneder’s opera, “Babylons Pyramiden,” the first act composed by Gallus, the second by Winter, first produced October 23, 1797, bore a striking resemblance to the “Zauberflöte.” In the following year appeared “Das Labyrinth, oder der Kampf der Elemente,” announced as a continuation of the “Zauberflöte,” by Schikaneder and Winter; it was performed in Berlin with great magnificence in 1806. Goethe’s design of continuing the “Zauberflöte” has been already mentioned (Vol. III., p. 314, note). It would be superfluous to enumerate the performances of the “Zauberflöte” in Germany. It soon took possession of every stage in Vienna. In 1801 it was given at the Karnthnerthortheater with new scenery by Sacchetti. Schikaneder was not mentioned, which gave rise to some coarse pamphlets in doggerel verse. Schikaneder’s answer was a brilliantly appointed performance of the “Zauberflöte” in his new theatre An der Wien, which he recommended to the public in some doggerel lines as Papageno, not failing also to parody the defective machinery of the other theatre. The run was extraordinary, but he had taken so many liberties with the work — omitting the quintet, for instance, and inserting an air for Mdlle. Wittmann — that he did not escape criticism in more doggerel verses.

From Vienna the opera spread rapidly to every theatre in Germany, great and small. In Berlin it was first given on May 12,1794, with a success that testified to the preference for German rather than Italian opera there; the jubilee of this performance was celebrated on May 12, 1844.

At Hamburg “the long-expected ‘Zauberflöte’” was first put on the stage on November 12,1794, and soon usurped the popularity of “Oberon” and “Sonnenfest der Braminen.” It may be mentioned as a curiosity that the “Zauberflöte” was played in a French translation at Braunschweig and in Italian at Dresden, until the year 1818, when C. M. von Weber first produced it in German with great care, and quite to his own satisfaction.

The “Zauberflöte” rapidly gained popularity for Mozart’s name, especially in North Germany. How universal was the favour with which it soon came to be regarded may be testified by Goethe, who makes his Hermann, describing a visit to his neighbour in their little country town, say: —

Minchen sass am Klavier; es war der Vater zugegen,
Hörte die Tochterchen singen, und war entzückt und in Laune.
Manches verstand ich nicht, was in den Liedern gesagt war;
Aber ich hörte viel von Pamina, viel von Tamino,
Und ich wollte doch auch nicht stumm sein! Sobald sie geendet,
Fragt’ ich dem Texte nach, und nach den beiden Personen.
Aile schwiegen darauf und lächelten; aber der Vater
Sagte: nicht wahr, mein Freund, er kennt nur Adam und Eva?!!!

Even to this day Sarastro and Tamino are regular starring and trial parts; unhappily, so is the Queen of Night for singers who possess the high F; and though the novelty and splendour of the scenery and stage accessories have been long since surpassed, and the interest in Freemasonry has died away, yet the “Zauberflöte” is still popular in the best sense of the word. It has been successfully performed in Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Polish; but, as might have been expected, the “*musica scelerata* without any melody” was even less to the taste of the Italians than Mozart’s other operas. It is not surprising either that it was only moderately successful in London, where it was first performed in Italian in 1811, then in English in 1837, and in

German by a German company in 1840; but the songs and other pieces of the opera have always been well known and popular.

The “Zauberflöte” was given in Paris in 1791 curiously transformed by Lachnith under the title of “Jes Mystères d’Isis.” The piece was irrecognisable; everything miraculous, including the magic flute itself, and everything comic was omitted, Papageno being turned into the wise shepherd Bochoris; this, of course, involved the parodying of a great part of the music, and much was omitted even without this excuse. The omissions were made good by the insertion of pieces out of other operas by Mozart, e.g., the drinking-song from “Don Giovanni” arranged as a duet, an air from “Titus,” also as a duet, and more of the same kind. Great liberties were taken with the music itself. The closing chorus, with Sarastro’s recitative, formed the beginning of the opera; then followed the terzet “Seid uns zum zweiten-mal willkommen,” sung by six priestesses; then a chorus from “Titus” (15); and then the original introduction. Monostatos’ song was given to Papagena (Mona), the first air of the Queen of Night to Pamina, and the duet “Bei Mannern” was turned into a terzet. It can easily be imagined how distorted Mozart’s music was by all these additions, erasures, and alterations. The performance called forth lively protests from the critics and connoisseurs, French as well as German; its defence was undertaken, curiously enough, by Cramer. The opera was nicknamed “Les Misères d’Ici,” and “l’opération” of the “dérangeur” Lachnith was discussed. But all were agreed as to the excellence of the scenery and ballet, of the arrangement of particular scenes, and of the admirable performance of the orchestra and chorus, which may account for the fact that this deformity was one hundred and thirty times performed in Paris up to 1827. On February 23, 1865, the unmutilated “Zauberflöte” was, for the first time, placed on the stage of the Théätre-Lyrique, translated by Nuitter and Beaumont, and had a brilliant success.

CHAPTER XLIV. ILLNESS AND DEATH.

NO sooner was the “Zauberflöte” completed and performed than Mozart set to work with restless eagerness upon his still unfinished Requiem. His friend, Jos. von Jacquin, calling upon him one day to request him to give pianoforte lessons to a lady who was already an admirable performer on the instrument, found him at his writing-table, hard at work on the Requiem. Mozart readily acceeded to the request, provided he might postpone the lessons for a time; “for,” said he, “I have a work on hand which lies very near my heart, and until that is finished I can think of nothing else.” Other friends remembered afterwards how engrossed he had been in his task up to a very short time before his death. The feverish excitement with which he laboured at it increased the indisposition which had attacked him at Prague. Even before the completion of the “Zauberflöte” he had become subject to fainting fits which exhausted his strength and increased his depression. The state of Mozart’s mind at this time may be gathered from a curious note in Italian, written by him in September, 1791, to an unknown friend (Da Ponte? cf.,

Affmo Signore, — Vorrei seguire il vostro consiglio, ma come riuscirvi? ho il capo frastemato, conto a forza e non posso levarmi dagli occhi 1’ immagine di questo incognito. Lo vedo di continuo, esso mi prega, mi sollecita, ed impaziente mi chiede il lavoro. Continuo perché il comporre mi stanca meno del riposo. Altronde non ho più da tremere. Lo sento a quel che provo, che l’ ora suona; sono in procinto di spirare; ho finito prima di aver goduto del mio talento. La vita era pur si bella, la camera s’ apriva sotto auspici tanto fortunati, ma non si puö cangiar il proprio destino. Nessuno micura [assicura] i propri giomi, bisogna rassenarsi, sarà quel che piacerà

alla providenza, termino ecco il mio canto funebre, non devo lasciarlo imperfetto.

It was in vain that his wife, who had returned from Baden, sought to withdraw him from his work, and to induce him to seek relief from gloomy thoughts in the society of his friends. One beautiful day, when they had driven to the Prater, and were sitting there quite alone, Mozart began to speak of death, and told his wife, with tears in his eyes, that he was writing his Requiem for himself. “I feel it too well,” he continued; “my end is drawing near. I must have taken poison; I cannot get this idea out of my mind.” Horrified at this disclosure, Frau Mozart sought, by every possible argument, to reason him out of such imaginations. Fully persuaded that the assiduity with which he was working at the Requiem was increasing his illness, she took the score away from him and called in a medical adviser, Dr. Closset.

Some improvement in Mozart’s state of health followed, and he was able to compose a cantata written by Schikaneder for a Masonic festival (623 K.), which was finished November 15, and the first performance conducted by himself. He was so pleased with the execution of this work, and with the applause it received, that his courage and pleasure in his art revived, and he was ready to believe that his idea of having taken poison was a result of his diseased imagination. He demanded the score of the Requiem from his wife, who gave it to him without any misgiving. The improvement, however, was of short duration, and Mozart soon relapsed into his former state of melancholy, talked much of having been poisoned, and grew weaker and weaker. His hands and feet began to swell, and partial paralysis set in, accompanied by violent vomiting. Good old Joseph Deiner (Vol. II., p. 300) used to tell how Mozart had come to him in November, 1791, looking wretched, and complaining of illness. He directed him to come to his house next morning to receive his wife’s orders for their winter supply

of fuel. Deiner kept the appointment, but was informed by the maid-servant that her master had become so ill during the night that she had been obliged to fetch the doctor. The wife called him into the bedroom where Mozart was in bed. When he heard Deiner he opened his eyes and said, almost inaudibly, “Not to-day, Joseph; we have to do with doctors and apothecaries to-day.” On November 28 his condition was so critical that Dr. Closset called into consultation Dr. Sallaba, chief physician at the hospital. During the fortnight that he was confined to bed consciousness never left him. The idea of death was ever before his eyes, and he looked forward to it with composure, albeit loth to part with life. The success of the “Zauberflöte” seemed likely at last to open the door to fame and fortune; and during his last days of life he was assured of an annual subscription of one thousand florins from some of the Hungarian nobility, and of a still larger yearly sum from Amsterdam, in return for the periodical production of some few compositions exclusively for the subscribers. It was hard to leave his art just when he was put in a position to devote himself to it, unharassed by the daily pressure of poverty; hard, too, to leave his wife and his two little children to an anxious and uncertain future. Sometimes these ideas overpowered him, but generally he was tranquil and resigned, and never betrayed the slightest impatience. He unwillingly allowed his canary, of which he was very fond, to be removed to the next room, that he might not be disturbed by its noise. It was afterwards carried still farther out of hearing. Sophie Haibl says: —

When he was taken ill we made him night-shirts which could be put on without giving him the pain of turning round; and, not realising how ill he was, we made him a wadded dressing-gown against the time that he should be able to sit up; it amused him very much to follow our work as it proceeded. I came to him daily. Once he said to me,

“Tell the mother that I am going on very well, and that I shall be able to come and offer my congratulations on her fête-day (November 22) within the week.”

He heard with intense interest of the repetition of the “Zauberflote,” and when evening came he used to lay his watch beside him, and follow the performance in imagination: “Now the first act is over — now comes the mighty Queen of Night.” The day before his death he said to his wife: “I should like to have heard my ‘Zauberflote’ once more,” and began to hum the birdcatcher’s song in a scarcely audible voice. Kapellmeister Roser, who was sitting at his bedside, went to the piano and sang the song, to Mozart’s evident delight. The Requiem, too, was constantly in his mind. While he had been at work upon it he used to sing every number as it was finished, playing the orchestral part on the piano. The afternoon before his death he had the score brought to his bed, and himself sang the alto part. Schack, as usual, took the soprano, Hofer, Mozart’s brother-in-law, the tenor, and Gerl the bass. They got as far as the first bars of the Lacrimosa when Mozart, with the feeling that it would never be finished, burst into a violent fit of weeping, and laid the score aside.

When Frau Haibl came towards evening her sister, who was not usually wanting in self-control, met her in a state of agitation at the door, exclaiming: “Thank God you are here! He was so ill last night, I thought he could not live through the day; if it comes on again, he must die in the night.” Seeing her at his bedside, Mozart said: “I am glad you are here; stay with me to-night, and see me die.” Controlling her emotion, she strove to reason him out of such thoughts, but he answered: “I have the flavour of death on my tongue — I taste death; and who will support my dearest Constanze if you do not stay with her?” She left him for a moment to carry the tidings to her mother, who was looking anxiously for them. At her sister’s wish she went to the priests of St. Peter’s, and begged that one

might be sent to Mozart as if by chance; they refused for a long time, and it was with difficulty she persuaded “these clerical barbarians” to grant her request. When she returned she found Süssmayr at Mozart’s bedside in earnest conversation over the Requiem. “Did I not say that I was writing the Requiem for myself?” said he, looking at it through his tears. And he was so convinced of his approaching death that he enjoined his wife to inform Albrechtsberger of it before it became generally known, in order that he might secure Mozart’s place at the Stephanskirche, which belonged to him by every right (Vol. II., p. 277, note). Late in the evening the physician arrived, having been long sought, and found in the theatre, which he could not persuade himself to leave before the conclusion of the piece. He told Süssmayr in confidence that there was no hope, but ordered cold bandages round the head, which caused such violent shuddering that delirium and unconsciousness came on, from which Mozart never recovered. Even in his latest fancies he was busy with the Requiem, blowing out his cheeks to imitate the trumpets and drums. Towards midnight he raised himself, opened his eyes wide, then lay down with his face to the wall, and seemed to fall asleep. At one o’clock (December 5) he expired.

At early morning the faithful Deiner was roused by the maid-servant “to come and dress” her master; he went at once and performed the last friendly offices for Mozart. The body was clothed in a black robe and laid on a bier, which was carried into the sitting-room and deposited near the piano. A constant flow of visitors mourned and wept as they gazed on him; those who had known him intimately loved him; his fame as an artist had become universal, and his sudden death brought home to all men the extent of their loss. The “Wiener Zeitung” (1791, No. 98) made the following announcement: —

We have to announce with regret the death of the Imperial Court Composer, Wolfgang Mozart, which took place between four and five

o’clock this morning. Famous throughout Europe from earliest childhood for his singular musical genius, he had developed his natural gifts, and by dint of study had raised himself to an equality with the greatest masters; his universally favourite and admired compositions testify to this fact, and enable us to estimate the irreparable loss which the musical world has sustained in his death.

A letter from Prague, of December 12, 1791, announced: —

Mozart is — dead. He returned from Prague in a state of suffering, which gradually increased; dropsy set in, and he died in Vienna at the end of last week. The swelling of his body after death led to the suspicion of his having been poisoned. His last work was a funeral Mass, which was performed at his obsequies. His death will cause the Viennese to realise for the first time what they have lost in him. His life was troubled by the constant machination of cabals, whose enmity was doubtless sometimes provoked by his *sans souci* manner. Neither his “Figaro” nor his “Don Juan” were as enthusiastically received in Vienna as they were in Prague. Peace be to his ashes!

Mozart’s wife, who had been so unwell the day before his death that the physician had prescribed for her, was rendered completely prostrate in mind and body by his death. In her despair she lay down upon his bed, desiring to be seized with the same illness, and to die with him. Van Swieten, who had hastened to bring her what consolation and assistance he could, persuaded her to leave the house of death, and to take up her abode for the present with some friends living near. He undertook the care of the funeral, and having regard to the needy circumstances of the widow, he made the necessary arrangements as simply and cheaply as possible. The funeral expenses (on the scale of the third class) amounted to 8 fl. 36 kr., and there was an additional charge of 3 fl. for the hearse. Rich man and distinguished patron as he was, it seems never to have occurred to Van Swieten that it

would have been becoming in him to undertake the cost as well as the care of a fitting burial for the greatest genius of his age. At three o'clock in the afternoon of December 6 the corpse of Mozart received the benediction in the transept chapel on the north side of St. Stephen's Church. A violent storm of snow and rain was raging, and the few friends who were assembled — among them Van Swieten, Salieri, Süssmayr, Kapellm. Roser, and the violoncellist Orsler — stood under umbrellas round the bier, which, was then carried through the Schulerstrasse to the churchyard of St. Mark's. The storm continued to rage so fiercely that the mourners decided upon turning back before they reached their destination, and not a friend stood by when the body of Mozart was lowered into the grave. For reasons of economy no grave had been bought, and the corpse was consigned to a common vault, made to contain from fifteen to twenty coffins, which was dug up about every ten years and filled anew: no stone marked the resting-place of Mozart. Good old Deiner, who had been present at the benediction, asked the widow if she did not intend to erect a cross to the departed; she answered that there was to be one. She no doubt imagined that the priest who had performed the ceremony would see to the erection of the cross. When she was sufficiently recovered from her first grief to visit the churchyard, she found a fresh gravedigger, who was unable to point out Mozart's grave; and all her inquiries after it were fruitless. Thus it is that, in spite of repeated attempts to discover it, the resting-place of Mozart remains unknown.

Poor Constanze and her two children were now placed in the saddest possible position. Not more than sixty florins of ready money were available at Mozart's death; to this might be added 133 fl. 20 kr. of outstanding accounts, the furniture, wardrobe, and scanty library, which were valued at less than 400 florins. But there were debts to be paid, not

only to generous creditors like Puchberg, who rendered every assistance in settling the affairs of his deceased friend without any thought of his own claim, but to workmen and tradesmen, who must be paid at all costs; the doctor's bill alone amounted to 250 florins. In this emergency, Constanze appealed first to the generosity of the Emperor. One of Mozart's attached pupils informed her that the Emperor had been very unfavourably disposed towards her, in consequence of the calumnies spread abroad by Mozart's enemies to the effect that his dissipation and extravagance had involved him in debts amounting to more than 30,000 florins; and she was advised to make her application in person, so as to persuade the Emperor of the falsehood of such reports. At the audience which was granted to her, she boldly declared that Mozart's great genius had raised up enemies against him, who had embittered his existence by their intrigues and calumnies. These slanderers had multiplied tenfold the amount of his debts, and she was prepared to satisfy all claims with a sum of 3,000 florins. Even this amount of liability was not the result of thoughtless extravagance, but had been inevitably incurred by the uncertainty of their income, by frequent illnesses and unforeseen calls on their resources. Appeased by Frau Mozart's representations, the Emperor encouraged her to give a concert, in which he took so generous an interest that the proceeds enabled her to pay all her husband's debts.

CHAPTER XLV. THE REQUIEM.

ONE of the first cares of Mozart's widow was the Requiem (626 K.). Mozart having left it unfinished, she could not but fear that the Unknown would not only refuse to complete the stipulated payment, but would demand the return of what had been already paid. In this dilemma, she called various friends into counsel, and hit upon the idea of continuing such portions of the work as Mozart had left, and of presenting it entire to the Unknown. The completion was first intrusted to Joh. Eybler; witness the following certificate from him: —

The undersigned hereby acknowledges that the widow Frau Konstanze Mozart has intrusted to him, for completion, the Requiem begun by her late husband. He undertakes to finish it by the middle of the ensuing Lent; and also gives his assurance that it shall neither be copied nor given into other hands than those of the widow.

Joseph Eybler.

Vienna, December 21, 1791.

He began his task by filling in the instrumentation in Mozart's manuscript as far as the Confutatis, and writing two bars of a continuation of the Lacrimosa, but he then abandoned the work in despair. Other musicians seem to have declined it after him until it finally fell to the lot of Süssmayr. He had been Mozart's pupil in composition, had lent a hand in "Titus" (p. 288), and had often gone over the parts of the Requiem already composed with Mozart, who had consulted him as to the working-out of the composition and the principal points of the instrumentation. The widow, at a later time, said to Stadler:

As Mozart grew weaker Süssmayr had often to sing through with him and me what had been written, and thus received regular instruction from

Mozart. I seem to hear Mozart saying, as he often did: “Ah, the oxen are on the hill again! You have not, mastered that yet, by a long way.”

This expression was also well remembered by her sister Sophie, and we can enter into it, remembering the manner in which Mozart himself wrote and developed his compositions (Vol. II., p. 423).

The first two movements, Requiem and Kyrie, were finished and written out in full score by Mozart; there can be no question about them. The Dies iræ was sketched out in his usual way, the voice parts completely written out, together with the fundamental bass — sometimes figured — and the instrumental parts where they had to go without the voices; where the accompaniment was at all independent the subject was indicated sufficiently clearly to be carried on and filled in subsequently. The score was left in this state as far as the last verse of the Dies iræ; Mozart stopped at the words: —

Qua resurget ex favilla
Iudicandus homo reus.

He had not set himself, however, to compose the Requiem straight through, but had thrown off different parts of it according to the mood he happened to be in. Thus before the Dies iræ was finished he had composed the Offertorium, of which the two movements, Domine Jesu Christe and Hostias, were left virtually complete in the same state as those mentioned above.

It will now be understood how Mozart, going through the score, either at the piano or the desk with his pupil Süssmayr, would discuss the various points of the instrumentation, would encourage him to make suggestions, and explain his own ideas and intentions, so that Süssmayr would in many respects have formed a lively image in his mind of what the completed score would be, and would often be able faithfully to reproduce Mozart’s

own intentions. Of the remaining movements, Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei, there were no such sketches in existence.

Süssmayer's first care was to copy out all that Mozart had left imperfect, "that there might not be two handwritings together," as the widow wrote to André (Càcilia, VI., p. 202) — she must have had Eybler's promised completion in her mind — and then to fill in the instrumentation according to Mozart's apparent design. Pages 11-32 of Mozart's original manuscript, containing the Dies iræ as far as the Confutatis, fell into the hands of the Abbé Stadler, and were by him bequeathed to the Imperial Library in Vienna. The remaining sheets (33-45) containing the Lacrimosa, Domine, and Hostias, belonged to Eybler, who presented them to the same library. That Mozart had contemplated carrying them out, and uniting them into one score with the Requiem and Kyrie is proved by the continuous numbering of the pages in his own handwriting; there is no instance to be found of his having recopied a score so sketched out when filling it in.

Süssmayr's appointed task, therefore, was the composition "from his own head" (ganz neu) of the concluding part of the Lacrimosa, the Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei; only "in order to give the work more unity" he repeated the fugue of the Kyrie with the words "cum sanctis." The Requiem thus completed — the two first movements in Mozart's handwriting, the remainder in Süssmayr's — was delivered over to the owner. If it was intended that the latter should accept the whole composition as by Mozart, appearances were certainly not calculated to undeceive him. The score in question passed in 1838 into the possession of the Imperial Library. The first impression of every one who sees it, and who is familiar with Mozart's handwriting, must be that the whole of it was written by him, and that the autograph of Mozart's Requiem in its entirety is before him. Closer examination and comparison raise suspicion, many discrepancies are

discovered, although perhaps only trifling ones, and the fact must be borne in mind that, to a question addressed to her on the subject, Mozart's widow answered (February 10, 1839) that a full score of the Requiem in Mozart's handwriting could not exist, since it was finished not by him but by Süssmayr.

A comparison of the manuscript with several scores undoubtedly written by Süssmayr — a terzet and bass air, composed by him in 1793 for insertion in the "Serva Padrona" — solved the riddle. It was the same handwriting, closely resembling that of Mozart, with the same deviations from it which had been pointed out in the Requiem. There could no longer be any doubt that Süssmayr had written the score from the Dies iræ — the paging begins afresh, starting with page 1 at the Sanctus. In one place the transcriber betrays himself by a mistake. The closing bars of the Tuba mirum are noted for the stringed instruments by Mozart, as follows: —

In his copy Süssmayr has omitted the octave passage for the violins, and the characteristic instrumentation for the violas, and has filled up the omission in a way which is certainly no improvement on the original.

Süssmayr, it is clear, had so modelled his handwriting on that of Mozart that the two could only be distinguished by trifling idiosyncrasies. There are other instances of the same kind — Joh. Seb. Bach's second wife, for instance, writing a hand which only an expert could distinguish from her husband's, and Joachim's manuscript being, at one time at least, almost identical with Mendelssohn's. As far as the score of the Requiem was concerned, the wish to persuade the owner of the Requiem that he was possessed of a composition exclusively by Mozart may have come to the aid of custom and natural aptitude. There is no doubt that Count Walsegg accepted the score as having been completed and written by Mozart at least as far as the Sanctus. Whether this was expressly stated, or merely taken for granted by him, does not appear, and the fact that the composition had

been ordered by him with a view to a deception of another kind is a curious coincidence, but does not make the case any the better.

Under these circumstances it was to the interest of the widow to maintain that the Requiem had been completed by Mozart. This explains the assertion of Rochlitz (who according to his own account had questioned Mozart's widow at Leipzig in 1796 concerning the whole story of the Requiem) that Mozart had completed the Requiem before his death. But a secret known to so many could hardly be long kept. The widow had retained a copy of the work, and a performance of it took place soon after in Jahn's Hall at Vienna, the hall being densely crowded. It was pretty well known to the performers what portions were by Mozart and what by Süssmayr, and the knowledge was not slow to spread. It reached Munich and Prague, where at the first performance of the Requiem no secret was made of the fact that the Sanctus was composed by Süssmayr. The widow sold manuscript copies of the Requiem to various noblemen, and allowed others to make copies of it; Hiller copied the score note for note with his own hand, and wrote on the title-page "Opus,summum viri summi," expressing no doubt whatever as to the whole work being that of Mozart. Not content with the profits thus accruing from the Requiem, the widow turned her attention towards its publication. The idea occurred to her that a public appeal to the Unknown might induce him to forego his claim on the composition. The appeal, however, was not made, for the publishers, Breitkopf and Hàrtel, not conceiving themselves to be bound by the agreement made with Mozart, resolved on bringing out the work from the several transcripts of it which had fallen into their hands. Desirous, however, that the work should be produced with all possible correctness, they applied to the widow for her copy, with which, having no power to stop the publication, she saw no objection to furnishing them. To their question (prompted by the reports current as to the authorship of the work)

whether the Requiem was wholly and solely composed by Mozart, she answered explicitly as follows (March 27, 1799): —

As to the Requiem, it is true that I possess the celebrated one, written shortly before his death. I know of no Requiem but this, and declare all others to be spurious. How far it is his own composition — it is so to near the end — I will inform you when you receive it from me. The circumstances were as follows: Seeing his end approaching, he spoke with Herr Süssmayr, the present Imperial Kapellmeister, and requested him, if he should die without completing it, to repeat the first fugue in the last part, as is customary; and told him also how he should develop the conclusion, of which the principal subjects were here and there already carried out in some of the parts. And this Herr Süssmayr actually did.

On being pressed for further information she referred the publishers to Süssmayr himself, who answered in the letter already mentioned (February 8, 1800). He nowhere asserts having received a decided commission from Mozart, nor does he mention the concluding fugue, so that it is plain that the widow turned her not very clear recollection of the transaction as far as possible in favour of the integrity of the Requiem. Count Walsegg, who had already given himself out as the composer of the Requiem, must have felt considerable annoyance at its wide dissemination as Mozart's work; but as yet he had made no sign. When however, in 1799, Breitkopf and Hàrtel announced the publication of the Requiem from the manuscript in the possession of Mozart's widow, he thought it time to put forward his claim. He sent his own copy of the score to his advocate, Dr. Sortschan, at Vienna, and through him demanded explanation and compensation from the widow. Stadler and Nissen negotiated with the advocate in her name. Stadler pointed out which parts had Mozart and which Süssmayr for their author, and the advocate wrote down all that he said for the information of the Count, to whom he returned his score. As to compensation, the widow

wrote to Hàrtel (January 30, 1800) that the Count had demanded the restitution of fifty ducats, but that he would perhaps be satisfied with receiving a number of copies of the work. Nissen at length induced the Count “with much difficulty and after many threats” to accept as payment transcripts of several unpublished compositions by Mozart, and even to allow the widow to revise the printed score by a comparison of it with his own.

As the result of this unsatisfactory transaction to all concerned in it, we may conclude that the Requiem and Kyrie are the work of Mozart as we have them, that the movements from the Dies iræ to the first eight bars of the Lacrimosa, also the Domine Jesu and Hostias, were finished by Mozart in the voice part and the bass, and that the principal points of the instrumentation were also indicated by him, leaving only the details to be elaborated. This, however, is not by any means so easy and purely mechanical an undertaking as has been supposed, and Mozart’s verbal suggestions must not be underrated. As regards the last three numbers, Süssmayr’s statement that they had been “composed (verfertigt) entirely afresh” by him offers no decided testimony on the point. Stadler’s account (“the widow told me that after Mozart’s death a few scraps of paper with music on them had been found on his writing-desk, and had been handed over to Herr Süssmayr; what they contained, or what use Süssmayr made of them, I do not know”) admits the possibility, but only the possibility, that these scraps were sketches for the last movements. The repeatedly expressed doubt as to whether “these flowers really grew in Süssmayr’s garden” can only be supported upon internal evidence.

The serious spirit in which Mozart undertook the composition of his Requiem, the intensity of his absorption in it, and the artistic labour which he bestowed upon it, are best evidenced by the work itself. It is remarkable

that towards the close of his life, when increasing illness disposed his mind to serious reflection, his musical labours should have been calculated to turn his thoughts upon death and the grave. On the one hand his views as a Freemason, which were both earnest and sincere, found their expression in the “Zauberflote”; and, on the other, his religious convictions asserted for the last time in the Requiem the sway over his mind and conscience which they had never lost. The two sets of mental activities thus roused found their common centre in Mozart’s mind, and impelled him to the production of his most powerful and most important works. The similarity of thought and tendency displayed in the Requiem and the “Zauberflöte” is observable even in the combinations of external means in corresponding parts of the two works. The combination of basset-horns, bassoons, and trombones, and here and there of trumpets and drums, with the stringed instruments, which gave so singular an expression of earnest solemnity to the tone-colouring of the “Zauberflöte,” is made use of again in the Requiem.

But the tone-blending of the latter work is nevertheless limited, the clearer wind instruments — flutes, oboes, clarinets and the softer horns — being left out altogether, and the frequent orchestral characterisation depending altogether upon the varied combinations of the instruments named above.

The view upheld in the opera that serious ideas must be expressed in corresponding severity of form is even more decided in the Requiem, in so far as Mozart must have regarded as natural and inevitable the identification of certain fixed forms with the musical expression of religious emotion in an act of worship. The praiseworthy feeling which leads an artist, who believes himself to be offering his work for the service of the Most High, to bestow his best thoughts and his best workmanship upon it, cannot fail also to have influenced him. The pleasure which, after his study of Handel’s oratorios and the strong impression made on him by Bach’s motetts, Mozart

took in the severely contrapuntal style of composition is evinced both in the “Zauberflöte” and in the two organ pieces composed in December, 1790, and March, 1791. But the main inducement to this form was doubtless the facility with which it expressed a serious, controlled and concentrated frame of mind, allowing at the same time much freedom of characteristic and individual expression. The chief significance of the Requiem rests herein, that it proves these forms, with their fixed laws and strongly marked features, to have more than a merely abstract or historical value; it proves them to be in fact, when artistically conceived and scientifically handled, capable of giving appropriate expression to the deepest emotion in which the human heart finds vent.

In considering the Requiem, a distinction must be made between the different parts of this kind of Mass and the different degrees of importance which they receive in relation to the act of worship with which they are associated.

The Kyrie is preceded by the Introitus, beginning with a prayer for the departed. The bassoons and basset-horns, in successive imitation, give utterance to the soft, sustained melody of the prayer, supported by a simple accompaniment on the stringed instruments; it is interrupted by four clashing trumpet chords announcing the approach of judgment, and not again recurring until the day of doom is there. Thereupon the voices immediately enter, falling in from the bass upwards; but a syncopated figure for the violins gives the petition for repose an expression of painful unrest, called forth by the contemplation of death and the coming judgment; soon, however, the clouds are pierced by the divine light which is finally to disperse them, and the movement comes to a peaceful end after an outburst of confidence and strength rendered by the orchestra. After a short transition passage come the words of the psalm, “Lord, we will magnify Thee upon Zion, and pay our vows unto the Most High.” In order to

emphasise these as the words of Scripture, Mozart has set them to an old chorale melody and given them to a soprano voice, which utters them in clear, pure tones, like consolation from above. The chorale, as has been already remarked (Vol. I., p. 200), is the two-part *tropus* of the ninth church mode to the psalm "In exitu Israel de Ægypto," and had previously been made use of by Mozart as a Cantus firmus in his "Betulia Liberata"; but what a difference between the work of the youth and that of the matured master! While the soprano chorus takes up the same melody firmly and forcibly with the words "Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come!" the other voices fall in in animated movement, and an energetic figure for the violins increases the force of the expression. Then the petition for eternal rest is renewed with a stronger expression of confidence, but still with the ground-tone of painful agitation, rendered, by the union with the first motif of a second, more animated and more forcible. This second subject has already been hinted at in the transition passage to the psalm texts, from which also the passage accompanying the texts is taken, and here first fully asserts itself, the psychological development thus coinciding with the musical climax. The climax reaches its highest point in the petition for eternal light, which the divided voices utter alternately and repeat in concert with tender, pleading supplication.

The ejaculations "Kyrie eleison!" and "Christe eleison!" are bound together as the two themes of a double fugue (the first strong and firm, the second agitated and impulsive), which are carried out together in inextricable entanglement — their expression heightened by the chromatic construction towards the close, until in constantly increasing climax they come to a pause on a harshly dissonant chord, and then, as it were, collect themselves and unite in quiet composure. This fugue has given rise to the extremes of criticism, laudatory and the reverse; G. Weber could not bear to believe that Mozart could have written such "Gurgeleien" as the

chromatic passages of the Christe eleison, and others have looked in vain for the pious humility of expression proper to such a solemn appeal to the mercy of the Redeemer. Whether the treatment of the keys adopted in this movement is in accordance with the requirements of a strict fugue, must be decided by the masters of the school; it is undeniable that on it depends the character and effect of the movement, and that the essential laws of counterpoint are here apprehended and turned to account with deep insight into their true nature.

The execution of the chromatic passages is difficult certainly; but, apart from the fact that both older and contemporary masters, who wrote for trained choirs — Bach, for instance, or Handel, or Haydn — made similar demands on the skill of their performers, they are perfectly possible if taken in the right time, and the effect produced by them is probably that which Mozart intended. The conception of the movement is clearly expressed, and requires neither explanation nor apology. The exclamation, “Lord, have mercy upon us!” is capable of very varied expression; in the mouth of one in the agony of death, burdened with sin and about to appear before the Judge of all men, it becomes an agonising appeal for mercy. This state of mind has already been expressed, and rises at the close of the Requiem into such an intensity of longing after eternal light, that the anguished yet not despairing cry of the Kyrie is perfectly naturally led up to. The two feelings are expressed in the two themes of the fugue, although, in accordance with the character of the Mass, even the confidence is penetrated with a feeling of grief. In such a mood the element of agitation naturally rises higher and higher, until at length the anguish of suspense finds vent in the heartrending cry for mercy which leads to composure and resignation. The two movements of the Requiem and the Kyrie are thus formed into a whole of perfect harmonic unity, and lead the way to the Dies iræ.

In view of this unmistakable unity of conception and construction it appears strange that decided traces of Handel's influence should appear in the principal subjects. Stadler remarks that Mozart has borrowed the motif of the Requiem from the first motif of Handel's "Dirge on the death of Queen Caroline"— "as some loose sheets among his retrains show" — and has worked it out after his own manner. This can only allude to the preliminary sketches of this portion of the Requiem such as Mozart was accustomed to make for contrapuntal work before writing the score (Vol. II., p. 433), and of such there must have been a great number during the composition of his Requiem. Stadler's conjecture that they were vestiges of Mozart's youthful studies is unfounded; he was not acquainted with Handel's works in his youth, nor until they were introduced to him by Van Swieten (Vol. II., p. 386), under whose direction he rearranged Handel's oratorios between 1788-1790 (p. 218). Before this, the anthem in question cannot have been known to him. In this beautiful work, composed in December, 1737, Handel has taken the Chorale, "Herr Jesu Christ, du wahres Gut," or, "Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist', as Cantus firmus to the first chorus, and has made further use of the same theme in the fugued concluding chorus. It is very unlikely that Mozart deliberately chose out the subject in order to work it out in a different way to Handel; it was more probably so stamped on his memory as to have suggested itself naturally as suited to the words before him, and to have then been quite independently worked out by him. Stadler also points out that Mozart has taken the motif to the Kyrie from one of Handel's oratorios. The chorus "Halleluja! we will rejoice in Thy salvation." from Handel's "Joseph," contains both the themes of Mozart's Kyrie, but in the major key; again, the principal subject of the Kyrie eleison has been carried out as a fugue in the minor in the well-known and beautiful chorus of the Messiah, "By His stripes." A comparison of this fugue with that of the Requiem, shows that the adaptation has not

merely consisted in the change from a major to a minor key, and that the actual motif, a very favourable one for treatment in counterpoint —

and one constantly occurring in the fugal movements of every age, here serves only as a nucleus from which the master proceeds to develop his own independent creation. The essential principle in the construction of a double fugue is the combination of two themes, each bearing a necessary relation to the other. In the chorus in “Joseph” are two motifs exactly answering to each other; and it can scarcely be doubted that Mozart was struck with the combination and adopted it, although, as the examples adduced will show, his working-out of the motifs is essentially his own. Handel only really worked out the second motif — one, by the way, which often recurs in others of his works — and this in very free treatment; the first only occasionally emerges from the passages which play around it, like a huge rock almost overwhelmed by the billows. Mozart has undertaken such a fugal elaboration of both motifs as presupposes a radically different treatment impossible without a new intellectual conception of the task before him. Still more essential does this reconception appear when it is remembered that the supplication of a sinner for mercy was to take the place of a joyful offering of praise and thanksgiving. The transposition to a minor key involves at the outset so complete a reconstruction of the harmonic treatment as to point to a new creation rather than an adaptation. We here stand in the presence of one of the mysteries of music; how it is that one and the same musical idea, embodied in one definite form, should be capable by means of artistic arrangement of expressing different and even totally opposite emotions. It is true, doubtless, that invention is the characteristic gift of genius, but absolute novelty is not to be considered as altogether indispensable to invention. In music, as in every other art, the creation of an individual becomes common property for his successors, whose task it is so to develop and carry it on as in their turn to create and

construct an original and undying work. Richly endowed natures, in the consciousness of their power of producing what is perfectly original from? any given point, often undisguisedly follow the impulse given by a predecessor to their imagination. A striking proof of this is given by Haydn, who has written a double fugue as the last movement of his Quartet in F minor, which might appear a deliberate attempt at rivalry, but which has in reality every claim to independence. To what extent Handel himself has employed, retouched, and re-elaborated melodies, not only of previous occurrence in his own works, but borrowed from other musicians, has lately been pointed out by Chrysander; and one of the most striking examples of such musical plagiarism is Gluck's expressive air from "Iphigenie in Tauris," "Je t'implore, et je tremble," which was unmistakably suggested by the beautiful Gigue in Seb. Bach's Clavier Studies (I., part I.). Neither of these two great masters could be suspected of borrowing ideas for lack of invention.

A curious part of the Requiem, of special prominence in the musical construction of the Mass, is the old Latin hymn, Dies iræ, which is generally not quite accurately described as a Sequence. It had grown into a custom in the service of the Mass that at the Alleluja of the Gradual in High Mass, which was repeated by the congregation, and then again by the choir, the last syllable "ja" should be extended into a jubilus, upon which long-drawn-out florid progressions (*sequentæ*) were sung, of different forms for different festivals. Gradually these became so elaborate as to offer great difficulties in execution and to require special practice, and the idea arose of providing these merely vocalised melodies (*neumæ*, or divisions) with words which were called *prosæ*, because they were confined to no particular metre or rhythm, but followed the melody, a syllable to every note. The greatest development of these *prosæ*, which were now called *sequentiæ*, was made in the ninth century by Notker the Stammerer for his

scholars and successors in the musical school of St. Gall. If he did not actually invent them, he gave them their essential form. Proceeding from the old alleluja jubilation, he founded upon it a fixed form, consisting partly in regularly recurring cadences, partly in the twofold repetition of each melodic progression, with the frequent employment of a kind of refrain. This gave to the words a certain amount of regularity, still however far from any strictness of rhythm or metre. These Sequences introduced a fresh element of animated movement into the rigid uniformity of the ritual, and, coming in the place of the responses, gave the congregation an effective share in the service. They had therefore a reciprocal effect on the national poetry, and were developed side by side with it. In process of time rhyme, at first only occasionally appearing, became general. The two lines set to the corresponding melodic choral progressions were connected by rhyme, as well as the lines of the refrain. Then they were united into verses, and gradually the number of syllables in each line was made equal. The Sequences, which allowed of very great variety of form, were extremely popular in Germany, France, and England — less so in Italy; and so many were written, often set to well-known melodies, that they seemed to imperil the strictly conventional character of the Mass. The Church therefore forbade the use of all but three— "Victimæ Paschali," "Veni, sancte Spiritus," and "Lauda Sion salvatorem" — which alone are included in the revised Breviary after the Council of Trent in 1568.

There can be no Sequence properly so-called in a Requiem, because there is no Alleluja to which it can serve as the supplement; but, following the analogy of the Sequence, a hymn on the last judgment was added to the Tractus, which follows the Gradual, as a preparation for the reading of the Gospel. The date of the introduction of this hymn is uncertain, but it is mentioned as an integral portion of the Requiem by Barthol. Albizzi in 1385, and was acknowledged and retained as such, together with the three

Sequences named above. The author of the hymn is not certainly identified, but it was most probably the Franciscan Thomas, of Celano, who was living in 1255.

The importance of the Dies iræ from a musical point of view is determined by the fact that it takes the place of the Gloria and the Credo, which are not sung in the Requiem. Instead of the joyful confidence of these movements, the reflections of sinful man in the presence of judgment here find their expression, and this obviously determines the tone of the whole. The euphonious force and beauty of the hymn, which have not been attained in any of the numerous translations made of it, distinguish it as made for music, the subject being also very favourable to composition. With graphic force the terrors of judgment are painted with all ecclesiastical severity, and with constant reference to the actual words of Scripture, while the mercy and loving-kindness of the Redeemer are dwelt on with equal emphasis. The fear of damnation is tempered by the hope of salvation, and from the waitings of remorse rises the prayer of the trusting believer. Intense and varied emotions are thrown into relief by strong contrast. Brief but pregnant suggestions give occasion for powerful musical characterisation, favoured also by the isolated position of the hymn in the service. Just as the preacher addresses his solemn warning to the congregation with more of individual emphasis than the priest who offers the sacrifice of the Mass, so the composer who depicts the terrors of the last judgment, so as to bring them home to the imagination of his hearers, has freer individual scope than if he were merely following the different acts of worship. In the Dies iræ, therefore, we have a freer style, a more vivid expression than elsewhere. Nor is it so bound by the usages of tradition as the other parts of the Mass, although a division of the hymn into particular sections is indicated by the arrangement of the subject, and necessitated by the conditions of musical construction.

The hymn begins by representing the destruction of the world, which is to precede the coming of the Lord, and the expression must therefore be forcible and animated even to excess. Here, then, for the first time the chorus enters as a compact mass, only dividing once, when the basses exclaim: “Quantus tremor est futurus!” the only attempt at tone-painting, while the other voices wail: “Dies iræ! dies illa!” until they all unite to express the fearful majesty in which the Judge shall appear. The effect of this chorus in contrast to what has gone before rests in great measure on the high position of the voices; their shrill, clear tone, heightened by the string accompaniment of semiquavers or syncopated notes, is expressive of strong agitation. Without having recourse to any new devices — trombones are omitted here that the shrill effect may not be impaired — an altered tone-colouring transports the hearer to an altogether new region of ideas. The harmonising adds to the effect by the occurrence of harsh, rugged chords — especially by the transition from E major to C minor at the repetition of the “Quantus tremor” and the return to A major; not to mention other striking features, such as the imitative passage for the tenor at the first “Quantus tremor,” which expresses amazement in the most vivid manner.

After bringing before the mind of the hearers the tumult and horror of the destruction of the world, the judgment begins — the trumpets call all created beings before the throne of the Judge. A tenor trumpet makes the announcement in a simple passage, which is taken up by a bass voice, and the two unite with a solemn and dignified effect. Then one after another a tenor, alto, and soprano voice describe the judgment and its unmitigated severity, and at last combine in trembling supplication at the words, “Cum vix iustus sit securus.” Mozart has here, apparently, intentionally refrained from emphasising the terrors of judgment, wishing to heighten the contrast of the destruction of the world with the appearance of the Judge, and its effect on the conscience as well as the senses of mankind; he aimed at

expressing this effect by means of a soul-elevating calm; but he has fallen short of his endeavours. The movement is in itself expressive, dignified, and full of euphonious beauty, especially towards the close, but it fails to rouse in us a sense of the grandeur and elevation which belong to the subject.

The idea that no created being is justified before God recalls the conception of the Judge throned in His awful glory, which is expressed with terrible force in the chorus that follows. The plan of it shows clearly the influence of the words on the musical conception. The thrice-repeated exclamation “Rex!” and then “Rex tremendæ majestatis,” makes, even when spoken, a strong impression, but when sung by the whole strength of the chorus in simple, powerful chords, supported by the wind instruments, the effect is almost overpowering, and is heightened by the strongly punctuated passage for the strings, sinking, as it were; into terrified silence at each recurrence of the exclamation. The idea of the mercy of the Redeemer is at first subordinate to this impression: while sopranos and altos in strict imitation repeat the “Rex tremendae majestatis,” and the stringed instruments elaborate their figure in two-part imitation, the tenors and basses announce “Qui salvandos salvas gratis” with a characteristic motif, also in strict imitation; and this is repeated, with alternations of the upper and lower parts, until they all four unite in the whole sentence, forming a movement of concisest strength and severity. The declaration of mercy calls forth the prayer, beginning with the single appeal, “Salva me!” repeated to the gradually dying passage for the stringed instruments, and finally concentrating all its strength and intensity of emotion in the prayer: “Salva me, Fons pietatis!”

And now the idea gains ground of the merciful Saviour and His work in reconciling mankind with God; Him we beseech to intercede for souls conscious of their sinfulness. The verses which are devoted to this division of the subject are given to a quartet of solo voices, as appropriate to the

gentler and more individual tone of the emotions depicted. The quartet in question is one of the longest and most elaborate movements of the Requiem, and in its plan and arrangement, in the wealth and importance of its different motifs, in the delicacy of its detail, and the spirit which breathes from it throughout, it is perhaps the finest of them all; nor is it too much to say that no more beautiful and noble piece of music of the kind has ever been written. Mozart himself recognised the fact, telling his wife, after writing down the Recorders, that if he were to die before finishing the Requiem it was of the greatest importance that this movement should have been completed. The chief part of the movement, after its introduction by the ritornello, is formed by a motif given by two voices in imitation at the beginning, the middle, and again towards the close, the fervent expression of which is tinged with severity by means of suspensions of the second. It is supported by a figured bass, the first bar of which —

contains the germ from which most of the motifs of the accompaniment and the interludes are developed, and finally winds up the ritornello in two-part canonic imitation on the violins, with a figure for the violas in counter-movement to an organ point on the bass. This two-part movement having been executed first by the alto and bass, then by the soprano and tenor, the four unite in free movement to bring the whole to an expressive close with the supplicating appeal, “Ne me perdas illa die!” In the first episode the parts are at first divided into short responding phrases, held together by the figured bass, and coming to a close together, whereupon the first movement, abbreviated, is repeated. Then there occurs a new motif of essentially harmonic character, the effect of which depends upon the thrice-heightened climax of the chords, intensified by the contrast of the high and low voices. Then the parts divide again and lead the way for the last entry of the first movement, which is repeated with a short parenthesis inserted; the final close is brought about in a very interesting and satisfying manner

by the fine successive or parallel motion of the different parts. But we despair of reproducing in words anything but a mere skeleton of the beauty of this wonderful quartet — a beauty whose peculiar charm consists in the union of loveliest grace with chaste severity and earnest depth of thought. This charm it owes to the simplicity and truth of feeling which led the master to seek and to find the best expression for what was in his mind; and never in any art, be it what it may, has the comforting feeling of pious trust in the mercy of God, arising from the consciousness of human weakness, been more truly and beautifully expressed than in this Recordare.

The verse which follows contrasts the torments of the damned with the hopes of believers, and could not therefore be suitably rendered with the same composure of tone. It had become customary to emphasise the contrast very strongly, depicting the torments of hell as graphically as the joys of Paradise. In this movement, therefore, the men's voices are opposed to the women's, and describe the torments in short, imitative phrases, emphasised when repeated by rapid changes from major to minor and sharp suspensions and rendered still more forcible by a frequent pregnant rhythmical figure borne by the stringed instruments in unison. The women's voices, supported only by a quiet violin passage, express a low and fervent appeal for redemption, intensified upon repetition by some suspensions. All the emotions and reflections represented so far have tended to turn the thoughts inwards, with such feelings of remorse and repentance as alone can lead to the trust in divine mercy, and it is with the feeling of deep self-abasement that the supremest point of the hymn is approached. The voices unite soft and low in a succession of harmonies such as no mortal ear had ever heard: —

Involuntarily we bow before the declaration of a mystery which no mouth may utter; irresistibly impelled by the stream of harmony, we feel

our spirits loosed from the bondage which has held them, and born again to life and light; we feel a breath of the immortality which had already touched the brow of the master as he wrote. To the contrite and broken spirit the Day of Wrath becomes a day of mourning, and so the “Lacrimosa dies illa” begins with a gentle plaint hushed by the terrifying representation of the rising of the dead from their graves, which is grandly expressed in a powerful crescendo, brought about by the rising climax of the melody and the onward motion of the harmonies. With the anguished cry of “Homo reus!” the pen dropped from the hand of the master; the emotion which shook his whole being was too strong for expression: “Huic ergo parce Deus, pie Jesu Domine!”

How far Süssmayr’s continuation has fulfilled Mozart’s intentions cannot of course be absolutely decided; he has rightly taken up and carried out the suggestion of the first few bars, and his conclusion has an imposing solemnity. It is worthy of note that henceforward the trombones are much more frequently employed than heretofore. When we compare the scanty and peculiar use made of them in the Requiem and the Tuba mirum, with their characteristic occurrence in the “Zauberflote,” it appears doubtful whether Mozart himself would so often have introduced them as supports to the voices; although this was no doubt the custom in contemporary church music.

The Offertorium belongs again to the service, and requires on that account another and a more conventional character in the music than the Dies iræ. It falls into two sections, of which the first (Domine Jesu Christe) prefers the petition that the soul of the departed may not go down into hell, but may be carried into light by the Archangel Michael. The earnest and affecting character of the music is tinged with a certain amount of harshness and unrest, arising from the constant recurrence of the mention of hell and its torments, which distinguishes the movement from the otherwise similar

one of the Requiem. The vivid contrasts of the words are accentuated by the music, and the result is a succession of short phrases, combining into larger groups, which correspond with each other. The words “ne absorbeat eas Tartarus” are worked out into a short fugue, which has an unusually harsh effect owing to the characteristic sevenths of the theme and the powerful semiquaver passage carried out by the stringed instruments in unison. The gentle melody, supported by the solo voices in canonic imitation, “sed sanctus signifer Michael,” has, on the contrary, a soothing effect, and is the only ray of light which is allowed to shine through the surrounding gloom. The whole movement closes with the words “Quam (lucem sanctam) olim Abrahæ promisisti” in an elaborate fugue, the effect of which is heightened by the accompaniment which carries out a motif of its own in close imitation. G. Weber found fault with this fugue, with its aimless elaboration of a subordinate idea and superfluous repetition of the same unimportant words; and Seyfried defended it on the ground that a fugue was considered indispensable at this point, and indeed was not unsuited to it. The idea is, in truth, not a subordinate one, it is the ground of the confidence with which the prayer is offered, and so becomes the basis of the whole movement. The fugue is the form best fitted for short, pithy sentences, and the one in question has the same singular mixture of trust in the divine mercy and tortured anxiety at the thought of death which was expressed in the first movement of the Requiem, although it there assumed a milder form. Separate passages are of great, though somewhat rugged beauty, as befitted the movement; more especially the closing passage, “de profundo lacu, in obscurum, et semini eius.”

The second part (Hostias et preces) has a much more composed character, as becomes the offering by the spirit of its sacrifice to the Almighty. The idea, therefore, of still lingering disquiet is left to be

expressed by the syncopated passage for the violins, the voices going together almost throughout the movement, and declaiming the words with strikingly appropriate expression. The very simplicity of this movement reveals the hand of the master, and gives it an individuality especially noticeable at the words “tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus.” Thus far a reference to Mozart’s own manuscript suffices to determine how much was left to Süssmayr’s carrying out. Although sufficient indications were given even of the more elaborate and independent instrumental parts to serve as a guide to a well-educated musician, yet the example adduced above shows how much freedom in matters of detail was left for the further elaboration; and, not to mention various oversights, it is probable that had Mozart completed the composition many delicate touches would have been added to the accompanying parts which cannot now be even conjectured. Very few indications are given for the wind instruments, and even if Mozart gave verbal instructions concerning them, much must still remain in doubt. It must be allowed, however, that Süssmayr’s share in the work has been on the whole successfully performed; it is quite in keeping with the rest, and he has plainly refrained from making any alterations or surreptitious interpolations. With the last three movements we enter the domain of conjecture, if we are to reject the positive testimony of Süssmayr, supported by Mozart’s widow, as to the share of the former in the work. Rochlitz, reviewing Süssmayr’s letter on the subject, remarks that “the works already known to be by Herr Süssmayr subject his claim to an important share in this great composition to considerable doubt”; and he expressed his suspicions more decidedly at a later time. G. Weber, who failed to recognise Mozart in many parts of the first movements, has, on the contrary, assigned to him a distinct share in the last movements. Marx emphatically expressed his conviction that the principal subjects throughout showed

traces of Mozart's handiwork. This view is founded on the assumption that the movements are worthy of Mozart, and are such as Süssmayr himself could not have produced; but the critic must be careful not to bring forward on aesthetic grounds alone accusations which involve so much of grave moral delinquency.

Seyfried's assertion that, according to the generally accepted opinion in Vienna, Süssmayr found note-books containing sketches of these movements, and showing Mozart's intention of elaborating the Osanna fugue after the Benedictus, as well as the new theme for the concluding fugue, Cum sanctis, has scarcely been investigated with the care which it demands. One circumstance has, as far as I know, been left altogether out of account. If the last three movements had been altogether wanting at Mozart's death, it would have appeared, one would think, both easier and simpler to supply them from one of his manuscript Masses, which were entirely unknown, than to commission Süssmayr to write them afresh; and such a proceeding would doubtless have been far more capable of justification to the owner of the work. But the confusion and embarrassment in which Mozart's death threw his widow and her affairs may have occasioned many things to be done which would not otherwise have taken place.

Frz. Xav. Süssmayr, who, as a young man of twenty-seven, enjoyed the friendship of Salieri and Mozart, became so intimate with the latter that he was, as Seyfried expresses it, "the inseparable companion of the immortal Amphion." He adopted Mozart's style of writing with such success that, although his ideas often fell far short of his master's, many of his works in the serious style might, Seyfred maintains, be taken for Mozart's, did we not know that they were Süssmayr's; Hauptmann has informed me of instrumental works by him which show quite Mozart's manner of work, and might pass for lighter compositions by the latter.

Sievers, who warmly espoused Süssmayr's cause, speaks of his "Spiegel von Arkadien," which he ranks with the "Zauberflote,"

and of various pieces which may serve as models of the graceful and characteristic as well as of the tragico-serio styles of composition. I have carefully examined his operas, "Der Spiegel von Arkadien" (1794) and "Soliman II." (1800), as well as some of his lighter church compositions, and find nothing in them beyond an easy but superficial inventive power, a smooth practised workmanship, and almost throughout an obvious imitation of Mozart's manner.

The Sanctus and Osanna are scarcely of a kind to admit of a decided opinion as to their authorship. The brevity and conciseness of the Sanctus do not by any means prove it not to have been by Mozart, for all the movements of the Requiem, when not lengthened by a fugal treatment, are similarly compressed. Nor must an unpleasing progression for the violins be taken as decisive against his authorship, for the working-out is in any case not his. On the other hand, it must not be concluded that because the movement has a general character of dignified grandeur, and the commencement of the Pleni sunt is truly majestic, that therefore Süssmayr could not have written it. It is not on the whole equal to the best of the preceding movements. The short fugue of the Osanna is animated, vigorous, and faultlessly concise; there is nothing against the supposition that Mozart might have written it; but, on the other hand, it would be difficult to prove with certainty that it might not have been the work of a musician with the amount of talent and cultivation unquestionably possessed by Süssmayr.

The case is somewhat different with the Benedictus, where, according to custom, solo voices are introduced in a long and elaborate quartet of pleasing character. Zelter says of it: "The Benedictus is as excellent as it can be, but the school decides against it being by Mozart. Süssmayr knew Mozart's school of music, but had not been trained in it from early youth,

and indications of this may be found here and there in the beautiful Benedictus." He is doubtless right. The first motif for the alto, and the idea of making the several voices reply to each other, might very well be Mozart's; but certainly not the working-out. The motion is obviously interrupted when the soprano, after the alto, again enters in the tonic; and the passage into the dominant is very lame. Still lamer, after the conclusion of the first part, are the laborious continuance in F major, and (instead of the development naturally expected here) the immediate return by the chord of the seventh to the first part, which is then repeated in its entirety. Neither the design nor the execution is worthy of Mozart; nor is it credible that in the interlude he would have copied the "et lux perpetua" from the Requiem in such a strange fashion as it has here been done, without any reason for an allusion to that place.

The abnormally thick and full instrumentation must also be taken into consideration. The instrumentation has, it is true, not been worked out by Mozart in the other movements, but here it can scarcely be separated from the general design, and it is distinguished from that of all the other movements by the use of two trombones, which Mozart never employed elsewhere, and which here supply the place of horns. Finally, the character of the movement is in many passages soft and effeminate, contrasting in this respect with the earnestness of the other movements, even of the Tuba mirum. The

Osanna is, according to custom, an exact repetition of the previous one, only that the voices are transposed on account of the altered key.

The Agnus Dei transports us to quite a different region. Here we find the depth and intensity of feeling, the noble beauty and the originality of invention, which we admire in the first movements of the Requiem. The fine expressive violin figure of the first period — is full of vigour, and is

admirably enhanced by its harmonic treatment, and the gentle counter-phrase in its peaceful motion brings about a soothing conclusion. The twofold repetition is effectively varied, and the close is emphasised by a novel and beautiful turn. The whole displays the perfect mastery of a musician. “If Mozart did not write this,” says Marx, “well, then he who wrote it is another Mozart!”

I have seen nothing in Süssmayr’s works which can justify me in ascribing to him the conception of this movement; much, on the contrary, to convince me that the chief ideas at least are Mozart’s, and that Süssmayr can hardly have had a more important share in this movement than in the earlier ones. His whole statement loses, no doubt, its full credibility if a well-grounded doubt can be thrown on any one point; but I should not like to assert with confidence that in the Sanctus and Benedictus Süssmayr must have availed himself of sketches by Mozart.

The repetition of the first movement at the conclusion of the Mass was not unusual at the time. Hasse in his Requiem intones the Lux æterna to the same chorale as the Te decet, and then repeats the Requiem; Zelenka does the same; Jomelli repeats the Requiem, but adds a fresh conclusion to it. Contemplating that portion of the Requiem which Mozart completed, or which he left in such a state that to the initiated it is easy to distinguish his handiwork, we have no hesitation in placing this work on the pinnacle of that artistic perfection to which the great works of Mozart’s later years had attained. We see revealed the depth of feeling, the nobility of beauty, the mastery of form, the complete spiritual and mental absorption in the task before him which have combined to produce this marvellous creation. A comparison of the Requiem with other similar compositions, both by Mozart himself and his contemporaries, serves to emphasise the vast superiority of the former; for Mozart even here does not absolutely reject the forms hallowed by long tradition; he shows his individual genius all the

more strongly by keeping within them. Still less does he run counter to the views which the Requiem, by virtue of its position in the Catholic ritual, is meant to express, by any endeavour of his own to go further or to introduce something peculiar to himself; that full, unfettered devotion which is the indispensable condition of genuine artistic production is never disturbed, but human emotion, religious belief, and artistic conception go hand in hand in fullest harmony. On this unity rests the significance of the Requiem, for on this ground alone could Mozart's individuality arrive at full expression, and — working freely and boldly, yet never without consciousness of the limits within which it moved — produce the masterpiece which reveals at every point the innermost spirit of its author. In this sense we may indorse his own expression, that he wrote the Requiem for himself; it is the truest and most genuine expression of his nature as an artist; it is his imperishable monument.

The Requiem met with immediate recognition and approval. "If Mozart had written nothing except his violin quintets and his Requiem," Haydn used to say, "they would have rendered his name immortal." It was more especially received with enthusiasm in North Germany, where church music, unmindful of J. S. Bach, had degenerated into all the triviality and insipidity which a slavish adherence to form could produce. It was with delight and astonishment that men recognised the union of classical severity of form with depth of poetic feeling — an oasis in the desert to those who had long wandered in a waste of sand. The old organist, Kittel, at Erfurt, a pupil of Sebastian Bach, received one day the organ part of a Requiem which he did not know; the further he proceeded in it, the more entranced he became, and on inquiring the composer's name, and hearing that it was Mozart, he could scarcely believe his ears, having been accustomed to regard Mozart only as the composer of popular operas which he knew nothing about. He procured the operas however, and was unprejudiced

enough to recognise and admire in them the composer of the Requiem. So I was told by my music-master, Apel, Kittel's pupil.

Hiller, grown grey in reverence for Hasse and Graun, lifted his hands in amazement on first hearing the Requiem, and soon brought it to performance at Leipzig. At Berlin the Singakademie produced the Requiem at their first public performance, October 8; 1800, in memory of their founder, Fasch, who had lately died; it has ever since been chosen, both there and elsewhere, when it is sought to honour the memory of great men, especially of musicians, and Zelter expressed his opinion that the Requiem would never be brought into disfavour either by adverse criticism or mediocre performance. Cherubini produced the Requiem in Paris in the year 1804, and it has comforted and sustained innumerable mourners, not only throughout Europe, but in the New World.

CHAPTER XLVI. AT THE GRAVE.

MOZART'S early and unexpected death, removing him from the eyes of the world at the moment when he might seem to have attained the height of his artistic greatness, had the effect of silencing the detractions and the envy of the few who were blinded by jealousy to his merits, and of exalting his works in the minds of those who felt his loss to be an irreparable one. Public feeling took the form of sympathy for his bereaved family, who were left in pressing need; and they found generous support, not in Vienna and Prague alone, but in many other places to which the widow made professional visits. When she was in Berlin, in 1796, Frederick William II. allowed her the use of the opera-house and the royal musicians for a benefit concert, at which she appeared as a vocalist (February 28). The King, as was stated in the programme (Niemetschek, p. 63), "took great pleasure in thus proving to the widow how highly he esteemed the talent of her late husband, and how much he regretted the unfortunate circumstances which had prevented his reaping the due reward of his labours." But such efforts as these could not assure her a livelihood for any length of time; nor would the manuscripts left by Mozart realise, as matters then stood, anything like a sum sufficient for her future needs. His compositions might be spread abroad, either in MS. or in print, without her consent or authorisation. Indeed, when reference was made to her, she considered it as a favour, and was well pleased when, in 1799, André purchased from her all the manuscripts in her possession for a sum of one thousand ducats.

Some of Mozart's manuscripts had been lost before his death, others have been made over to other people by André himself, and the remainder are included in the "Thematic Catalogue of Mozart's Original Manuscripts in the Possession of Hofrath André of Offenbach" (Offenbach, 1841).

Unhappily, no public library has been able to obtain this most important collection, and its dispersion, owing to testamentary dispositions, must be a source of regret to all musicians.

Mozart's widow found a means of secure and untroubled existence in her second marriage. Georg Nic. Nissen (b. 1765) made her acquaintance, in 1797, at Vienna, where he was attached to the diplomatic service of Denmark, and rendered her great service in the arrangement of her affairs, as the numerous letters written by him in her name sufficiently show. He appears to have been a tiresome, but an upright and honourable man, and to have acted well towards Constanze and her children from the time of their marriage in 1809. After resigning his state service, in 1820, he lived with her in Salzburg, where also Mozart's sister resided (App. I.). He died in 1826, and was followed by his widow on March 6, 1842, a few hours after the arrival of the model for Mozart's statue; after Nissen's death she had lived with her widowed sister, Sophie Haibl.

Karl, the elder of Mozart's two surviving sons, began life as a merchant, then tried music, and finally embraced an official career. He was a good pianist, and conducted musical performances, first at the house of Colonel Casella, afterwards at his own; he died in a subordinate official post at Milan in 1859. The younger son, Wolfgang, became a musician. He first appeared in public in 1805, made repeated professional tours, and after 1814 lived as musical director, first at Lemberg, afterwards in Vienna; he died at Carlsbad in 1844. He was esteemed both as a pianist and composer, but the greatness of his name prevented his attaining to more.

Appreciation and honour had not been wanting to Mozart in his lifetime, but they had been far from unalloyed; after his death they were showered in fullest measure on his memory. His loss was commemorated in many places by the performance of his own works or of specially composed funeral cantatas, and the anniversaries of his birth and of his death are still

kept, both in private musical circles and publicly, by concerts. The hundredth anniversary of his birth, which in 1856 caused all Germany to ring with Mozart's name and Mozart's music, united every voice into a chorus of praise and honour, and gave a new impulse to the study of his works.

Mozart's personal appearance has become so familiar by means of well-known portraits that he may in this respect be compared to Frederick the Great or Luther; his music and his countenance have alike become common property (App. III.).

In the year 1799 the Duchess Amalie of Weimar placed a memorial of Mozart in the park of Siefurt; it is in terra cotta: a lyre on a pedestal, and leaning on it a tragic and a comic mask. Bridi (Vol. II., p. 359), in the "Temple to Harmony" which he erected in his garden, has given to Mozart the first place among the seven musicians there represented, and has placed a monument dedicated to him in a melancholy grotto, with the inscription, "Herrscher der Seele durch melodische Denkkraft." The same inscription is on the reverse of a medal by Guillemard together with a muse playing a lyre and a Cupid with a flute; the other side has a portrait of Mozart. A medallion by Bàrend has also a portrait in front, the reverse representing Orpheus and a captive lion, with the inscription, "Auditus saxis intellectusque ferarum sensibus." The design for a medallion by Böhm, which was never struck, was shown to me by my friend Karajan. It consists of a refined and intellectual representation of Mozart's profile.

In 1835 the idea took shape of erecting a statue to Mozart in Salzburg. An appeal for subscriptions was made in September, 1836, and the cast of the statue was completed on May 22, 1841. The ceremony of unveiling the figure took place on the Michaelsplatz, September 4, 1842. Unhappily it cannot be said that Schwanthaler has succeeded in investing the accepted idea of Mozart as an artist and a man with any ideal force and dignity. He is

represented clothed in the traditional toga, standing with his head turned sidewards and upwards, and in his hand a scroll with the inscription, “Tuba mirum.” In bas-relief on the pedestal are allegorical representations of church, concert, and dramatic music, and an eagle flying heavenwards with a lyre. The simple inscription is “Mozart.” In 1856 the city of Vienna determined upon erecting a monument to Mozart in the churchyard of St. Mark’s. It was designed by Hans Gasser, and solemnly unveiled December 5, 1859. A mourning muse reposes on a granite pillar, holding in her right hand the score of the Requiem, and resting her left, with a laurel wreath, on a pile of Mozart’s works. On the pedestal are Mozart’s portrait and the Vienna arms, with a short inscription.

Mozart’s name has been more worthily honoured by the foundation of various institutions. The Salzburg Mozarteum, founded in 1842, not only preserves the most important family documents and interesting relics which were in the possession of Mozart’s sons; it has the further aim of fostering and advancing music, and more especially church music, in Mozart’s native town. The Mozart Institution at Frankfort, founded in 1838, encourages talent by means of prizes and scholarships; and a Mozart Society, founded in 1855, undertakes to assist needy musicians.

But after all that may be accomplished in honour of Mozart by the most enthusiastic of his admirers, his true and imperishable fame rests upon his works. A history of modern music will be concerned to show how his influence has worked upon his successors, displaying itself sometimes in conscious or slavish imitation, sometimes in the freer impulse it has given to closely allied natures; and it may truly be said that of all the composers who have lived and worked since Mozart there is not one who has not felt his inspiration, not one who has not learnt from him, not one who at some time or another has not encroached upon his domain. Like all great and original geniuses, he belongs to two ages which it was his mission to bring

together; while quickening and transforming all that his own age can offer him as the inheritance of the past, he leaves to posterity the offspring of his individual mind to serve as a germ for new and more perfect life.

It would be presumptuous to attempt to summarise in a few phrases the result of a life of ceaseless mental activity, and of strongly marked individuality. In view of this difficulty many biographers take refuge in a comparison of the subject of their work with other great men, and thus emphasise the points of resemblance or divergence which exist in their natures. No such parallel appears to me more justifiable than one between Mozart and Raphael. The majestic beauty which appears to absorb all the other conditions of art production, and to blend them into purest harmony, is so overpoweringly present in the works of both masters that there is no need to enforce the comparison by dwelling on the many points of resemblance in their career both as men and artists, and in their moral and intellectual natures. Such a comparison, however, is not profitable unless it can be shown how and under what conditions this beauty, so varied in its manifestations, so similar in its effects, is produced. Although it will readily be acknowledged that Mozart is closely related to Shakespeare in fertility, force, and reality of dramatic invention and in breadth of humour, and to Goethe in simplicity and naturalness of human sentiment and in plastic clearness of idea, yet here again we are confronted with the distinguishing qualities of great artists in different provinces of art, and Mozart's individuality in his own art is as far as ever from explanation. The frequently attempted parallels with great musicians, with Haydn or Beethoven, bring out still more clearly the characteristics which distinguish him from all others; and it is to be feared that the more ingeniously these comparisons are carried out in detail the more the images are distorted and the judgment biassed.

With whatever feelings, and from whatever point of view, we regard Mozart, we are invariably met by the genuine purity of an artist's nature, with its irrepressible impulses, its inexhaustible power of production, its overflowing love; it is a nature which rejoices in nothing but in the manifestation of beauty which is inspired by the spirit of truth; it infuses all that it approaches with the breath of its own life, and, while conscientious in serious work, it never ceases to rejoice in the freedom of genius. All human emotions took a musical form for him, and were by him embodied in music; his quick mind grasped at once all that could fittingly be expressed in music, and made it his own according to the laws of his art. This universality, which is rightly prized as Mozart's distinguishing quality, is not confined to the external phenomena which he has successfully portrayed in every region of his art — in vocal and instrumental, in chamber and orchestral, in sacred and secular music. His fertility and many-sidedness, even from this outward point of view, can scarcely indeed be too highly extolled; but there is something higher to be sought in Mozart: that which makes music to him not a conquered territory but a native home, that which renders every form of musical expression the necessary outcome of his inner experience, that by means of which he touches every one of his conceptions with the torch of genius whose undying flame is visible to all who approach his works with the eyes of their imagination unbound. His universality has its limits only in the limits of human nature, and consequently of his own individual nature. It cannot be considered apart from the harmony of his artistic nature, which never allowed his will and his power, his intentions and his resources, to come into conflict with each other; the centre of his being was the point from which his compositions proceeded as by natural necessity. All that his mind perceived, or that his spirit felt, every experience of his inner life, was turned by him into music; from his inner life proceeded those works of imperishable truth and beauty,

clothed in the forms and obedient to the laws of his art, just as the works of the Divine Spirit are manifested in the forms and the laws of nature and history.

And, while our gaze is lifted in reverence and admiration to the great musician, it may rest with equal sympathy and love upon the pure-hearted man. We can trace in his career, lying clear and open before us, the dispensation which led him to the goal of his desires; and, hard as he was pressed by life's needs and sorrows, the highest joy which is granted to mortals, the joy of successful attainment, was his in fullest measure.

"And he was one of us!" his countrymen may exclaim with just pride. For, wherever the highest and best names of every art and every age are called for, there, among the first, will be the name of Wolfgang Amade Mozart.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I. MARIANNE MOZART.

OLFGANG MOZART'S sister, Maria Anna Walburga Ignatia, known to her family and friends as Nannerl, was born July 30, 1751, and was thus five years older than her brother. She early showed a decided talent for music, and made extraordinary progress under her father's tuition. She made her appearance as a clavier-player during the early professional tours of the Mozart family in 1762, 1763-1766, and 1767, competing successfully with the first performers of the day, and overshadowed only by the accomplishments of her younger brother. Her father writes (London, June 8, 1764): "It suffices to say that my little lass at twelve years old is one of the most accomplished players in Europe"; and independent accounts which have come down to us coincide in this expression of opinion. During their stay at the Hague in October, 1765, she was seized with a serious illness and brought to the brink of the grave; her recovery, which had been despaired of by her parents, was hailed by them with delight. In November, 1767, she and Wolfgang were both struck down by smallpox at Olmütz; this also she happily recovered.

She did not accompany her father and brother in their subsequent journeys to Italy, but remained at home with her mother. Nevertheless she continued her studies as a clavier-player, and made good her claim to be considered a virtuoso; as such she was recognised by Burney's informant in 1772 (Burney, Reise, III., p. 262). She owed much, as she was the first to acknowledge, to the example and instruction of her brother, who threw himself eagerly into her studies whenever he was in Salzburg. Leopold writes to his son (January 26, 1778) that the violinist Janitsch and the violoncellist Reicha of the Wallerstein Capelle, who were giving a concert in Salzburg, "absolutely insisted upon hearing Nannerl play. They let out by their great anxiety to hear your compositions that their object was to judge

from her *gusto* of your way of playing. She played your Mannheim sonata excellently well, with charming expression. They were delighted both with her playing and with the composition. They accompanied Nannerl in your trio in B flat (254 K.) exceedingly well." He goes on to tell Wolfgang of the high opinions formed by these musicians both of his compositions and of Nannerl's style of playing; and how she always repeated: "I am but the pupil of my brother." Wolfgang used in after years, when they were separated, to send her his pianoforte compositions, and set great store on her judgment, frequently also giving her his own opinions and criticisms on music and musicians — as, for instance, on Clementi.

Marianne made some few attempts at composition; a song which she sent to her brother in Rome excited Wolfgang's astonishment at its excellence, and she wrote exercises in thorough-bass which were quite free from mistakes, and gave him great satisfaction. Her father remarks at a later date (February 25, 1778) that she had learnt to play thoroughbass and to prelude exceedingly well, feeling that she would have to support herself and her mother after his death. Once (July 20, 1779) when Wolfgang sent her from Paris a prelude— "a sort of capriccio to try the piano with" — as a birthday greeting, she jokingly put her father to the test. She received it at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at once set to work to practise it till she knew it by heart. When her father came in at five she told him that she had an idea, and that if he liked she would write it down, and thereupon began the prelude. "I rubbed my eyes," says Leopold Mozart, "and said, 'Where the deuce did you get that idea?' She laughed and drew the letter from her pocket."

She early began to give lessons on the clavier, her father writing from Milan (December 12, 1772): "Tell Nannerl that I wish her to teach little Zezi carefully and patiently; it will be to her own advantage to instruct another person thoroughly and with patience; I know what I am saying."

These lessons afterwards became a source of income which could hardly have been dispensed with in the needy circumstances of the Mozart family; they enabled her to support herself as long as she lived at home, and thus lightened her father's pecuniary anxieties. She was considered even by her own family as somewhat parsimonious, and her father was agreeably surprised at hearing her exclaim, when told of Wolfgang's difficulties on his Parisian journey: "Thank God that it is no worse!" although she well knew that her own interests would have to be sacrificed to help her brother out of his scrape. But there is in fact every reason to believe that her heart was a tender one, and easily touched; she felt the loss of her mother very deeply, and had the warmest sympathy for her brother; sometimes indeed this took a livelier form than he cared for, and we find him once writing with ill-humour (Mannheim, February 19, 1778): "My best love to my sister, and pray tell her not to cry over every trifle, or I shall take good care never to come back" — an expression which did not fail to call down a reproof from his father. The relation of the brother and sister to each other was from childhood of the tenderest and closest description. The severe discipline to which they were both subjected, the journeys they took together, and above all the concentration of all the thoughts and energies of both upon music, increased their natural affection, in which there was not a trace of envy or jealousy on either side. Wolfgang vented his love of joking and teasing upon his "Schwester Canaglie"; and the letters which he wrote to her while on his Italian tour give abundant proofs of their unrestrained and innocent intercourse. The joking tone of Wolfgang's correspondence with his sister was not entirely dropped even when they had passed their childhood, but they also shared the more serious concerns of life together in fullest sympathy. We have seen how unendurable life at Salzburg became to Wolfgang as he grew up, and his sister's position was in no way a more enviable one. When her mother and brother left home for their journey to

Paris, she remained to keep house for her father, who praised her for her attention, economy, and industry, and for her good management of the maid-servant, who was both dirty and untruthful. After her mother's death she continued her care of the household, which was occasionally increased by their receiving boarders. Pianoforte practice, generally with her father for some hours in the evening, and lessons to various young ladies, filled up her time. She was much liked as a teacher, and her pupils were distinguished for precision and accuracy of playing. When Wolfgang was at home, the house was full of life, her father was cheerful, and she had a companion with whom to share her joys and sorrows; but if he was away, the father, who could scarcely live without him, was often gloomy and preoccupied, and not even her tender ministrations could compensate him for the absence of his son. Marianne had but few distractions from her quiet domestic life in the form of gaiety or company; she took a lively interest in the persons and concerns of her few acquaintances, an interest which was shared by Wolfgang even when he had left Salzburg. "Write to me often — that is, of course, when you have nothing better to do," he writes from Vienna (July 4, 1781) "for a bit of news is a great treat to me, and you are the veritable Salzburg Intelligencer, for you write about everything that ever happens, and sometimes, no doubt to please me, you write the same thing twice over." Their father had impressed upon them the importance of keeping a regular diary, and this Wolfgang did in his earlier years; Marianne continued the habit much longer. Fragments of her diary still exist, and among her letters to her brother are two which contain very detailed accounts of the performances of Schikaneder's theatrical company at Salzburg.

Towards the end of 1780, while Wolfgang was at Munich busy with his "Idomeneo," Marianne was seized with an illness which for a time threatened to turn into consumption; it was long before she completely

recovered. It appears probable that an attachment which did not turn out happily had something to do with this illness. Marianne, who had been a pretty and attractive child, became, as the family picture in the Mozarteum shows, a handsome woman, to whom suitors would not be wanting. Wolfgang's jokes about Herr von Mölk, an unfavoured admirer of Marianne's, as well as other mysterious allusions in his letters, prove that the brother and sister shared with each other their tenderest feelings. When Mozart was finally settled in Vienna, he lost no opportunity of being useful to his sister: "Ma très chère soeur," he writes (Vienna, July 4, 1781)— "I am very glad that you liked the ribbons, and will inquire as to the price of them; at present I do not know it, since Fr. von Auerhammer, who was so kind as to get them for me, would accept no payment, but begged me to say all that was nice to you from her as a stranger, and to assure you that it gives her very great pleasure to be of any service to you; I have already expressed your acknowledgments to her for her kindness. Dearest sister! I have already told our father that if you would like anything from Vienna, whatever it may be, I will get it for you with the utmost pleasure; this I now repeat to you, with the addition that I shall be extremely vexed if I hear that you have intrusted your commissions to any one else in Vienna." Constanze was always ready at a later time to perform the same sort of service for her sister-in-law. But Wolfgang's sympathy with his sister was displayed in more serious matters. On July 4, 1781, he writes: "And now I should like to know how it stands with you and our very good friend? Write and tell me about it. Or have I lost your confidence in this affair?" This good friend was Franz D'Yppold, captain in the imperial army, who came to Salzburg as Governor to the Pages, and was made Councillor of War in 1777. He conceived an attachment to Marianne, which she returned, but his circumstances did not allow him to marry. Mozart, seeing that his sister's health and happiness were at stake, represented to her that there was

nothing to hope for in Salzburg, and begged her to induce D'Yppold to try his fortune in Vienna, where he, Wolfgang, would do his utmost to advance his prospects. She would be able to earn far more by giving lessons in Vienna than in Salzburg, and there could be no doubt they would soon be able to marry; then the father would be obliged to give up his service at Salzburg, and join his children in Vienna. Unfortunately these promising plans remained unfulfilled; and as there appeared to the lovers no prospect of a possible union, the connection between them ceased. D'Yppold never ceased to be on friendly terms with L. Mozart, and always testified great sympathy and esteem for Marianne herself. He was very fond of her little son, who lived with his grandfather; and, during an absence from home of L. Mozart, he came to the house every day to see how the child was getting on.

Marianne returned in kind her brother's interest and sympathy in her love affairs. To her he poured out his complaints of the hard fate of himself and his Constanze, and the latter began a correspondence with her long before her father had reconciled himself to the connection. Correspondence between the brother and sister naturally flagged somewhat when Wolfgang became engrossed in his life and occupation at Vienna. He justifies himself against her reproaches (February 13, 1782): "You must not think because I do not answer your letters that I do not like to have them. I shall always accept the favour of a letter from you, my dear sister, with the utmost pleasure; and if my necessary occupations (for my livelihood) allow of it, I will most certainly answer it. You do not mean that I never answer your letters? You cannot suppose that I forget, or that I am careless — therefore they must be real hindrances, real impossibilities that come in the way. Bad enough, you will say! But, good heavens I do I write any oftener to my father? You both know Vienna t How can a man without a penny of income do anything here but work day and night to earn a living? My father, when

his church service is over, and you, when you have given a couple of music lessons, can sit down and write letters all day if you choose; but not I.... Dearest sister, if you could imagine that I should ever forget my best and dearest father or yourself, then — but no! God knows, and that is enough for me — He will punish me if it should ever happen."

In 1784 Marianne married Johann Baptist, Baron von Berchthold, of Sonnenburg, councillor of Salzburg and steward of St. Gilgen. Wolfgang wrote on her marriage (August 18, 1784): "Ma très chère soeur, — *Potz Sapperment!* it is time that I write to you if my letter is to find you still a virgin! In a couple of days it will be all over! My wife and I wish you all manner of happiness and good fortune in your new life, and are full of regret that we cannot be present at your wedding; but we are in hopes of meeting you and your husband next spring at Salzburg, and perhaps also at St. Gilgen. We regret nothing now but the solitude in which our father will be left. True, you will be near him, and he can often walk over to see you, but he is so tied to that confounded Kapelle! If I were in my father's place, this is what I should do: I should ask the Archbishop in consideration of my long service to set me free — and I should take my pension and go and live quietly with my daughter at St. Gilgen; if the Archbishop refused, I should hand in my resignation and join my son in Vienna. And to this I wish you would try every means of persuading him. I have written the same thing in my letter to him to-day. And now I send you a thousand good wishes from Vienna to Salzburg, summed up in the hope that you two may live as happily together as we two. Your loving brother, W. A. Mozart."

A long list of letters from L. Mozart to his daughter testify to his care for her welfare. He is indefatigable in his attention to household matters, and occasionally receives from her presents of game or fish; he also keeps her constantly informed of what is going on in town. He is, as may be supposed, always ready with advice or remonstrance, both to his daughter

and her husband, whom he considers “too absorbed in the spirit of economy”; he makes plenty of sarcastic remarks, but is, on the whole, under more restraint with them than with Wolfgang. His keen glance and shrewd sense never fail him. His son-in-law’s hasty application for the stewardship of Neumark drew from him serious advice to weigh everything well beforehand, and then to be resigned to what should happen. “I write all this,” he adds (November 20, 1786), “because I can easily imagine how many useless and vexatious ideas and remarks will be let fall upon the subject; whereas, if it is to be, the course of Providence cannot be withstood.” Report said that Marianne had not always an easy time of it with her husband; and five stepchildren cannot have left her much leisure for repining. L. Mozart describes them as naughty, ill brought up, and ignorant; one of the boys, Wolfgang, was heard to boast that “he had got the better of his second mamma, and, when he was naughty, papa always laid the blame on her and the servants, and blew them up.”

In June, 1785, she came to Salzburg to be confined in her father’s house. As her health long remained delicate, L. Mozart kept his little grandson, bestowing upon it the tenderest care, and informing his daughter of the child’s well-being in every letter. “I can never look at the child’s right hand without emotion,” he writes (November 11,1785); “the cleverest pianist could not place his hand upon the keys more charmingly than he holds his little hand; whenever he is not moving his fingers they are all in position for playing, and when he is asleep the tiny fingers are bent or stretched exactly in the right proportion, as if they were resting on the keys; in short, it is the most charming sight in the world. It often makes me sad to see it, and I wish he were three years old, so that he might begin to play at once.” He could not persuade himself to part with the child, and although he often abused the father for never coming to see it, he declared himself: “I tell you I mean to keep little Leopold as long as I live.”

After their father's death Wolfgang wrote to Marianne (June 16, 1787): "Dearest Sister, — I am not at all surprised at your not writing to me yourself the sad and totally unexpected news of our dear father's death; I can readily imagine the cause of your silence. May God receive him to Himself! Be assured, my darling, that if you are in need of a faithful, loving brother, you will find one in me. My dearest sister, if you were still unprovided for, there would be no need of all this. I would, as I have intended and said over and over again, have left all to you with the greatest pleasure; but as it is, one may almost say, useless to you, while to me, on the contrary, it would be of the greatest advantage, I think it my duty to consider my wife and child."

This letter affords no clue to the share of his father's inheritance claimed by Mozart, and it is not known how the matter was arranged. It was doubtless not without some reference to this that a letter written soon after by Mozart to his sister (August, 1787) treated of his pecuniary position. "In answer to your question as to my service," he says, "the Emperor has taken me into the household, and I am formally appointed, but have only 800 florins — this is more, however, than any other member of the household. The announcement of my Prague opera 'Don Giovanni' (which is to be given again to-day) ran: 'The music is by Herr Mozart, Kapellmeister in the actual service of his Imperial Majesty.'"

I do not know of any later letters. Marianne kept up no correspondence with her brother's widow; from a letter to Sonnleithner (July 2, 1819), we gather that she had not heard from her sister-in-law since 1801, that she knew nothing of the children, and had only heard of her second marriage by chance.

In 1801 the Baron von Sonnenburg died, and his widow retired with her children to Salzburg, where she lived in comfort, if not in wealth. She returned to her old occupation, and gave music lessons — for money

certainly, but not from need, since her simple and frugal way of life enabled her even to lay by a portion of her income. She was always much respected and liked in Salzburg. In 1820 she became blind, a misfortune which she bore with equanimity, and even cheerfulness, as the following anecdote will show: Receiving a visit from a lady whom she disliked — people who were fond of her paid her frequent visits to afford her amusement in her misfortune — she exclaimed, when at last the visitor had departed, “What an infliction to be obliged to converse with that person! I am glad that I cannot see her!”

She died at an advanced age in her native town, October 29, 1829.

APPENDIX II. ARRANGEMENTS OF MOZART'S CHURCH MUSIC.

EVEN cantatas which appeared under Mozart's name (Leipzig: Breitkopf and Hartel, and elsewhere) are perhaps, after his operas, the most widely known of his works, and upon them in a great measure rests his fame as a composer of church music. Of these cantatas, however, only one, the second (and that with altered words), was left in its present state by Mozart; the others were all put together after his death from separate portions of various church compositions, often widely differing in the time, the object and the style of their composition, and having undergone arbitrary alterations and additions. Nothing but the newly adopted words holds them together, and these are generally trivial, often in direct contradiction to the spirit of the original words.

The parody of Goethe's song "Der du Leid und Sehnsucht stillest," which in Cantata III. replaces the original "Alma redemptoris," may serve as an example. This double injustice done to the composer may be explained as arising from the tendency of an age which turned to its own immediate convenience any music which came to hand, with little feeling for the work of art as a whole and little respect for the right of the author to the integrity of his work or for the claims of historical accuracy.

The following is the result of a survey of the cantatas and their component parts (Anh., 124-130 K.): —

Cantata I. consists of the Kyrie (p. i), Panis omnipotent!ae (p. 10), Viaticum (p. 15), and Pignus futurz gloriae (p. 16) of the Litany 125 K-

Cantata II. is the Litany 109 K.

Cantata III. is pot together from the Sanctus of the Mass 259 K. (p. 3); the Benedictus of the Mass 220 K.; the Gloria of the Mass 259 K. (p. 9); the Offertorium 72 K. (p. 15); and the Credo of the Mass 259 K. (p. 25).

Cantata IV. consists of the Kyrie and Gloria of the Mass 220 K. (p. 3); Motetto 277 K. (p. 12); Gratias (p. 19); and Domine (p. 21) of the Mass in C minor 427 K. [employed in the “Davidde Penitente” 469 K. as Chorus 4» “Si pur sempre,” and Duet 5, “Sorgi o Signore]; Magnificat of the Vesper 193 K. (p. 26).

Cantata V. is formed of the Kyrie (p. 1), Et incarnatus, to the close of the Credo (p. 6), Benedictus (p. 12), Agnus Dei (p. 20), and Gloria (p. 25) of the Mass 258 K.

Cantata VI. contains the Dixit of the Vesper 193 K. (p. 1); Laudate Dominum (p. 13) and Magnificat (p. 20) of the Vesper 321 K. Cantata VII. is put together from the Kyrie (p. 1) and Benedictus (p. 5) of the Mass 259 K.; an air from “Davidde Penitente” (469 IL, 3) “Lungi le cure ingrate” (p. 14); the Agnus Dei (p. 26) and Dona nobis (p. 29) of the Mass 259 K.; and the Dixit of the Vesper 321 K. (p. 33).

After this, it was not surprising that the choruses from “Konig Tham os” should have been used as sacred music, or that the “Frei-maurercantaten” (429,471 K.) should have been treated in the same way (Vol. II., p. 407). Nor was it unusual to find an altered text (church-like in character) supplied to sacred compositions. But secular music was also appropriated by the Church. The beautiful adagio of the grand serenata for wind instruments (361 K.) has been turned into an offertory, “Quis te comprehendat” (Anh., 110 K.). The air for Nancy Storace (405 K.),”Ch’ io mi scordi di te,” has been fitted to the words “In te domine speravi,” and the obbligato piano part transferred to the organ (Anh., 120 K.). The air from “Titus” (19),”Deh per questo istante,” with the words “O Deus, ego te amo” (Anh., 112 K.), and Adamberger’s air, “Per pietà non ricercate” (420), with the words “Omni

die die Mariae" (Anh., hi K.), are both used as offertories. V. Novello published the wonderful ensemble from the second finale in "Figaro" "Più docile io sono e dico di si," with the words "O Jesu mi, miserere nobis!" as a motett with organ accompaniment, and has appended the remark: "This motett may be used at Benediction." It is to be hoped that there is no truth in the report that Leparello's "Notte e giorno faticar" and Don Giovanni's "Fin che dal vino," have been travestied as a "Docti sacris" and a "Lauda Sion."

Further than this, however, whole Masses have been arranged from Mozart's operas; and at the beginning of this century a "Missa di Figaro. Don Giovanni" was not unknown to church choirs. One example of the kind may be described as evidence of the fact. In the collection of K. Zulehner of Mayence there was preserved a "Coronation Mass" in C major, with Mozart's name as composer, of which a copy was sent to me by Herr Schott of Mayence. All the movements, with the exception of the Credo, are identical with whole movements or smaller portions of "Così fan Tutte," with alterations of key and instrumentation, and here and there the addition or omission of a part, as follows: —

The Kyrie is the terzet (10) "Soave sio il vento," transposed into C major and turned into a four-part chorus by the addition of a tenor part, and with two flutes to fill in the harmonies. Christe eleison is the first movement of the duet (4), "Ah guarda sorella," transposed into G major, for soprano and tenor, with two oboes and two horns, shortened here and there, and the ritomello placed at the end. At the beginning of the Gloria, after a few unimportant bars by the adapter, the motif of the first chorus of the second finale is made use of (p. 230); then follow for the Gratias agimus the first seventy bars of the air (11) "Smanie implacabile" as a soprano solo in F major. The Qui tollis consists of seven bars not borrowed, but at the

Miserere occur four bars from the first finale (p. 115), “Ed il polso,” and after the repetition of the original Qui tollis at the word “suscipe,” the first finale (p. 115), “Ah se tardo,” is continued to the end of the movement. “Quoniam tu solus” to the end of the Gloria is the terzet (3) “Una bella serenata,” unaltered up to the addition of the fourth part in the tutti passages; the closing ritornello is omitted. In the Gloria, flutes, oboes, horns, and drums and trumpets are employed in the customary alternations. Sanctus and Osanna are the andante of the first finale shortened by six bars, transposed into C major, and the parts rather differently arranged to suit the words. Benedictus is the duet and chorus (21) “Secondate,” transposed into F major, and accompanied by stringed instruments flutes, and oboes; the chorus enters at “Osanna.” Agnus Dei begins with eleven original bars, then follows “Idol mio” from the second finale, with the part of Despina omitted. Dona nobis is the closing ensemble of the opera. I gather from a letter addressed to G. Weber that Zulehner was of opinion that Mozart wrote the Mass before the opera; that, on the contrary, the Mass was pieced together from the opera by some church musician, no external evidence is required to prove.

APPENDIX III. PORTRAITS OF MOZART.

HE earliest portrait of Mozart, a half-length in oils, now in the

Mozarteum, lithographed in Nissen, represents him as a boy of seven years old, standing near the clavier, clad in the violet gold-laced court dress of the Archduke Maximilian, which had been presented to him in 1762 (Vol. I., p. 28). His hair is frizzed and powdered, his hat under his arm, his sword by his side; his left hand is thrust into his vest; his right on his side. The round good-humoured boyish face, with its candid eyes, looks out as if from a disguise. During the stay of the Mozart family in Paris in 1763, an accomplished admirer, L. C. de Carmontelle, painted them in a group; the picture was engraved by Delafosse in small folio, with the title under: —

“LEOPOLD MOZART, Père de MARIANNE MOZART, Virtuose ägée de onze ans, et de J. G. WOLFGANG, Compositeur et Maître de Musique ägé de sept ans.”

Wolfgang, finely dressed and frizzed, is sitting at the harpsichord in a pillared hall, apparently open to the air, and playing from some open music. The little head is evidently a good likeness, and there is a charming expression of earnest attention. His father stands close behind him, and accompanies on the violin; the sister is standing on the other side of the harpsichord, turning towards her brother and singing from some music. In the same year a small oil picture, containing many figures, was painted; it was formerly in the gallery of the Duke of Rohan-Chabot at Schloss-Rurik, and is now in the Museum at Versailles. Mozart is seated at the clavier, on which a “basse de viole” is lying, and playing or singing; he is accompanied on the guitar by the opera-singer Veliotte. The Prince de Beauveau, in a cherry-coloured coat decorated with the blue Grand Cross, is seated behind

the young musician, glancing absently at a paper which he holds in his left hand. The Chevalier de la Laurency, gentilhomme to the Prince de Conti, is standing in a black velvet coat behind Mozart's chair; the Prince de Conti is talking to M. de Trudaine; Mdlle. Bagaroty is standing before a group of ladies, viz.: Madame la Maréchale de Mirepoix, Madame de Viervelle, Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg, and Mdlle. de Boufflers, afterwards Duchesse de Lauzun. The Prince d'Henin is preparing tea, while listening attentively to Mozart's music. In another group are Dupont de Velse, brother to M. d'Argentai; the Countesses Egmont, mother and daughter, and President Henaut at the fireplace.

The last group shows us the Comtesse de Boufflers standing before a well-spread table; by her side is the Comte de Chabot (Duc de Rohan) in conversation with the Comte de Jarnac. The Maréchal de Beauveau is pouring out a glass of wine for Bailli de Chabrillant; Meyrand, the famous geometrician, stands sidewards. The picture is full of life and expression. All the company are listening in amazement and delight to Mozart's bewitching tones. He is in an apple-green silk coat with knee breeches, and his feet do not touch the floor. His countenance is fresh, his look full of expression, and the little powdered perruque gives him a somewhat pedantic look, at which the spectators are evidently amused.

Wolfgang was painted several times during his Italian tour. At Verona Lugiati made a life-size portrait of him in oils, in two sittings, as his father writes home. "La dolce sua effigie mi è di conforto ed altresi di eccitamento a riprendere qualche fiata la musica," he writes to the mother (April 22, 1770). Sonnleithner, who discovered the picture by the aid of the Imperial Sectionsrath W. Booking, gives a detailed account of it. Mozart is seated playing the clavier, somewhat to the left of the spectator, in a carved arm-chair; his youthful and intellectual countenance is turned towards the

spectator. He wears a red court dress embroidered in gold, and has a diamond ring on the little finger of his left hand. Upon the clavier, above the keyboard, is written: “Joanni Celestini Veneti, MDLXXXIII.” Upon the open music-book can be distinctly read: —

This piece, therefore, must have possessed some peculiar interest for the Veronese. Below, in the centre of the narrow, beautifully carved gold frame, there is a white plate with the following inscription: —

Amadeo Wolfgango Mozarto Salisburgensi puero duodenni

In arte musica laudem omnem fidemque prætergresso eoque nomine Gallorum Anglorumque regi caro Petrus Lujatus hospiti suavissimo effigiem in domestico odeo pingi curavit anno MDCCLXX.

In the same year the celebrated artist Pompeo Battoni of Rome painted a life-size head of Mozart, which came into the possession of Mr. Haydon of London; it is now the property of J. Ella, who has placed it in the South Kensington Museum, and rendered it familiar in an engraving by H. Adlard. The head is turned almost full-face towards the spectator, the right-hand holding a roll of music-paper. The animated countenance has an évident resemblance to the Verona portrait, but with more of a view to effect, being in fact what is called idealised. After his return from Italy in 1772, a portrait of Wolfgang was painted which his sister possessed; it is the one of which she wrote to Sonnleithner (July 2, 1819) that he looked yellow and sickly in it, having only lately recovered from a severe illness. Before Mozart left Salzburg in 1777, a portrait was painted which, according to his father (November 27, 1777), was highly successful. Padre Martini, having begged for a likeness of Wolfgang for his collection, the father had a copy of this one made and sent it to him in the beginning of December, 1777, “in a black frame, with a handsomely gilt edge.” “I delayed complying with your request until now,” he writes to the Padre (December 22,1777), “for want of

a skilful artist. There is, in fact, none such residing in our town; and I have always been in hopes that, as does sometimes happen, a clever artist might visit Salzburg — I therefore postponed it from time to time. At last, however, I was forced to commission a local artist to undertake the portrait. As a painting it is of little worth, but, as regards the likeness,

I assure you that it resembles him exactly. I have written his name and age behind the picture." In the library of the Liceo Filarmonico at Bologna there is an oil picture from Padre Martini's collection, of which Dr. Zangemeister sent me a photograph and a minute description. At the top of the frame, in white letters, stands: —

CAV. AMADEO WOLFGANGO MOZART ACCAD.

FILARMON. DI BOLOG. E DI VERONA.

On the back is written (probably by an Italian, not by L. Mozart): — Joannes Crisostomus Wolfgangus Amadeus Mozart Salisburgensis Teuto, auratæ Militiæ Eques

Bonnoniensis Veronensisque Accademicus Natus 27 Ianuarü 1756: Ætatis suæ 21.

The portrait represents a man in a brown coat, with the gold cross on a red ribbon round his neck; to the right is a stool, to the left a clavier with black under notes and white over notes; on the desk is a piece of music. But it is impossible to recognise Wolfgang in the portrait; it is that of a man of middle age, stiff in demeanour, and with no resemblance to Mozart. It might be meant for his father, who had promised (August 21, 1778) to send Padre Mardini his own portrait; but this is contradicted by the cross of the order. Probably some confusion has taken place in the arrangement of the collection. Wolfgang took with him on his journey a little medallion as a present to his cousin, among whose remains it was pointed out to me. He is in a red coat, his hair simply arranged, and the very youthful face with its intelligent eyes has an open light-hearted expression. Before Mozart went to

Munich in 1780 the painter Della Croce at Salzburg began a large family group, and Wolfgang's portrait was fortunately finished before his departure. This large oil-painting, now in the Mozarteum at Salzburg, represents the brother and sister seated at the harpsichord playing a duet. Wolfgang is in a red coat with a white vest and neckcloth, Marianne in a dark rose-coloured dress trimmed with lace, and a red ribbon in her high coiffure; the father, in black, with a white vest and neckcloth, is seated behind the harpsichord, his left hand holding a violin, his right with the bow resting on the harpsichord. On the wall hangs an oval portrait of the mother, with a blue neckhandkerchief, and a blue ribbon in her hair. Wolfgang's sister considered this portrait very like him; and it does in fact give one an impression of individuality. The face is young for his age, but not so gay and animated as in earlier pictures; it has rather a depressed expression, corresponding very well to his mood at the time. After his marriage he had himself painted with Constanze, and sent the two miniatures to Salzburg. "I only hope," he writes (April 3, 1783), "that you may be pleased with them; they seem to me to be both good, and all who have seen them are of the same opinion." Mozart's brother-in-law, the actor Lange, who was an enthusiastic artist, began a portrait of him, seated at the piano, in a light brown coat and white neckcloth, and strove to render the expression of the artist absorbed in his reveries. The picture was only finished as far as the bust, and is now in the Mozarteum at Salzburg; Carl Mozart considered it very like. Mozart's short stay in Dresden in April, 1789, was utilised by Dora Stock, Korner's talented sister-in-law, in taking his portrait in crayons with much delicacy and animation; it was engraved in Berlin by E. H. Schroder, and published by Ed. Mandel. The conception of Mozart's appearance, which afterwards became typical, was formed from a small medallion carved in boxwood in relief by Posch, and now preserved in the Salzburg Mozarteum. This was engraved in octavo by J. G. Mans-feld, 1789

(Viennæ apud Art aria Societ.) with the inscription: “Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.” On the lower edge of the medallion, among instruments and laurel branches, is a sheet of music with “An Chloe” written on it. This engraving is the foundation of most of the later ones; it was engraved afresh from the medallion by Thäter (Leipzig: Breitkopf und Hartel).

The last portrait of Mozart is a bust, life size, painted by Tischbein during his stay in Mayence in October, 1790. C. A. André discovered and obtained possession of it at Mayence in 1849; it was among the remains of the Electoral court violinist Stutzl. Two men who had themselves seen Mozart — Professor Arentz, of Mayence, and the former court organist, Schulz, of Mannheim, on being shown the picture, and asked whom it represented, recognised their beloved Mozart without a moment’s hesitation. At the same time this likeness differs considerably from the others current, and it can scarcely be doubted that Tischbein has idealised the features, especially the nose; but the expression of the eyes and mouth has a mixture of sensuousness, roguery, and gentle melancholy, which testify to the artist’s intellectual apprehension; while Posch is probably more accurate in outline, but more Philistine in conception. It has been engraved by Sichling in the “Bildnissen berühmter Deutschen” (Leipzig: Breitkopf und Hàrtel), and afterwards diminished for this book.

I consider as apocryphal a small medallion in the possession of Karajan, representing a slender well-dressed youth, inscribed as “Mozart’s Portrait;” also a round miniature, belonging to Frz. Henser, of Cologne, of a full-grown man in a grey coat, his hand in his vest, which seems to me to have no resemblance to Mozart. It is signed “Jac. Dorn, pinx., 1780.”

ENDNOTES.

[1] The Greiners had quartet parties every Tuesday during Advent and Lent (Car. Pichler, Denkw., I., p. 127. Jahrb. d. Tonk., 1796, p. 71).

[2] Luigi Boccherini (1740-1805), who was almost a contemporary, followed his own bent in numerous quartets, quintets, and trios, uninfluenced by the works of others, and not himself exerting any lasting influence (Piquot, Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de L. Boccherini. Paris, 1851).

[3] The advertisement (Wien. Ztg., 1785, No. 75, p. 2191) ran: “Mozart’s works require no praise, and to quote any would be superfluous; we can only assure the public that we are offering them a masterpiece. This is confirmed by the fact that the quartets are dedicated to his friend Joseph Haydn, Kapellmeister to Prince Estcrhazy, who honoured them with all the approbation which one man of genius can bestow upon another.”

[4] Dittersdorf, Selbstbiogr., p. 238.

[5] Nissen, Nachtrag, p. 62.

[6] Cramer, Magazin der Musik, II., p. 1273.

[7] Gyrowetz, Selbstbiogr., p. xx. Jahrb. d. Tonkunst, 1796, p. 77.

[8] A. M. Z., I., p. 855.

[9] Fétis attacked this introduction in the Revue Musicale, V., p. 601, and maintained his opinion against Pernes (Ibid., VI., pp. 25, 32). An equally lively onslaught upon Fétis was made in a detailed analysis by C. A. Leduc (A. M. Z., XXXII., p. 117), and renewed (A. M. Z., XXXIII., pp. 81, 101) after an answer by Fétis (Rev. Mus., VIII., p. 821), and also by C. M. Balthasar (A. M. ZM XXXIII., p. 493). Thereupon G. Weber subjected the passage to a searching examination, and acknowledged finally that the combinations of sound were unpleasing to his own ear.

[10] Càcilia, XIV., p. 2.

[11] Ulibicheff, II., p. 254.

[12] The conjecture of Fétis that the first violin follows the second at the second instead of the third crotchet of the second bar, by reason of a printer’s error, is disproved by Mozart’s own manuscript (also by his Thematic Catalogue).

[13] Lenz, Beethoven, II., p. 78.

[14] The same object is entirely fulfilled by Beethoven in the introduction to the Symphony in B flat major, to say nothing of the Quartet in C major. The cheerful serenity pervading the symphony, and the occasional stronger accents of passionate feeling, are, as it were, prefigured in the introduction, where we hear the rolling of the storm which is to clear and freshen the atmosphere.

[15] A. M.Z., III., p. 350.

[16] Joh. Bapt. Schaul, Briefe über den Geschmack in der Musik, p. 8.

[17] Cf. Musik. Briefe von einem Wohlbekannten, II., p. 40.

[18] Two bars are added as an extension of the conclusion as in the minuet of the Quintet in C major (515 K.).

[19] There are groups of seven bars in the minuet of the later Quartet in F major (590 K.), and of five bars in the trio.

[20] This movement has been scored by Beethoven; the original is in Artaria's possession.

[21] A siciliana occurs among the variations in a sonata for pianoforte and violin (377 K., 3), simpler and shorter than the one under consideration, and altogether omitting the transition to the major key. The same form is the basis of the rondo to the pianoforte Trio in G major (496 K.), but freely carried out. The siliciana is employed, according to old usage, for the slow middle movements of an early Sonata in F major (280 K.), and of the pianoforte Concerto in A major (414 K.).

[22] The Hadyn quartets, written in 1787 for the King of Prussia, are well known.

[23] From 1787 to 1797 Boccherini drew a considerable pension from Frederick William II., for which he had to furnish annually some quartets and quintets, compositions much loved and often played by the King (Reichardt, Musik. Monatsschr., p. 17. Mus. Ztg., 1805, p. 232. Picquot, Not. sur L. Boccherini, pp. 16, 112).

[24] In March, 1788, Mozart announced (Wien. Ztg., 1788, No. 27 Anh.) three new quintets — these two, and the one arranged in C minor — at four ducats a copy.

[25] Wien. Ztg., May 18, 1793, p. 1462.

[26] So also in the unfinished sketches of a number of qointet movements (79.84 Anh., K.).

[27] Picquot, Not. sur L. Boccherini, pp. 19, 28, 123

[28] Prince Grassalcovicz reduced his full band to a “Harmoniemusik” (Jahrb. d. Tonk., 1796, p. 77).

[29] Trûbensee and Wendt as oboists, the brothers Stadler as clarinetists, Rub and Eisen hornists, Kautzner and Druben bassoonists (Cramer, Magaz. Mus., I., p. 1400. Musik. Korresp., 1790, p. 31).

[30] Mozart arranged the “Entfuhrung” for wind instruments (Vol. II., p. 210).

[31] A. M. Z., XV., p. 668 (Schletterer, Reichardt, I., p. 327).

[32] Mozart praised Albert’s good “Harmoniemusik” to his father from Munich (October 3, 1777). A special wind band was engaged for the table music at the Augarten (Jahrb. d. Tonk., 1796, p. 78).

[33] Nicolai speaks highly of the “Harmoniemusik,” which was performed every evening before the main guard at the court (Reise, IV., p. 558).

[34] Carpani, Le Haydine, p. 81. Gyrowetz, Biogr., p. 5.

[35] Musik. Korr., 1791, p. 366.

[36] The serenata has two minuets, the second of which is especially Haydnlike in character. Perhaps they were intended to be omitted in the rearrangement, for in Mozart’s autograph score they are only copied and inserted.

[37] The beginning of an eight-part allegro is among the sketches.

[38] The first bars of an adagio for clarinets and three basset-horns were written out (93 Anh., K.), and an allegro for two clarinets and three basset-horns (95 Anh., K.) was somewhat further advanced.

[39] So it is given by Meyer (L. Schröder, I., p. 357) for the year 1781 (cf. A. M. Z., XXIV., p. 268), and the tables in the Jahrb. d. Tonkunst, 1796, p. 92, agree with his statement.

[40] K. R[isbeck], Briefe ûb. Deutschld., I., p. 279.

[41] Nicolai, Reise, IV., p. 542.

[42] Nicolai, Reise, VI., p. 702.

[43] So Kalkbrenner told me in Paris, in 1837.

[44] Niemetschek, Biogr., p. 41. (Note: Misnumbered in the print edition — DW)

[45] Rich. Wagner, Kunstwerk der Zukunft, p. 85. It was just this “Cantabilität” with which Nàgeli reproached Mozart, who according to him “cannot be termed a correct composer of instrumental music, for he mingled and confounded ‘cantabilität’ with a free instrumental play of ideas, and his very wealth of fancy and emotional gifts led to a sort of fermentation in the whole province of art, causing it rather to retrograde than to advance, and exercising a very powerful influence over it” (Vorlesungen, p. 157). It certainly appears strange in our times to see Mozart considered as the disturbing and exciting element in the development of art; and Nägeli was thoroughly sincere and in earnest in his musical judgments.

[46] E. T. A. Hoffmann says of this symphony (called the “swan song”): “Love and melancholy breathe forth in purest spirit tones; we feel ourselves drawn with inexpressible longing towards the forms which beckon us to join them in their flight through the clouds to another sphere.” A. Apel attempted to turn the symphony into a poem, which was to imitate in words the character of the different movements (A. M. Z., VIII., p. 453). Cf. Ludw. Bauer’s Schriften, p. 471.

[47] It is characteristic that in the first and last movements the second theme is only fully expressed when it enters for the second time in the minor; in the major key it is far less expressive.

[48] A mistake long perpetrated in the andante has been pointed out by Schumann (N. Ztschr., XV., p. 150. Ges. Schr., IV., p. 62). In both parts four bars (I., 29-32; II., 48-51) are repeated twice, with altered instrumentation; this is altogether inexcusable, for it causes the same transition from D flat major to minor (G flat major, A flat minor) to occur twice in succession. A glance at the original score makes the matter clear. Mozart originally wrote the four bars 33-36 (II., 52-55), and then added the other version on a separate page, probably as being easier; they were copied one after the other by mistake. That he intended the demisemiquaver passage for the wind instruments may be inferred from the arrangement with clarinets to be presently noted, where it is given to those instruments.

[49] Palmer (Evangel. Hymnologie, p. 246) finds no pain in this symphony, only pure life and gaiety.

[50] H. Hirschbach says, apparently quite seriously (N. Zeitschr. Mus., VIII., p. 190): “There are many people who fight shy of Beethoven’s music, finding his earlier symphonies tolerable, but the later bizarre, obscure, and so on; but Mozart’s G minor symphony is acknowledged to be a masterpiece, though here and there may be one who thinks this so-called symphony really does not deserve the name, for it is distinguished neither by originality nor workmanship, and is a commonplace mild

piece of music, requiring no great effort for its production (even if we set aside the greater demands of the present day), and it was apparently not considered as a great work by Beethoven."

[51] It has been called, I do not know when or by whom, the "Jupiter" symphony, more, doubtless, to indicate its majesty and splendour than with a view to any deeper symbolism.

[52] Sechtcr gave a technical analysis in the appendix to Marpurg's Kunst der Fuge (Wien: Diabelli) II., p. 161. Lobe, Compositionslehre, III., p. 393.

[53] Nägeli (Vorlesungen, p. 162) subjects this symphony to a searching criticism, in order to prove that Mozart (to whom he allows great originality and power of combination, extolling him as the first to form the orchestra into a perfect organic whole) was wanting in repose, and often shallow and confused.

[54] Ad. Kullak (Das Musikalisch Schöne, p. 80) remarks that numerous calculations undertaken by him serve to show that Hadyn and Mozart, in the majority of their works, keep pretty close to the law of proportion laid down by Zeising (according to which a whole divided into unequal parts will not give the effect of symmetry unless the smaller parts bear the same ratio to the larger as the larger to the whole), and that in some cases they follow it exactly.

[55] Mendelssohn's Briefe, II., p. 337.

[56] Marx, Musik. des Neunzehnten Jahrh., p. 68.

[57] Ad. Kullak, Das Musikalisch Schöne, p. 149.

[58] Ambros, Gränzen der Musik und Poesie, pp. 64,123, 141.

Brief Biography on Mozart by Donald Francis Tovey

From ‘1911 Encyclopædia Britannica, Volume 18’

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791), German composer, was born at Salzburg on the 27th of January 1756. He was educated by his father, Leopold Mozart, a violinist of high repute in the service of the archbishop of Salzburg. When only three years old he shared the harpsichord lessons of his sister Maria, five years his senior. A year later he played minuets, and composed little pieces, some of which are still preserved in Maria’s music-book. When five years old he performed in public for the first time, in the hall of the university. In 1762 Leopold Mozart took Wolfgang and Maria on a musical tour, during the course of which they played before most of the sovereigns of Germany. The little “Wolferl’s” charming appearance and disposition endeared him to every one; and so innocent and natural were his manners that at Vienna he sprang upon the empress’s lap and kissed her. The emperor Francis I. sat by his side while he played, and called him his “little magician.” When he slipped one day on the polished floor the archduchess Marie Antoinette, afterwards queen of France, lifted him up, whereupon he said, “You are very kind; when I grow up I will marry you.” Yet, in spite of the petting he received at court, he remained as gentle and docile as ever, and so amenable to parental authority that he used to say, “Next after God comes my father.” In 1763 the whole family started again. Wolferl now sang, composed, and played on the harpsichord, the organ and the violin, winning golden opinions everywhere. At every court he visited he was loaded with caresses and presents; but the

journeys were expensive, and the family terribly poor. In Paris they lodged at the Bavarian embassy, giving performances on a grand scale both there and at Versailles, where Wolferl's organ-playing was even more admired than his performance on the harpsichord. Here, also, he published his first compositions — two sets of sonatas for the harpsichord and violin.

On the 10th of April 1764 Leopold Mozart brought his family to England, engaging a lodging in Cecil Court, St Martin's Lane, whence he afterwards removed to Frith Street, Soho. On the 27th of April and the 19th of May Wolferl played before the royal family with immense success, accompanying the queen in a song and playing at sight anything that the king set before him. He now made his first attempt at the composition of a symphony; published a third set of sonatas, dedicated to the queen; and wrote an anthem for four voices entitled *God is our Refuge*, for presentation to the British Museum. On the 17th of September 1765 the family left England for the Hague, where they remained some time, and where in March 1766 the young composer made his first attempt at an oratorio, commanding in Holland a success as great as that he had already attained in London, and astonishing his hearers at Haarlem by performing on what was at that time the largest organ in the world. In September 1767 he paid a second visit to Vienna, and at the suggestion of the emperor Joseph II. composed an opera buffa, *La Finta semplice*, which, though acknowledged by the company for which it was written to be "an incomparable work," was suppressed by a miserable cabal. The archbishop of Salzburg hearing of this commanded a representation of the rejected work in his palace, and appointed the young composer his "maestro di capella." The office, however, was merely an honorary one, and, since it did not involve compulsory residence, Leopold Mozart determined to complete his son's education in Italy, to which country he himself accompanied him in December 1769.

Wolfgang, now nearly fourteen years old, was already an accomplished musician, needing experience rather than instruction, and gaining it every day. At Milan he received a commission to write an opera for the following Christmas. Arriving in Rome on the Wednesday in Holy Week, he went at once to the Sistine Chapel to hear the celebrated *Miserere* of Gregorio Allegri, which, on returning to his hotel, he wrote down from memory note for note a feat which created an immense sensation, for at that time the singers were forbidden to transcribe the music on pain of excommunication. Returning to Rome towards the end of June, he was invested by the pope with the order of "The Golden Spur," of which he was made a cavaliere, an honour which he prized the more highly because, not many years before, it had been conferred upon Gluck. In July he paid a second visit to Bologna, when the Accademia Filarmonica, after subjecting him to a severe examination, admitted him to the rank of "compositore," notwithstanding a statute restricting this preferment to candidates of at least twenty years old. The exercise which gained him this distinction is a four-part composition (Köchel's Catalogue, No. 86) in strict counterpoint on the antiphon *Quaerite primum*, written in the severe ecclesiastical style of the 16th century and abounding in points of ingenious imitation and device. In October 1770 Wolfgang and his father returned to Milan for the completion and production of the new opera. The libretto, entitled *Mitridate, Re di Ponto*, was furnished by an obscure poet from Turin, to the great disappointment of the young maestro, who had hoped to set a drama by Metastasio. The progress of the work was interrupted from time to time by the miserable intrigues which seem inseparable from the lyric stage, exacerbated in this particular case by the jealousy of the resident professors, who refused to believe either that an Italian opera could be written by a native of Germany, or that a boy of fourteen could manage the orchestra of La Scala, at that time the largest in Europe. Fortunately the detractors were

effectively silenced at the first full rehearsal; and on the 26th of December Wolfgang took his seat at the harpsichord and directed his work amidst a storm of genuine applause. The success of the piece was unprecedented. It had a continuous run of twenty nights, and delighted even the most captious critics.

Wolfgang's triumph was now complete. After playing with his usual success in Turin, Verona, Venice, Padua and other Italian cities, he returned with his father to Salzburg in March 1771, commissioned to compose a grand dramatic serenata for the approaching marriage of the archduke Ferdinand, and an opera for La Scala, to be performed during the season of 1773. The wedding took place at Milan on the 21st of October; and the serenata, *Ascanio in Alba*, was produced with an effect which completely eclipsed the new opera of Hasse, *Ruggiero*, composed for the same festivity. Hasse generously uttered the often-quoted prophecy, "This boy will cause us all to be forgotten."

During the absence of Wolfgang and his father the good archbishop of Salzburg died; and in the spring of the year 1772 Hieronymus, count of Colioredo, was elected in his stead, to the horror of all who were acquainted with his real character. The Mozart family did their best to propitiate their new lord, for whose installation Wolfgang, after his return from Milan, composed an opera, *Il Sogno di Scipione*; but the newly-elected prelate had no taste for art, and was utterly incapable of appreciating the charm of any intellectual pursuit whatever. For a time, however, things went on smoothly. In October the father and son once more visited Milan for the preparation and production of the new opera, *Lucio Silla*, which was produced at Christmas with a success quite equal to that of *Mitridate*, and ran between twenty and thirty nights.

In the meantime Wolfgang continued to produce new works with incredible rapidity. In 1775 he composed an opera for Munich, *La Finta*

giardiniera, produced on the 13th of January. In the following March he set to music Metastasio's dramatic cantata, *Il Re pastore*. Concertos, masses, symphonies, sonatas and other important works, both vocal and instrumental, followed each other without a pause. And this fertility of invention, instead of exhausting his genius, seemed only to stimulate it to still more indefatigable exertions. But the pecuniary return was so inconsiderable that in 1777 Leopold Mozart asked the archbishop for leave of absence for the purpose of making a professional tour. This was refused on the ground of the prelate's dislike to "that system of begging." Wolfgang then requested permission to resign his appointment, which was only an honorary one, for the purpose of making the tour with his mother. The archbishop was furious; but the plan was carried out at last, and on the 23rd of September the mother and son started for Munich. The results were not encouraging. Leopold hoped that his son, now twenty-one years old, might obtain some profitable court appointment; but in this he was disappointed. And, worse still, poor Wolfgang fell in love at Mannheim with Aloysia Weber, a promising young vocalist, whose father, the prompter of the theatre (uncle of the great composer Weber), was very nearly penniless. On hearing of this Leopold ordered his wife and son to start instantly for Paris, where they arrived on the 23rd of March 1778. Wolfgang's usual success, however, seemed on this occasion to have deserted him. His reception was a cold one; and, to add to his misery, his mother fell seriously ill and died on the 3rd of July. Reduced almost to despair by this new trouble, he left Paris in September, rested for a while on his way home in Mannheim and Munich, was received by Aloysia Weber with coldness almost amounting to contempt, and in June 1779 returned to Salzburg, hoping against hope that he might make some better terms with the archbishop, who relented so far as to attach a salary of 500 florins (about £50) to his "concertmeister's"

appointment, with leave of absence in case he should be engaged to write an opera elsewhere.

Two years later the desired opportunity presented itself. He was engaged to compose an opera for Munich for the carnival of 1781. The libretto was furnished by the abbate Varesco, court chaplain at Salzburg. On the 2gth of January 1781 the work was produced under the title of *Idomeneo, re di Creta*, with triumphant success, and thenceforth Mozart's position as an artist was assured; for this was not only the finest work he had ever written but incontestably the finest opera that had ever yet been placed upon the stage in any age or country.

And now the archbishop's character exhibited itself in its true colours. Art for its own sake he utterly disdained; but it flattered his vanity to retain a famous artist in his service with the power of insulting him at will. On hearing of the success of *Idomeneo* he instantly summoned the composer to Vienna, where he was spending the season. Mozart lost not a moment in presenting himself, but he soon found his position intolerable. That he should be condemned to dine with his patron's servants was the fault of the age, but the open disrespect with which the lowest menials treated him was due to the archbishop's example. His salary was reduced from 500 to 400 florins, he was left to pay his own travelling expenses, and he was not permitted to add to his means by giving a concert on his own account or to play anywhere but at the archiepiscopal palace. Archbishop Hieronymus was hated at court, and most of all by the emperor Joseph, who, on retiring to Laxenburg for the summer, did not place his name on the list of invited guests. This offended him so deeply that he left Vienna in disgust. The household were sent on to Salzburg, but Mozart was left to find lodgings at his own expense. Thereupon he sent in his resignation; and for this act of contumacy was insulted by the archbishop in terms too vulgar for translation. He persevered, however, in his resolution, taking lodgings in a

house rented by his old friends the Webers, and vainly hoping for pupils, since Vienna at this season was perfectly empty. Happily he had a sincere though not a generous well-wisher in the emperor, and a firm friend in the archduke Maximilian. By the emperor's command he wrote a German opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, which on the 16th of July 1782 was received with acclamation, and not long afterwards was performed with equal success at Prague. This great work raised the national "Singspiel" to a level commensurate with that which Idomeneo had already attained for the Italian "opera seria."

The next great event in Mozart's life was not what one would have wished for him. Though Aloysia Weber had long since rejected him, his renewed intimacy with the family led to an imprudent marriage with her younger sister, Constance, a woman neither his equal in intellect nor his superior in prudence. The wedding took place at St Stephen's on the 16th of August 1782. By the end of the year the thriftless pair were deeply in debt. Mozart composed incessantly, played at numberless concerts, and was in greater favour than ever at court and with the nobility; but to the last day of his life his purse was empty. He had, however, many kind friends, not the least affectionate of whom was the veteran Haydn, who was sincerely attached to him. With Gluck he was on terms of courteous intercourse only. Salieri detested him, and made no secret of his dislike.

Mozart's next dramatic venture was a German singspiel in one act, *Der Schauspieldirektor*, produced at Schönbrunn, on the 7th of February 1786. Not quite three months later, on the 1st of May, he produced his marvellous *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the libretto for which was adapted from Beaumarchais by the abbé da Ponte. The reception of this magnificent work was enthusiastic. But Vienna was a hotbed of intrigue. Everything that could be done by jealous plotters to mar the composer's success was done, and that so effectively that Mozart declared he would never bring out another opera

in the city which treated him so meanly. Fortunately, *Figaro*, like *Die Entführung*, was repeated with brilliant success at Prague. Mozart went there to hear it, and received a commission to write an opera for the next season, with a fee of 100 ducats. Da Ponte furnished a libretto, founded on Tirso de Molina's tale, *El Convidado de piedra*, and entitled *Il Don Giovanni*. By the 28th of October 1787 the whole was ready with the exception of the overture, not a note of which was written. This circumstance has led to the idea that it was composed in haste, but it is certain that Mozart knew it all by heart and transcribed it during the night from memory, while his wife told fairy tales to keep him awake.

The opera was produced on the 29th of October with extraordinary effect, and the overture, though played without rehearsal, was as successful as the rest of the music. Yet, when reproduced in Vienna, *Don Giovanni* pleased less than Salieri's comparatively worthless *Tarare*.

On returning to Vienna Mozart was appointed kammercompositor to the emperor, with a salary of 800 gulden (£80). In April 1789 he accompanied Prince Lichnowski to Berlin, where King Frederick William II. offered him the post of "kapellmeister" with a salary of 3000 thalers (£450). Though most unwilling to quit the emperor's service, he informed him of the offer and requested leave to resign his appointment in Vienna. "Are you going to desert me, then?" asked the emperor; and Mozart, wounded by the reproach, remained, to starve. The emperor now commissioned Mozart to compose another Italian opera, which was produced on the 26th of January 1790 under the title of *Cosi fan tutte*. Though the libretto by Da Ponte was too stupid for criticism, the music was delicious, and the opera would probably have had a long run but for the emperor's death on the 20th of February. In March 1791 Mozart consented to write a German opera upon an entirely new plan for Schikaneder, the manager of the little theatre in the Wieden suburb. The piece was to be addressed especially to the Freemasons, and to

contain ceaseless allusions both in the words and music to the secrets of the brotherhood. Deeply interested in the affairs of a body of which he was himself a member, Mozart excelled himself in this new work, which took shape as *Die Zauberflöte*. He was rewarded for his labours by a brilliant artistic success, but Schikaneder alone reaped the financial benefit of the speculation.

Before the completion of *Die Zauberflöte* a stranger called on Mozart, requesting him to compose a *Requiem* and offering to pay for it in advance. He began the work under the influence of superstitious fear, believing that the messenger had been sent from the other world to forewarn him of his own approaching death. Meanwhile he received a commission to compose an opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, for the coronation of the emperor Leopold II. at Prague. He worked incessantly and far beyond his strength. The coronation took place on the 6th of September, and its splendours threw the opera very much into the shade. *Die Zauberflöte* was produced on the 30th of September and had a splendid run. But the *Requiem* still remained unfinished; the stranger therefore made another appointment, paying a further sum in advance. Mozart worked at it unremittingly, hoping to make it his greatest work. In the Requiem he surpassed himself, but he was not permitted to finish it. When the stranger called the third time the composer was no more. The score of the Requiem was reverently completed by Süssmayer, whose task may have been simplified by instructions received from Mozart on his deathbed. It is now known that the work was commissioned by Count Walsegg, who wished to perform it as his own.

Mozart died on the 5th of December 1791, apparently from typhus fever, though he believed himself poisoned. His funeral was a disgrace to the court, the emperor, the public, society itself. On the afternoon of the 6th his body was hurried to a pauper’s grave; and because it rained, Van Swieten,

Süssmayer, and three other “friends “ turned back and left him to be carried to his last long home alone. (W. S. R.)

Mozart’s work falls conveniently into three periods, though O. Jahn makes out, more accurately, five. Our first period may be said, in sober seriousness, to begin at the age of five and to merge into the second somewhere about the age of sixteen or seventeen. It was fortunate that the infancy of the sonata-forms (*q.v.*) coincided with the infancy of Mozart; for while this coincidence gave his earliest attempts a marvellous resemblance to the work of the fully-grown masters of the time, it secured for his mental activity a healthy and normal relation to the musical world which infant prodigies can never attain in a modern artistic environment. The little pieces composed by Mozart in his fifth and sixth years are a fascinating study in the unswerving progress made by a child who masters every step, not by some miraculous intuition that enables him to dispense with learning, but by a hardly less miraculous directness of thought that prevents him from either making the same mistake twice or exactly repeating a form once mastered. The violin sonatas written in London and Paris at the age of seven in no way fall below the accepted standards of the period, while they already show that variety of invention and experiment which, by the time he was twelve, caused some sober-minded critics to regard him as a dangerous person. His studies in the severer contrapuntal forms speedily gave him the greatest technical mastery of choral music attained since Bach; and more than one stray piece of church music, or movement from a mass or litany, written before he was fifteen, deserves to take rank as a true masterpiece of which the date is immaterial. At the age of fifteen we see a loss of freshness, especially in the numerous operas which show at its worst that hopeless condition of operatic art from which only Gluck’s most drastic reforms could rescue it. Fortunately, Mozart had at fifteen acquired more than enough technique to rest upon; and thus the growing boy could keep

his spirits up, continuing his public successes and indulging his easy sense of mastery, without putting a strain upon his brain which nature need revenge then or afterwards.

Lucio Silla, though loaded with conventional bravura arias, nevertheless shows him approaching the age of seventeen with clear signs of a man's power, and in higher qualities than mere variety and fancy. Some of its recitatives and choruses strike a solemn dramatic note hitherto undreamt of in stage music, except by Gluck. *La Finta giardiniera* first gave Mozart scope for the exercise of his wonderful stage-craft and power of characterization. Though it has not kept the stage, yet it marks the beginning of Mozart's true operatic career, just as the Masses in F and D, written in the same year, mark the close of his first really representative period as a composer of church music. It is, however, difficult to draw such lines definitely; for there is no period of Mozart's career in which he did not practise all art-forms at once; and the difficulty of drawing inferences as to the relative importance of different forms in his intellectual development is increased by his invariable mastery, which seems to depend neither on method nor on inspiration. Most of the pianoforte sonatas and many of the best-known violin sonatas belong to his early manhood. To the same period also belong those unfortunate masses which, together with several spurious works, were at one time so popular, and have since been accepted as evidence that he had not the depth of feeling and earnestness necessary for church music. *Idomeneo* and *Die Entführung* are currently regarded as quite early works, but they are later than any of the masses except the great unfinished work in C minor, and there is some really great church music of his later period in the shape of stray pieces, litanies and vespers (*i.e.* collections of psalms sung at evening service) which is almost totally neglected, and which shows a consistent solemnity and richness of style no

less in keeping with Mozart's new artistic developments than worthy of the glories of Handel and Bach.

Idomeneo is the only opera of Mozart which unmistakably shows the influence of Gluck; because, with the exception of *La Clemenza di Tito*, it is the only *opera seria* by which Mozart is known; and only a serious opera on a classical subject could furnish occasion for Gluck's phraseology and range of feeling to appear at all. How profoundly and independently Mozart seizes Gluck's method and style may best be seen by comparing the oracle scenes in Idomeneo and Alceste. In the management of the chorus, however, Mozart has, as was to be expected, incomparably the advantage. He has all, or rather more than all, Gluck's power for portraying panic and managing, by the motion of his music, the flight of a crowd; but he also has an inexhaustible harmonic and contrapuntal invention which lay beyond Gluck's scope.

The problems of comic opera presented a far more fruitful field. In *Die Entführung* he speedily showed a dramatic grasp for which *opera seria*, in spite of all the influence of Gluck, gave him no scope. He had a wonderful feeling for character, and did not imagine, like many French and other disseminators of musical-dramatic ideas (including, in moments of weakness, even Gluck himself), that the expression of character in music was a mere matter of harping on special types of phrase. His melodic invention was clearly and subtly characteristic without mannerism. It is of hardly minor importance that his own literary sense was far higher than that of many a writer of ostensibly superior general culture; and that Osmin, the most living figure in *Die Entführung*, is Mozart's creation, words and all.

After *Die Entführung*, Mozart's record is a series of masterpieces, accompanied, but not interrupted, by a running commentary of *pièces d'occasion*. With rare exceptions, everything he writes illustrates the perfect solution of an art-problem, and he often achieves an artistic triumph with

the most eccentric materials. The modern organist can find since Bach no grander piece in his repertory than the two fantasias which Mozart wrote for the barrel of a musical clock. Shortly before his death he wrote a beautiful adagio and rondo for the glass harmonica, to which he devised the curious but eminently natural accompaniment of flute, oboe, viola and violoncello. And when at an earlier period it occurred to him to write some processional music for two flutes, five trumpets and four drums, the result, although not artistically important, might well have seemed to indicate long experience in handling the combination. His work in the larger instrumental forms is further discussed in the articles Sonata Forms and Instrumentation. While Mozart's treatment of form has often been attacked as conventional, and his range of thought despised as childish, his instrumentation and general sense of euphony are at the present day more unreservedly admired by the most progressive propagandists than anything else in classical art.

Mozart's later operas, from *Figaro* onwards, represent the nearest approach to a perfect art-form attainable in pre-Wagnerian opera. What he might have attained in serious opera had he been spared to see the solemn triumphs the French operatic stage realized in the austere sincerity of Cherubini and Méhul it is impossible to guess. But we cannot doubt that a Mozart of yet riper experience than we have known would have given tragic opera a history in which *Fidelio* did not stand in lonely splendour. For Mozart, however, serious opera was an Italian art form, only temporarily rescued from the tyranny of bravura singers by Gluck. After *Idomeneo* he handled it only once, at the very close of his career, and then, as if to seal its fate, in a *pièce d'occasion* with an impossibly dull and unsympathetic libretto (*La Clemenza di Tito*). For comedy, however, his harmonic and rhythmic range was perfectly adapted; and in Figaro he had the advantage of a libretto which was already a finished literary product of consummate stagecraft before it ever became an opera. The perpetual surprises of its

absurdly complex intrigues impose no real strain, for no one attempts to follow them; but they keep every character on the stage in a state of excitement which is so heightened and differentiated by the music that, while Beaumarchais's *Mariage de Figaro* has its modest but definite place in literature, Mozart's *Figaro* is, with all its lightness of touch, one of the most ideal classics in all art. The subject is not edifying; but Mozart does not analyse it from that point of view. His characters are irresponsible, mischievous and fairy-like. Theirs is the world described by Lamb— "the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty and the manners perfect freedom."

In *Don Giovanni* the matter is less clear. Mozart rose, not only in the music of the ghostly statue, but also in the music of Donna Anna and Donna Elvira, to heights that can only be called sublime; yet he never lost sight of the true methods of that comedy of gallantry to which *Don Giovanni* stands in some sense as a grotesque tragic finale. It is the business of an artistic intellect to grasp the artistic possibility of a world in which the "Utopia of gallantry" is at war with a full-blooded and incipiently moral humanity until the critical moment determines, not the breaking up of the artistic unity, but the right conclusion of the story. If it is absurd to treat Donna Anna and Donna Elvira as Wagnerian heroines, and so to complain of the inadequacy and conventionality of much of their utterances and attitudes; so, also, is it no less absurd to regard them as "secretly rather gratified than otherwise to be on Don Giovanni's list." Donna Elvira has suffered more cruelly from stolidly tragic singers and no less stolidly flippant critics than she ever suffered from Don Giovanni himself. She comes upon the stage expressing herself in thoroughly conventional music, and we are told that the formulas of Italian opera are inadequate for the expression of her sorrows. Look at the *sforzando* in the second violins at the words *Ah se ritrovo l'empio*. Mozart is depicting a young girl facing a position she does not in the least

understand; expressing herself in stereotyped phrases as much from inexperience of their meaning as from lack of anything that may better say what she really feels. What Mozart's music with exquisite humour and simplicity expresses is as yet nothing more serious than the wish to scratch Don Giovanni's eyes out; as soon as his character is revealed to her in Leporello's comic aria of the "catalogue," she determines that others at all events shall not suffer as she has suffered; and from that moment her character steadily develops in seriousness and dignity. She is not all strength, and Don Giovanni fools her to the top of her bent; but nevertheless Mozart realizes, on hints of which the librettist was hardly conscious, a consistent scheme of development as dramatic as it is in keeping with the most sublime possibilities of comic opera. Yet it is a common practice to insert Elvira's last confession of weakness, the aria *Mi tradi*, immediately after Leporello's catalogue aria! Perhaps the first place where an intelligent tradition of Mozart as a comic genius of the highest type has been restored is Munich, where the standard set under the conductorship of Richard Strauss will not soon be forgotten.

In *Cosi fan tutte* Mozart's struggles with an absurd libretto show even clearer evidence of the accuracy and power of his genius than when he is working under conditions where success is possible. Space forbids our dwelling further on this subject, nor can we do more than glance at his last great opera, *Die Zauberflöte*. Beethoven thought it his greatest work; for the simple literal-minded sincerity with which Beethoven regarded the question of operatic libretto made *Figaro* frivolous and *Don Giovanni* scandalous in his sight. Mozart's very serious interest in freemasonry, which in its solemn ritual furnished an edifying contrast to the frivolity and uncongeniality of the existing state of church music, inspired him with the most sublime ideas hitherto brought upon the operatic stage. He was further stimulated by the feeling that freemasonry was to some extent a persecuted institution; and

the circumstance that his librettist was a skilful stage manager secured for him that variety of action and effectiveness of entry and exit, compared with which an intelligible plot is of almost negligible importance as a source of inspiration to the classical composer, or even as a means of retaining popular favour. Thus *Die Zauberflöte* is an achievement unique in opera; combining as it does the farcical gorgeousness of a pantomime with the solemnity of a ritual and the contemporary interest of a political satire.

From the solemnity of masonic ritual there is but one step to that most pathetic of unfinished monuments, Mozart's *Requiem*. The finished portions of this work contain the most sublime and perfect church music between Bach and the *Missa solemnis* of Beethoven. The unauthentic portions, supplied by Süssmayer, are so well designed that even their comparative slightness of material hardly militates against the suggestion that he may have had some inkling of Mozart's intentions. In particular, the return of the first number at the words *Lux aeterna*, which enables Süssmayer to end with ten pages of authentic Mozart, is splendidly placed (though Mozart is reported to have contemplated an independent final number); while the latter part of the *Lacrimosa*, though not in Mozart's handwriting, must surely have been dictated by him. The instrumentation of the incomplete numbers is based for the most part on highly authentic evidence, though there are doubtful points; but that of the supplied numbers, especially the *Benedictus*, is far below the intellectual level of their design. In this, his last work, as in many wonderful polyphonic experiments immediately before it, Mozart showed unmistakable signs of the growth of a new style, which would undoubtedly have had an influence even more powerful on the history of music as being embodied in works surpassing his ripest known achievements as these surpass the marvellous productions of his childhood. Nevertheless, what he has given us is unique, and the intelligent love of Mozart's work is a liberal education in the meaning of art.

Mozart's extant works (as catalogued by Köchel in 626 items, beginning with minuets written at the age of four and ending with the *Requiem*) comprise 20 masses (including the *Requiem* and the great unfinished Mass in C minor); 8 sets of vesperae and litanies; 40 smaller Latin pieces of church music; 6 cantatas and oratorio works, of which the greatest, *Davidde penitente*, is adapted from the C minor Mass; 17 "organ sonatas" (*i.e.* little movements for organ and an organ-loft band, for use in church); 23 operas (including fragments and operettas); 66 arias and other pieces for insertion into operas or for concert use; 41 songs with pianoforte accompaniment; 23 canons (mostly rounds); 17 pianoforte sonatas; 5 fantasias and a Handelian suite (unfinished); 22 smaller pianoforte pieces; 36 cadenzas to his own pianoforte concertos; 11 works for pianoforte *à quatre mains*; 45 sonatas, including fragments and variations, for pianoforte and violin; 8 pianoforte trios; 2 pianoforte quartets and 1 quintet for pianoforte and wind; 2 duets for violin and viola; 2 string trios; 29 string quartets; 2 quartets for flute and strings; 1 quartet for oboe and strings; 9 string quintets, of which 1 is for the singular combination of 1 violin, 2 violas, violoncello and horn, and another is the famous clarinet quintet; 49 symphonies; 33 cassations, serenades and divertimenti, many for the oddest orchestral or solo combinations; 27 smaller orchestral and other pieces, also often for strange combinations of surprising beauty; 29 sets of orchestral dances; 6 violin concertos (the 6th is either quite spurious or extremely corrupt) and 4 single violin movements; 2 double concertos (one for 2 violins, the other for violin and viola); 10 concertos and concert pieces for various wind instruments (flute, horn, bassoon, clarinet, flute and harp); 27 pianoforte concertos (including one for 2 and one for 3 pianofortes) and a concert rondo. Then there is an enormous number of fragments, many of them peculiarly promising, as if Mozart was full of ideas that were in advance of even his mastery of form; there is, for example, a magnificent and comparatively early opening tutti for a double

concerto for pianoforte and violin, and a very large string quartet movement in A (probably a finale), which breaks off at an exciting moment at the beginning of its development.

No composer's reputation has suffered more from forgeries and false attributions than Mozart's and the tale begun during the lifetime of his widow is not yet ended at the present day. The concertante for 4 wind instruments which recently went triumphantly round the orchestral societies of Europe as a long-lost work written during Mozart's visit to Paris (though it is not for the same instruments) is not so bad as the notorious forged masses, but it is, to any one acquainted with Mozart's style at any period of his career, almost as obviously spurious. Mozart often wrote without thought, but never, even when he was six years old, without mastery; and there is much genuine work that is as dull as this concertante, but none that is obviously constructed by a fool. A panegyric of the concertante has been inserted in the latest (posthumous) editions of Jahn's biography, which it is very difficult to believe would have met with that great scholar's approval.

On the other hand, twelve recently discovered divertimenti for 2 clarinets and bassoon are delightful little works which, with all their slightness, only Mozart, and Mozart in full maturity, could have written. A seventh violin concerto appeared in November 1907, and, though inferior to the earlier ones, is undoubtedly genuine, every detail and quality of its organization being exactly in keeping with Mozart's progress in 1777, its alleged date.

Many genuine works are known in spurious forms; thus the motet *Splendente te Deus* is an unauthorized arrangement of a chorus from *König Thamos*, and most of the flute-music mentioned in the article *Flute* in *Grove's Dictionary* (new ed.) consists of spurious arrangements, while several important genuine works are ignored.

(D. F. T.)

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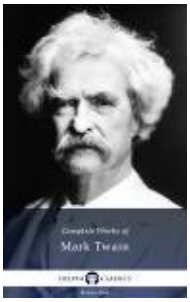

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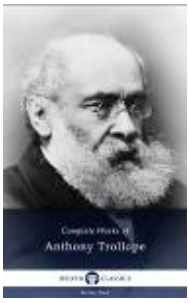

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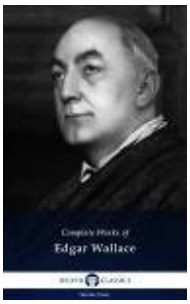

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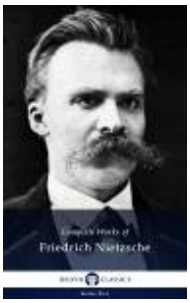

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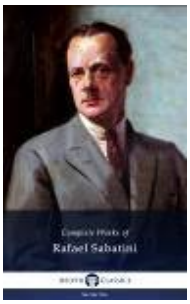

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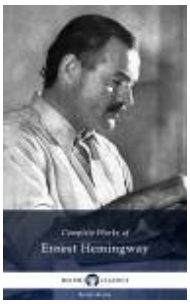

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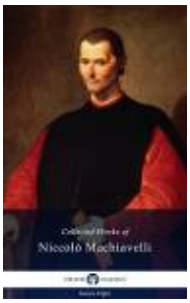

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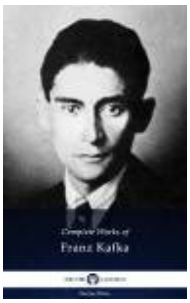

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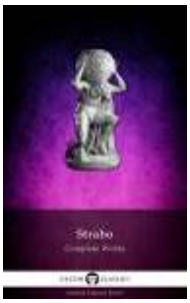

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Plautus
Pliny the Elder
Pliny the Younger
Plotinus
Plutarch
Polybius
Procopius
Propertius
Quintus Curtius Rufus
Quintus Smyrnaeus
Sallust
Sappho
Seneca the Younger
Septuagint
Sextus Empiricus
Sidonius
Sophocles

Statius
Strabo
Suetonius
Tacitus
Terence
Theocritus
Thucydides
Tibullus
Varro
Virgil
Xenophon

Delphi Poets Series

A. E. Housman
Alexander Pope
Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Algernon Charles Swinburne
Andrew Marvell
Beowulf
Charlotte Smith
Christina Rossetti
D. H Lawrence (poetry)
Dante Alighieri (English)
Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Delphi Poetry Anthology
Edgar Allan Poe (poetry)
Edmund Spenser
Edward Lear
Edward Thomas
Edwin Arlington Robinson

Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Emily Dickinson
Epic of Gilgamesh
Ezra Pound
Friedrich Schiller (English)
George Chapman
George Herbert
Gerard Manley Hopkins
Gertrude Stein
Hafez
Heinrich Heine
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Isaac Rosenberg
James Russell Lowell
Johan Ludvig Runeberg
John Clare
John Donne
John Dryden
John Gower
John Keats
John Milton
John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester
Joseph Addison
Kahlil Gibran
Leigh Hunt
Lord Byron
Ludovico Ariosto
Luís de Camões
Matthew Arnold
Matthew Prior
Michael Drayton
Nikolai Nekrasov
Paul Laurence Dunbar
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Petrarch
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Robert Browning

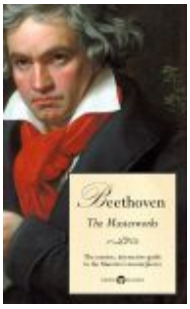
Robert Burns
Robert Frost
Robert Southey
Rumi
Rupert Brooke
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Sir Philip Sidney
Sir Thomas Wyatt
Sir Walter Raleigh
Thomas Chatterton
Thomas Gray
Thomas Hardy (poetry)
Thomas Hood
Thomas Moore
Torquato Tasso
T. S. Eliot
W. B. Yeats
Walter Savage Landor
Walt Whitman
Wilfred Owen
William Blake
William Cowper
William Wordsworth

Masters of Art

Albrecht Dürer
Amedeo Modigliani
Artemisia Gentileschi
Camille Pissarro
Canaletto

Caravaggio
Caspar David Friedrich
Claude Lorrain
Claude Monet
Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Diego Velázquez
Donatello
Edgar Degas
Édouard Manet
Edvard Munch
El Greco
Eugène Delacroix
Francisco Goya
Giotto
Giovanni Bellini
Gustave Courbet
Gustav Klimt
Hieronymus Bosch
Jacques-Louis David
James Abbott McNeill Whistler
J. M. W. Turner
Johannes Vermeer
John Constable
Leonardo da Vinci
Michelangelo
Paul Cézanne
Paul Gauguin
Paul Klee
Peter Paul Rubens
Piero della Francesca
Pierre-Auguste Renoir
Pieter Bruegel the Elder
Sandro Botticelli
Raphael
Rembrandt van Rijn
Thomas Gainsborough
Tintoretto
Titian

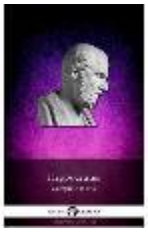
Vincent van Gogh
Wassily Kandinsky



Great Composers

Antonín Dvořák
Franz Schubert
Johann Sebastian Bach
Joseph Haydn
Ludwig van Beethoven
Piotr Illitch Tchaïkovsky
Richard Wagner
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Alphabetical List of Titles



A. E. Housman
Achilles Tatius
Adam Smith
Aeschylus
Albrecht Dürer
Aldous Huxley
Alexander Pope
Alexander Pushkin
Alexandre Dumas (English)
Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Algernon Blackwood
Algernon Charles Swinburne
Ambrose Bierce
Amedeo Modigliani
Ammianus Marcellinus
Anatole France
Andrew Lang
Andrew Marvell
Ann Radcliffe
Anna Katharine Green
Anthony Hope
Anthony Trollope
Anton Chekhov
Antonín Dvořák
Aphra Behn
Apollodorus
Apollonius of Rhodes
Appian
Apuleius
Aristophanes

Aristotle
Arnold Bennett
Arrian
Artemisia Gentileschi
Arthur Machen
Arthur Morrison
Arthur Schopenhauer
Athenaeus
August Strindberg
Augustine
Aulus Gellius
Baroness Emma Orczy
Beatrix Potter
Beaumont and Fletcher
Bede
Ben Jonson
Benjamin Disraeli
Beowulf
Booth Tarkington
Bram Stoker
Bret Harte
C. S. Forester
C. S. Lewis
Camille Pissarro
Canaletto
Captain Frederick Marryat
Captain Mayne Reid
Caravaggio
Caspar David Friedrich
Cassius Dio
Cato
Catullus
Charles and Mary Lamb
Charles Darwin
Charles Dickens
Charles Kingsley
Charles Lever
Charles Reade
Charlotte M. Yonge

Charlotte Perkins Gilman
Charlotte Smith
Christina Rossetti
Christopher Marlowe
Cicero
Claude Lorrain
Claude Monet
Claudian
Clement of Alexandria
Confucius
Cornelius Nepos
D. H Lawrence (poetry)
D.H. Lawrence
Daniel Defoe
Dante Alighieri (English)
Dante Gabriel Rossetti
Dante Gabriel Rossetti
David Hume
Delphi Poetry Anthology
Demosthenes
Dickensiana Volume I
Diego Velázquez
Dio Chrysostom
Diodorus Siculus
Diogenes Laërtius
Dionysius of Halicarnassus
Donatello
E. F. Benson
E. M. Delafield
E. M. Forster
E. Nesbit
E. Phillips Oppenheim
E. W. Hornung
Edgar Allan Poe
Edgar Allan Poe (poetry)
Edgar Degas
Edgar Rice Burroughs
Edgar Wallace
Edith Wharton

Edmund Burke
Edmund Spenser
Édouard Manet
Edvard Munch
Edward Bulwer-Lytton
Edward Gibbon
Edward Lear
Edward Thomas
Edwin Arlington Robinson
El Greco
Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Elizabeth Gaskell
Elizabeth von Arnim
Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Ellen Wood
Émile Zola
Emily Dickinson
Epic of Gilgamesh
Erasmus
Ernest Bramah
Ernest Hemingway
Eugène Delacroix
Eugene Sue
Euripides
Ezra Pound
F. Scott Fitzgerald
Fergus Hume
Ford Madox Ford
Frances Burney
Frances Hodgson Burnett
Frances Trollope
Francis Bacon
Francisco Goya
Frank Norris
Frank R. Stockton
Franz Kafka
Franz Schubert
Friedrich Nietzsche
Friedrich Schiller (English)

Frontius
Fyodor Dostoyevsky
G. A. Henty
G. K. Chesterton
Galileo Galilei
Geoffrey Chaucer
George Bernard Shaw
George Chapman
George Eliot
George Gissing
George Herbert
George MacDonald
George Meredith
George Orwell
Gerard Manley Hopkins
Gertrude Stein
Gertrude Stein
Gilbert and Sullivan
Giotto
Giovanni Bellini
Giovanni Boccaccio
Grant Allen
Gustav Klimt
Gustave Courbet
Gustave Flaubert (English)
Guy Boothby
Guy de Maupassant
H. G. Wells
H. P. Lovecraft
H. Rider Haggard
Hafez
Hall Caine
Hans Christian Andersen
Harriet Beecher Stowe
Heinrich Heine
Henrik Ibsen
Henry David Thoreau
Henry Fielding
Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey

Henry James
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Henryk Sienkiewicz
Herman Melville
Herodotus
Hesiod
Hieronymus Bosch
Hilaire Belloc
Hippocrates
Homer
Honoré de Balzac (English)
Horace
Horace Walpole
Hugh Walpole
Ian Fleming
Immanuel Kant
Isaac Rosenberg
Isocrates
Ivan Turgenev
Izaak Walton
J. M. Barrie
J. M. Synge
J. M. W. Turner
J. W. von Goethe (English)
Jack London
Jacques-Louis David
James Abbott McNeill Whistler
James Fenimore Cooper
James Joyce
James Russell Lowell
Jane Austen
Jean-Jacques Rousseau
Jerome K. Jerome
Johan Ludvig Runeberg
Johann Sebastian Bach
Johanna Spyri
Johannes Vermeer
John Buchan
John Bunyan

John Clare
John Constable
John Donne
John Dryden
John Galsworthy
John Galt
John Gower
John Keats
John Locke
John Milton
John Muir
John Ruskin
John Webster
John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester
Jonathan Swift
Joseph Addison
Joseph Addison
Joseph Conrad
Joseph Haydn
Josephus
Jules Verne
Julian
Julius Caesar
Juvenal
Kahlil Gibran
Karl Marx
Kate Chopin
Katherine Mansfield
Kenneth Grahame
L. Frank Baum
L. M. Montgomery
Lafcadio Hearn
Laurence Sterne
Leigh Hunt
Leo Tolstoy
Leonardo da Vinci
Lewis Carroll
Livy
Longus

Lord Byron
Lord Dunsany
Louisa May Alcott
Lucan
Lucian
Lucretius
Ludovico Ariosto
Ludwig van Beethoven
Luís de Camões
Lytton Strachey
M. E. Braddon
M. R. James
Marcel Proust (English)
Marcus Aurelius
Margaret Oliphant
Maria Edgeworth
Marie Corelli
Mark Twain
Martial
Mary Shelley
Mary Wollstonecraft
Matthew Arnold
Matthew Prior
Maurice Leblanc
Max Brand
Maxim Gorky
Michael Drayton
Michel de Montaigne
Michelangelo
Miguel de Cervantes
Molière
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Niccolò Machiavelli
Nikolai Gogol
Nikolai Nekrasov
Nonnus
Norse Sagas
O. Henry
Oliver Goldsmith

One Thousand and One Nights
Oscar Wilde
Ouida
Ovid
Paul Cézanne
Paul Gauguin
Paul Klee
Paul Laurence Dunbar
Pausanias
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Peter Paul Rubens
Petrarch
Petronius
Piero della Francesca
Pierre-Auguste Renoir
Pieter Bruegel the Elder
Pindar
Piotr Illitch Tchaïkovsky
Plato
Plautus
Pliny the Elder
Pliny the Younger
Plotinus
Plutarch
Polybius
Procopius
Propertius
Quintus Curtius Rufus
Quintus Smyrnaeus
R. Austin Freeman
R. D. Blackmore
R. M. Ballantyne
R. S. Surtees
Radclyffe Hall
Rafael Sabatini
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Raphael
Rembrandt van Rijn
René Descartes

Richard Brinsley Sheridan
Richard Marsh
Richard Wagner
Robert Browning
Robert Burns
Robert E. Howard
Robert Frost
Robert Louis Stevenson
Robert Southey
Robert W. Chambers
Rudyard Kipling
Rumi
Rupert Brooke
Saki
Sallust
Samuel Butler
Samuel Johnson
Samuel Pepys
Samuel Richardson
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Sandro Botticelli
Sappho
Sax Rohmer
Seneca the Younger
Septuagint
Sextus Empiricus
Sheridan Le Fanu
Sidonius
Sigmund Freud
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Sir Issac Newton
Sir Philip Sidney
Sir Richard Burton
Sir Thomas Malory
Sir Thomas More
Sir Thomas Wyatt
Sir Walter Raleigh
Sir Walter Scott
Sophocles

Stanley J. Weyman
Statius
Stendhal
Stephen Crane
Stephen Leacock
Strabo
Suetonius
T. S. Eliot
Tacitus
Talbot Mundy
Terence
The Brontës
The Brothers Grimm
The Harvard Classics
Theocritus
Theodore Dreiser
Thomas Babington Macaulay
Thomas Carlyle
Thomas Chatterton
Thomas De Quincey
Thomas Gainsborough
Thomas Gray
Thomas Hardy
Thomas Hardy (poetry)
Thomas Hood
Thomas Love Peacock
Thomas Middleton
Thomas Moore
Thomas Paine
Thucydides
Tibullus
Tintoretto
Titian
Tobias Smollett
Torquato Tasso
Varro
Victor Hugo
Vincent van Gogh
Virgil

Virginia Woolf
Voltaire
W. B. Yeats
W. Somerset Maugham
W. W. Jacobs
Walt Whitman
Walter Pater
Walter Savage Landor
Washington Irving
Wassily Kandinsky
Wilfred Owen
Wilkie Collins
William Blake
William Cowper
William Dean Howells
William Harrison Ainsworth
William Hazlitt
William Hope Hodgson
William James
William Makepeace Thackeray
William Morris
William Shakespeare
William Wordsworth
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Xenophon
Zane Grey

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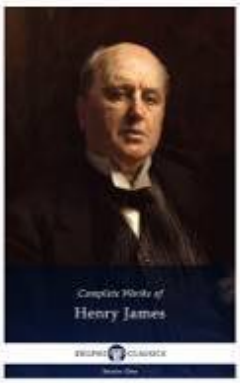

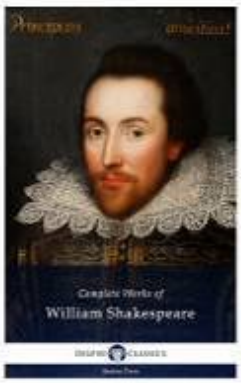

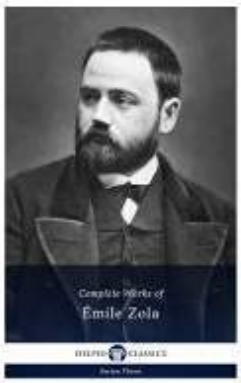

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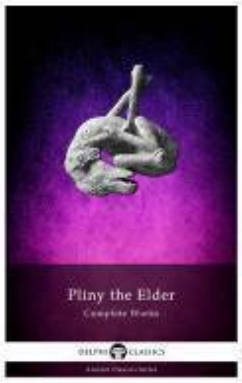

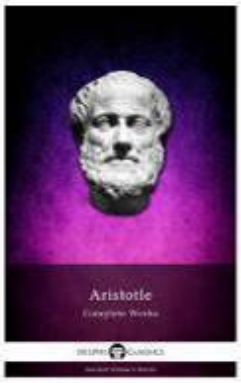

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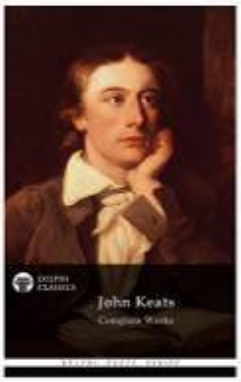

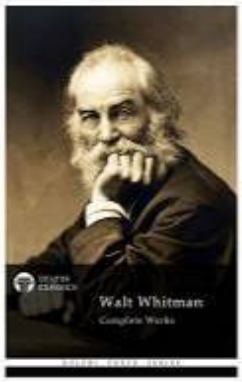

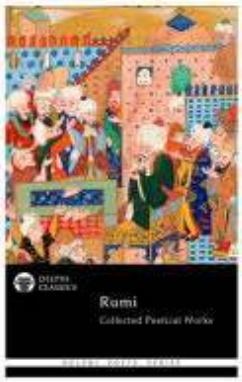

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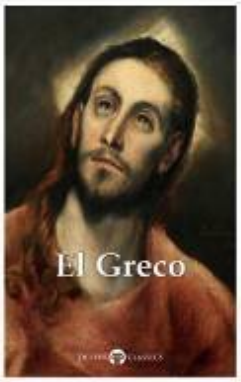

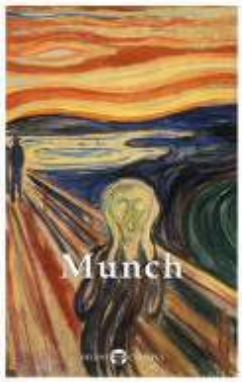

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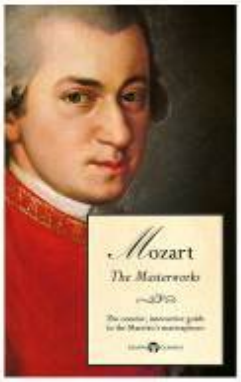
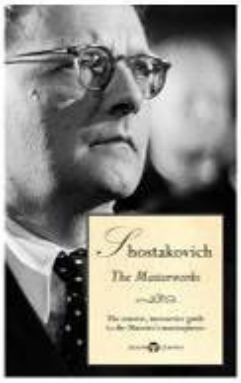
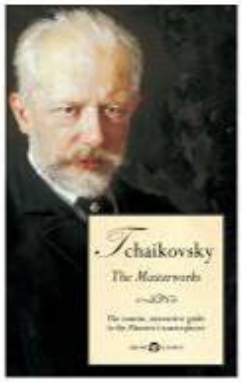
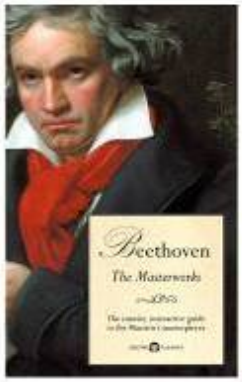
DELPHI GREAT COMPOSERS









Browse series

Mozart's death mask, housed today in the Mozarthaus Vienna

St. Marx Cemetery, Landstraße district of Vienna — Mozart's final resting place. The cemetery was named after a nearby almshouse consecrated to St Mark. It opened in 1784 following a decree by Emperor Joseph II that forbade further burials in cemeteries within the outer walls of the city of Vienna.

Later gravestone of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart — the exact spot remains unknown. At the funeral, only the undertaker was present; the corpse, covered in a linen cloth, was lowered into a simple grave with five other corpses.